

Tom's Pen

I Am The New Year

by Tom Wacaster

I am the new year; three hundred and sixty five days of unspotted, unspoiled, and unused time. I am a clean slate of opportunity, a reflection of what might be rather than what has been. My diary contains unlimited resolutions, once made in earnest and then broken in haste. I am the fresh breeze of opportunity that blows across the fields of yesterday's broken and forgotten promises. My features are a mystery, for no one can tell what is in store for tomorrow. Each day brings new insight to what I will be after I have completed my journey. I am the opportunity to achieve those things which for some reason or another were left undone in the previous year. To the financier, I am interest accumulated at a fixed percentage rate. To a student, I am that one step closer toward receiving an education. To the small child, I am another summer camp, Thanksgiving holiday, or Christmas wish. To a parent, I contain the joy of watching a child grow and mature. To the young, I am dreams and hopes dressed in daily determination. The youngster wonders why I do not come around more often; the aged wonder why I come so often. For some, this year will bring unparalleled opportunities. For others it will bring disaster and ruin. To all, it will bring us twelve months closer to eternity.