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IF I HAD MY LIFE TO LIVE OVER

If I had my life to live over,
I'd try not to be so damn perfect.
I'd relax more; I'd limber up; I'd be sillier than I've been on this trip.
In fact, I know very few things I would take quite so seriously.
I'd be crazier and I'd certainly be less hygienic.

I'd take more chances; I'd take more trips.
I'd climb more mountains, I'd swim more rivers and I'd watch more sunsets.
I'd burn more gasoline.
I'd eat more ice cream and fewer beans.
I'd have more actual troubles and fewer imaginary ones.
You see, I was one of those people who lived prophylactically, and sanely, and sensibly, hour after hour and day after day.

Oh, that doesn't mean I didn't have my moments.
But, if I had it all over to do,
I'd have more of those moments.
In fact, I'd try to have nothing but wonderful moments side by side.

I've been one of those people who never went anywhere without a thermometer,
a hot water bottle, a gargle, a rain coat and a parachute.
If I had it to do all over again, I'd travel lighter next time.

If I had my life to live over again,
I'd go barefoot earlier in the spring and stay that way longer in the fall.
I'd play hookey a lot more.

I'd ride more merry-go-rounds,
I'd smell more flowers,
I'd hug more children,
I'd tell more people that I loved them.

If I had my life to live over again...
But, you see, I don't.