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Founder's Message: I wish I was 18 again

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As we all fumble into the 21st Century (and us business people better do it right or be left behind) it is admittedly scary as how things change so fast. Experts have predicted that in the next ten years life will advance faster than in the past 100 years. Buy a new computer or iPad this week and next week it will be outdated. Facebook and Twitter might be buried by some other new techy idea next month or next year. I recently had a problem with my personal computer and brought in an 18 year old to fix it. In less than two minutes he had it repaired by pressing one button. He smiled and handed me the bill. It said: \$100 for fixing an ID-10-T problem. When I asked him what an ID-10-T problem was, he smiled again and said, "Figure it out. Idiot." Fortunately for me I have a 16 year old website successfully designed solely as an in depth, one-stop-shop information highway for you - the viewer: REJOURNAL.COM. And it is controlled by young techies who could have fixed my computer in 30 seconds. That brings me to the meat of this month's message that will take us back into a much quieter time when no one had set foot on the moon.

George Burns was a famous comedian going back to the 30s, 40s, 50s and even 60s. Maybe even the 70s. He lived to the ripe old age of 100 and was still entertaining at 99. A song identified with him is the following. I am dedicating it to those of you who I met when I started the Journal and are still around. Ready?

"At a bar down in Dallas an old man chimed in and I thought he was out of his head. Just being a young man, I just laughed it off, when I heard what that old man had said.

He said I'll never again turn the young ladies heads. Or go running off into the wind. I'm three quarters home from the start to the end, and I wish I was eighteen again.

I wish I was eighteen again and going where I've never been. But old folks and old oaks standing tall just pretend. I wish I was eighteen again.

Now time turns the pages and oh, life goes so fast. The years turn the black hair all grey (white). I talked to some young folks, hey they don't understand the words this old man's got to say.

I wish I was eighteen again and going where I've never been. But old folks and old oaks standing tall just pretend. I wish I was eighteen again. Lord, I wish I was eighteen again!"

That's the song, and I admit it choked me up. It also made me think of a famous old saying, "When you are ready to leave this plain, it isn't the things you did that you will regret, but the things you didn't do." Peace.

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