

Growing Older Gracefully

By: Darlene Cole

When I was young, old age never entered my mind. I never thought that I would ever belong to the senior group. I never thought my life would fly by so fast. It seemed as if I were invincible.

One day I was walking by the mirror in my "birthday suit." I did a double take. Did I leave the front door unlocked? Who was that old gal looking back at me anyway? I put on my specks and, sure enough, it was me, but when did I change? Yesterday I know I was young.

Everything is going south, and I do mean south: bags under my eyes, boobs to my navel, and all those dimples where they look so cute on babies. Well I am an old babe; does that count? Today I will be Scarlet and worry about It another day.

My social life is going to doctors, funerals, senior center, weddings and church. Hey, I read the obituaries; if I'm not there, I'm good for the day. I must be over 65, or I am getting money that belongs to that old person I was talking to. Was it yesterday or a year or two ago? Old age can't be too bad. After all, I am still breathing and walking. Dam, it just makes me feel so bad I can't run anymore: soggy socks.

Old age does have its rewards: senior discounts, new joints, knees and hips. There are hearing aids so I don't have an excuse for sleeping in church. It takes me all week to do something I could do in a day. If I could just find a doctor who could cut off my head and hook me up to a new body and still be 79, that wouldn't be too bad, would it?