

DON'T GIVE UP

By: Norma Hovey

When is life over? Am I there yet? When one door closes another should open shouldn't it?

When I retired at the age of 65 it was because I hurt everywhere. The data entry job I did for the postal service was, indeed, postal. I was required to sit hour after hour and race through typing address corrections.

Finally I retired to sink into oblivion and fulfill my dreams of doing nothing as I went through my days of lying down, resting and walking around my house. I couldn't do the visiting thing as the only people I knew were my children. They all worked. And relatives that did not like spending time with a boring person so full of problems.

After a few years I was feeling much better. Or at least I didn't hurt as much. I missed the people I met in the break room and lunch time at work. But they all either still worked or I didn't know where they lived.

One day I ventured into a senior center. I thought maybe I would understand them or maybe have a little in common with them. My first venture didn't turn out very well. It seems all they did was come to lunch and disappear. At lunch I tried to talk and learn what they did, but I didn't fit in.

Later on I tried a different center. As I was hanging around looking for the promised game of Mexican Dominoes I once again observed that after lunch everyone disappeared. While standing there in my confusion along came a person who invited me to be in 'the comedy club'.

I hesitated, as I always do, because I have such a soft voice. Well, I had to start with something. So I followed happily to my next adventure in life.

Since that day my life has been filled with happiness. At last I had become a real person like everyone else.

From there I have had many happy times. I have met many wonderful people. And I have learned that, yes, when one door closes another door eventually opens... and life is still wonderful.