

LIFE IS AN ADVENTURE

Written by JEANIE SCHULER FOX

AFTER TEARFULLY READING LARRY CROWLEY'S LETTER, I THOUGHT I WOULD SHARE AN ARTICLE I HAVE. WE ARE ALL APPROACHING THOSE UNSPOKEN WORDS OF....."OLD AGE". BEFORE TOO LONG, WE WILL START READING THE OBITUARIES LIKE OUR PARENTS USED TO, OR STILL DO! MAYBE JUST BEING IN THE LINE OF WORK I AM, I SEE TOO MUCH. WE HAVE ALL BEEN THROUGH HARD TIMES, AND NOW, WHEN THIS IS THE AGE WE BEGIN TO REFLECT OUR PAST, OUR FAILURES AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS, THIS ARTICLE CAN SHED A BRIGHTER SIDE OF WHAT LIFE CAN BE.....

I WOULD NEVER TRADE MY AMAZING FRIENDS, MY WONDERFUL LIFE, MY LOVING FAMILY FOR LESS GRAY HAIR OR A FLATTER BELLY. AS I'VE AGED, I'VE BECOME KINDER TO MYSELF, AND LESS CRITICAL OF MYSELF. I'VE BECOME MY OWN FRIEND. I DON'T CHIDE MYSELF FOR EATING THAT EXTRA COOKIE, OR FOR NOT MAKING MY BED, OR FOR BUYING THAT SILLY CEMENT GECKO THAT I DIDN'T NEED FOR MY PATIO. I AM ENTITLED TO A TREAT, TO BE MESSY, TO BE EXTRAVAGANT.

I HAVE SEEN TOO MANY DEAR FRIENDS AND FAMILY LEAVE THIS WORLD TOO SOON; BEFORE THEY UNDERSTOOD OR WERE ABLE TO EXPERIENCE THE GREAT FREEDOM THAT COMES WITH AGING.

WHOSE BUSINESS IS IT IF I CHOOSE TO READ OR PLAY ON THE COMPUTER UNTIL 4 AM AND SLEEP UNTIL NOON? I WILL DANCE WITH MYSELF TO THOSE WONDERFUL TUNES OF THE 60 & 70'S. AND IF I, AT THE SAME TIME, WISH TO WEEP OVER A LOST LOVE.....I WILL.

I WILL WALK THE BEACH IN A SWIM SUIT THAT IS STRETCHED OVER A BULGING BODY, AND WILL DIVE INTO THE WAVES WITH ABANDON IF I CHOOSE TO, DESPITE THE PITYING GLANCES FROM THE JET SET. THEY TOO WILL GET OLD. I KNOW I AM FORGETFUL.....BUT THEN AGAIN, SOME OF LIFE IS JUST AS WELL FORGOTTEN. I EVENTUALLY REMEMBER THE IMPORTANT THINGS. SURE, OVER THE YEARS MY HEART HAS BEEN BROKEN. HOW CAN YOUR HEART NOT BREAK WHEN YOU LOSE A LOVED ONE, OR WHEN A CHILD SUFFERS, OR EVEN WHEN SOMEONE'S BELOVED PET GETS HIT BY A CAR? BUT BROKEN HEARTS ARE WHAT GIVE US STRENGTH, UNDERSTANDING, AND COMPASSION. A HEART NEVER BROKEN IS PRISTINE AND STERILE...AND WILL NEVER KNOW THE JOY OF BEING IMPERFECT

I AM SO BLESSED TO HAVE LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO HAVE MY HAIR TURNING GRAY, AND TO HAVE MY YOUTHFUL LAUGHS BE FOREVER ETCHED INTO DEEP GROOVES ON MY FACE. SO MANY HAVE NEVER LAUGHED, AND SO MANY HAVE DIED BEFORE THEIR HAIR COULD TURN SILVER. AS YOU GET OLDER, IT IS EASIER TO BE POSITIVE. YOU CARE LESS ABOUT WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK. I DON'T QUESTION MYSELF ANYMORE. I'VE EARNED THE RIGHT TO BE WRONG.

OLD AGE HAS SET ME FREE. I LIKE THE PERSON I HAVE BECOME. I AM NOT GOING TO LIVE FOREVER, BUT WHILE I AM STILL HERE, I WILL NOT WASTE TIME LAMENTING WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN, OR WORRYING ABOUT WHAT WILL BE. AND I SHALL EAT DESSERT EVERY SINGLE DAY..... (IF I FEEL LIKE IT).