

Micki's Meanderings



Hello,
As we begin 2015, the New Year, I'm sure you, like I do, tend to reflect on the past year(s) and look toward the future with renewed hope and positive thoughts. In the last issue I shared

a story from a Tyndall reader, Jolene Vavruska. The one I am sharing in this issue of *Her Voice* is also one Jolene shared with me. I thought it appropriate to share at the onset of a new year as I believe you will too when you read it and appreciate the message it brings.

OLD AGE

The other day a young person asked me how I felt about being old. I was taken aback, for I do not think of myself as old. Upon seeing my reaction, she was immediately embarrassed, but I explained that it was an interesting question, and I would ponder it, and let her know.

Old age, I decided, is a gift. I am now, probably for the first time in my life, the person I have always wanted to be. Oh, not my body! I sometimes despair over my body-the wrinkles, the baggy eyes, skin spots and bumps, and the sagging butt. And often I am taken aback by that old person that lives in my mirror, but I don't agonize over those things for long.

I would never trade my amazing friends, my wonderful life, and 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 the bed, or for buying that silly cement gecko that I didn't need, but that looks so avant garde on my patio. I am entitled to overeat, to be messy, to be extravagant. I have seen too many dear friends leave this world

too soon; before they understood the great freedom that comes with aging.

Whose business is it if I choose to read until 4 a.m. and sleep until noon? I will dance with myself to those wonderful tunes of the 50's & 60's, and if I at the same time wish to weep over a lost love, I will, I will walk the beach in a swimsuit 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 bikini set. They, too, will get old.

I know I am sometimes forgetful. But there again, some of life is just as well forgotten - and 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 a beloved pet gets hit by a car? But broken hearts are what give us strength and 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 turn 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. I can say "no," and mean it. I can say "yes," and mean it. 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 even earned the right to be wrong.

So, to answer your question, I like being old. It 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.

Written by: Anonymous

I leave you with Happy New Year wishes from myself and the *Her Voice* staff and my wish for you to smile, laugh, enjoy life and BE YOURSELF, as you can see from the picture, Marty and I are. LOL!

Take care,

Micki