

## September and the Art of Aging

by Bob Taylor

September is the beginning of the end ... of each year. It arrives after the oppressive heat of summer and begins slowing down the frantic activity that hurries us through the dog days of summer and into fall. September is a time to relax, to find serenity in the cool beginning of the end of the year. The bloom is off the rose. Some greens give up and turn brown while others change into beautiful orange, purple and gold. It is a magnificent time of year and of life. It is Mother Nature's change of life.

In the September of life, the bloom is also off the rose. Some of us turn brown, wither and die when time takes away the responsibilities of a job or raising a family. Some of us feel useless and worthless because we are aging and cannot do the things we used to do. Maybe you and I can't thread a needle because our eyesight has dimmed and our fingers tremble.

Because my vision is failing my ball-playing days are over, (maybe I could be an umpire). But I can still play golf, horseshoes, shuffleboard and more. I bet you can too, if you try. And though my vision is not as sharp as it once was (I have celebrated 89 birthdays), I can look deeper into the past and just as far into the future as some younger folks. The lessons I've learned from the experiences I've enjoyed over 89 years are valuable and informative.

The September of life offers us the opportunity to relax, to throw a kiss to the morning sun, to rollover and go back to sleep if we so desire. No traffic to fight, no appointments to keep and no more children left to spank.

(That is a line from a depression song entitled, *Let's put out the lights and go to sleep*. Only we old folks will remember that song and others like, *Brother Can You Spare a Dime?* And how about *Ten Cents a Dance?* Do those songs with their poignant lyrics stir up memories and feelings you haven't felt for a long time? Bring back the Charleston and The Black Bottom. These were songs and dances that expressed the feelings of a nation. Many of us were saying to one another that times are tough, but life is good.

September may be the time to write your memoirs, to share memories with those you love and to share the "good old days" with young people, because the "good old days" really were good. There were no bars on our windows. A handshake was a binding contract. Even the political corruption was cleaner. We had no TV, no computers, never heard of rock and roll, rap, nor foul language in our entertainment or conversations. Life was good.

Today we have modern conveniences, instant and easy communication. We can fly anywhere in the world in a few hours and we can fill our minds with thoughts of harmony, peace, love, happiness, health, humor, patience, understanding, courtesy and kindness. In the September of our lives we can share all this with others, and know that life is good. Now.