

# Witches, Ghosts and the Art of Aging

*by Bob Taylor*

October is the beginning of the last quarter of each year and many of us are in the October of our lives.

October is also the month of Hal-o-ween and those of us who are not aging well, are only ghosts of our former selves. The shell we live in is still intact, but energy has decreased and muscles have deteriorated. Interesting wrinkles have taken over where smooth skin used to be when we were younger. Nobody is as good as he once was, and if we are not aging well, the good old days look better and better.

To those of us who live in the now, we age more comfortably and enjoy each day. To promote healthy aging it is important to laugh a lot, smile even more and forgive yourself and others, completely. We don't have to forget, but we do need to forgive.

Next birthday I will celebrate 90 years as a real, live member of the human race. I'm looking forward to it. I have survived 4 flavors of cancer, (lung, prostate, bone and skin) 2 heart attacks with 5 stints and other supposedly fatal medical conditions. Dr. Death and I are acquainted, not exactly friends. He has visited my bedside more than once and each time has gone away empty handed. One day he will return and not leave without me. But I wonder about his power, because he is skinny, wrinkled, pale and homely. He is not aging comfortably. Dr. Death is an ugly mess and if he invites you to his party, decline, until you feel ready. I understand nobody lives forever, but I shall certainly try.

There is a good witch who has been looking after me and I think she will continue her care if I help keep her broom in tune with my lifestyle and attitude. She is invisible most of the year, but at Hal-o-ween she appears in many shapes, sizes and costumes. I never know which witch is the real witch. It doesn't matter, I can feel her spirit nearby and her spirit assures me that life is good.