

Activities by Dan Hardesty

Windsor Gardens is a great place to live because there is something that everybody can find to join to exercise their minds or bodies. Nobody warned me about such things before I moved here. After forty-five years of working I thought my mind and body had exercised enough. I moved to Windsor Gardens to get out of mowing grass, shoveling snow and the various and other sundry tasks of living in a house. Now Harry wants to know what activities we participate in. That is just the ammunition Pat needed to start on another round of letting me know that vegetating was not an acceptable way to live regardless of how hard I thought I'd worked all those years. If that wasn't enough ammunition the May edition of *Windsor Life* was dropped at the door with its long list of activities.

I couldn't think of an acceptable way to refuse looking at it and the first activity, Flea Market Signup, gave me a great idea. On second thought though I figured they didn't have a place for selling ambitious wives. Further down the list Trivia Fun Day sounded good until I saw it was sponsored by Kaiser Permanente. No way did I want to get near any medical people because I just knew they would insist that mental activity was essential for keeping alert as we age.

Next I noticed there was a Wild Animal Sanctuary Trip where lions run free in a fenced area where spectators are not allowed. Is this where Mike Leonard's idea for speeding up golf for TV is being tried out? In his book the "The Ride of Our Lives", which I found in the WG library, he suggested fencing the spectators outside the golf course, having the golfers play inside the fence with two lions, one at each end of the course to hurry them on. Now I cannot stand blood and gore and I can't imagine a golfer, especially a pro, hurrying, so I scratched that trip.

The Casino Trips seemed like a good idea to me but Pat said no way was I going to pay eleven dollars to go someplace where I got to SIT for hours at some machine and MINDLESSLY feed it our entire hard earned pension. She still had some wild expectation that I could find something constructive to do.

Hey now, I thought as I read on, there is an Optimist Club and if there is anything I am it is an optimist. I am always sure that Pat is on the verge of realizing how fit and intelligent I am and forget this nonsense of continual exercise. Of course the club's topic "Discover How to Die Young" didn't do much to inspire me.

Finally, right near the end of the list I found the place I belonged. It has been suggested to me many times by many people, not including Pat, so maybe it is where I belong, Jerry's Nut House.