A Milestone Year

By Kay Mauser

For many years the word 'milestone' meant the stones that truly marked a mile along a path. But as this became unnecessary as public transportation became available, it changed to mean a change in the things that interrupt or appear in our life.

Recently I turned 88 years old. I believe that this is a great milestone for me. My physical problems were encountered by many of my relatives, but never has any one of my relatives lived to be 70 years. And here I am at 88. I guess this has to be my milestone. Now it gets me to wonder, what am I supposed to do with my days? How am I to spend each day so it has special meaning either to me or one of my neighbors or friends?

For now I take each day as a special challenge and hope things turn out for the better.