

From a Working Woman Living in Windsor Gardens

By Lynn Cassidy

I live in a retirement community, but I'm not retired. I see the contrast between me and the other residents in so many ways.

First, the wonderful class offerings including art, music, drama, aerobics, dance, golf, therapeutic swimming, and writing mostly take place when I have to work. The same goes for Tuesday teas, special speakers, bus trips, building picnics, etc. It feels strange when the summer goes by and I haven't yet seen the swimming pool. The one activity I try to attend is the Writer's Group. I make special concessions to cut work hours and find substitutes for my teaching and caregiving responsibilities.

Second, the majority of the people are older than I, which is nice in many ways because it makes me feel younger. In other ways, it's difficult to create friendships, even in my condo building. I know the names of six or seven people out of the approximately 70 that live there. Others can linger in the hallways, talk in the laundry room, or take lunch together sitting out on the lanai.

Third, many of my neighbors sleep late. When I leave in the morning around 8 am, the hallways are quiet and there is usually no competition for the elevator. When I sleep late on weekends, I usually can't sleep past eight in the morning. My body is used to getting up early.

I hope to retire someday. I don't yet know when that will be. Life has a way of throwing curve balls that a person can't anticipate. At least I will be in the right place when retirement finally happens!