

Don't Take That Away From Me

by Liz Gibbons

One of my favorite possessions is my car. It is not the car per se, for there is nothing outstanding about it. It is far from being luxurious. It is a 2005 Toyota Matrix. Being a somewhat small car it is easy to maneuver. Its hatchback design makes it handy to load groceries or haul things, and it is still in good working condition. What is annoying about it is that it is not well insulated, so it has a lot of road noise.

But it is what my car represents that makes it one of my favorite possessions. It gives me freedom to go where I want to go when I want to go. It enables me to continue to be independent and care for myself and not have to rely on someone else or public transportation to meet my shopping needs and to partake in various activities. I still can drive on the interstates and can drive out to the airport to pick up my son when he flies in from California.

Sometimes our golden years become a little tarnished as we deal with the vicissitudes of aging. There may be unexpected challenges. As Bette Davis declared and my mother occasionally lamented, "Old age is not for sissies." Lately I have realized that there may come a time when I can no longer drive. Driving will be very hard to give up. If that time comes, I hope I can wisely agree that it is time to quit.