

Birthday Ruminations

By Molly Hegman

At age ten, I happily caught the ten glistening new dimes that my dad threw to me.
I blissfully thought that I was a millionaire.

At age twenty, I was yearning to pack my bag and take off on my own.
I blissfully thought that the world was waiting for me.

At age thirty, I was busy with a husband, two little girls and a house to tend.
I blissfully thought that I was in control.

At age forty, I was even busier with a husband, three daughters, a house and a volunteer job.
I blissfully thought that I was an educated, super mom.

At age fifty, I finally found my true calling: teaching at a pre-school.
I blissfully thought that life was good.

At age sixty, I began to look forward to a life of retirement and more volunteering.
I blissfully thought that would be fun.

At age seventy, on my birthday, I began to realize that my education had just begun.

Now I know:

I am not a millionaire.
The world was not waiting for me.
I had almost no control over our lives.
Educated super moms do not really exist.

I have learned:

It is important to keep learning as long as I live.
I am blessed with a loving, caring family.
I have many good friends.
I work *and* have fun.
Life *is* good.
Cheers!