

## The New Old Me

By Marilyn Reeves

The other day I was doing some mundane thing and thinking to myself that the “old” me would have done it differently. And then I thought, “The OLD me? ... no, that was the *young* me! The *old* me is the person I am *today*, not who I was back then.”

Continuing along that line of thought, I wondered why we call the days of long ago the Old Days, as opposed to the New Days, when civilization was still in its infancy, with new horizons beckoning and new frontiers to conquer ... when the world was new and still filled with hope and promise. The term “Old Days” is an oxymoron.

I sometimes think people were actually better off back in the Good Old Days (using the term in the conventional sense). Life was harder, to be sure, especially for those who tilled the soil, or for those rugged pioneers who faced untold hardships as they crossed the wild frontier on horseback or in covered wagons. Or even for city folk before the days of refrigeration and indoor plumbing.

But people were closer to the earth back then, and often closer to each other than we are now. A hundred years ago it wasn't unusual for several generations of a family to live together under the same roof. Nowadays so many of us seniors choose to live alone. While we cherish our independence, sometimes living alone also means being lonely. And in today's world we increasingly rely on electronics as our means of keeping in touch with the world and with each other.

I sort of cringe when I see the latest Apple gadget being advertised on TV, or people walking down the street – or driving! – engrossed in their cell phones and not watching where they're going. With every new addictive device, we humans become more and more dependent upon technology and less able to do things for ourselves. We lose bits and pieces of our humanity and become increasingly detached from our connection to Mother Earth and from each other, as face-to-face contact is rapidly being replaced by electronic forms of communication.

It is a matter of serious concern. Which is why I went to my P.C. to write down all these disturbing thoughts and send them in my daily e-mail to my sister.