

Age Is Just a Number

By Marilyn Reeves

It's been said that 40 is the old age of youth and 50 is the youth of old age. My son is now 50 ... what does that make me? I guess if I were to live to be 100, on my next birthday I will have arrived at the halfway point of my senior years.

But age is just a number. How long we live is one part genes, one part luck, and one part attitude. I know people who are old in their fifties and others who are still young in their nineties.

The latter group are an inspiration to me. It's not that those young nonagenarians haven't had their share of troubles and turmoil in their lives. Most of them have. But they seem to be made of tough enough stuff to have weathered all the storms that life has blown their way and managed to emerge with a smile on their face and the will to go on.

They seem to be equally at ease whether alone or with others. They seem to anticipate that, whatever hardships may come their way, there are plenty of good things still waiting for them on up the road, so they just keep hanging on. Like the old Timex watch, "they take a licking and keep on ticking!"

So, to all those youthful elders out there, when your next big day rolls around – whether it's your 86th, your 93rd, or your 110th – I wish you a very Happy Birthday and Many Happy Returns!"

And thanks for still being here to show the way.