

## LIFE AT MY AGE

I am 88 years old. No one asks me what life is like at this age, but I know they must be wondering. I will tell you what it feels like. My life can be compared to the blue picture below that once filled my computer screen. It shows a seagull sitting on top of a deck post at the end of the wharf on a placid blue lake. The setting sun sends shimmering rays to reflect on the still surface of the water. The bird is looking into the horizon, perhaps pondering what his next meal will be. Or perhaps he is thinking of where he will roost for the night, and what will tomorrow's weather be like. It promises to be calm and the bird's needs will be met.

When dawn awakens him from his perch, the new day will bring its own mixture of pleasure and perhaps some pain. But the bird will survive until his days, which were numbered at his birth, have expired. He will calmly relinquish his perch and say goodbye to all the surroundings which have nurtured and protected him all his days. He is leaving the known for the unknown, but he trembles not. He will flap his wings once more, his direction already determined. He is fearless and trusting and satisfied. He takes off and soars into the blue.

by Nancy Cramer  
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