

Things in Motion ...

All things are in motion and nothing is at rest...you cannot go into the same (river) twice. --Heraclitus (540?-480?)B.C.

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A DAY IN THE LIFE ...

HERE in Florida's Valley of the Kings, two things are certain to grab every resident's attention: (1) a passing UPS, DHL, or FedEx delivery truck and (2) a passing or parked ambulance. One could argue that if the quality of a person's life has shrunk so low, there may be justifiable reason to doubt that such life is, in fact, justifiable at all. Let me hasten to correct any misapprehension on the part of a casual reader of this journal.

People who retire to communities that consist entirely of retired people are drawn together by the same sort of bond that keeps families together—it's a mutual desire to be a part of something, a love of belonging and a desire to share. The sharing is not limited to happy events—*every* event in the life of a community member is grist for the mill that we call "sharing" and every member wants to share.



Youngsters may scoff at how people who live in retirement communities always wave to each other and exchange pleasantries, but for the old timers, such acts of respect boost their spirits and make them proud to be in a place where people actually care about each other.

Certainly there is truth in the old adage about misery loving company—and in post-retirement, most of us will admit that having a plethora of "sympathetic ears" is a great improvement over "keeping a stiff upper lip" and "toughing it out." The commonality of an entire community where almost everyone is in the same boat makes brothers of us all.

We cling together; boost each other; help in the ways we can; and while we do it, we look for ways to make life interesting—to be active in the pursuits we love and to shun an attitude of hopelessness or despair. Such is the stuff of a healthy old age—and living in the midst of peers offers us marvelous means of showing our children and grandchildren how we live our last years with the same gusto we applied in our youth. I am now one of the older members of AAPA and I treasure the group just as I did sixty years ago. Now, as then, I feel there is room for improvement; there are members who seem to disagree with ideas I favor, yet we stick together as a group and our interest in *ajay* is stronger than our disagreement over how it should be promoted. Could this be symbolic of the wisdom that age is credited with bringing to those of us who endure?

Let's take pride in our longevity and use it in ways that add pleasure to these days of existence where pleasure may sometimes be a rare commodity. I doff my hat to all those retirement communities where being older is not just honored—it is *required*.

