

GROWING OLD ... *is like boiling a frog!*

Most of us have heard of how to boil a frog: Put the pot of cool water on the fire, put your frog into the pot for a swim, and the frog adjusts to the warming of the water until, seemingly without warning, the frog has been boiled! Personally, I detest the vision, but it does make a point.

Like so many habits that begin in the same manner, so does the natural process of aging. As one hits the earlier highlights of their life and begins to look back, it presents the conundrum of the future at the same time; much like we've experienced in the PIP – Picture in Picture - option on our televisions.

Usually, it's at about this point which the premature pragmatism of youth has dissolved and reality is setting in on the upcoming life chapters. Some take it in stride, some simply ignore it, while others begin a slow panic attack which evolves as time moves on. Everyone has a different and unique way of coping with its inevitability.

This book is a collection of some of those ways, told by those of us who have been through the stages, and now shared for the purpose of easing the passage for those on their way behind us, through inspiration, encouragement, understanding, and laughter!

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is like boiling a frog!



by
LadyJaye
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PRESENTS

~ Growing Old is Like Boiling a Frog™ ~

by

LadyJaye



Dedicated with love to supportive family and friends and the precious ladies and staff of Roquette Lodge, Mandeville, LA

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~ FORWARD ~

I woke up in my new apartment and proceeded to my rituals in the new bathroom. The new mirror was large and clear as crystal...a welcome relief for my receding eyesight. But as I glanced into it, what I saw startled me and made me jump! What was my mother doing here, I thought, quickly grasping for a clue in my memory bank. Then I realized I was looking at myself . . . I looked just like my mother – how the heck did that happen!? Then later, as I inspected my wardrobe and, turning to view the back, I saw my grandmother! I truly was stunned at both revealing's which had not presented any warnings at all before these perfect mirrors exposed the truth: *I was no longer the cute little debutante who slept in my bed last night!*

No reason to rush out that morning, so I had no problem talking myself into a second cup of coffee over which to linger while I tried to wrap my head around this person drinking it! How could I go out into public, now, if I didn't even know who people were seeing; would they still see me or would they see my mother or grandmother? Now how do I act and react to all encounters during the day, since I am no longer 'me'? I felt like an imposter, or maybe the aliens came in the night and traded me out with one of theirs! I was only 58 and had been caring for the elderly for many years; how could this transformation be? My heart was so heavy, with this first reality check on my age, that I was too stunned to go out at all that day.

I eventually rallied forth and learned how to use the mirror without really having to look; I adjusted my makeup and wardrobe just enough to keep the real me without falling into the 'old lady' trap, and life went on peacefully.

Then, a scheduled trip to the clinic – on April 1st, no less! As I was leaving, I stopped at the front desk to pay and the clerk said lightly, "Oh, you don't owe anything, Medicare takes care of it!" I laughed at her easy wit, assuming she was pulling an April Fools Day joke on me. Then I realized she was serious and it dawned on me that I would be 65 in three days! After caring for so many elderly and helping them with their Medicare events, this second reality check *demand*ed I was now 'one of THEM!' I walked away shaking my head and laughing at myself...at my obvious indifference and denial at the time whirling by...without me!

Still not feeling any different than when I was between ages 24 and 36, in excellent health and interesting busy life, BIG reality check number three came in the form of a birthday card from my kids and granddaughters: the biggest '7-0' I'd ever seen, on the front of it – 'IN MY FACE'! LOL They were so pleased with that beautiful card, and I think even a little bit proud of me being 70, that I didn't have the heart to tell them to return it. Instead, when finally alone with it, I just stared at it for the rest of the day, trying to wrap my head around what it meant to be 70. What does that mean, anyway? I put it away after a few days because I never did figure it out. And what's the big deal, anyway, it's just a number and I am the same as always. SHEESH!

But then it really started: It seemed the big '7-0' had been tattooed in neon on my forehead! Comments like 'at your age...'; 'senior specials'; and extra help at the checkout counter; one lady of about the age I thought I was, and arms full of twice what I had, rushed to open the door for me and as she held it open and I thanked her but claimed I should be holding it for her, retorted:

"Oh no! I love it when people hold the door open for MY old dad!" I didn't know whether to hurl or laugh, it was a powerful mixture of emotion in that moment! I obviously didn't handle it well when someone would inadvertently rip off my blinders! But, while I still don't feel any older, I have

adjusted to the perception and delusion of others toward me and actually have come to expect and enjoy the special treatment and favors meant especially for 'the elderly' . . . I was 65 before I realized I had missed an entire decade of free coffee's!

My time spent the last several years in a senior living complex – NOT a nursing home – made me aware I wasn't alone in feeling the skin I was in didn't even belong to me! Some were not so well and on much medication, so they generally and unfortunately felt their age; even so, many also shared our same wonderment about the aging process and how we could be so startled when we look in the mirror and see someone other than ourselves.

I enlisted a few of them to share some of their stories and special tips and words of encouragement for those 'mid-life youngsters' behind us, in hopes to spare them from the shock we encountered and to inspire them in ways to look forward to their time, AS it approaches, instead of being caught off guard. Growing old is inevitable and should be a delightful journey – to wisdom, favor, and freedom to explore different opportunities of interest.

Read on to see what tidbits they have shared, my beloved ladies from ages 55 to 98:

*Follow the three R's: Respect for self, Respect for others, and
Responsibility for all your actions." Dalai Lama*

~ First Signs ~

At what point did you first recognize you were transitioning into the realm of the 'aged'? How did you handle it?

Mary (age 98): (Banking: 30 yrs.) "I had not been giving much thought to retiring until one day, as I was at my desk helping a person with their banking needs, I was being interrupted constantly by my phone ringing. My young co-worker was making personal calls, causing incoming calls to race over to my phone. I thought 'Why am I doing this?!' That is when I began making plans to retire! As I planned my retirement, I realized my prayer had been answered that I would now be able to make up for time lost that I could have had with my daughter. I knew adjustments had to be made; when you change routines, you make the changes and they just work out."

Claudia (age 75): (Emp at age 16) "I recognized its inevitability at what I called 'maturity' at age 50; Medicare and 'old age' at age 65; and 'antique' at age 75, though still young at heart! I also recognized it as a new chapter in my life with new challenges to conquer and to look forward to the freedoms allotted the elderly."

Grace (age 83): (Homemaker) "I was always told I was 'born old' and I think that was right because I noticed nothing different - until well into it - as those veils of youth dissipated!"

~ From Grumpy Elderly to Smugly Elderly ~

There is a time in all our lives in which we encounter an elderly person who snaps back at us or just simply seems grumpy or mean. It is important to remember that as the body ages, annoying issues specific to the individual can, unfortunately and most often inadvertently, distract from their gentler disposition. We have no idea, until we reach that same crossroad, what unforgiveable pain, hidden malady, or irritation in discreet areas of the body may be keeping them from enjoying the life to which they had become accustomed; or perhaps the reality of having to wear continence pads because the bladder or bowels have decayed prematurely, a cruel realization which erodes the confidence and pride in oneself; and many other such discomforts that demean the true personality and inevitably results in a degree of anger at the universe for the seeming injustice of it all! Let us learn to understand and forgive.

In the slow decay of the physical body, which begins at birth, breakdowns in its matter can vary in hundreds of ways and begin to be noticed more acutely at an age unique to each. Whether the issue is genetic, karmic, or just the result of self-negligence, it adds to the subtle bundle of the 'aging' chaos, whatever the degree to that individual.

The term 'karmic' is used in the Ageless Wisdom Teachings which hold to the fact that what goes around, comes around; in other words, as in most creeds, you reap what you sow - called the Law of Cause and Effect - and has been scientifically proven. For example, if one is perpetually cruel in any way to someone with an affliction, such as a stutter, breathing, or ambulatory difficulty, you can be sure to see that same issue manifest in their present or future lifetime, not just as an elderly, but perhaps even *as* they age. This goes for the person doing the mocking as well as the person being mocked, who may already be in the throes of such retribution, due to ignorance of this Principle earlier in their present or previous lifetime. All actions - the good and the bad - are energy and that specific energy is collected and stored within the actor's energy field, just waiting for the right conditions to come full circle. Thus, it behooves us all to practice patience, understanding, and forgiveness; it can cancel a multitude of 'energetic' – karmic – debts!

Let's see what specific mentions of maladies our ladies share:

Grace (73): "Besides the usual onslaught of frailties of the elderly, what most changes my attitude and quickly is the inability to see clearly anymore. Because my eyesight has become so poor that I find myself procrastinating more and more and in all ways! I cannot read a normal document from agencies I need to stay in touch with and, as I agonize over that frustration, it robs me of the clarity of mind to understand what it is they are even trying to tell me, so I just 'file and forget' it. The same goes with projects: I either cannot finish them or even start them because the frustration of poor eyesight exhausts me; and looking at family pictures, I just pretend to see them, but my responses don't always coincide, painting me as demented and, worse, it breaks my heart not to see them as they are. What makes me grumpy about it is the obvious fact that those in witness simply write it off as dementia, assuming it affects all areas of my life . . . it is about being unfairly and prematurely typecast! It is about knowing it is no longer expected of me to continue to mountainous upward success in life, as it was as a youth . . . it's about the shortened downhill slide that flares 'in my face' in those moments. I simply cannot apologize for 'grumpy' moments!"

Mary D (98): "At the Center, everything was going well. Our bible study group continued to grow and showed great interest in learning the Bible. An inconvenient malady known as spinal stenosis developed in my body. It is often due to osteoarthritis, which damages the joints and discs from the

neck to the lower back, affecting the legs and feet. It is very painful, limiting a great deal of my activities.

It was during my 80's that more physical problems were to crop up and my family was encouraging me to come to live near them. At first, I was reluctant to leave my church, the Bible class, and friends. After many days of prayer, I felt that the Lord was leading me to make the move to Louisiana; *He never fails me*. When I could no longer engage in physical activities, I developed an interest in working puzzles, reading, and study of the Bible, I keep my mind activated."

Vivika-Qi (70): "There were times I had considered ending my life early, since I had been witness to so many tragically decrepit seniors in my travels, friends, and family. But as my spiritual life blossomed, I became aware of the absolute sin and futility of such an act. I came to understand that suicide does not 'rescue' a person but only places them immediately upon a dimension in which they dwell in the perpetual agony, from which they had sought escape, until the date of what would have been their natural death. It not only slowed down their soulful evolution but added to their karmic debts for the sin of the suicide and for the impact upon all those left behind!

Having that knowledge completely changed my attitude; in large part because it eliminated all the details that were battering me in my 'plans' of killing myself, freeing that part of my brain to be able to fight on a little longer and, indeed, a little more creatively, making me available to help others in the same mindset . . . and OH, the blessings I was able to chronicle that came in between the lessening times of self-pity! Such a waste of time spent on self-destruction plans when, in the end, it was recognized as having worked itself out, after all!"

Claudia (75): "It wasn't until I lost my job at age 72 that health issues began. A tear in the retina; blood work returned with increased white cells; and a bone marrow biopsy resulting in diagnosis of a form of cancer; and a second hip replacement."

Connie (82): "I seemed to go through life not realizing how I was 'supposed' to be feeling or acting. If nobody told me to have diabetes, or cancer, or some other affliction at some age, it went right on past me. I had noticed that, if a new malady was presented in the news or magazine, whatever, that all of a sudden my friends began contracting it and on new meds and scheduling in new doctor appointments! So, as I looked back on all of that, I think I was fortunate to have been 'ignorant' of it all! No meds at all, so far!"

* * * *

And so, such are a few of the inevitable maladies facing the aged, for both genders. And yet, be of good courage for it truly IS a 'slow boil' in the adjustment. When one finally accepts the fact that the body decays, just as surely as we would watch a banana go through the stages, the innate paradigm shift in the mind rises to the occasion. When I became aware, in my early 60's, that my own rising inconvenient discomforts were due to aging and not just the passing fluke one experiences in youth, I was so grieved that this degrading issue would be something I would have to live with the rest of my life that I prayed God take me quickly; I could not face the new 'routine' and adjustments to accommodate the affliction, for I 'had better things to do!' I may have been on a slow boil, but it felt like I had been dropped right into the hot skillet . . . kicking and screaming . . . er, make that 'croaking!' I felt as if the universal spotlight was on ME and the matter was lit up in neon on my forehead for all to know! But they don't, it's between only me and my body. As I had stated before, I was greatly despondent and it took me close to a year before I realized I had adjusted to the situation and I was going to 'have a life' after all.

Since there was nothing I could do to stop it, the matter of aging became an interesting enigma to me, and I stepped into the challenge of facing it as creatively as I could muster. And - I hope this is encouraging to some - I do believe my greatest growth in wisdom, perception, discernment, and patience was in this period of time, leaving me with a deep confidence and deep heartfelt caring like nothing I'd ever conceived possible. An element of grief threads its way through it, however, for not having had this new outlook to share as a young mother and friend. Everything had been such a struggle for me, as my own center of my own universe, and it didn't have to be that way; but I only now recognize it and am deeply grateful to have risen above it before departing this lifetime. (Perhaps that is what makes the grandparent so 'grand,' right?) I share this intimacy with you in the hopes you can avoid the same entrapment!

So, take it to heart – now – at whatever step in the aging process you read this; just rest in its inevitability and determine to step into it with class and excitement at being the best at it for as long as it lasts. Don't dwell on it, for that will drag you down, but only quickly embrace it as it reveals itself in little bits at a time; abundant opportunities are perpetual from here on! Settle your faith and belief system, for in doing so you will come to understand what the Bible means in being blessed with knowing your 'expected end.' (Jeremiah 29:11 KJV) That will settle much in your mind and free you to move forward with a strong and joyful confidence . . . *smugly elderly* . . . I promise!

* * *

~ Somethings Gotta Give ~

Most mature people are aware of the general inevitable loss of favored visible characteristics, the vanity of youth, that is. What was your 'first to go' or saddest loss?

I had been caught up in a movie series, at about age 45, and the older leading lady had 'smiling' eyes that captivated me! I truly hoped I would have eyes like hers when I grew older; they were so sincere and compassionate, I thought, and just so classy for an older lady! I tried to study her makeup and attempted many possibilities at acquiring the look, to no avail. Of course, I didn't realize it was not something that comes from a Mary Kay or Revlon product, as I persevered.

About fifteen years later, as I was walking past my hall mirror and I instinctually glanced over to make sure my hair was in place, I caught a familiar glimpse of those infamous eyes - MY eyes - that looked just like I had been trying so hard all this time to accomplish! I jerked back and looked closer and studied deeply what I might have done differently that day that finally had worked! It actually took a couple of days of examinations for it to come to light and I just about split my sides laughing! (You're going to LOVE this, ladies!) All the effort all these years had been in vain, for this was a natural occurrence: droopy eyelids! It was the droop all along, like the effect it had on Kermit's (*the frog. ironically!*) sweet eyes, folding at just the right spot! AGE had been my gift . . . but it also greatly diminished my allure of such a 'classy' look, for I didn't want ANYTHING to 'droop' at all! It actually became my first vanity hurdle to cross in the aging process and I did eventually get over it.

So I don't feel alone in this vanity outcry, let's see what my precious ladies have to share:

Grace (age 73): "Okay, I know this sounds funny and particularly vain, but my LIPS used to be so perfect and when they started to crinkle it really upset me! There's no pill for 'crinkly lips' so I had to use other means to keep my smile and hold my lipstick in place. From there, I knew more was to come.

Sure enough, I started having to change bra sizes and cups; it still amazes me how they have evolved to keep the youthful shape on us oldies, while the loose fluff just hangs around inside them . . . Talk about illusion! But grateful we remain. Those were the worst for me, in the 'sad to see go' department.

Claudia (age 75): "I loved having energy, a firm body, and great health! They are now valid victims of aging!"

Betty (age 93): "I was so proud of my intellect, but noticed slight and subtle changes at about age 65, I did all I could think of to stall premature mental deterioration and that seemed to help, but it's been a fear and a struggle to maintain as best I could. I almost break out in a sweat trying to make my words come together in the way I need them to. I'll have time to rest this ol' brain when I leave this ol' world!"

* * *

As I was nursing my baby, my cousin's six-year-old daughter, Krissy, came into the room. Never having seen anyone breast feed before, she was intrigued and full of all kinds of questions about what I was doing.

After mulling over my answers, she remarked, 'My mom has some of those, but I don't think she knows how to use them.'

* * *

*We'll be friends until
we are old and senile.
Then we'll be new friends.*



~ LOVE in old age ~

I overheard a conversation, one day in church, between two ladies who were being a little gossipy about a pretty young lady who kept 'flirting' with the 94-year-old gentleman who was with them; they were of his same approximate age. The conversation ended with one of the ladies proclaiming: "Well, she can flirt all she wants; I'M the one he's sleeping with!" They giggled and moved on, but a wedding did ensue a month later, proving it was not just idle gossip. Naïve, celibate me had to put my eyeballs and jaw back in place when I witnessed their conversation. Of course, celibacy was a personal choice in my personal podvig - spiritual journey - but I had not really thought at all about others and how their love lives may be unfolding at later stages of life, so it was a bit of culture shock for me to enter that arena of contemplation.

Now that the veils had once again been ripped from my eyes, obvious love-stories of the elderly came out of the woodwork! I was enamored with mankind's resolute habit of falling in love – at any age . . . and why not!? It has long been known 'love makes the world go round' and we see ourselves surrounded by the evidence in movies, billboards, music, advertisements, texts, emails, sky writing, and just about every form of media. Even the Bible states that 'LOVE' is the favored of the spiritual fruits: "And above all these things, put on charity (love), which is the bond of perfectness." (*Colossians 3:14 KJV*) So, it would stand to reason that love is the innate common thread which runs through us all, indeed connecting us all!

As strong as I had become in my commitment to celibacy over the past two decades, bringing my thoughts under control if even a shadow of temptation was exposed, I was still subjected to a cupid moment . . . shot through the heart, exploding it in tremendous love, unlike any other 'twitter-pated' feeling I had ever experienced in my long life.

In one of my new latest jobs, and in my 70's, a voice I am convinced from a past life, spoke on the other side of an outside wall and my heart nearly stopped! I struggled to lean over far enough to catch a glimpse out the window, but it seemed he, too, had the same experience and was struggling to stay out of sight; it appeared we both needed to gather our wits.

As our paths crossed often, nothing was ever said and neither of us made a move to explore the situation further; he was a married man – to a very thoroughly lovely woman – and that pact was sacred to us both. There were times he had opportunity to show his protective nature and discreetly 'rescued' me more than once. The first time was the most profound, as I had never had that experience before, and yet I could never thank him; the mere thought of it literally took my breath away, leaving my heart pounding for freedom and rendering me speechless at every attempt!

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True to my faith, I worked fervently to properly align those powerful feelings and, with God’s help, was able to understand that this powerful love - which had never been lustful on either side - is the same love in which we are to love all beings. THAT would be what the holy one’s call ‘Christ love.’ And so, I set myself to work on that paradigm shift of the heart and eventually left the entire situation completely behind. It did, however, leave me believing in the cultural belief that love can follow into seven lifetimes and, of course, each lifetime they find each other is a new seven lifetimes. Thus, for me, and finding no other reason for such a deeply powerful experience, eternal love is a valid belief and age and gender is of no significance.

Our ladies share in this matter of the heart:

Grace (age 73): “I lost my husband to a heart attack about fifteen years ago. It was very difficult to continue my daily routine without him because we had been together so long it was like we were enmeshed and now something was always missing, some detail that kept my routines from going smoothly. I never did adjust to his being gone, but I did eventually develop new routines, of course, simply out of necessity. I have not even given a thought about searching for another life-mate. To think of it now, for purposes of this inquiry, actually terrifies me!

But I know others who have risen above that fear and were able to step into a new relationship. Their biggest concern had been the condition and shapes of their bodies, thinking themselves too repulsive, at their old age, to be loved again. But all had come to discover their new potential partner had just as much insecurity. It seems love in the later stages of life has many reasons for manifesting; mostly it is for companionship. I’m ok without that, by now, and find other ways to enjoy socializing.”

Mardi K (age 68): “I had developed an ‘attitude’ about men in general, thinking them as being cordial for the only reason of manipulating into sex. Trust was a deep issue for me and so I would never let myself get pulled into the flirty game but perfected the art of side-stepping advances quickly. When I did have a weak moment and went out with someone I had admired as trustworthy and honorable, conversation would still turn, always within the first 15 minutes, to sex and intimacy. It would dash my ideal of him and I would end up being the frigid date the rest of the short evening and I would never hear from him again . . . much to my relief. It has always saddened me that it always gets proven that all men think about is sex, sex, sex . . . but then, I often found the same pattern among my women circles! So I guess I’m just done with the game, probably for about the last decade or more, as I went from ‘tolerating’ a man for 30 years, to thinking I ‘needed’ a man, to knowing I didn’t really, but now ‘wanted’ a man in my life, to finally forgetting they even exist. I am content and seldom lonely, which passes quickly when I put that energy into serving somehow.”

*“Live a good honorable life; then, when you get older and think back,
you’ll be able to enjoy it a second time.” Dalai Lama*

~ Death . . . or Graduation? ~

In my fifties, I didn’t think I wanted to grow old unless I could have dementia. My memories, good and bad, were so painful from having lost those ways of life, and the wounded relationships, that I didn’t want to put myself through all that emotion again. But as my soul prospered, in my studies of the Holy Bible and the Ageless Wisdom Teachings, so did my outlook on those latter seasons.

Comprehending our Oneness with God, enabling Him to experience the physical life through each of us, I was able to grow in gratitude for the human sensory experiences I most favored and also for the inner growth He provided through it all. Through both the good and bad, it was all meant to draw us closer to our return to Him and we have eternity to perfect that journey. Knowing my ‘expected end,’ as the Bible promised, I became acutely aware of the subtle message through all the teachings and the Bible: “It ALWAYS works out!” became my life’s motto. Wrapped in the security of God’s Principles, I was able to embrace it with deep sincerity, confidence, and consolation as it was perpetually confirmed from that day of awareness onward.

Ageless Wisdom is the totality of God’s Principles woven into our existence at creation. It is from that pool of Omniscience which Jesus taught in parables as He walked among us in our earlier stage of evolution, as ‘babes’, if you will. Having since progressed in our intellect and comprehension - evolved - those very Principles are now available to us to tell it like it is . . . the parables laid wide open for our delightful benefit, as God’s initial intent.

The Principle of Death, then, can finally become known for what it really is, the best part of life, *graduation* to a higher blissful existence! When we are born, our free spirit becomes entrapped in a physical body - magnificent as it is - but which decays over time; however, at death, it is freed once again to exist in the field of Bliss . . . no pain and no agonies! For those who love Him and honor His Principles know ‘To be absent from the body is to be Present with the Lord,’ just as it is in our sleep state. AND, it is accomplished as smoothly as stepping out the door in springtime, no matter how apprehensive (of the ‘sting of death’) we have convinced ourselves over time to see this glorious exit. It is the epitome of what the Bible states as ‘the day of death is greater than the day of birth’ - Ecc. 7:1 KJV; and yet many will still find themselves balking at its pending arrival. Too many choose to medicate themselves heavily, inadvertently avoiding such a blessed reunion by staying alive in a state of ill-repair; the powerful innate sense of survival assuming authority over faith.

It is interesting to hear the status of those ladies closest to departure and those behind them just beginning to realize its inevitability:

Mary D. (age 98): “I have no fear or anxiety of passing from this lifetime because Jesus is my Savior and Lord. He came that I might have life and have it more abundantly. My sin debt has been paid, past, present, and future. I am waiting for the trumpet call! I have no regrets, and I am forgiven. My affairs are in order. It’s been a good life.”

Claudette (age 75): “I love my Lord! I have no fears or concerns or death anxiety. I feel grateful for the time I have been given and I rest knowing ‘God’s Will be done.’”

~ Epilogue ~

I hope you have enjoyed this odd little booklet which had its inspiration through the boredom of many months of pandemic lockdown in our small senior community in Louisiana. Of course, these subjects were miniscule in the availability of perpetual discussion on aging, its curses and its blessings; however, the intent was only to temporarily distract from the humdrum and depression of our non-social atmosphere, as we await the reopening of normal lifestyles . . . but then, in the elderly arena, will anything ever be considered 'normal' again? LOL

Keep this book handy to stay focused through the giggles you may have found in it, and enjoy your passing time to the best of your ability, in whatever state of mind you prefer. Like my mother—age 91—stated, when trying to explain why she has no desire to venture out anymore: “It’s no longer about GROWING old, it’s about BEING old!” And that’s okay, too . . . said the wilted peel to its banana.

God Bless.

* * *

To order this booklet, please donate a minimum of \$10 to cover printing & postage. Any profits go to printing other writings and distribution to worthy causes as they arise. Presently, after printing costs, funds go to anonymously supply the local homeless with a packet of one solar blanket, Hot Hands, Prayer of St. Francis card, and \$5 cash or/and lunch card.

WE THANK YOU!

For more writings by LadyJaye, check out *SpiritWinePub.org*

For more info on Ageless Wisdom Teachings, listen to episodes from Voice America International Internet Radio, as narrated by co-host LadyJaye in 2017:

AmritaNicoleMarketing.com/YouTube Principles

(Suggest watching in numerical order 1-12, for seamless comprehension.)

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#

GLOSSARY

Artery . . . Study of paintings	Node . . . Was aware of
Bacteria . . . Back door to cafeteria	Outpatient . . . Person fainted
Barium . . . What to do when treatment fails	Organism . . . Orgasm
Bowel . . . Letter like A, E, I, O, U	Post op . . . Letter carrier
Caesarian Section . . . District in Rome	Recovery room . . . Place to upholster
Colic . . . Sheep dog	Rectum . . . Dang near killed him
Coma . . . Punctuation mark	Rheumatic . . . Amorous
Congenital . . . Friendly	Secretion . . . Hiding something
D&C . . . Where Washington is	Tablet . . . Small table
Dilate . . . To live long	Terminal illness . . . Sick at the airport
Enema . . . Not a friend	Tibia . . . Country in North Africa
Fester . . . Quicker	Tumor . . . More than one
Genital . . . Non-Jewish	Urine . . . Opposite of 'you're out!'
Hang Nail . . . Coat hook	Urinate . . . Could be a 'ten' if I had bigger boobs!
Impotent . . . Distinguished, well-known	Varicose . . . Near by
Labor pain . . . Hurt at work	
Morbid . . . Higher bid	
Nitrate . . . Cheaper than day	