

"Life Begins at Eighty"

I have good news for you. The first 80 years of your life are the hardest. The second 80 are just a succession of birthday parties.

Once you reach 80 you've got it made. Everyone wants to carry your baggage, help you up the stairs, find you a seat, get you a cup of coffee. Everyone is so nice. And if you forget your name, or anyone else's name, or an appointment, or your own telephone number, or promise to be three places at the same time, or you can't remember how many grandchildren you have, you need only explain that you're 80.

Being 80 is a lot better than being 70. At 70, people are mad at you for everything—they want you to do everything, and know everything, and blame you for everything. If you act foolishly you're in your second childhood. Everyone is looking at you for symptoms of softening of the brain.

Being 70 is no fun at all. At that age people expect you to retire to a house in Florida and complain about your arthritis. But if you survive until you are 80, everyone is surprised that you are still alive. They treat you with respect, and kindness just for having lived so long. Actually, they seem astonished that you can walk and talk sensibly.

So please folks, try to make it to 80. It's the best time of your life. People forgive you for anything. If you ask me, life begins at 80.

Submitted by Cordice Dinger