

Old Age

By: Steve Burkett

At 86 years he still had wide shoulders. He was a well poised and proud man. An early riser he was always up and fully dressed way before six AM. every morning even when he was feeling down or sick. He kept himself clean shaven with his hair combed straight back as was the style but when he was a young man.

He had been in prison for most of the last 60 years being released only this morning. Now he was being moved into a nursing home.

He smiled softly when he was told his room was ready. As he maneuvered his walker into the elevator the caretaker carrying his few personal belongings. As they rode up in the elevator the caretaker provided a visual description of his new rooms, including the tan sheets that had been hung over the window to protect his eyes from the sun. "I love it," he stated with the enthusiasm of a ten-year-old boy who had just gotten his first new bicycle. "Mr. Doyle, you haven't seen the room yet... just wait." "That doesn't have anything to do with it," he replied. "Happiness is something you decide on ahead of time. Whether I like the room or not doesn't depend on how the furniture is arranged... it's how I arrange my mind. I've already decided to love it." "It's a decision I make every morning when I wake up. I have a choice; I can spend the day in bed recounting the difficulty I have with the parts of my body that no longer work, or I can get out of bed and be thankful for the ones that do work. Each day is a gift, and as long as my eyes open I'll focus on the new day and all the happy memories of my youth and my years I've stored away just for this time in my life." Old Age

I don't have access to a typewriter right now but I want to share this story. Good luck on reading!