



...from my notebook

January 2016

Yesterday we celebrated my aunt's 100th birthday. Wow, you say? As do we. Approaching this milestone year, and following her wonderful celebration, my mind is jumbled with thoughts. Happy to say that she's in amazing good health—some heart issues—nothing major—just wearing out—her knees won't cooperate as they once did. She survived lung cancer a decade ago—never smoked a day in her life and is totally cancer free. But, at the age of 90 she underwent radiation! Today, she is pain free except for those knees and her shoulders can ache. What is so special is her outlook—always happy to see family—never complains. She was the fun aunt for my siblings, cousins and I, and for our kids. Always ready to play I Spy or Twenty Questions or Hide the Thimble—or any other game we suggested.

So, I reflect. When you live to be 100...you've washed tons of dishes, done enough laundry to circle the planet, cooked enough meals for armies, paid too many bills to count...You've also buried your loving spouse, your youngest child, your parents and all of your siblings. You've attended enough happy graduations, birthday parties and weddings to balance out the number of funerals. You're from that greatest generation, so you have mastered stoicism, grace, and selflessness throughout all your life.

You are cherished by all who know you. You are a role model. You told me yesterday at your party—"You are who I once was—You have to do it now that my part is so limited." I just listened. If she meant that I need to grab life with both hands and enjoy it all, I'm all in.

Love you Auntie!! So glad you have always been and continue to be in my life.

