THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

William Shakespeare *As You Like It*, Act II Scene VII.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the **infant**,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining **school-boy**, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the **lover**,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a **soldier**,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the **justice**,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd **pantaloon**,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is **second childishness** and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
REUNIONS

A group of 40-year-old girlfriends discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed upon that they should meet at the Ocean View Restaurant, because the waiters there were really fit and had gorgeous bodies. (In fact, they were really dishy!)

10 years later at 50 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View Restaurant, because the food there was very good and the wine selection was excellent.

10 years later at 60 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View Restaurant, because they could eat there in peace and quiet and the restaurant had a beautiful view of the ocean.

10 years later at 70 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View Restaurant, because the restaurant was wheelchair accessible and they even had a lift.

10 years later, at 80 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View Restaurant, because they had never been there before.
A millionbillionwillion miles from home
Waiting for the bell to go. (To go where?)
Why are they all so big, other children?
So noisy? So much at home they
Must have been born in uniform
Lived all their lives in playgrounds
Spent the years inventing games
That don’t let me in. Games
That are rough, that swallow you up.

And the railings.
All around, the railings.
Are they to keep out wolves and monsters?
Things that carry off and eat children?
Things you don’t take sweets from?
Perhaps they’re to stop us getting out
Running away from the lessins. Lessin.
What does a lessin look like?
Sounds small and slimy.
They keep them in the glassrooms.
Whole rooms made out of glass. Imagine.

I wish I could remember my name
Mummy said it would come in useful.
Like wellies. When there’s puddles.
Yellowwellies. I wish she was here.
I think my name is sewn on somewhere
Perhaps the teacher will read it for me.
Tea-cher. The one who makes the tea.

Roger McGough
The Orange

At lunchtime I bought a huge orange -
The size of it made us all laugh.
I peeled it and shared it with Robert and Dave -
They got quarters and I had a half.
And that orange it made me so happy,
As ordinary things often do
Just lately. The shopping. A walk in the park.
This is peace and contentment. It’s new.
The rest of the day was quite easy.
I did all the jobs on my list
And enjoyed them and had some time over.
I love you. I’m glad I exist.

by Wendy Cope
IF I HAD MY LIFE TO LIVE OVER

If I had my life to live over, I'd dare to make more mistakes the next time. I'd relax. I would limber up. I would be sillier than I have been on this trip. I would take more chances. I would take more trips. I would eat more ice-cream and less beans. I would perhaps have more actual troubles, but I would have fewer imaginary ones.

You see, I am one of those people who live sensibly and sanely, hour after hour, day by day. Oh, I've had my moments, and if I had to do it over again, I'd have more of them.

In fact, I'd try to have nothing else; just moments, one after another, instead of living so many years ahead of each day. I have been one of those persons who never goes anywhere without a thermometer, a hot water bottle, a raincoat and a parachute. If I had to do it again, I'd travel lighter than I have.

If I had my life to live over, I would start barefoot earlier in the spring and stay that way until later in the fall. I'd wade in more mud puddles. I would go to more dances. I would ride more merry-go-rounds. I would pick more daisies.

NADINE STAIR - ON HER 84th BIRTHDAY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
George Carlin's Views on Aging

Do you realize that the only time in our lives when we like to get old is when we're kids? If you're LESS THAN 10 years old, you're so excited about aging that you think in fractions. "How old are you?" "I'm four and a half!" You're never thirty-six and a half. You're four and a half, going on five! That's the key.

You get into your teens, now they can't hold you back. You jump to the next number, or even a few ahead. "How old are you?" "I'm gonna be 16!"
You could be 13, but hey, you're gonna be 16!

And then the greatest day of your life... you become 21. Even the words sound like a ceremony... YOU BECOME 21. YESSSS!!!

But then you turn 30. Oooohh, what happened there? Makes you sound like bad milk! He TURNED; we had to throw him out. There's no fun now, you're Just a sour dumpling. What's wrong? What's changed? You BECOME 21, you TURN 30, then you're PUSHING 40. Whoa! Put on the brakes, it's all slipping away.

Before you know it, you REACH 50 and your dreams are gone. But wait!!! You MAKE it to 60. You didn't think you would! So you BECOME 21, TURN 30, PUSH 40, REACH 50 and MAKE it to 60. You've built up so much speed that you HIT 70!
After that it's a day-by-day thing; you HIT Wednesday!
You get into your 80s and every day is a complete cycle; you HIT lunch; you TURN 4:30; you REACH bedtime. And it doesn't end there.
Into the 90s, you start going backwards; "I Was JUST 92."
Then a strange thing happens. If you make it over 100, you become a little kid again. "I'm 100 and a half!" .....May you all make it to a healthy 100 and a half!!

HOW TO STAY YOUNG
1. Throw out non-essential numbers. This includes age, weight and height. Let the doctors worry about them. That is why you pay "them"
2. Keep only cheerful friends. The grouchies pull you down.
4. Enjoy the simple things.
5. Laugh often, long and loud. Laugh until you gasp for breath.
6. The tears happen. Endure, grieve, and move on. The only person, who is with us our entire life, is ourselves. Be ALIVE while you are alive.
7. Surround yourself with what you love, whether it's family, pets, keepsakes, music, plants, hobbies, whatever. Your home is your refuge.
8. Cherish your health: If it is good, preserve it. If it is unstable, improve it. If it is beyond what you can improve, get help.
9. Don't take guilt trips. Take a trip to the mall, even to the next county; to a foreign country but NOT to where the guilt is.
10. Tell the people you love that you love them, at every opportunity.
AND ALWAYS REMEMBER:
Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away.
And if you don't send this to at least 8 people - who cares? But do share this with someone. We all need to live life to its fullest each day!!