

Entropy

Ecclesiastes chapter 12 verses 3 & 4 In the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble and the strongmen shall bow themselves and the grinders ceased because there are few and those that look out of the windows be darkened and the door shall be shut in the streets when the sound of grinding is low and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird and all the daughters of music shall be brought low.

A kind of a poetic description of the effects of the dancing age. I'm not sure I find advancing age all that poetic sometimes. The arms and the hands that keep your body starting to tremble. You can't get around as much. The legs and the knees sag. The strong wind bow down your teeth, a lot. Chewing is a lot more difficult. I got a few of them gaps back here, I got a flapper to help me chew. But most of my friends, a lot of my friends, are the proud bearers of a set of manufactured teeth. It happens. The eyes are dimmed. You know the windows grow dim. I got these fancy glasses you look through the top you see far down the road, and then lower down you can read, and you take them off when you use your computer. It's a sign of my advancing years.

The ears become weaker and weaker, and you go to the VA and you get these spiffy new hearing aids. By the way, mine are bluetoothed to my phone so I can talk hands-free and not get busted on with the new Maine traffic laws. As cool as that is, I sure wish I could hear without them.

Sleep becomes more difficult. One's waked up really easy. What's right is the sound of a bird. I'm gotta tell you, there's this nasty yellow-bellied sapsucker in the spring, it's out there early in the morning on my tin roof. Right out there going ratta tat tat tat! My grandson said that bird is annoying. I got one of those sleep apnea machines to help me sleep a lot better, old as I am.

Singing and music aren't quite as appreciated as they were.

I love what my dear friend and mentor pastor Don said when he lost his blessed wife of many many years. After a long period of sorrow, and he said, " Steve I'm gonna thank God for what I have instead of dwelling on what I've lost".

When the normal pleasures of life wane, when we can't taste food like we used to, when what doesn't hurt doesn't work, we'll begin to deteriorate, let us follow that wise advice and thank God for what we have and not dwell on what we have lost. Be good examples in old age.

You Ponder That