

For what it's Worth

Why is it you seem to have so little to offer when, that dreaded word "old" is mentioned? You have unlimited love within your family and understanding as a Father, and Grandfather but the wealth of experience, both happy times, times of horror and times of grief, go untapped.

But then where would one start? So many cameos. First time on a horse; fishing in Epping Forest. Climbing cockleshell hills in Leigh on Sea. So many "Guided tours" around my Fathers beloved London.

Anderson shelter. Cold frightening nights. Lost friends. A bar of chocolate.

Military Service. Camaraderie. Seamy side of life. Dances, everyone in Uniform.

Glen Miller. Love. Tragedy.

Precious in their own way.

I can see why so many attempt an autobiography, it's not narcissism or conceit (in most cases) it's a reassurance to others that one has had a happy life.

To have surmounted the insurmountable, known awful grief to which you have come to terms.

To bring a smile, jog memories.

To accept there will be difficult times which make you appreciate the good times.

It is all too easy to take people and life for granted.

I knew tragedy at an age for which one was not prepared

1941 two empty desks in class. Two good friends lost in a night.

You can possibly understand why I had a very short fuse with the moans during covid

It is sometimes as bad for character building to have too much rather than not enough

You cannot live until ninety six without having judgement based on the experience of those years even accounting for the unintentional bias.

I saw everyday folk at their best (was the norm then) people cared for people, even complete strangers.

Always a shoulder to cry on, always a ready hug.

Empathy was everywhere.

No. I don't have a halo or rose tinted glasses. I was as terrified as the next man, but you got your head down and got on with it

Believe it or not but humour was everywhere. The two essentials which will see you through life are Love and Humour. Both have served me well and still do.

If you love each other you will survive, if you laugh together you are indestructible.

I experienced tragedy in 1948. Something I can never share and which left an emotional scar.

It took me a long time to accept that life does go on because your life affects others

You must never give up. It does get better. I speak from bitter experience.

The Sun does shine again.

It's a pity that Art, Music and Language have suffered at the hands of the Social Media age and the "Celebrity" (a fancy gift box, empty when opened)"

Ask any of the younger generation to name a famous Musician, Composer, Artist or Author and they struggle. Ask the same group the names of Rappers and they will know every one. A Nation losing its Culture. Sad

The redeeming thought is the "Minority" have the longer staying power and trends are transient!

This comment will be put down to "Old Age" once again of course!!

We all have to face the many problems which come with age, bits are wearing out and spares not available on Amazon. The inevitable worry of becoming a burden.

My particular frustration is A Young Man in an Old Mans body!

My Mind says one thing but the Body wins the argument.

Win a few battles but will never win the war. But no White Flag in View.

So to sum up..... I have seen and experienced all emotions and can confirm.

I have Accepted tragedy. I have Appreciated life. I have Enjoyed living. I have Loved.

I have been Loved.

A Happy Man

Who could ask for anything more!!

Thank you All.

Me 🥰