

Sixty

I looked at a picture of myself the other day and saw the lines around my eyes which appear when I smile. But I didn't just see lines. I saw lines which are only seen on skin which is getting older. Lines which weren't as tight as they would have been a few years ago.

I had a conversation with a fifty-seven-year-old man the other evening and he said that he still felt like he was twenty. He was quite a bit overweight and seemed to be hindered by his expanded waistline as he bent down to pick something up but seemed to be used to it.

When I was at school, I knew that in the year two thousand I would be twenty-six years old. I knew that when I was twenty-six, I would be a man and I would be mature, and I would be all grown up.

Watching an old man with a bad hip walk, looks like it could be a lot of bother. But watching my wife's uncle ignore it so he can feed the animals on his farm is a lesson. They need him and they wait for him, and he repeats it every day.

When I'm sixty there will be more lines on my face and my skin will be loose. I doubt very much that I will feel old.

- Dale Hardy