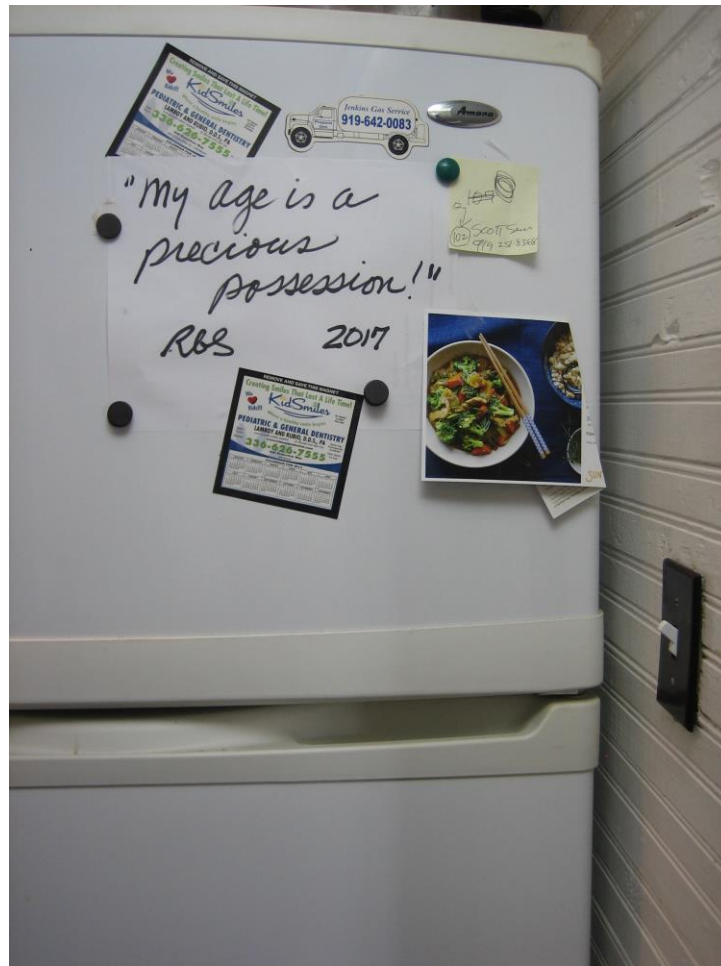


The Age of Age

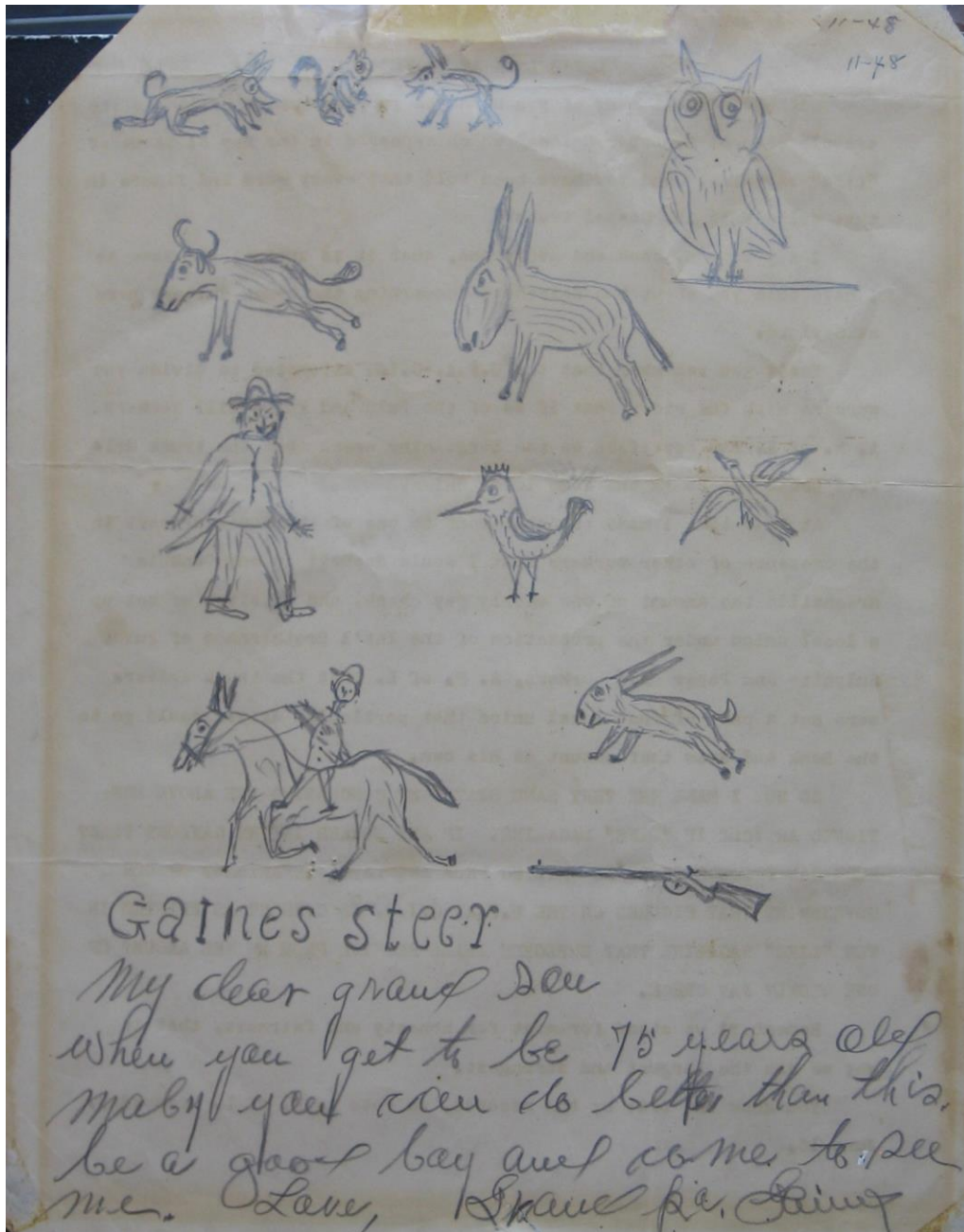
by Gaines Steer

One thing that we all have-in-common (and that's mighty rare) is age. We all have one, and only one... Agreed!

Age has been on my mind lately and most everybody else's, I hear tell. Seems that we human beans mostly don't like our or appreciate our current age. We are too young or too old, hardly ever "just right." Me? I came to an epiphany, just now, about my age: "My age is a precious possession!" That marvelous affirmation is significant enough to warrant front page status on my refrigerator. See!



Once upon a time (December 1948) my Grandpa Gaines, a retired Southern Railroad engineer, drew 12 pencil drawings from his vivid imagination and sent them to this grandson with this inscription: "Gaines Steer: When you get to be 75 years old maby {sic} you can do better than this. Be a good boy and come to see me. Love, Grandpa, Gaines." See!



I've had this framed gift hung in my bedroom since I found it in my scrapbook when I was 35 years old. For most of those 40 years, I frankly failed to notice that I was fast approaching the seminal age of Grandpa Gaines' notation. Last year, aged 74, I took notice! I don't need to tell you twice that I had a huge age shock. I was as old as my aged ancestor and about to pass him in the fast lane, so-to-speak.

Ain't it a good thing that I have my new affirmation to console my aging soul.

Yep!