

ROAD TO HAPPINESS

Elda Eldridge

Editor (Curly Marsh): We are inclined for good reason to deride the statement that we are in our "golden years". Elda Eldridge, widow of our classmate, Jim, who died two years ago after an extended illness, chooses to look at her advancing years as a "second childhood" for reasons she explains below. As a resident of the same life care community as she, I see her gracefully filling her time with helpful activities and generating her own ideas for lightening the lives of those around her. Most of us can gild as she does the years of our second childhood.

"It's never too late to have a happy childhood!" I saw this bumper sticker and realized that that is what I am doing. Living in a life-care community has become, for me, happiness. It takes care of my physical security and all the chores of owning and running a traditional household. The monthly maintenance charge even pays most of the bills. There are no more worries about lawn care, housekeeping, meal planning (if that is bothersome) or making new friends. It is not necessary to "close up" the house when traveling. Health care and transportation are available when needed. Activities abound. What more could you ask?



On the road to happiness

There are some drawbacks of course. One can easily become insular and lose touch with the real world. Care should be taken to keep in touch with outside friends and activities. This is easy if the life-care place you have chosen is in the area where you presently live. But if it is in a new location, joining a church, a country club, volunteering, and entering into civic affairs will help. Being among only senior citizens can be depressing but is partially relieved by visiting families. Those being visited will gladly share grandchildren. Volunteering to help in the nursing section aids in overcoming fear of physical disabilities. It also made me feel confident when my husband had to enter the nursing section. Having it nearby not only facilitated my visiting him but also my being able to take him to our apartment and on outings. He considered the nursing section just the place where his bedroom was.

All in all, my life has not changed very much. I have made a zillion new friends. I've joined daily exercise and aquacise classes to keep fit. And I have much more time to pursue my hobbies and activities both inside and out. I am a mature person in a happy childhood.

A LIFE OF GLORIOUS SERVICE

John Glasser

Editor: No one can help but be inspired by Johnny Glasser's account of a life spent ministering in the field of medicine. I am sure he has made the world a better place.

Home Delivery, Special First Class

Inspired by classmate and fellow physician Josh Billings' outlandish tale of a most unusual "house call" in summer newsletter of a few years back, I have some unusual stories to tell. Because I am no football hero like

Josh, I couldn't carry a limp, full-grown man as he did, but as an Obs with many exciting and challenging experiences, a few highly trained muscles here and there did help, as you will see.

To back-track, there were nine other "33'ers" who went to Johns Hopkins—Osler Abbott, Tom Ballantine, Josh Billings, Walter Buck, Nelson Cover, Sib Hoobler, John Luetscher and Jim Whedbee. Those were the gory glory days! No longer do med students have to spend four hours each morning, five days a week for four