



Ransom Notes

You Have a Choice

Mature, senior citizen, long in the tooth, antique, coffin dodger, or just plain “old!” Which title(s) drive you crazy?

Which terms best describes your current physical and mental ability?

What word(s) do you hope your friends don’t associate with you, as they introduce you to a new friend?

A friend of mine recently shared one of his poems related to the topic of “Aging.” He referred to aging as a mixed blessing. As my eyes initially focused on the message, two words caught my attention — “Distressing” and “scared.” They reflected the negative side of adding a sixty-first or eighty-eighth candle to the party cake when friends gather to sing the birthday song.

Perhaps “distressing” or “scared” have been a part of your waking moments in the middle of the night. Our poet takes these two words and flips them over. You, however, cannot imagine how scared or afraid could ever cause cheering in your nightly thoughts. Well, Richard caused me to stop and think. Yes, even seniors can still activate their cognitive skills. Just remember to not let them get too rusty.

Take a moment now and think, relate, and create, as you read the thoughts expressed in these carefully selected words.

Mixed Blessing

I’ve found that getting old’s distressing.
But then again, it’s a mixed blessing.
It’s good to know that you survive
And feel assured you’re still alive!

It’s sad to see how friends have fared
So many ills, it leaves you scared.
But as your friendship circle wanes,
It spurs you on to seek for gains.

New friends are out there — young and old.
New friendships are like mining gold.
It gives your ageing life a spark,
Refreshing like a singing lark!

So don’t let ageing get you down.
Keep thinking “young” and “go to town.”
You’ll find that spark to be your blessing,
And getting old not so distressing!

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Idea tumbled out of the print. I have had distressing moments as gray hairs covered my head. Hearing the words, “Your osteoporosis has now advanced to osteomyelitis,” shook me up. Running, leaping over tall building, or eliminating all medicine from my cupboard is impossible.

Then, the curtain opened. Stop! I thought of what a blessing that I have survived for eighty-seven years. Restoration from a pair of knee replacements and three years recovery from a triple by-pass and aortic valve replacements makes me leap with joy. I’m mobile, able to wander around New Salem State Park, (Abe Lincoln’s old stomping grounds), or even write a weekly Ransom Note for over six hundred contacts. I can still, “Go to town.”

Ecclesiastes 7:10 tells us to not say, “*Why were the old days better than these?*” The author reminds us it is not wise to ask such questions. We must consider new opportunities for service, use our experience and wisdom to help others, and recognize the joys of still breathing and celebrating our Lord each day.

I choose the words, “Mature and Still Kicking.” What are your words of hope?