



Getting Old

Getting old and having had a stroke, my life is different in some ways. I can still think and read, but often only in short bursts. I enjoy the little things. I look forward our my daily walk, sometimes with my wife. She and I sit on the porch of our house on a warm summer evening. We still have dates, visiting the grocery and taking in the bakery scenery. We like visits of our sons and their wives, just to talk and be near them, oh, and their five dogs.
Each day is good.