

June 29, 1994

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE 76.....For your information:

It's been a black, bleak June, dense humidity more like past Augusts. grey, bleary, roses and lilies beaten to the ground, trees losing branches in the thunderstorms. Yesterday was so dark I went back to bed after breakfast. (Glen had gone to Manhattan to the Chinatown Rotary luncheon where he installed the new officers.)

But today, ah, today! The sun is breaking through the haze; my manic phase is re-establishing a foothold. I've made a spectacular hotel-lobby size flower arrangement of lilies and hydrangeas for the coffee table, Robert is perched prettily in the living room on the "Queen" chair; all's right with the World!!

Yes, the squirrels and birds are livening the trees; next weekend the raspberries will be ripe; our window wall reveals a lush burgeoning mosaic of greenery; how does anyone live in a house without a window wall on Nature!

Glen in his new role as Gardener-Maven has provided us with these myriad delights (fresh lettuce, green onions, tomatoes later) Thank You, God. (I call Glen God because he is Goodness and Love, without which I wouldn't believe in the concept or metaphor of a (G-O-D). He believes so literally and sincerely in the principle of Rotary's motto: SERVICE ABOVE SELF. So he attends all the funerals of everyone falling around us. It's disheartening to get to this age where around us friends and acquaintances are exiting this life of sturm and drang. I follow my Christian Science mother's selfish example. She didn't believe in Death. ("How could this happen to me!"! I said, "Mother you are 82 years old! I wish I hadn't said that.") Anyhow, she never attended funerals, or wakes, or visited charchyards. She just declined to think of sickness and death.