

So you say it's my birthday??

Well not anymore. The birthday is officially over now. I'm older, I have my new license and sticker for the truck. Everything nice and legal.

I had dinner with a couple of my daughters. I had some me time (much needed). I got to talk with some very interesting people. I met a few friends. A good day.

I've never been one to put much into hitting a certain age on a birthday. I've hit the big 50 a couple of years ago, and honestly it didn't bother me much. Age and getting older doesn't happen in one day. I'm no longer in my 20's, but the difference between now and then didn't happen overnight.

The gray hairs that I have, I earned. They didn't come in on a specific birthday, they came in one by one. The daily complaints of my muscles and joints came in the same way. My eyes didn't start needing glasses to read when I put down a book and picked up the next one. Slowly, ever so slowly we change.

We don't have crystal balls to tell us how long we will stay around this little blue ball in space, so I could be way past middle age, or maybe just hitting it. Living to 104 really isn't that crazy of an idea. A lot more people do that these days. I could have something happen tomorrow, or next week. I don't know,, and I really don't care I get up in the morning (or sometimes after late night gaming sessions the afternoon), and go about my routine. I like life and living. And that makes it a joy to be here.