

Being Old is No Place for Sissies

by Linda Seccaspina

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Last night I began an online course in hopes of improving my writing. I did half the weeks assignments and seriously contemplated if anything would be useful to me. Slowly I began to think about it. There were points that the teacher spoke about that I had never really thought about.

Who was my target audience?

Who was I writing for?

I sat and pondered for awhile and finally realized the bulk of my audience was over the age of 40. I think it kind of shocked me for an instant, and wondered when I became so old. Each day I look in the mirror and see the same person I was 40 years ago, but no one else sees that Linda anymore. I am now 62 years old and no longer wear a size 4. Well, I never wore a size 4 so that's beside the point.

If I really was the same reflection in the mirror I greet each day I would spring out of bed each morning eager to take on the day. Since when did my face start resembling a peach? Upset with my peach fuzz status I pluck like a maniac and refuse to call chin hairs "stray eyebrows" as I once did. My natural blonde hair is no longer sultry and is dyed flaming red. Instead of a Dietrich look, I now

sometimes assume a dead on impression of Bette Davis in *"What Ever Happened to Baby Jane"*.

I can no longer stand people talking in loud volumes, especially on their cell phones. Do I really want to know what your "Baby's Daddy" is not doing for you? Silently I now scream obscenities at those that bring hockey-bag loads of laundry into my laundry room. I do laundry frequently because I prefer to wear clean underwear every day. Remaining silent, I know that it would be over their heads to offer that information as they choose not to wear any such thing. I can also vouch that these personal sparing of the briefs has nothing to do with saving the environment as I watch them pour their "green" detergent into the soap compartment.

On a good note, because of my senior status, my bank now charges \$9.95 a month in fees instead of \$13.95 . What can I do with the extra \$4.00 savings each month? Would that \$4.00 buy me a package of much needed Depends down the road?

In summation, I guess I finally realize who I really write for. I write to entertain and provide information for others- but mostly I write for myself. Shunning the advice an esteemed editor gave me two years ago that 'old' does not sell readership, I publish this myself of my own free will despite supposed repercussions of being unread. Now that I am older I pay less attention to what people say- as I will never outlive my enthusiasm to write, and I am one hell of a stubborn woman. As Bette Davis once said:

"Old age ain't no place for sissies."

Amen to that sister!

