Is 65 The New 15?

Remember those teenage years when there was something happening to you, mentally and physically, but you didnt quite understand what it was?  You had hair growing in places it hadn’t before, grownups were ‘uncool’ to be seen with, you were angry at the world and wanted to change it. You had that attitude that nobody else understood or could deal with.

Aren’t we all glad to have come through those years unscathed and wise? Well, I have news for those of you are, 65 is the new 15. Those of us who make it to that grand age will tell you that it isn’t over yet. Once more, hair starts to grow in places it hadn’t before (steady, nose and ears I am talking about here), hair also starts falling out from places it had once grown in, some grownups (your age usually - and teenagers) are uncool to be seen with. You are not just angry but bloody furious at the world and convinced it is going down the tubes and past saving. You have an attitude again that no one understands. What goes around comes around it seems.

Despite this second wind at the world, there are positive differences. You don’t really care too much how you look as long as you are clean and comfortable. You start wearing anoraks, hats and scarves to keep your head warm. Hush puppies begin to look a good option for shoes, or trainers, not from Superdry or FootAssylum, but usually the local market. Mobility shops start to look interesting and a disability scooter seems a good idea when you see people your age whizzing around on them. Whizzing here means just below your walking speed.

There are some compensations. You are at that age when you can get free or reduced travel on public transport, and a winter fuel allowance, as if nobody expects you to survive the winter. Yes, you can get to travel more, several miles a day in fact, just to fetch things, usually up the stairs or if you stay in a flat or if in a bungalow then in the next room, just to forget what it was you went to fetch.

Of course the travel gets harder as you’re not as fit as you used to be. People take pity on you, open doors for you. Some may even help on to that bus or train, maybe even a teenager! Which, of course contradicts all that you remember about teenagers not understanding you, not wanting to be seen with grownups. Or does it. Maybe its just taken you this long to realise that that was all just a phase you were going through and...well this is just another one. So enjoy it. You’ve earned it.

The more life changes, the more it stays the same.

Tom Kelly

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