

I received an email a few months ago, with the subject of “Chocolate Sings.” When I read it, I thought, I wonder why this was sent to me. Does the sender think I should eat more chocolate? Eat more desserts? Or does she think I need to be reminded to live each day fully, to stop focusing on things that are out of my control, and to realize I/we can take a deep breath every morning (and several times a day) when things aren’t going exactly the way we want them to, and choose to go with the flow and not accept a life filled with worry and anger. In any event, I think the following message is a good one for all of us as we embark upon 2007. So let’s step into this New Year in a way that we haven’t before:

Eyes and ears wide open, body relaxed, but engaged, addressing things that need to be addressed (no more denying), going in and out of our emotions freely - sometimes we will be up, sometimes we will be down, and yes, eating more chocolate, why not?

Chocolate Sings

One day I had a date for lunch with friends. Mae, a little old “blue hair” about 80 years old, came along with them. All in all, it was a pleasant bunch. When the menus were presented, we ordered salads, sandwiches, and soups, except for Mae, who said, “Ice cream, please. Two scoops. Chocolate.”

I wasn’t sure my ears heard right, and the others were aghast. “Along with heated apple pie,” Mae added, completely unabashed. We tried to act nonchalant, as if people did this all the time. But when our orders were brought out, I didn’t enjoy mine. I couldn’t take my eyes off Mae as her apple pie a-la-mode went down. The other ladies showed dismay. They ate their lunches silently and frowned.

The next time I went out to eat, I called and invited Mae. I lunched on white meat tuna. She ordered a parfait! I smiled. She asked if she amused me. I answered, “Yes, you do, but you also confuse me. Why do you order rich desserts, while I feel I must be sensible?”

She laughed and said, with wanton mirth, “I’m tasting all that’s possible. I try to eat the food I need and do the things I should. But life’s so short, my friend, I hate missing out on something good. This year I realized how old I was.” She grinned. “I haven’t been this old before.”

“So before I die, I’ve got to try those things that for years I had ignored. I haven’t smelled all the flowers yet. There are too many books I haven’t read. There are more fudge sundaes to wolf down and kites to be flown overhead. There are many malls I haven’t shopped. I have not laughed at all the jokes. I’ve missed a lot of Broadway hits and potato chips and cokes.

I want to wade again in the water and feel the ocean spray on my face. I want to sit in a country church once more and thank God for His grace. I want peanut butter every day spread on my morning toast. I want un-timed long distance calls to the folks I love the most. I haven't cried at all the movies yet, or walked in the morning rain. I need to feel wind in my hair. I want to fall in love again. So, if I choose to have dessert instead of having dinner, then should I die before nightfall, I'd say I died a winner, because I missed out on nothing. I filled my heart's desire. I had that final chocolate mousse before my life expired."

With that, I called the waitress over. "I've changed my mind," I said. "I want what she's having, only add some more whipped cream!"

Be mindful that happiness isn't based on possessions, power or prestige, but on relationships with people we love and respect. Remember that while money talks, CHOCOLATE SINGS.

TIP:

Yet another email sent to me:

Very Good Looking, Damn Smart Woman's Motto to live by:
Life should NOT be a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely
in an attractive and well preserved body, but rather to skid in sideways,
chocolate in one hand, wine in the other, body thoroughly used up, totally
worn out and screaming
"WOO HOO what a ride!"
Have a wonderful day!

Until next month,

The Age Sage

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