

“To me, old age is always fifteen years older than I am.”

Bernard Baruch (1870-1965)
on his 85th birthday

I remember the joys, I remember the pain
And I'm loving and living life over again.
I think of the years, all too few, gone too fast,
And accept the stark fact that nothing can last.
So open your eyes, open and see
Not a crabbed old woman,
Look closer -- see me!

Some physical decline attributed to aging is really due to disuse and is more reversible than previously believed.

I never thought I'd grow old. I always thought it was something that would happen to the other guy.

A NURSING HOME RESIDENT'S BILL OF RIGHTS

I am a resident of a nursing home.

I am a human being, who, through my contribution to society during my productive years, helped to mold a decent place in life for my own generation and for the generations which follow me.

I like to be treated with respect and dignity, just as I have always tried to treat others.

I am and have been "somebody" over the years to many people, such as:

My sweetheart	My father
My wife	My daughter
My husband	My son
My mother	My many friends

If the waning years have been unkind to me, please don't blame me if I don't see too well or hear too well, if I spill my food, if I am incontinent, if I often need help or if I am cranky. I am embarrassed by all those things.

I could be your mother, your father, your grandmother or your grandfather.

Some day you may be like me. A little kindness, a soft word, some acknowledgment by you that I am still a person, and not a thing, is all I ask.

Is that too much?

“Keep breathing.”

—SOPHIE TUCKER, when asked the secret of longevity on her eightieth birthday, January 13, 1964

The saddest aspect of old age is not...the imminence of death, but the realization that we have outlived our contemporaries.

—Harry Golden

By the time you're eighty years old you've learned everything. You only have to remember it.

—George Burns