

“He who always greets and constantly reveres the aged, four things will increase in him: life, beauty, happiness, power.”

Buddha
(c.566-480 B.C.)
The Dhammapada

Wesley On The Go

John Wesley traveled two hundred and fifty thousand miles a day for forty years; preached forty thousand sermons; produced four hundred books; knew ten languages. At eighty-three he was annoyed that he could not write more than fifteen hours a day without hurting his eyes, and at eighty-six he was ashamed he could not preach more than twice a day. He complained in his diary that there was an increasing tendency to lie in bed until 5:30 in the morning.

—The Arkansas Baptist

Writers

Bacon was 60 before he wrote his greatest works.

Milton completed *Paradise Lost* when 57 and *Paradise Regained* at 63.

Tennyson published "Crossing the Bar" at 83.

Daniel Auber wrote his "Dream of Love" in his 80s and said: "I'm not 80. I am four times 20."

Ogilvie, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek until he was past 50.

Colbert, the famous French minister, returned to his Latin and law studies at 60.

Von Goethe wrote a part of *Faust* at 60 and finished it at 82.

“Old age is the most unexpected of all the things that happen to a man.”

Leon Trotsky
(1879-1940)
Diary in Exile

The Ancients In Action

Moses was 80 when God called and, although he cited many excuses, he never mentioned his old age.

Socrates gave the world his wisest philosophy at 70, and at an extreme old age learned to play on musical instruments.

Plato was only a student at 50. He did his best after reaching 60.

Michelangelo was still composing poetry and designing structures in his 89th year. He painted the ceiling of Sistine Chapel on his back on a scaffold at near 90.

Cato at 80 began studying Greek. Petrarch, when between 70 and 80, started the study of Latin.

Ludovico at age 115 wrote the memoirs of his own days.

Old Soldiers Never . . .

"Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years may wrinkle the skin, but to give up interest wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair . . . these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust."

"Whatever your years, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the undaunted challenge of events, the unflinching, childlike appetite for "what next," and the joy and the game of life."

"You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair."

—Douglas MacArthur

A Little More Tired

A little more tired at close of day,
A little less anxious to have our way;
A little less ready to scold and blame,
A little more care of a brother's name,
And so we are nearing the journey's end,
Were time and eternity meet and blend.
A little more love for the friends of youth,
A little less zeal for established truth;

A little more charity in our views,
A little less thirst for the daily news;
And so we are folding our tents away,
And passing in silence at close of day.
A little less care for the bonds and gold,
A broader view and a saner mind
And so we are faring down the way
That leads to the gates of a better day.
—Selected

A CHILD'S LOGIC A five-year-old girl came home from a funeral of her grandmother, in a car with her other grandmother. "Where did Grandma go?" she asked. "We believe she went to be with God," the other grandmother replied. "How old was she?" "She was 80 years old." "How old are you?" "83." The little girl thought a bit, then said, "I hope God hasn't forgotten you!"

When a man begins to act logically according to others....then he has left his youth behind.

—Hortense Calisher