

Writing Prompt: What I really want to say is ...

I'm not done living yet. And by "living," I mean *l-i-v-i-n-g*. For several years now, I've felt my body breaking down, slowing down, and I haven't liked it! Am I really that far over the peak of my life before even hitting 60 years old??

Well, last night I took a friend to the 930 Club in DC as a late birthday present. The band was The California Honeydrops. They were fantastic. Part of what made the experience so spectacular was the intimate venue, where the roar of the crowd was easily amplified, juicing up the energy in the room. The venue was also a standing-only space, so for several hours I not only stood, but danced ... and danced ... and danced. I got home after midnight, and tumbled into bed even later after the very-necessary shower.

Today, I feel great. The Tylenol before bed may have had something to do with that but still ... there may be hope yet for the ol' gray mare. Yes!

