



The next lines of the Dylan Thomas poem are: “Old age should burn and rave at close of day. Rage, rage against the dying of the light.” As your travel4seniors.com editor grows older, those words always inspire me. I’m often asked how and why I take two daily one-hour hikes and 30-minute swim, and still travel the world several times a year at age 92.

The expectation was that if not already a decade dead, I should be drooling mindlessly in my wheelchair in a nursing home hallway. Some of my survival may be genetic. My mom, sister and brother lived into their 90s. Luck is also involved, because I survived U.S. Navy service in two wars, several surgeries, marriage and raising my kids. Another reason for my so-far longevity is that I dread nursing homes, so called assisted living. Of course, the owners and staff of those warehouses of the nearly-dead need to make a living from the slowly dying. Sky-high costs today average \$7,000 a month plus plus. Just 30 years ago, when my mother was a nursing home resident, it cost \$500 a month. I believe if I keep active, I can rage, rage against the dying of the light, and stay away from those money-grabbing cemeteries with beds.

In addition to exercising my old body, I believe in activity for my mind. I daily post at least three articles and original photos on two websites, this one and 90isthenewblack.com. I read many websites to research for my writings, and regularly correspond with other posters.

A final bit of advice to other seniors. Get up, get out, see the world, keep active and enjoy life! (Incidentally, Dylan Thomas died an alcoholic on a New York City sidewalk at age 48.)