

The Joy of Getting Older

Category: Aging

written by Tiffany Blackman | February 27, 2020

Whenever I talk about getting older with those who are older than me, I see the same facial expression. I like to describe it as a scowl: a blank stare with a raised eyebrow. Every so often I get the sad droop of a head as it shakes side to side. Sometimes it's even coupled with a smirk, seemingly saying: "Oh, child, you have no idea!"

My experience makes me hesitant to even mention my thirty-seven-year-old stance on aging, but you asked, so I'll tell you: *I enjoy getting older! I really do!*

I recently found myself admiring the long, silver tresses of a woman I had met for the first time. She had it twisted up loosely in a soft bun. As if to say, "I want my hair out of my face, but who cares how perfect it is." I love that about aging.

The older I get, the less I care about what people think of me or expect of me. Whether they like me or my opinion. I find myself becoming freer, more purposeful and more focused on what I love to do: spending time with my family, helping my community, traveling. There is a joy I find in getting older, and I wish my twenty- and thirty-year-old co-workers, classmates, and friends felt the same. Heck! I wish more sixty-year-olds saw the joy as well! I wish we could all be more content with who we are, where we are in life and how fortunate we are to have had the opportunity to age. After all, the silver streaks in our hair exude wisdom, and the tiny wrinkles in the corner of our eyes show others how many times we've laughed and found joy in life.

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