

# Your Personal Coach

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Today I'm thinking about what it means to get older. Perhaps this musing is spurred by the fact that I'm less than a month shy of my 55<sup>th</sup> birthday. Perhaps, it's the realization that I now seem to know precious little about popular culture. Beyonce who? Phish? Seriously, when I read the "People" columns of newspapers and magazines, I'm clueless about most of the celebrities that other – younger – people are crazy about. Until very recently, I thought Jessica Simpson was the secret older daughter – a love child? -- of Marge and Homer.

I think this newfound consciousness about change and aging began a decade ago, when I was driving to a concert with my brother, his wife and their two kids – Matthew and Katelyn. We were on our way to see a band called "1964" -- Beatles look-a-likes that performed spot-on renditions of their early tunes. They are a great band, and so true in their imitation of the original group that the bass player learned to play left-handed. The illusion of Paul was complete. My niece, Katelyn, age 8, was cranky, and wanted instead, to head to Busch Gardens. But we had been there the day before, and this time the adult choice of entertainment prevailed. I listened as Katelyn made her case to her dad about the merits of the "Big Bad Wolf" roller coaster compared to the lame concert we sought out. "But, honey, you've heard of the Beatles, haven't you?" my brother asked. "Oh all right. Yeah! I saw them once in the wax museum." Wax museum?! The greatest band of the twentieth century relegated in this kid's mind to the stiff sculptures of Madame Toussaud?!

As former hippies in the late sixties and early seventies, we used to shout "Don't trust anyone over thirty!" What do we say now? Don't trust anyone over seventy-five? Perhaps many of my baby boomer friends are reflecting on these same thoughts about midlife and aging. Hardly a day goes by when someone doesn't email me a list of ways you know you're no spring chicken (whatever that means). Still, you know you're getting old when...:

- Your joints are more accurate than the National Weather Service
- Your back goes out more than you do
- It takes twice as long to look half as good
- Many of your co-workers were born the same year you got your last promotion
- People call at 9PM and ask, "Did I wake you?"
- You come to the conclusions that your worst enemy is gravity
- Your idea of a night out is sitting on your deck
- You wake up looking like your driver's license picture
- Happy Hour is a nap
- You begin every other sentence with, "Nowadays..."
- You constantly talk about the price of gasoline
- You are proud of your lawn mower
- Getting lucky means you find your car in the parking lot
- That little gray-haired lady you help across the street is your wife
- You have a party and the neighbors don't even realize it
- You talk about "good grass" and you're referring to someone's lawn

- Your childhood toys are now in a museum
- You frequently find yourself telling people what a loaf of bread used to cost
- You turn off lights for economical and not romantic reasons
- Your little black book only contains names ending in M.D.
- You signed up for cable to get the Weather Channel
- You are cautioned to slow down by the doctor and not the police
- Your drugs of preference are now vitamins
- A “late night” means 11PM

Go to Cool Boomers at [www.c-boom.com](http://www.c-boom.com) if you are interested in humor and information about the truth of middle age and growing old. In the meantime, as we baby boomers traverse the landscape of our middle years, don't lose hope. Remember the wisdom uttered by Maurice Chevalier, “Old age isn't so bad when you consider the alternatives.”

Send your personal coaching questions to [kathleen@fullpotentialliving.com](mailto:kathleen@fullpotentialliving.com) or call 473-4004. Kathleen is a personal and executive coach, clinical psychologist, and writer. (©2004 Kathleen Brehony. All Rights Reserved.) Columns are archived at [www.fullpotentialliving.com](http://www.fullpotentialliving.com).