

Yesterday my daughter again asked why I didn't do something useful with my time. Talking about my "doing something useful" seemed to be her favorite topic of conversation. She was "only thinking of me" and suggested I go down to the senior center and hang out with the guys. I did this and when I got home last night I decided to teach her a lesson about staying out of my business. I told her that I had joined a parachute club.

She said, "Are you nuts? You're almost 72 years old and you're going to start jumping out of airplanes?" I proudly showed her that I even got a membership card.

She said to me, "Good grief, where are your glasses! This is a membership to a Prostitute Club, not a Parachute Club."

"I'm in trouble again, and I don't know what to do... I signed up for five jumps a week." I told her. She fainted.

Life as a senior citizen is not getting any easier but sometimes it can be fun.

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