

Reflection on the Future

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For the last several years I have been meeting a small bunch of my high school buddies (Mather '65) for lunch on December 31st. Often it's the only time I ever see many of them. At this past luncheon, I asked one friend what he was doing. He boldly replied that he was "retired!" For most of us, that word is not even in our dictionaries—no matter what language we speak. After all the UTS founder remained on the front line until the day he died and from all indications, he is still on the front line.

I was a baby-boomer, born after my father returned from World War II in 1947. So if you have any math skills at all, you can figure out that soon I will greet the big 7-0. I remember when Bob Dylan said, "Don't trust anybody over 30." And since that time I always felt that as long as Bob Dylan was older than I was—I was still young—and he still is. In one speech, True Father said that anyone born after World War II is considered a *second generation* (and I cherish that speech).

Since that Friday the thirteenth in June 1947, when I popped out weighing in at 8 lbs. something or other I have always been healthy. Of course, I had my share of ear-aches, had my tonsils out and even got hit by a car while on my bicycle, but I have been as strong as an ox. Both my parents lived into their nineties and my father never missed a day of work in his life. My wife gets upset because, even though she eats all the right things, my numbers are always better than hers. In fact, in the last two years, my numbers have even been going down.

But unhappily I have noticed some gradual changes. Whereas I used to be able to eat whatever or whenever I wanted, lately I have been developing heartburn or something. My doctor said it is called acid reflux—and as a side result, I cough a lot after I am eating nuts.

When I was 35 I broke my foot playing soccer. The first bone that I had ever broken. This has resulted in arthritis in my left ankle when I first wake up in the morning. I have had some normal "male surgery" (not prostate) and I got "mallet finger" while vacuuming my car's seat—which meant that I had to give up golf for a while. I have fallen on the ice a couple of times (I was famous in high school for never falling down), and a few weeks ago, I fell off the kitchen table while hanging the plants that I had brought in for the winter, resulting in injuring my elbow which I had used to break my fall. A couple of winters ago, I put my hand into a recently turned off snow blower (we never had one when I was growing up) and it nearly tore off my finger (no more golf once again). Recently, my wife noticed that my aching toe was actually blood red and twice its normal size and I was forced into taking anti-biotics to reduce the swelling before it formed a blood clot. Most recently I walked into the same snow-blower in the darkness of my garage, resulting in a foot long gash on my shin and much to the chagrin on my "organic" wife, another dose of anti-biotics. These are the kinds of things that never happened to me before, or at least to

this extent; I do still have bumps and bruises all over my shins from playing sports.

I have been receiving social security for several years and now my accountant is talking about saving for my retirement. At this point, I have a wonderful job and am planning to work until 2020—when I hear there may be something more important to do.

So maybe, reluctantly, it's time for me to slow down. My 5 kids have moved out of the house and 3 of them have even moved out of town. My 21-year-old cat passed away and my two remaining pets are both about to be 11 (57 in human years). Although I still write black for the color of hair, it's actually mostly gray (although I still have it), my hearing is still ok and my eyes are both fine. My memory is fine, as long as it's about something at least 20 years ago. I used to forget what I had for breakfast, but lately, I don't remember whether or not I even had breakfast. And although my Jewish mother taught me to 'always ask for a doggie bag,' she never taught me how to get it all the way home. Thus, there are doggie-bags with my name on them all over the country—to go along with the suit coats, hats and gloves that I have left as well.

So, "What about after 2020?" you may ask. My mother taught school for 25 years and my dad worked until he was 72. So I'm not sure. I told my European wife that I would love to see the northern lights from Finland, and since my name is Bruce, I have always felt that I should see Scotland, at least once in my life.

So honestly, I'm not sure what the future may hold. Good health is always the key to everything. So we will see. In the meantime, I still hear that small quiet voice telling me to slow down and I am doing my best to ignore it.