

QUINTESSENTIAL GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE to Assisted Living



Aperitif

Hands All Over Me

I'm not new to aging, but I am new to this age. The age where my balance is mischievous, reaction times lazy, and my agility is sometimes asleep at the wheel. I love my life. I have lived life full, and will continue to do so for a long, long time. But I have limits now, a few more than a decade ago. I can overcome most of them, but now I just need a little help. That sounds simple, though it was a bit of a journey to admit with full authenticity.



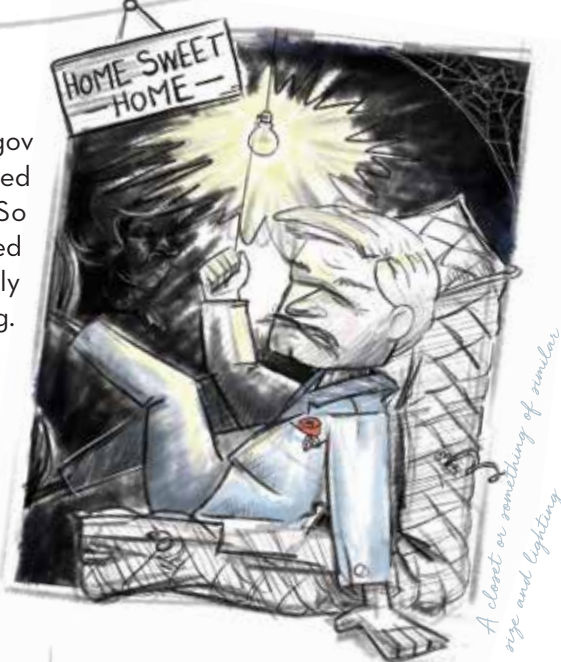
Like all those who conquer so many days, the accumulation of experience takes a toll on one's body. Today, those trout are safe, steaks not so much, hitchhikers, do yourself right and take a cab or Uber, especially at night. My tires have seen just about every road shoulder this side of the Mississippi. Like I said, reaction times have slowed, traffic hasn't. I'm not one to let some weeds stop me; I adapt.

I KNOW WHAT I WANT, THE GOAL HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE EASY PART TO FIGURE OUT:

Remain independent, stay independent, be independent

The question I eventually asked myself, *"How does this remain my reality?"*

I Google searched my friends, scoured endless referral lists, and combed .gov sites that redirected to pages of nothing. It felt like hours had been wasted and all I had was the term Assisted Living added to my lexicon. So equipped with an industry term and horrific feeling, I turned to my trusted inner circle. My colleagues and self-anointed geniuses we're not exactly in the know, but they had some great assumptions of Assisted Living.



Around the clock nursing

I imagine not sleeping due to the nurses heavy breathing, smacking gum, & glow from the screen attached to their eye sockets as they helped themselves to anything in my room.

- Something done in a hospital
- If it sounds medical, it's medical
- The end of all things independent
- Cold hands, cold food, cold stares
- A closet, or something of similar size & lighting
- No golf, no wives, no sports
- One place, every day

HANDS ALL OVER ME

I DIDN'T KNOW IF...

someone would wake me up at 5:00 am to check my pulse, then yell at me to hop in a cold shower. I've done that, I'm over it. Was it to be a crowd of people barking orders, throwing mismatched garments onto every available limb, hands all over me like a - fluffy little golden retriever puppy at a Pet Smart?



Here's where the oranges get squeezed and you reap the rewards of my efforts.

ASSISTED LIVING MOST CERTAINLY, ISN'T What you think it is.