

NEW DOORWAYS

By Jean Stephenson

So now I'm leaning against the doorway to age ninety and recently have had to modify my activities in my chosen fields of art and drama and writing. OH THEY'RE STILL THERE, just sandwiched in between a few minor adjustments.

The Parkinson's diagnosis I can handle, with lots of pills every day. Coordination is off a bit, so can't paint the way I used to, but I now make blurry dream-like works that are being shown at a local gallery. I'm not able to create small clay fired figures of fat ladies exercising; instead I hot-glue castaway objects into fanciful funk art. I can no longer memorize lines for little theater performances, but have joined a talented, assorted age group that is paid to perform comedy pieces at local retirement homes, where we do "readers theater" still clinging tightly to our scripts.

So, friends, don't worry about me...I'm constantly having fun opening new doors. Recently I've been studying some developments in neuroscience, and am also blown away by the new Cosmos television program that picks up where Carl Sagan left off. This new host has a charming personality coupled with vast knowledge on his subject matter, and I'm sure will leave you as enthused as I am. And then there's "alternative reality" and quantum physics to try and understand. Wow! Got a book from the children's section of the library aimed at third graders who I'm sure will rapidly absorb every word, but I'm having to work on it with dictionary in hand.

I've actually made some scientific discoveries on my own. I believe that blueberries have the unusual ability to sprout teeny little spider legs to go galumphing off your cupped hands while being rinsed off so they can dash under the nearest counter. There's no other way to explain this consistent, phenomenal behavior. Move my refrigerator away from the wall and I'm sure it will expose an entire nation of blueberries complete with their own political system. After all blueberries are a part of nature, a living, growing entity, so why would they not have the ability to think and help move themselves about, in a wave of self-motivated evolution?

Now I know the ways I'm learning to perceive reality will disturb those who believe I've "gone round the bend" but I tell them to start "thinking out of the box" and they too can have some fun-filled meanderings.

We can all learn to meditate, calm down, and come up with rational solutions to the world's problems we are facing.

We have new needs for help.... saving our planet and the mental health of all of us continually bombarded with unsafe foods to eat, upside down politics, wars sprouting up everywhere and rampant school shootings. Some kind of upheaval is needed and we all

must be a part of the solution. We must lean hard on those closed doors to new thinking! The time has come for us to pitch in and help move our civilization forward out of this untenable position. Utilizing all that we have discovered we can move forward, not back, into new movements that will make our country grow into a great power again.

Personally a great motivator for me is the ability to see the humor in my surroundings. It's not so difficult to change your way of thinking if you can start off each day with a laugh. Mine came this morning with what I saw at the MAC store while waiting at the Genius Bar for them to repair my cranky computer. A ten-month-old baby was waving her bare legs in her carriage wearing thong sandals which showed off her tiny toenails that had been painted with....wait for it.....BRIGHT TURQUOISE NAIL POLISH! Strangers started laughing and talking to each other. This put me in a good mood to handle the complex instructions my computer guru was about to give me! Laugh your way into the next great move forward!

Copyright© 2014 Jean Stephenson. All rights reserved.