

Personal Reflection – September 27, 2021

Disappointment vs. Dis-attention

Somehow, they forgot to give me the *Little Guidebook to the Nineties*, on my ninetieth birthday. I laugh a lot at my antics, knowing a video of me putting on my socks in the morning could earn a great deal if I sold it to Saturday Night Live!

I am covenanted to *always* be with my phone and my walker yet lose one or the other every day. I'm constantly make appointments for taxis to take me to doctors, dentists, and physical therapists! Just once, I'd love to ask the generous taxi system of Raleigh to *take me to the beach!*

In a million ways I am grateful for the appointments I have: I thank God for Mary A, who takes me to swim twice a week; for Helen A, who buys groceries when I send a list and drives me to church; for Lois N, who comes Monday and Thursday just to sit; for Patsy and Chris C, who are on call and who have shared their red lounge chair to save me from pain; for George D, who prays with me in my home on Tuesday; for Paula B, who is my constant angel; for Nancy W, who Zooms with me on Fridays; and, for Ellen T, who calls me on Saturday.

One thing I am realizing, is that I am not **disappointed** by lack of attention (phone calls, calls, etc.) when I had no **appointments**. In fact, I struggle sometimes with being **disattended**.

I need attention as I need air to breathe, and I sometimes wonder if *disattention* can be fatal. Whether you are a solo ninety-year-old woman or a twenty-year-old new mom or fifty-year-old widower, we need attention to survive.

This reflection reminds me to call more old friends - right now - write a note or send an email!

Attention must be paid.

--Jane Vella