

**“The best made plans of mice and men”**

**By Jo McCormick**

*Park Ridge Resident*

Well, my predestined column for September has been predisposed by recent developments in my life.

After weeks, probably months, I have entered a new phase of “me.” Instead of writing from “outside” the realm of Perkins County Health Services, I now will be writing as an “insider” of Perkins County Health Services.

I am now a resident at Park Ridge Assisted Living in Grant.

I have gone from being “old Grandma” in my previous home to being “next to the youngest resident” here in Park Ridge.

So I have returned to the home in which I worked for those many years.

Actually I was employed at Golden Ours in those earlier years as Park Ridge was born toward the end of my tenure.

Even now though, it’s just down the hall through a doorway, to again step on Golden Ours turf. I made that trip recently and the “redo” over there does look so much less “institutional.”

I plan to be a frequent visitor there and maybe volunteer for the current, rather newly so, activity supervisor, my daughter, Chelle. I think I’ll be helping, but it will also help me.

I’m new here at Park Ridge. I am writing on Aug. 25 and it was just one week ago my moving crew, my available family, was moving me in.

I must say it is a wonderful place to be. Several of the residents I have known in the past.

Most of the staff I knew when at Golden Ours. Not that we are staging a reunion or anything, but it sure made the transition from one home to another easier. I’ll go to the Bible study this afternoon led by Dorothy McArtor who volunteered a lot at Golden Ours when I was there.

The mother of one of my Golden Ours “special residents,” Bev, lives just down the hall from me. Marge is just across the hall from me, and I remember her from Perkins County Community Hospital days.

Maxine lives right next door. Didn’t know her well personally, but her son visits often and we (Jerry and I) knew Scott. In fact he related to me recently an incident I had forgotten about, probably because I was reacting badly to a Village of Madrid board discussion. Scott was on that board. He said we “visited” about said discussion and everything was okay thereafter.

The evening I summoned the ambulance for Jerry, Scott offered to drive me to Grant when the ambulance left, taking Jerry on his last trip to Perkins County Hospital. That was 11 years ago.

I will leave you this time with this thought that certainly describes me: As we grow older, our bodies get shorter (six feet down to 5 foot 7 for me) and our anecdotes longer. Aging: you can’t live without it. Clearly, getting older beats the alternative.

Celebrities have a take on aging too. Helen Hayes said, “Age is not important unless you’re a cheese.” George Burns quipped, “At my age, flavors scare me.” So we elders must try to find

the humor and roll with the punches.

Until next month if the Lord is willing and the creek don't rise (which is highly unlikely in this current weather pattern.)