

What I remember about turning Fifty

by MaryAnne Dunne-Bruning

A powerful flash of light gleamed above my head like a cartoon in a comic book. Oh No! I was approaching 50. How could this be? It was only yesterday I was nineteen and walking down the aisle. Where did the time go? Thirty years passed. Where do I go from here? This can't be all there is to my life. With four children grown, I was ready for something new. I went on my first cruise, hoping this would add some excitement to my tedious life. It was thrilling I must say. The cruise line was an Italian run ship with the crew attending to my every need. For a moment I could pretend I was Lady Astor aboard my own yacht. On the last day of the cruise you could feel the quiet around us. Our fantasy world was ending. Fifty! Are you kidding me?

What was in the plans for my next thirty years?
I needed to make a decision about my future soon.

One Saturday afternoon my girlfriend called with an invite to join her and several other friends for dinner. I declined at first, stating I was up to my ears in housework and hadn't even showered as yet. She persisted and finally I agreed. I dropped the mop and dashed into the shower. Within an hour I met up with some old and some new friends at a Jazz restaurant. Our table was so close to the band that we could hardly hear ourselves speak. One of the new gentleman friends sitting across from me was trying to get my attention. With the band playing so loud we couldn't hear each other speak, so decided to walk outside the establishment to converse. We spoke for just a few moments, then returned to our table of friends. It was a few days later he called, said my girlfriend gave him my number. We made a date. This was quite scary. . . a date after thirty years.

Well, miracles do happen. We dated for a year and a half, then married. For almost thirty years I lived the real life of Lady Astor. All because I took a chance, dropped the mop and picked up the love of my life.

That number "Fifty" gave me the courage to change my life.