

# Travels of Two Senior Citizens

It was a day in the late summer of 2014 (or maybe 2013?) that I thought about writing this piece. Though it was September, it was a very hot day, and Tim and I had packed our travel bags to leave for Toronto. We were visiting Lenore, who had been living in Neville Place, an assisted living facility, for a couple of years. As with such visits, our norm had been to find a B&B, visit Lenore during the days, possibly rent a car to run errands, and return home. On that day, we had returned the car, packed our bags, and were headed to Neville's place to say goodbye to Lenore and other "inmates" at Neville. We took the T (Boston's Subway) to Alewife, and were walking over to Neville's place when an image came to my mind.

Two senior citizens are walking and dragging their suitcases over a long bridge. They are going to visit older senior citizens, possibly their parents' generation, and even, possibly older. It is hot, the distance is long, and the sun is beating down. In my mind, these two seniors are getting older and older as they try to reach their destination. Parts of their faces are melting and coming off in little blobs and falling to the ground. They are getting more and more hunched over. The bridge seems to be getting longer and longer. As they cover 100 feet of distance, another 100 seem to be adding at the other end. It seems an interminable trek.

This image has come to define some of the trips that Tim and I had gone on for a couple of years up to that time in 2014. Talking about that image hasn't changed the way we do things it would seem. Every travel we have undertaken (not all travels have involved visiting senior citizens) since has involved one or two pointless, long, and tiring treks. While the image has been useful in conveying my discomfort to my indefatigable spouse, it hasn't made us plan better. As I write this, I know that I should take greater responsibility in organizing our visits to minimize such arduous walks. Chances are that Tim and I will be going on more of these trips as time goes by. Let me not talk about flights, times of arrival and departure, etc., because there are more examples of poor planning that no one our age should subject themselves to. The lessons learned here are simple. I need to learn how to make online bookings of flights, search for a B&B that is located closer to our loved ones, and make sure the B&B has some basic amenities. Otherwise, I feel that I will invite more and more difficulties.

The only way to erase the disturbing image is to replace it with a better one. Next trip will be mine to plan.

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