



I am a self funded retiree and recently celebrated my 65th birthday (*with a fall on the wet tiles in the hallway.*)

Oddly, I'd been hanging out for this birthday on the basis that I was fed up paying the full fare into the city by train and return which was costing me \$19.20 for the round trip. But the joke was on me. Two weeks after my birthday the Government announced a plan to encourage more users to take advantage of public transport with rail travel reduced to 50 cents each trip as from August.

Brisbane seemed to slide straight into Winter this year completely by-passing Autumn. It's cold. So cold that for the first time in my life I'm wearing bed socks - also known as passion killers - under the blankets. The flannelette pyjamas, last worn in the early 90's to combat chilly Adelaide mornings, aren't really helping my self esteem either. Judi Dench might look good in flannelette. Helen Mirren might look good in flannelette. I just look old and crumpled.



It's so cold I've already spent a night in hospital with a chill in the kidneys, necessitating the need for warmer undergarments. I've even started browsing the catalogues for thermal underwear to purchase.

When I was 64 I couldn't tell you where my kidneys were even located!!

My partner, an ex sheep farmer, presented me with a Get Well gift consisting of Vicks Vaporub, Eucalyptus Oil, and a hot water bottle. Who said romance was dead?

And lastly, the really frightening change to my lifestyle as I slither towards the long night : at 65 years of age I've picked up knitting needles for the very first time.

I can just see my mother looking down and smirking. She was an accomplished seamstress in the day, and as youngsters all our clothes were handmade, right down to our frillies. She was one of these women that you read about who turned parachutes into wedding gowns during World War 2.

Of course I was a huge disappointment and failed both sewing and cooking throughout my school years. When my mother attempted to teach me the textile arts I showed absolutely no interest. Her gift of an antique Singer sewing machine did nothing to encourage any

Why I Couldn't Wait To Turn 65 ! - May Green

Written by May Green

enthusiasm.

Indeed, I found a home for it amongst the gnome collection in the back garden. Married life with babies meant being time poor so if a shirt lost a button I tossed out the shirt.

But at 65 years of age the ex-sheep farmer has taught me how to knit scarves.

I'm about to start my 5th. At night, when the curtains are drawn, we sit together in front of the tv and knit. I've dedicated myself to learning one new stitch a year. I need to pace myself as too much excitement sends the blood pressure upwards.

Flannelette, bed socks and knitting needles. All the signs of being on the slide. Touch wood the slide is long and full of interesting curves to negotiate. Give me enough time and I might even learn to knit socks.

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