

59 is the new 60



No, I haven't got my overused expressions all mixed up. It's the final entry into the Very Last Birthday BBQ week. By the time you finish this post, you may not agree, but you will understand why I chose the title, 59 is the new 60.

Let's refresh



Between 59 and 60, this is what I hope to do.

For those of you just joining the program (already in progress!), here's a handy link (click on the picture) to this week's kickoff blog post.

Summarized, it's all about my decision to call it on these birthday BBQ's. Since I've lived in this house there have been (counting Sunday) 24 birthday BBQ's.

There will not be a 25th.

What are you going to do with your life?

Yeah, well, I'm pretty set with mostly sitting on my butt. I can actually do lots of things on my butt.

Reading, writing, computer games, binge watching, jigsaw puzzling, just to name a few.

I am quite okay with all of the above and the aforementioned usage of my posterior in the accomplishment of those activities. For me 59 is the new 60, in that I'll be doing the same "stuff".

No, but (one "t"), seriously...

Okay, sure, I expect to do a few activities outside my hermit cave, just don't think I am not fully enjoying all those "at home" endeavors. I am content in simple pleasures (though,

some of those puzzles are anything but simple).

Something always comes up. Life is not really as dull as I make it out to be...or even as dull as I would like it to be.

Same time next year



Roundy birthday adventure?

So, I already posited one possibility for the big roundy next year (yes, another link to the right). I'll open it up to the "floor" at the party for other ideas.

It is starting to look like another road trip for me, absent some brainstorm brilliance Sunday. We'll explore the topic in a blog post next week.

Even though I could almost say 60 is the new 55 (as a nod and wink back to the GNABRT), it's clear that, outside of my next "grand adventure" to celebrate the birthday, the year will be otherwise quite the same.

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So, it's pretty much business as usual next year and the year after and on. Except I won't be doing these crazy BBQ's each birthday anymore. Phew.

It's pretty simple, really, because, for the most part, I'm pretty simple – in wants and needs. 59 is the new 60, much like 60 is the new 58.

I enjoy stability and consistency. Especially at home. A big celebration for a roundy? Sure, sounds like fun. But then I want to return to my peaceful and (hopefully) uneventful life.

A nap would be nice, too.