

25. **As Time Goes Bye-Bye**

Carpe Diem?

I'm already past sixty and still have not done the one thing I have promised myself over and over to do -- to learn how to fly an airplane because of two influences. First, Dana, a boy in my high school speech class, who had his pilot's license, used to talk about flying in such a way that it fascinated me. Second, my stepdad Jim and I have long been intrigued by small planes and tried to talk anyone we knew into taking us up for a spin. For more than forty-five years, I have looked at courses offered in aviation and every year I can't find the time or the money.

All talk, no action. All plan, no lessons.

Yet as I read over this for the upteenth time, I've decided I've been too hard on myself. I finished my Master's (though not my PhD). I quit smoking fifteen years ago after two decades of nicotine addiction. I finally lost the weight my mother begged me to lose -- lapband surgery, 145 pounds gone, a detour to Costa Rica for rebuilding -- and I am the woman I never was. I've been to Europe five times, at last revisiting the *Pietà*. I taught myself calligraphy. Damn, I have even touched a moon rock and been close enough to touch *The Beata Beatrix* by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. I've hobnobbed with the glitterati -- LBJ & Leonard Nimoy, Harlan Ellison & John Lennon . . . Well, maybe "hobnobbed" isn't quite the right word?

Mostly talk, some action.
Lots of plans, one big lesson.

I swear I'll learn to fly . . . maybe by the time I'm sixty-five?

Seize the day!