

Generations Are Artificial Divisions

Nobody asked but ...

Another item from my bucket list is in the title above, generations are artificial divisions.

I recently took two of the greatest road trips possible. The first was with my 32 year-old grandson to Holiday World in southern Indiana. We were met at the park by his brother, my 30 year-old grandson. From that point, until the park shut down, we cavorted like crazy at the Splashin' Safari. I was only sporadically aware of my true age. I got a jump start on my life force from my two grandsons.

Just about two months later, I agreed to ride along with my 17 year-old granddaughter for a round trip to Berea, KY. The purpose of the trip was to meet with her first cousin (an in-law to me) to take photos of her in beautiful settings. She is a senior in high school, in need of photos for her yearbook. Her cousin is a super senior at Berea College, and he brought his partner, a lovely young lady, along for the outing. We went to The Pinnacles. I couldn't believe the hiking in which I was included without a care. Whatever. I felt like a kid again.

I realized that I was a member of a society that continually divides and labels its people into age groups. From pre-school through senility, we are graded. But now, luckily, I have stumbled into commerce with generations far from mine. We are alike. I shall make the most of it.

— Kilgore Forelle