

Deepak Asudani, MD

Assistant Professor of Medicine, Baystate
Medical Center—Tufts University School of
Medicine, Springfield, Massachusetts

Embracing, with Strengthened Spirits

“What do you think of aging?” I cautiously asked her.

She smiled, highlighting her wrinkles.

And said, “I have grown out of the embarrassment,
Of being incontinent,

And forgetting my neighbors’ names.

Embarrassment of not being able,

To recall life’s many precious moments.

It bothered me until recently,

How can I miss those traffic lights,

And pay for the same grocery twice.

I explained to myself: ‘Honey, we all age.’

“We all age,” she continued.

“And there is a distinct joy.

A joy of aging.

The wrinkles on my face,

Tell all the moments I smiled.”

“Doc, You know how do I take it?” she asked.

And she continued, “I am not decaying.

But,

I am Aging, gracefully.

It is like embracing a weakening body,

With strengthened spirits.”

She smiled, adding another wrinkle to her face, *gracefully*.

I guess. It is all about perspective.

The attitude that matters.

Shades of Her Life

“Which color do you prefer?”

He asked her.

As she stood between a wide choice.

He asked her again, “Ma’am! Which shade do you like?”

A flashback revisited—a state of reverie.

Life has offered her so many colors, she pondered.

It is always fun—to choose your favorite colors.

The unmeasured joy of having her favorite crayons,

And the unparalleled delight of choosing a blue dress and the silver car.

Flashing the pink friendship band as a young girl,

The sobriety of black interview attire,

The pleasure of counting rainbow colors, after a drizzle,

The eye catchy fluorescence of tender years,

The compelling need to match her nails with her dress,

Highlighting the hair with different shades,

Oh so many colors have shaded her life.

It is amazing!

She chose colors at every moment in her life.

Colors and more colors—and the joy they brought in her life

“Excuse me!” The man interrupted her train of thoughts.

“May I help you choose one?” he asked again.

“Do you want to try one, ma’am?” he continued.

She startled and fumbled.

Holding back her tears, she strengthened her femininity once again,

Like she did after every cycle of drenching chemotherapy

For her malignant breasts.

She regained her composure—she regained her strength,

“Oh, am sorry, sir,” she said and pointed towards the golden brown wig,

Perched on a mannequin.

“Can I have that shade, please?” she gently smiled.

Address for correspondence and reprint requests: Deepak Asudani, MD, 1400 State St., Springfield, MA 01109; E-mail: deepak.asudani@bhs.org

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