



## Of a certain AGE

Sue Stafford  
Columnist

### Still doing for myself

My son Josh was here recently to get his motorcycle that has been parked in my garage since March, when he and his wife moved to Phoenix. (Yes, I miss having them in Bend!) He left this morning to ride back to Arizona. While here, he expressed again a concern he had voiced several times recently over the phone.

“Mom, aren’t you sorry to not be having a big party to celebrate your 75th birthday?” (He’s 48).

I had told him before that, “No, I don’t mind at all,” but I don’t think he believed me. He asked me what I did to celebrate, and I think my answer finally convinced him.

I spent my 75th birthday mowing the lawn, doing my laundry, and changing the bed in the guest bedroom. And I went to Bi-Mart to pick up a new prescription for blood pressure medication.

Nothing out of the ordinary, right? But I followed my list with telling him that I actually celebrated the fact that I was able to easily do all those things for myself. I live without assistance in my own home that

is paid for. I have a car that is paid for that I can drive anywhere, anytime. I cannot only perform all the basic activities of daily living, but my mind still functions.

My good fortune extends to the place I have chosen to call home for the last 15 years — a friendly little town surrounded by magnificent natural beauty, where it takes less than five minutes to get anywhere in town (if you know the back ways during the summer months). Deer wander through my yard, this time of year bringing their spotted fawns for a visit. Cultural events fill the calendar with an extraordinary variety of entertainment year round, especially for a town of 2,800.

My body is beginning to show a little wear around the edges but, by and large, I have no major medical conditions, except a few extra pounds that would be beneficial for me to lose. I just received word from my ophthalmologist that an issue with my cornea has healed (which he originally had said it wouldn’t do). I wear glasses most the time, but only because they’re easier to find if I have them on my face. I have no hearing aids, cane, walker, knee braces, or support hose.

Although I’m not sure what 75 is supposed to look like, it does feel good when my two sons and occasional friends remark that I don’t look 75, assuming I look younger and not older.

I am blessed to have long-time friendships, some of which span 70 years. I can remember both the first and last names of almost everyone in my first-grade class, and all my teachers, at Sylvan School in Portland.

My life has been full of meaningful family relationships. My two older

brothers are still living and we talk every week on the phone. I have experienced the joys and trials of motherhood and marriage.

My work-life has involved a multitude of interesting and rewarding jobs, mostly being in service to others. I started out in the National Teacher Corps right out of college and then moved on to the United Way, to practicing as an expressive arts, horticultural, and substance abuse therapist, to the Transitions coordinator for hospice after moving to Central Oregon. Currently, I have my freelance writing work that I truly enjoy, and that hopefully helps keep my mind sharp.

Total freedom is mine every day to decide what I’m going to do or not do, with no major hindrance from physical or mental maladies. I have lovely new friends and acquaintances in my life since moving to Sisters. Good fortune has indeed smiled broadly on me.

Yes, Josh, I had a great deal to celebrate — and I celebrated by doing the very things I still can do for myself.

A friend with a mutual birthday expressed it perfectly. She sent me an email saying we were celebrating our “diamond anniversary.” I like that much better than being “three-quarters of a century.”

## Logs from Sisters project sold

By Ceili Cornelius  
Correspondent

The log decks that line the Sisters side of Highway 20 will soon be finding new homes.

On Tuesday, June 25, the auction for the log decks created during a massive tree-removal project along Highway 20 was completed. All of the decks were sold at a bid of \$100,000 to the Ochoco/Malheur Lumber

Company — \$14,000 above the minimum bid. The haul of the logs to their new home was to begin on Monday.

Some of the money received from the sale will go back to the U.S. Treasury. Some will go into local trust funds in order to improve the sale-area forestland. Some will also be used for future removal of dead and dying trees. Goss Co. LLC handled the logging project on a contract for \$225,300.

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