

SENIOR PARACHUTE CLUB

Yesterday my daughter-in-law e-mailed me, again, asking why I didn't do something good and useful with my time. Like sitting around the pool and drinking Scotch isn't good.

Talking about my "doing-something-useful" seems to be her favourite topic of conversation. She is "only thinking of me," she said, and suggested, I go down to the Senior Center and hang out with the fellas.

So, I did and when I got home, I decided to play a prank on her.

I sent her an e-mail saying that I had joined the Senior Parachute Club.

She replied, "Are you nuts? You're 81 years-old and now you're going to start jumping out of airplanes?"

I told her that I even had a Membership Card and e-mailed a copy to her.

Immediately, she telephoned me and yelled, "Good grief, Dad, where are your glasses?! This is a membership to a Prostitute Club, not a Parachute Club."

"Oh man, am I in trouble," I said, "I signed up for five jumps a week!"

The line went dead on her end.

Life as a senior isn't getting easier but sometimes it can be fun!