

I came to San Diego 50 years ago after finishing my military service as a Lieutenant Commander in the Public Health Service. I was young, enthusiastic, somewhat scared starting a medical practice... and very green.

It was my good fortune that I was introduced to a physician who took me under his wing who helped to mentor me and show me the ropes. His name was Dr. William Linden, a primary care physician who lived in Claremont.

Bill was was an extraordinary physician who seemed to be involved in everything that I had considered somewhat esoteric at that time: he loved exotic sports cars and mechanically worked on his own classic Alfa Romeo; he had an extensive collection of ancient Greek and Roman coins and knew the esoterica of all the emperors pictured on them.

He would go gold mining in the High Sierras and encouraged the doctors at Claremont Community Hospital to accompany him — on one occasion I did and it was the trip of a lifetime. He invited my wife and I to dinner at his home and introduced me to raw fish: known as sushi. He impishly did not give me warning when I first took a big swallow of what I thought was avocado spread - only to experience the sting of wasabi.

Bill was also the physician at ringside for the weekly professional wrestling matches that we had in San Diego at that time. When he was a young man he had been an amateur boxer and, from what others had told me, he was quite good with a superbly fast right hand that came at lightening speed often knocking opposing fighters to the ground.

In a particularly pensive moment when he and I were talking late at night in the hospital he recounted when he first realized he was getting older. Long after his boxing career he was in a bar with friends when an intoxicated patron picked a fight with him for no reason. Bill said, "I remember looking at his face and threw my right hand punch — but to my amazement, as I glanced out of the corner of my eye, it appeared that my right fist was literally moving in slow motion. No lightning. I was getting old."

Now, years later, we have all experienced some signs of getting older — I know that I have.

The aches and pains don't go away as fast — if at all. If I plan to do 5 things on a day I am lucky to complete 2. My ability to tolerate things: a sleepless night, temperatures changes , irritating people, has significantly decreased. There are more doctor visits. You have become aware that you have less time in the future to accomplish any unfinished business. But, what are you doing to do!?

You're slower, not as flashy as you once were; referred to derisively by a younger generation that / am still snuggling to respect with the offhand comment "OK Boomer."

But, there is a silver lining to the aging process. With the loss of agility and energy, the aging process, with God's Grace, produces greater Wisdom.

That's right; the older that you are the WISER you become. In fact, there is a very seminal book that has been written with regard to the connection between aging and wisdom. It makes me feel so good when I read it that I constantly keep it on me.

(searching my clothes)

I guess I left it somewhere but I don't remember where.

Amen.