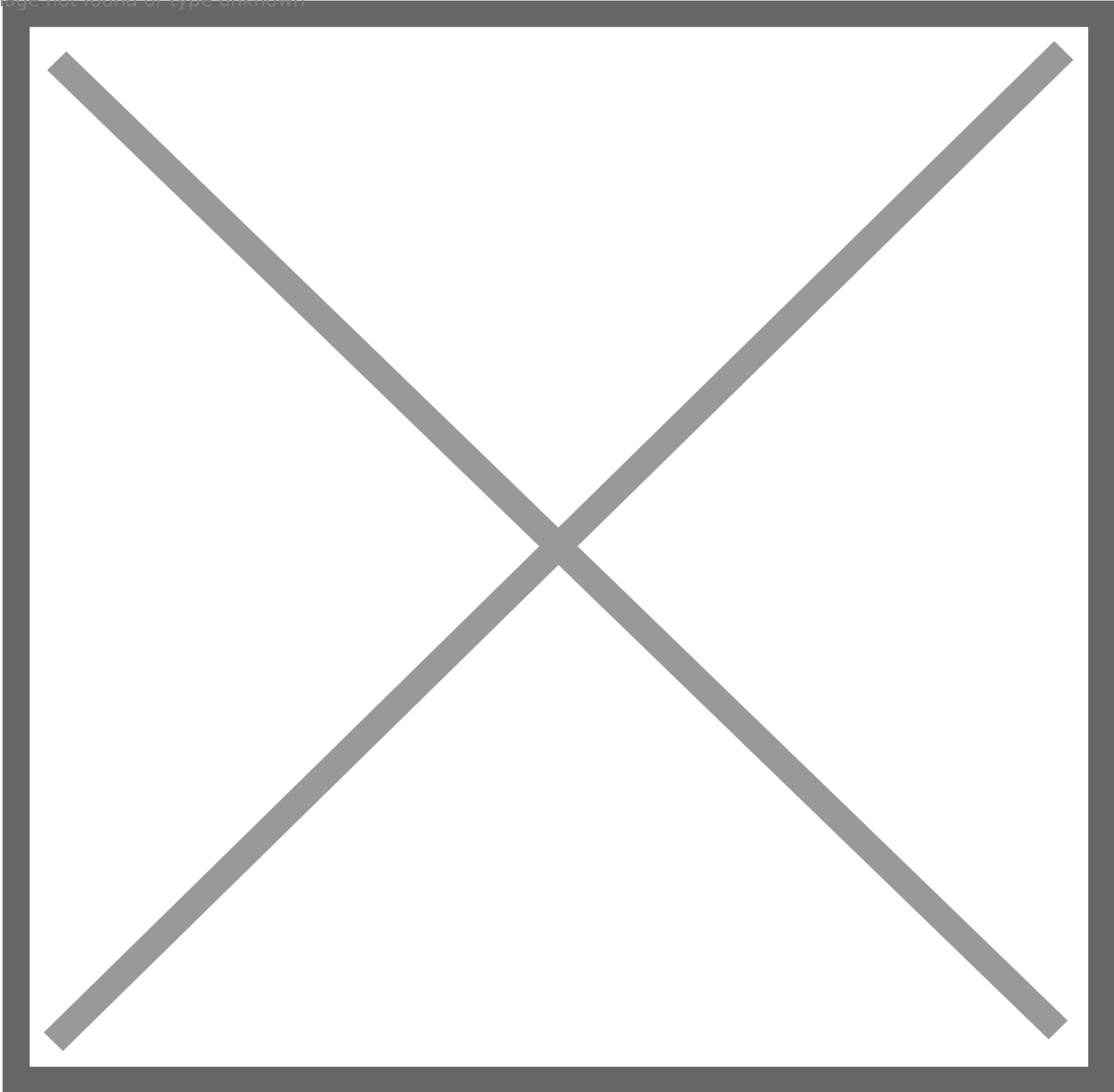


Live to 120? I'd rather go for quality not quantity of life...

Post by "Don" of March 17, 2024 at 1:12 PM

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[Live to 120? I'd rather go for quality not quantity of life... | Eva Wiseman](#)

Staying alive longer is only worth it if the quality of life itself is valuable
www.theguardian.com

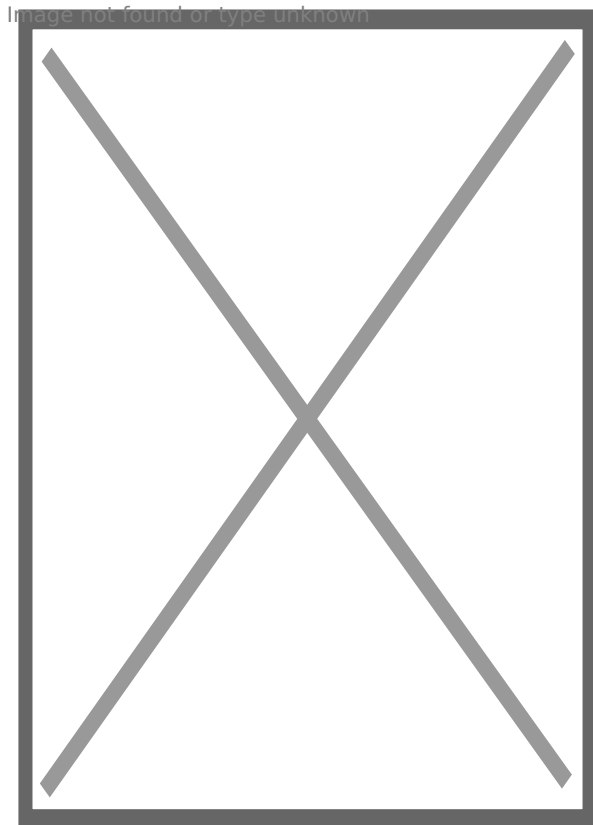
Post by “Pacatus” of March 17, 2024 at 6:01 PM

From the article [Don](#) referenced: “It seems to me that the only people who really want to live forever are those who are unable to find joy in the lives they’re living now.”

Daniel Klein, in his book *Travels With Epicurus*, addresses these issues from a personal perspective (often with congenial self-deprecating humor) as he enters his 70s - eschewing both the frantic (and often cosmetic) “forever-youngness” of some of his friends and the countervailing attempt by some to grind toward a longevity that promises a severely diminished quality of life, by paradoxically foregoing enjoyment now. Klein may not always be a “strict” Epicurean, but I thoroughly enjoyed (and related to) his book - through two readings now. 😊😎

Post by “Don” of March 17, 2024 at 6:08 PM

FYI



[TRAVELS WITH EPICURUS | Kirkus Reviews](#)

A late-in-life reflection and modern-day philosophical exploration of what it means to age authentically.

www.kirkusreviews.com

Post by “Pacatus” of March 17, 2024 at 6:20 PM

My paternal grandmother Mae, who has been a bit of a hero-character for me, especially in my older years, lived to one month shy of 99 – by living pretty much a-day-at-a-time for pleasure and personal happiness. She would grub by hand in her beloved garden all day – and then don evening attire and an emerald ring (the gems of which she herself smuggled out of a Central American country!), etc., to play bridge with “the Ladies” (all of whom were of higher social status than Mae). Mostly, she enjoyed simple fare – but on holidays could conjure a gourmet feast. [Like me, she tended, when she could afford it, more toward the indulgent pole of the continuum, rather than the ascetic pole.] She was both earthy and elegant, feisty and gracious. I’ve been working on a revision of an older poem I dedicated to her, and may post it on my wall here if and when I finish.