

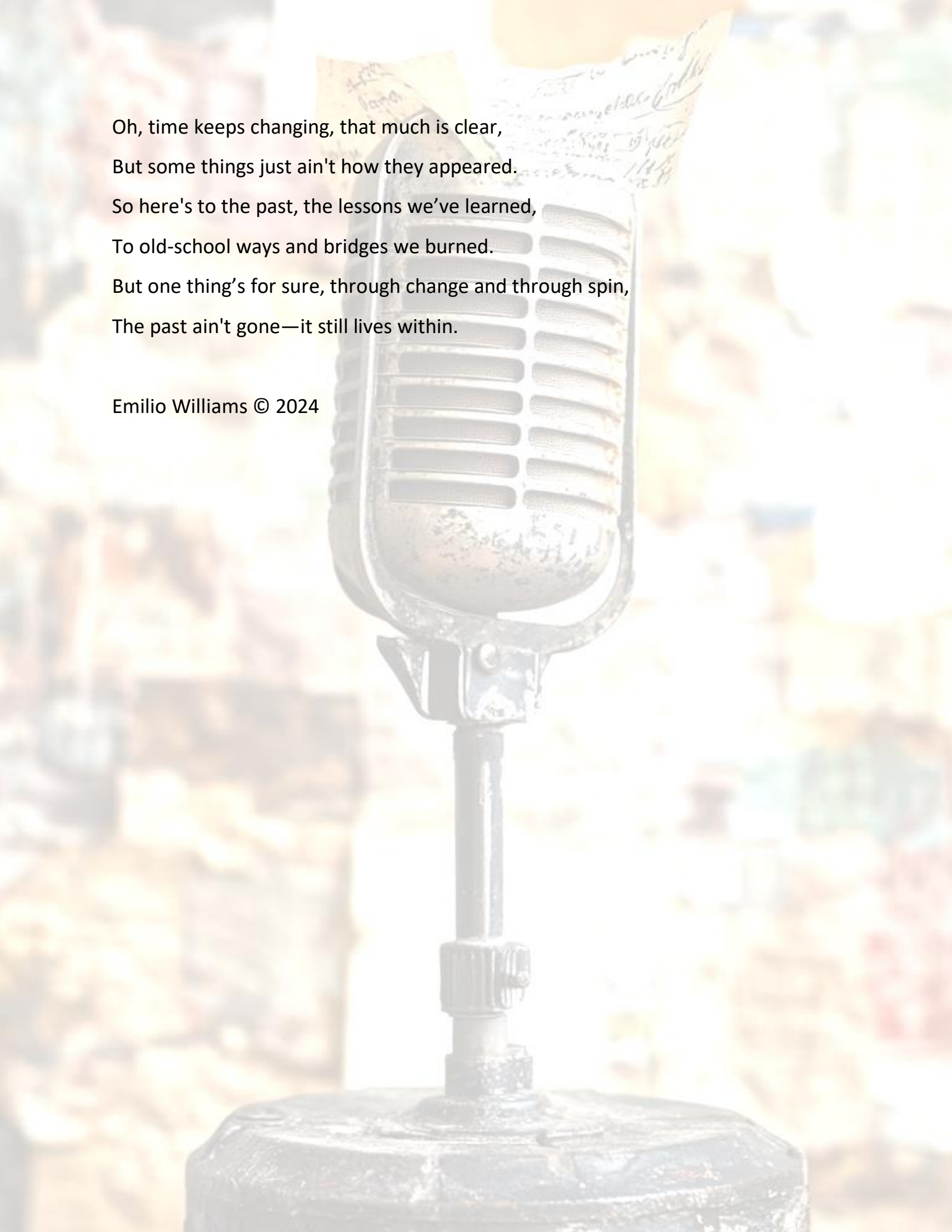
## Happy Reminiscence Day

*Having recently turned 71 years on the planet, I reflected on what another year, hour, minute meant. Every breath means the world to me. So, I wrote this and wanted to share. May it bring a smile to your face and warmth to your heart. ~ Peace and Blessings*

Been here 71 years, seen the world spin 'round,  
Thought I'd check in, lay some questions down.  
Ain't got all the answers, just a curious mind,  
Got to be one hundred, so I'll list 'em in rhyme.  
Used to be milk—skim, butter, Grade A and D,  
Now there's almond, oat, and lactose-free.  
If I'm drinking it, I want vitamin D,  
But now it's got labels that baffle me.

The milkman rolled up with eggs and OJ,  
Try that today—who's waiting to pay?  
First gig I had was slingin' the news,  
Rain or shine, with no excuse.  
Then grown-ups came, took my job away,  
Now papers pop up online every day.  
There was an iceman, a milkman, watermelon man too,  
Gas man, coal man, all making their due.

Now they're just memories, a past left behind,  
Replaced by LCD lit screens and a digital sign.

A vintage, silver-colored microphone with a ribbed grille is mounted on a black stand. A piece of yellowed, handwritten paper is attached to the top of the microphone. The background is a soft-focus collage of autumn leaves in various colors like orange, yellow, and brown.

Oh, time keeps changing, that much is clear,  
But some things just ain't how they appeared.  
So here's to the past, the lessons we've learned,  
To old-school ways and bridges we burned.  
But one thing's for sure, through change and through spin,  
The past ain't gone—it still lives within.

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