

By: Editha R. Catelo

The Beatles' "*In My Life*" and "*When I'm Sixty-four*" inspired me to write this. The following lyrics aside from the melody really touched my heart:

*"There are places I remember*

*.All my life though some have changed*

*Some forever not for better*

*Some have gone and some remain....*

*In my life I've loved them all."*

Sure indeed of all places, I love Pacemco, my workplace more! Working forty years todate in this ever good-providing company even during its times of crisis, molded one like me to become a truly full-blooded loyal employee. I am a living witness of both progress and adversities it went through.

My eyes get misty whenever I think that there will be a few more ..... of rendering services for the organization.

Years just drifted by so swiftly unnoticed.

One of my regrets in life though, is I wish I didn't work so hard enough. But I had no choice because I belong to the generation when many wives share breadwinning with their spouses. No amount of simplifying our lifestyle could free me from the bondage of full-time employment, what with an ailing first-born child that needed a periodic medical attention of a rheumatologist.

For working real hard, another lifetime regret cropped up and it is how I missed my children's

youth and my husband's companionship. Getting up early in the morning each day to catch the service bus while my two girls were still in their deep slumber and coming home late from the plant on extended working hours only to find them tucked in bed again, would just put myself in *misery*

thinking of the past.

I was then the lone chemical laboratory analyst and it seemed I was working “

*Eight Days A Week*

”.

Having done so however, gives me a pleasant feeling that in a way, I have reciprocated the countless benefits the company has provided me all those forty long years of working for her. After all, Pacemco made me what I am today.

I always adhere to the value of gratefulness of which I also instilled in my daughters' mind when they were youngsters.

Gratitude begets gratitude.

“*When I'm Sixty-four*” is a funny rendition of an aging man feeling so insecure. The song reminds me of my late husband who would always say, “

*Will you still need me, will you still feed me when I'm sixty-four?*”

He died a happy man though, at age 59, only short enough to have enjoyed cuddling and putting our first grandson on his lap.

He was the only male member in the family of our 36 years married life.

The trip to Wimbledon a few months before he passed away was another fulfillment in his life.

He was good in basketball in his younger years but turned a tennis enthusiast later.

Unwanted stubborn bulges can no longer be concealed after having acquired the “dual citizenship” which was why body-hugging outfits found their way to the bundles of joy two Christmases ago. Gone are the days when I sported size 26 denim jeans with tuck-in top. When bonding out with old chums now, the highlight of discussion is no longer on trendy fashion but on the levels of cholesterol, blood sugar or medications one has.

I never had the deepest regret of letting my love and relationship with real true friends both at work and those since childhood slip by over the years.

Many have become caught up in their own lives that they had let golden friendship slip away rather than giving these people the time and effort they deserve.

True friends are those who are always there for you through thick and thin.

And I have plenty of them to count on here and afar.

How about you?

Let me share this forwarded message from a close friend in college:

**“The Secrets of Old Age”**

**Before middle age – Do not fear**

**After middle age – Do not regret**

**Enjoy your life while you can!**

**Running water does not flow back. So is life, make it HAPPY!**