

# ONE DAY AT A TIME

## MY WANING MEMORY

JUST A LINE TO SAY I'M LIVING, THAT I'M NOT AMONG THE DEAD,  
YET I'M GETTING QUITE FORGETFUL AND MORE MIXED UP IN  
THE HEAD.

THERE ARE TIMES THAT I CAN'T REMEMBER, STANDING AT THE FOOT  
OF THE STAIRS IF I MUST GO UP FOR SOMETHING OR I'VE JUST  
COME DOWN FROM THERE..

WITH THE FRIGIDAIRE BEFORE ME MY POOR MIND IS FULL OF  
DOUBT. HAVE I JUST PUT FOOD AWAY, OR HAVE I COME TO  
TAKE SOMETHING OUT?

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN IT'S STILL DARK WHEN I STAND BESIDE MY  
BED I CAN'T TELL IF I'M RETIRING, OR JUST GETTING UP INSTEAD.

IF'S IT'S NOT MY TIME TO WRITE YOU, THERE'S NO NEED  
TO GET UPSET. WHEN YOUR MY AGE THESE THINGS HAPPEN.  
IT'S SO EASY TO FORGET.

BUT WITH MAIL TIME FAST APPROACHING I WILL TRY TO MAKE IT  
CLEAR IN THIS LETTER I AM MAILING THAT I LOVE YOU,  
PRECIOUS DEAR.

YET THE MAILBOX STANDS BEFORE ME, AS MY FACE TURNS  
RUBY RED, FOR I FAILED TO MAIL YOUR LETTER. I JUST  
OPENED IT INSTEAD.

*JACK*