

# **Father's Memories**

**by Judith Nolan**

*“If I had known I was going to live this long, I would have taken better care of myself...”*

“*God*, yes....,” Father agreed, as he read the quote again. “Mae West surely knew a thing or two.”

He tapped his cane against his stiff leg, understanding it was past being made better. He looked into the mirror as he tugged his thinning, grey beard, remembering it had once been full and dark. Margaret had said it was his best feature, after his gorgeous eyes.

“Margaret...” he whispered softly, turning from his mirrored image with regret. “One day soon, my love...”