

It'll last a lifetime!



Last week, a couple of months before my 93rd birthday, a man selling me a small household component said, “It’ll last a lifetime.”

“Only that long?” I thought.

But perhaps I’m being too pessimistic. The local library has just renewed my card. The new expiration date? December 2037!

Now that’s what I call a lifetime. It even beats Frank Sinatra’s famous prophecy:

“If you should survive

To a hundred and five,

Think of all you’ll derive

Just from being alive.”

Still, I can’t help wondering if it’s not just another scam:

if I'm not around to take my books back, sixteen years of overdue fines would pay off the civic debt.

First published in [*Colorado Boulevard*](#).

Photo credit: Martin Green