

The Big Three-OH

Milestone birthday gives new perspective to my well-lived life

By Lyla Miklos

The Hamilton Spectator

October 16, 2004

On Friday, Oct. 15, 2004, I turned 30 years old.

Many people have been asking me how I feel about reaching this milestone.

For the most part ... great. I am amazed that after nearly 30 years since my birth I am alive, healthy, employed, nourished, housed and loved.

I never had any kind of preconceived agenda on where I should be by this point. I remember filling out a survey once that asked me where I wanted to be in five years and then 10 years. My most thoughtful answer was "debt free!"

Recently, a co-worker who had turned 28 was lamenting the fact that she wasn't where she wanted to be in her life. That same day another co-worker asked me if I was happy with where I was at in my life. It didn't dawn on me until then that so many people set these huge life goals for themselves.

I haven't gotten married, had kids, bought a house or even learned how to drive. Nor do I have an urgent burning need to get proactive on any of the above, although I would be dishonest if I didn't admit to having a little list of things I want to do before I die.

Yet, somehow turning 30 makes me feel I really have to behave like an adult now. I no longer have any excuses for irresponsible behaviour. I certainly can't blame it on the inexperience of my youth anymore.

Still, I have found that taking life one day at a time and looking at each new day as an opportunity for new adventures works best for me. Life has a way of never going quite the way we expected it to.

If someone told me when I was 20 that I would be doing all the things I am doing now I wouldn't have believed them.

Hmm ... I wonder what I'll be doing when I turn 40?