

Epigraph -

***And even if you are lucky with money,
And even if you are lucky with the children,
Someday We'll Be Old Men
But no one will need us.***

- from an unknown song.

Old age weighed down by PD (Parkinson's) (disease).

For 2-3 years now, I have been living in close "friendship" with Mr. Parkinson. I cannot single out one thing that torments me in this sad period of my life - can only try to highlight two different sets of aspects that have completely consumed me.

These are "material" (physical) and "spiritual" sets of aspects in my current life.

Perhaps it is more accurate to say not "spiritual" but "intellectual" or "mental." It seems to me that "spiritual" reflections include reflections on good and evil, conscience, the meaning of life, finally simply - philosophical reflections - whereas, for example, solving mathematical problems (of any complexity) is rather an intellectual activity - as well as thinking about physical or biological problems.

Here by material I mean everything related to the functioning of my body, and by spiritual - everything related to my thoughts and feelings directly or indirectly - including the gone (lost) ability to play piano and even the long-left passion to TT - despite the fact that the "motor" capabilities of the body play a huge role in TT - but TT - This is primarily a clash, a struggle of people based on choice (preference) - styles, strategies and tactics.

Let start with “physical” in my current life. Before (in my younger years - up to 75) I workout a lot. Had ranks in truck and field, weight lifting, swimming, TT. Devoted a lot of strength and attention to physical culture.

Now, my physical condition is characterized primarily by a very strong (one might say catastrophic) deterioration of coordination and weakening of muscles - and, of course, constant pain in the muscles, joints and fingers - which is why I stopped playing piano. But the most noticeable is the deterioration of coordination.

The essence of PD (roughly speaking) is that those brain structures where the algorithms for controlling the muscles are located (which carry out the basic complexes of movements) - are dying. It should be noted here that even when we just stand - so as not to fall, a hundred muscles should work in concert - this consistency should be provided by neural structures, which are dying in patients with PD - therefore patients with PD look so specific - with their shuffling gait (small shuffles steps), hunched forward. It must be added here - my physical degradation began long before I met Mr. Parkinson - to whom I am immensely grateful that he did not capture his "friend" Alzheimer to meet me. My physical degradation began in 2016, when in Utah, at the TT tournament - Huntsman Games (over 75), where I had a good chance of winning - I tore the muscles of my right shoulder - after which I began to play with my left hand. And after that, also in 2022, Full knee replacement, which immobilized me for a couple of months and, it seems to me, served as an introduction to PD.

In total, the physical condition of an old man burdened with PD is characterized primarily by constant muscle pain and continuous, gradual deterioration of coordination, which is easily recorded when playing (in TT) with a robot.

And yet - the constant deterioration of the "freezing" symptom is the inability to start the any movement -

as soon as he wanted - it's just to get up as soon as he wanted, or start walking after he has already got up - always before starting the movement - a couple of seconds delay.

Now I'm not going any more to Utah, California, Illinois or Albuquerque - even Manhattan is a problem for me - I live as Tyutchev "suggested" -

***Only live in yourself know how -
there is a whole world in your soul
mysterious magic thoughts...***

"The whole world in the soul" is just about the spiritual, or rather, the mental aspect of my existence.

What are my thoughts?

First of all, it should be noted that despite the fact that the good Mr. Parkinson "going to me did not capture his "friend" Alzheimer - I did not manage to bypass some intellectual degradation - for example, I allow myself "stick" on primitive TV shows and stupid audio stories, and in most cases in Russian - but upon arrival I watched only "Practice" "Law & Order", "Boston Leagale" and read books written by Izek Azimov, Stuard Woods, Robert Tanenbaum or Lee Chaild.

And yes, over the past 7 years, being retired - did not write a single line of Java code - as in an anecdote, the boy told to the lover hiding under the bed - "Well, do not breathe any more - but how you breathed, how you breathed."

The answer to the question is "what are my thoughts doing?" I'll start with poetry, with my favorite poems - which I read mentally every night. These are, first of all, Govstein's prayers -

***“...when destined,
help me die in a moment one -
and in a moment one - I will happy myself
give you everything back -
and the finest thought,***

***and the most tender sadness
it's the best thing on earth to part with.'***

And of course the wonderful poems of T. Bukovskaya -
... "in the old house fly to nowhere
clouds on antique pastel -

And the poems of Yu. Levitansky "Everyone chooses for himself.." And Tyutchev... "nature knows nothing about the past..," And of course Yevtushenko "There will always be a female hand..." - generally the best piece about mothers that I was lucky enough to read to my mother on her birthday (somewhere 30 years ago). And his Spell with absolutely brilliant rhymes - "...and on a winter's night, think of me..."

Hermann Hesse's collection of articles "Letters in a Circle" (if I am not mistaken) has very interesting notes on old age:

"...Being old is as beautiful and necessary a task as being young, learning to die and die as venerable a function as any..." -

it is beautifully said - it is difficult to disagree (with what is beautifully said) but how difficult it is in reality to agree with this in essence and G. Hesse notes this:

... "everyone knows that old age brings all sorts of hardships and that it ends in death. And then all sorts of ailments and diseases, dulls of feelings, weakening of organs and various pains... you can't get away from all this..."

Here it should be noted - PD is (past everything else) also a powerful amplifier of all the symptoms of old age - roughly speaking, the 80-year-old weighed down by PD looks (and feels) "as all 100 ."

- Next, H. Hesse proceeds to his discovery -

... "but it would be wretched and sad to surrender to this process of decline alone and not see that and old age has its good sides, its advantages, its comforts and joys ...a treasure trove of paintings that you carry in your memory after a long life and to which, when yours activity is waning handling a completely different engagement than ever before... "

So - the good side of old age - available consolation -
"a treasure trove of paintings that you carry in your memory"
- it was written not only long before the era of smartphones (iPhone, Samsung, Xiaomi) as well as the era of digital cameras (Canon, Sony, Nikon) - and even more so the Internet. Nowadays, to enjoy the "treasure trove of paintings" that Hesse speaks of, you do not need a special memory.

Generally speaking, Hesse was referring to a dramatic change in our attitude to the events that are displayed in these pictures from our "book of life."

The "good side of old age" is an available consolation - according to Hesse it is the acquisition of peace of mind and "contemplation." When past passions subside, a person gains the ability to perceive the world in a distant, wise and deep way, noticing beauty in trifles.

... "Consideration, observation, contemplation is increasingly becoming a habit and exercise, and the mood and position of the observer imperceptibly determine all our behavior. Driven by desires, dreams, drives, passions, we, like most people, rushed through the years and decades of our lives, rushing impatiently, with curiosity and hope, violently experiencing good luck and disappointment - and today, carefully leafing through a large illustrated book of our own life, we wonder how beautiful and glorious it is to get away from this race and rush and surrender to contemplation... "

And this is true - I have long noticed that turning in my thoughts to certain events of my past or remembering certain people from my past (who had a noticeable influence on me - such as, for example, Pavel Shaldervan, Sasha Rokhlenko or Dima Lehzier) - I noticed that I was already analyzing less and less (right - wrong and why) but just more and more often I look at events or the former process of communication as if from the outside - especially since the people with whom I communicated and the places where the events took place have long been gone.

If I wrote about how I meet my 86th year of life - i.e. I wrote simply about old age - then it would be just right to end with the words of Hesse:

... "Here, in this garden of old people, there are many flowers that we never thought about caring for before. Here the flower of patience blooms, noble cereal, we are made calmer, more condescending, and the less our need to intervene and act becomes, the more our ability to look closely and listen to the life of nature and to the life of our brethren becomes, watching its progress without criticism and never ceasing to be surprised at its diversity, sometimes with participation and quiet sadness, sometimes with laughter, bright joy, with humor."

But I write of an old age weighed down by "friendship" with Mr Parkinson. And this friendship is characterized not only by constant muscle pain, but above all by the unstoppable degradation of motor abilities.

For example, I lie down and want (very necessary) to get up - so not only should I consciously and consistently strain and relax the necessary muscles (only which are needed) - so that the corresponding muscles have enough strength. And so in

everything (get up from a chair, turn around and go somewhere), where motor activity is needed - previously carried out automatically - i.e. using algorithms recorded in the neural structures of the brain, which (brain structures) are destroyed in patients with PD.

So - constant muscle pain will erase the smile from the face of an old man with PD, no matter how great an optimist he may be. Further, the constant degradation of coordination makes the patient with PD walk with small shuffling (for fear of taking his leg off the floor) steps. This fear of falling makes a patient with PD walk with his back hunched forward (to avoid of falling back). The fact is that with a probability (statistics say) of 0.7, an old man with PD falls at least once a year, and a probability of 0.7 to fall a second time in the same year (for those, who were already unlucky) and finally who did fall twice a year, with a probability of 0.7 will fall a third and this is the last time.

Anyone in this state and in their right mind (Parkinson's friend Alzheimer has not yet appeared) will try with all their might to avoid communication (trying to do not scary innocent people) - and what remains -

Only live in yourself know how -
there is a whole world in your soul
mysterious magic thoughts...