

Seniors deserve a Throw in the Towel Day (04, 05, 13)

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I have learned a few things over the years as I'm sure you have, and together, these collective insights might coalesce to form some sort of secular Bible, a font from which younger versions of ourselves might drink and hopefully deem as wisdom.

One truth I have discovered is that (thank you Einstein), everything is relative. Take the month of May for example. If you live in the Southern Hemisphere, May is in autumn and the equivalent of November; if you live in the Northern Hemisphere May is in spring.

I have mentioned this before, but Towel Day is celebrated every year on May 25 as a tribute by fans of the author Douglas Adams. On this day, fans carry a towel with them to demonstrate their appreciation for the books and the author, as referred to in Adams' *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*:

“A towel, it says, is about the most massively useful thing an interstellar hitchhiker can have. Partly it has great practical value. You can wrap it around you for warmth as you bound across the cold moons of Jaglan Beta; you can lie on it on the brilliant marble-sanded beaches of Santruginus V, inhaling the heady sea vapours; you can sleep under it beneath the stars which shine so redly on the desert world of Kakrafoon; use it to sail a miniraft down the slow heavy River Moth; wet it for use in hand-to-hand-combat; wrap it round your head to ward off noxious fumes or avoid the gaze of the Ravenous Bugblatter Beast of Traal (such a mind-bogglingly stupid animal, it assumes that if you can't see it, it can't see you); you can wave your towel in emergencies as a distress signal, and of course dry yourself off with it if it still seems to be clean enough.

“More importantly, a towel has immense psychological value. For some reason, if a strag (strag: non-hitch hiker) discovers that a hitchhiker has his towel with him, he will automatically assume that he is also in possession of a toothbrush, face flannel, soap, tin of biscuits, flask, compass, map, ball of string, gnat spray, wet weather gear, space suit etc., etc. Furthermore, the strag will then happily lend the hitch hiker any of these or a dozen other items that the hitch hiker might accidentally have "lost." What the strag will think is that any man who can hitch the length and breadth of the galaxy, rough it, slum it, struggle against terrible odds, win through, and still knows where his towel is, is clearly a man to be reckoned with.”

I agree with the psychological value of a towel, and I would like to propose a sequel to Towel Day for seniors. I would call it “Throw in the Towel Day.” Some might prefer “Throw in the Sponge Day;” they are synonymous. The phrase is borrowed from boxing, as when a boxer's trainer stops the fight by throwing a towel into the ring to signal that one quits. Normally, at this time of the year, it's Throw in the Towel Day for the Toronto Maple Leafs. They have been collectively doing this for decades and then celebrating “Let's Play Golf Day.”

Nevertheless, seniors deserve a “Throw in the Towel Day” on, let's say May 18, my birthday, and on this day each senior would do absolutely nothing, no baby-sitting for their children, no cooking Easter meals for their children, no donating money to their grandchildren's educational fund, nothing. On this day, however, their children would focus on their senior parents and dote on them for one complete day in lieu of the 18 or more years that the parents doted on their children.

Did you know that there is a national grandparent's day? National Grandparents Day began in Canada in 1995, but nobody knows about it. I have never received a card. If it was called Throw in the Towel Day, that would vault it into the realm of the other biggies such as Valentine's Day. We can make this happen, fellow seniors!

