

My dear Ones, kind hearts and gentle people,

I sing songs of gratitude and praise to the TAO contingent of volunteers for this fantastic extravaganza and to their commanders, Myrna Wolf and our President Anne Goldberg, who led battalions who kept their hearts open while cheering each other on. That is why everything is superb.

You know so much about me already, but you cannot stop me from sharing the secrets of my Lust for Life and my lifelong habit of planting blossoming gardens of infinite possibilities.

As I approached my 90th birthday, I realized that I haven't lost all of the other ages I have been thru – my 50s, 60s, 70s 80s, which were full of adventure, newness, accomplishments, agitation for all kinds of good causes, illness, ambiguity, advocacy, diplomacy and treasured husbands and boyfriends who appreciated my brain and my uterus but in addition, I realized that while I remain age 16 on the inside, it is on the outside that I am still ripening.

My lifelong heroine, Eleanor Roosevelt, compared a woman to a tea bag. You never know how strong she is until she gets into hot water.

So, dear ones, know that risking is live giving. It has helped me to keep growing. In the 1960s, my husband at that time was dr. Norman Malomut, a distinguished cancer research scientist. I approached him one day in the laboratory with an idea to test whether there was a relationship between stress and tumor development. He approved the idea immediately and urged me to perform the experiment on various strains of mice. Eventually, he practically had to force me to report my results at a prestigious scientific conference. The photo he took of me shows the level of my trepidation. My mouth was distorted. I was frightened silly, but the applause at the end assured me I was one of the boys... mostly boys then.

Nurturing confidence in yourself helps you look fear in the face and as the Talmud teaches, good deeds are more vital than wise sayings.

So, stay active, live on the edge, because if you rest, you're gonna rust!

So what are my survival plans to age 100? They are to confined to seek inspiration instead of passively waiting for it to find me.

Dear Ones, live your dreams.

Open the treasured chest of your soul.

Reveal your dormant wishes for a life you have yet to live.

Most of all, Trust your gut.

Love you all...

Florence