



Don't Let Yesterday Use Up Too Much of Today



A Personal Note · On Life & New Beginnings

Retirement isn't the closing chapter. It might just be the best one you'll write yet.

Let me ask you something. When was the last time you did something just because you *wanted* to? Not because the mortgage needed paying, not because the school run demanded it, not because the inbox wouldn't empty itself — but simply because it delighted you, lit you up, or made you feel like you again?



If you're retired, approaching retirement — or you've just stepped into it — that question is no longer hypothetical. It's your new daily briefing.

“Don't let yesterday use up too much of today.” — Will Rogers

Will Rogers said it with a cowboy's easy wisdom, but there's real depth in those words. So many of us arrive at this chapter of life dragging a suitcase full of “shoulds” — the career identity we wore like a uniform, the routines we kept not because they served us but because they were simply *what we did*. We spent decades being defined by our responsibilities. Wonderful, meaningful responsibilities, yes. But now? Now the brief has changed.

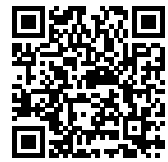
Now it is all about you.

Here's what nobody puts on the retirement cards: this is an extraordinary act of self-reclamation. The years ahead aren't a slowdown. They're a **reset**. A chance to ask, perhaps for the first time without the noise of financial pressure drowning out the answer: *What do I actually want?*

That question used to feel indulgent. Now it's the whole point.

Think about it. You've spent the better part of your adult life building a version of yourself designed to serve others — your employer, your family, your mortgage lender. You became extraordinarily skilled at doing what had to be done. And that's genuinely admirable. But somewhere in all that doing, there was a version of you with interests, curiosities, and half-formed dreams that got politely told to wait their turn.

Their turn has arrived.



A few gentle reminders

- Your value doesn't depreciate when your job title does
- Starting something new at 60 or 75 is not eccentric — it's courageous
- The hobbies you “never had time for” are not trivial — they're the point
- Nobody is waiting for you to slow down. That's a myth you can release
- The people who thrive in this chapter plan it like they planned their career — with intention

There's a temptation, and I've seen it in mates, to treat retirement as a kind of prolonged exhale — to finally stop, to rest, to decompress. And yes, a bit of that is entirely warranted and earned. Go ahead. Sleep in. Ignore the alarm. Have a seventh coffee. You've earned every leisurely minute.

But here's the thing: the happiest people in this chapter aren't the ones who stopped. They're the ones who *redirected*. They took all that energy, all that discipline and capability — the same qualities that made them excellent at whatever they spent their careers doing — and aimed it somewhere new and deeply personal.

One friend of mine spent 36 years in management. Meticulous, precise, always trying to think three moves ahead. He retired at 65 and within six months had turned a vague interest in woodworking into a small, mobile caravan refurbishing business. Not because he needed the money. Because he needed the *makeover*. The planning, the craft, the



pride of producing something with his hands and being appreciated for it — it turns out those were the parts of work he'd loved all along, just wrapped in someone else's packaging.

People like him aren't exceptional. They're people who gave themselves permission to believe that the next chapter was worth planning — really planning and jumping into, with the same seriousness they once brought to their 3-5-year corporate and career plans.

Retirement isn't what you stop doing. It's what you finally start doing, on your own terms, in your own time, for your own joy.

So here's my gentle nudge, offered with warmth and no small amount of enthusiasm: don't drift into this chapter. *Design* it. What would a good week look like — not a productive week by someone else's measure, but a genuinely good one by yours? Who do you want to spend time with? What have you always meant to learn, create, explore, or simply sit quietly and enjoy?

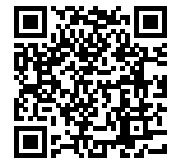
Write it down. Make a list as absurd and ambitious and small and silly as you like. The woodworking, the caravan or motorhome, the novel you've always meant to write and the garden you've always meant to actually plant and tend and the grandchildren you want to take on adventures. Put it all in.

Then — and this is the important bit — start. Not perfectly. Not with a full plan. Just start somewhere, with something, today.

Because here's the beautiful truth: you are not someone who has run out of road. You are someone who has finally earned the right to choose their own direction. The noise has quietened. The obligations have eased. And what's left — what has always been there, patient and waiting — is you



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Don't let yesterday use up too much of today. You've got things to do — "It's never too late to be what you might have been." — George Eliot

Written with optimism · For anyone standing at the edge of something wonderful