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SPECIAL SECTION  
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# How we try and survive the “youth game”

BY SUSAN “HONEY” GOOD

Millions of us run to a plastic surgeon or dermatologist for patch-patch-patch! They promise to hand us back our youth. “The Fountain of Youth is at our doorstep, step inside,” they say.

Darlings, some of us financially can, some of us financially cannot, and some of us prefer not.

The point is that those of us over fifty that cannot afford face work or choose not to touch their faces may be better off in some ways than those of us who do!

Every brand from soap to ‘nuts’ spells youth. Brands are telling us you have to look young to be beautiful, to be visible. I take issue.

And, unfortunately I feel that is why a young woman in her mid-thirties is running to her beauty maven to fill her face with injections of Botox and collagen. After having a child, she has her first tummy tuck and a little liposuction. From exhaustion, from her “mothering” or “career-ing” she has her eyes done and by mid- or late-forties she is off to the best plastic surgeon for her first facelift. Am I right?

So now that I have established that younger women are just as crazed with who they see in their mirror as us older Grande Dames,

I want to tell you the story of one 94-year-old, beautiful woman: my mother. Her story may open your eyes to, unfortunately, our limitations.

## My mother, the natural beauty

Last night, my husband, Shelly, and I were leaving our building for an evening out with friends. There were four very elderly women in the lobby, one of them, my mother. Every Saturday night she and her girlfriends meet for their night out with the girls. They are all widows and childhood friends. I have known them since I was a little girl. The youngest is 90 and the oldest is my mother at 94, and, thank God, holding.

I could not help staring at this group of elderly Grande Dames as I walked over to give each of them a kiss. It was so obvious that all of them had one or more facelifts... except my mother.

My mother has never had a facelift. She still swears by Maybelline face cleanser. She says, “Soap on a woman’s skin is taboo. Too drying!” Her nightly moisturizer is olive oil.

You may assume I am biased, but I swear my mother was the most beautiful of the four women. It was so obvious. Her girlfriends’ faces were pulled and smooth. But, their hands were old. Their hair was thinning. Their stature was that of a much older woman.

## Our faces reflect our lives

My mother’s face showed her life. The crinkles around her eyes and her smile lines made her face soft; her blue “unbagged” eyes sparkled, and her face matched her hands.

“My mom had her eyes done when she was in her forties and told me, ‘The puffs under my eyes are hereditary. They have nothing to do with age.’ I knew better and so I just smiled to myself and nodded”

She looked regal and so much more natural than her friends with all their tucks and pulls. She is truly a beautiful Grande Dame with the same smile I remember as a little girl.

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Susan “Honey” Good is a wife, mother, and grandmother to twenty grandchildren. She also founded [HoneyGood.com](#), a website where women over fifty, from all lifestyles, connect.