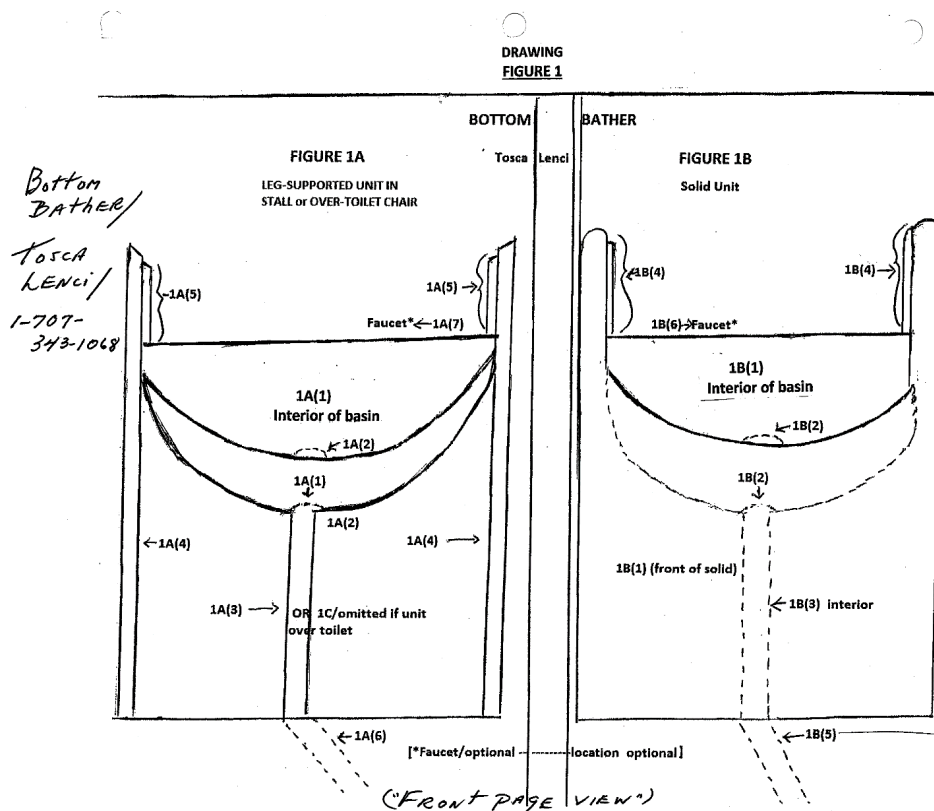


During JC's last year (.c.f. *Journey With JC*), he liked quoting from T. S. Eliot's "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock; and lately I occasionally recall the lines, *I grow old, I grow old; I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled*. But this solitary morning it's a childhood rhyme that flits through Thought...*if wishes were horses, beggars would ride*...and, oh! How I wish!...him, now, there in his armchair; us, sharing morning news and first coffee, side by side....

But such is not to be, nor has it been for 12 years. Nor more needs be heard about the dreadful realities of the taking-aways of living love. No; today's assignment is essaying this link to the invention, "Bottom Bather." This 83-year-old very much would like to have one; however, as revealed in the accompanying downloadable record, the self-initiated patent application hasn't been finalized (I not having sufficient funds for necessary costly legal assistance).



Fellow citizens familiar with aging of loved ones know well the thefts of individual dignified convenience that accompany losses of bodily autonomy. Like me, many others many times may have witnessed or assisted with the difficulties of the bathing of an aged body, either at home or at caregiving residences.

Apart from here establishing the Bottom Bather a permanent shower fixture or as a portable unit, the information here is made accessible now, for potential use by persons who could benefit by it. It allows being safely seated, healthily-soaking body's perineal region, while using a water wand for the rest of body.