



From
the author
of *Southern
Vapors*
comes
another tell-
all. This one
about the
dating
life...from
someone of
a certain
age.

Sex and the Single Grandma

Lynn Garson is an author, practicing healthcare attorney with a prominent national law firm and mental health advocate.



In July 2012, she published *Southern Vapors*, a memoir describing her journey from major clinical depression to recovery, and has since spoken widely, including a TEDx Emory talk: “Reforming the Approach to Mental Health in the U.S.” On December 8, 2013, *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution* published an article on her experience and mental health advocacy in a “Personal Journeys” segment, described by the paper as a feature that “spotlights the lives of extraordinary individuals and the stories that define our region and connect our community.”

After several years in the works, Lynn has published her second book, *Sex and the Single Grandma*. While some people assume from the title that this new book is a self-help book, it is not. It is about dating over fifty, with laugh-out-loud tales about such luminaries as Mark the Musician, Richard who couldn’t keep his pants up, sad Allen and the author’s one adventure as a cougar. The stories are extremely funny and self-deprecating, but most of all relatable. In Lynn’s own words: “This book is the story of several actual experiences, written because sometimes you just have to laugh. It is also the story of a Southern woman born in the 1950s who drank the Kool-Aid and still believes in love, romance, and happily-ever-after, even if the sound of the clock ticking is becoming *really* loud.”

Praise for *Sex and the Single Grandma* has been lavish, illustrated by the following typical reviews:

“Sex and the Single Grandma is delightful—very engaging, very consistently funny and, most importantly, well-written! I laughed at so many different points and especially at some of the footnotes.” Gail Evans, former Executive Vice President of CNN and New York Times best-selling author of *Play Like a Man, Win Like a Woman*

“Lynn is an excellent writer. She shares very personal stories with her intelligent sense of humor and makes the reader feel comfortable with the vulnerabilities anyone reentering the dating world in their middle age years would feel. Highly recommended.” Amazon review,

https://www.amazon.com/gp/customer-reviews/R3JLT24SNXU7RP?ref=pf_vv_at_pdctrvw_srp

Lynn graduated from Tulane University with a degree in art history and holds her law degree from Emory University School of Law (class of 1981). She has lived in Atlanta, New York, Paris, Hong Kong and Virginia, and still travels widely. You can find Lynn online at her website LynnGarson.com or contact her at lynn@lynngarson.com.

There's More to Discover about Lynn



*Watch Lynn's TEDxEmory Talk, Reforming the Approach to Mental Health in the U.S., here:

<https://www.bing.com/videos/search?q=lynn+garson+youtube&view=detail&mid=1A41D7835DB1B6A4DE701A41D7835DB1B6A4DE70&FORM=VIRE&adlt=strict>

*Read Leigh Jones and Vanessa Blum' article, *One Big Law Attorney's Journey with Depression, One Firm's Response to the Profession's Problem*:

<https://www.law.com/2018/10/12/one-big-law-attorneys-journey-with-depression-one-firms-response-to-the-professions-problem/?slreturn=20190111134632>

*ABA CoLAP Voices of Recovery Podcast Series: Episode 10 Featuring Lynn Garson:

<https://soundcloud.com/aba-colap/aba-colap-voices-of-recovery-podcast-series-episode-10-featuring-lynn-garson>

*From *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution*, by David Markiewicz:

Rich Girl, Poor Girl, Attorney Lynn Garson was born into a life of privilege, but her happy ending was hard-earned.

<https://www.ajc.com/news/rich-girl-poor-girl/ck4HYSnH9jsR3iwAQPCr1O/>

*VoiceAmerica live radio interview:

<https://www.voiceamerica.com/episode/71100/a-journey-through-recovery-with-guest-lynn-garson>

LYNN GARSON



*SEX and the
Single Grandma*

Sex and the Single Grandma

by

Lynn S. Garson

Chapter 1

Proprietary and Confidential

Chapter One

The Invisible Woman

After half a lifetime of marriage and a split with my husband, Wayne, at the ripe age of fifty-three, anger was my dominant reaction, followed by fear, then sadness, and finally, hope. What if someone wonderful was out there, my very own Sir Lancelot? In the best of all possible worlds, this knight in shining armor would be raven haired, broad in the chest, and own—not rent—his horse.

Let the quest begin!

Eager to assist, my friends set me up with the single men of their acquaintance, though these were paltry few. There is some hidden algorithm whereby, in the universe of baby boomers, for every single man there are at least thirty single women, and of those men, a maximum of three are known at any one time to any one woman's friends. Fortunately, we have the corollary principle that every vacuum exists only to be filled and hence, the birth and proliferation of the online dating services that we have come to know and love/hate so well. Thanks to the efforts of these friends and the diligence of my online activities, dates were plentiful. To my growing puzzlement, however, the men I dated all had one thing in common. Far from raven-haired knights, I found myself adrift in a sea of white hairs, bald heads, or at best, graybeards, all of whom bore an uncanny resemblance to my grandfather.

On the plus side, the opportunity to visit with doppelgängers of my long-dead grandpa was welcome. Grandpa had been a memorable guy, with a dashing old country accent and manners to match.

On the minus side, all I could think was, "What the hell?"

My last date had been with Wayne twenty years earlier, right before we became engaged. At the time, like most men in their late twenties, every hair on Wayne's head, not to mention his body, was intact and jet black. Nothing sagged, nothing flapped, nothing wrinkled, and unflagging optimism was the order of the day. Single again so many years later, my unconscious—albeit wildly unrealistic—expectation was that both the look and the outlook of the men I dated would be unchanged.

Ah, there was the crux of it. Time, cruel jester that she is, had tricked me. As long as Wayne and I had been growing older together, we were like two trains moving along parallel tracks at the same speed—neither seemed to move at all. But send one train down a divergent track, and suddenly perspective returns, unforgiving and harsh as a phosphorescent flare.

For a long while, railing against an uncaring universe that had failed to prepare me for such a blow, I was prickly, insensitive, and not altogether stable¹—perhaps not the best person to date during that time. A few years and some instructive encounters later, I became more accustomed to the new world order and accepted that, yes, my dates were older men and life had happened to them, leaving its mark. Inescapably, I was older, too, with my own battle scars, some visible and some hidden. So be it. And what about these men? Did they, upon re-entering the dating pool after years coupled up, find themselves similarly in need of adjusting their view of women?

Posing the question in a support group I had long attended provoked a spirited discussion, which ended abruptly when the therapist leader commented, “Well, you know, women over fifty are invisible.”

Pop quiz: Was the therapist a man or a woman? You guessed it—a man. Likely he was speaking not only for the legions of men out there, but also for himself. It was not a kind thing to

¹ Can you say “euphemism?”

say, and certainly elicited an outraged response from the women in the group, but it also made me wonder about my own search for romance. Was it doomed from the start?

Walking down the street, standing in line to order my lunch, wherever I happened to be, I began to pay attention. Were men looking? What drew their eyes? Who were they watching? Newsflash: It wasn't me. Dress as I might, apply the latest mascara until my eyes were practically glued shut, put to use dating advice rendered by one and all, it didn't matter. Men—young, old, fat, thin, hirsute, no suit—did not spare me a glance. Talk about harsh reality. A woman over fifty really did seem invisible, absent buckets of money or aging good looks like Sophia Loren (who, notably, also has buckets of money).

Was I thus condemned to a life devoid of romance? At first, it certainly looked that way. But no, for every rule there is an exception. As time went on I found that for some men, yes, I was invisible, but for others, apparently, I was there in glorious living Technicolor.² There was a whole flotilla of men who could see me. They could pick me out of a crowd in the dark wearing sunglasses. They could find me inside a titanium-lined vault buried fifty feet underground in the desert. In a tree, in a car, in a scree, in a bar, up or down, in the country, in a town, in a wood, they could find me, Sam I Am. Oh Dear Lord, yes they could.³

Who were these superheroes?

(a) They were men who fell through the cracks, hit hard in the Great Recession of 2008 in the graying years of their lives. Jobless, divorced, widowed, wedged into small apartments or ensconced in the crumbling family home, they were hurting.

² What would be the modern equivalent? 3D digitized virtual reality with every filter known to mankind? Suddenly everybody's an artist. Thank you, Mr. Jobs. I think.

³In an abundance of caution, let me hasten to attribute my rhyming diatribe to that genius and idol of my childhood, Theodor Geisel, or "Dr. Seuss," as he was known. Remember *Green Eggs and Ham*?

(b) Many were looking for a woman, not just any woman, but a woman to whom they could entrust the task of putting their lives back together. It became the duty of the women who came into their lives to bring these lost sheep back from the margins into the fold, into the community, into the world, into life. To make plans for them, find friends for them, decorate houses for them, and create activities for them.⁴

(c) Such men had a knack for finding me. As a mother-lawyer-author-advocate-pet-owning-Nice Jewish Girl, they saw me as a likely candidate.

Looks can be deceiving. It's trouble enough keeping my own ox out of the ditches, much less anybody else's. So, to all of you and your brethren—tall, short, thin, fat, black, white, other-ethnic, sixty-year olds, seventy-year olds, eighty-year olds(!), devout, non-believer, gourmet, gourmand, esthete, ascetic, biker, musician, analyst (both kinds), doctor, lawyer, butcher, baker, or candlestick maker, whoever you might be, let me say this: look elsewhere. Please.

Lest this come across as “Poor Me” or perhaps “Conceited Bitch Me,” let me be clear: my defects are legion. My plusses and minuses are equal and in some strange, Jungian way, practically synchronized. Examples abound. Many friends call me the dumbest smart person they have ever met. Sometimes what comes out of my mouth is so dumb it has to be heard to be believed. Match that with the fact that my vocation of many years has been practicing law for nationally recognized law firms, an attractive hire based on my status as both Law Review and Order of the Coif,⁵ and you'll get an idea of one dichotomy that I am. To boot, I am high maintenance and easy going; by turns Southern belle and feminist; entitled and down to earth; the model of sanity and instability;

⁴ Unless these beleaguered men wanted to pull their dilapidated circumstances around them like Linus' blanket. You'll meet one such shortly.

Don't know who Linus is? Sick of these blasts from the past already? Hah. Just wait.

⁵ The Order of the Coif is awarded to those students who graduate in the top ten percent of their law school class. Law school was one of my better eras.

selfish and generous; self-centered and empathetic; steadfast and skittish; intuitive and unobservant; seductive and withdrawn; an open book and a closed door; often independent and—buzz kill of all buzz kills—occasionally needy. All true, at times and by degree.

Small wonder that my quest for Mr. Right has had some pitfalls and that some of the men I have dated have turned out to be Mr. Wrong. This book is the story of several such, written because sometimes you just have to laugh. It is also the story of a Southern woman born in the 1950s who drank the Kool-Aid and still believes in Love, Romance, and Happily Ever After, even if the sound of the clock ticking is becoming *really* loud.