

The Bandera PROPHEET

January 5, 2021

Gone Country

Resolute

By Mikie Baker

The Bandera Prophet

Well, it's that time of year, again. What resolutions will you blow, once again? I've got a long list of good intentions, but somehow, my resolve for resolutions this year has faded away.

In the past, I've been dutiful. Every year on the first day of January, I'd pull out the old, trusty yellow pad and Bic pen that have been my constant companions for most of my life. Author's note: I can remember announcing to the universe (pre-Facebook) that there was no way that I could ever stop handwriting – in cursive, mind you - all my columns before I typed them out. Today, my fingers tap dance across the keyboard while my brain tries to keep up. But I digress.

I'd sit down with my paper and pen and make my resolutions and goals for the year. I figured it was a brand-new start and there were so many things to get accomplished as well as my standard resolutions: lose weight, find a man and win the lottery. I've lost and gained the same 20 pounds for years; I've found my man; I can still hope on the lottery.

Though, I'd probably need to play it now and again.

But now, things have changed.

With what we just went through in 2020 and all its craziness, I've found the excuse, er, need, to adjust my resolutions this year. The only resolution in my brain now is – don't catch COVID! Stalk the vaccine until it's in your arm. Then, maybe you can begin to live life again.

I've already started on this first resolution. I called HEB yesterday to ask them when I could get the vaccine. You see, HEB has everything else I need in the world, so I figured they'd have a handle on something that

needed to be kept really cold. They've got a really big frozen section, after all. And you know what? HEB already has a list of people they're going to give it to. Now all they need is the vaccine. I just hope they figure out how we can get Curbside Vaccine Delivery.

I guess my second resolution this year is to get some new clothes and shoes. I tried to buy some new shoes on Amazon during the pandemic, but they came from China and the size was like 30.2 or something and when I put them on, it felt like I was binding my feet. I guess I have "special" un-Chinese feet.

And clothes? Forget it. By the time they arrived from China, I'd already gained 10 pandemic pounds, so nothing fit. Plus, returns to China are easy – the instructions say, "Just forget it. It will cost you more to return it than you paid to begin with. Blessings, my child. China."

I really do need a new "look" but from a real store with a messy dressing room. Sigh. I miss that.

My final resolution for the year is to quit playing so much damn Spider Solitaire. It's rotting my brain! I've been having sexy dreams about the Jack of Spades lately. And I'm thinking about stealing the Queen of Diamond's dinner ring. I'm pretty sure I'm training my brain – to be that little old lady in her wheelchair screaming, "Somebody plug me in! I've got to play cards!" Not a pretty picture.

Say, I have an idea. Instead of resolutions this year, why don't we start some new traditions? I'll throw one out to get you thinking – how about the new tradition of men sending flowers to the women they love on Jan. 1? Great way to start out the year – she'll be happy, and you'll probably have a much better Valentine's Day.

Stay safe and resolute!