

The Bandera PROPHE'T

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Gone Country
Time Marches On

By Mikie Baker
The Bandera Prophet

Youngsters, I've got a story to tell. You just cruise along in life until you hit 50 and then you think, "Hmmm. I wonder if I've got 50 years left?" But then you forget about it and keep raising kids. Well, you should have paid attention then, because some of those later years can get a bit tricky.

All the older ladies out there understand that once you hit menopause (the greatest gift on the face of the earth, trust me) you pay a big price. Fat flies at you from all directions and no matter how hard you try, it's pretty well there for the rest of your life. I wish my doc had said, "Honey, you need to lose 20 pounds now because in just a couple of years you're going to automatically gain 20 pounds, so at least you'll end up even." But doctors are never that honest.

So, you change your entire wardrobe and press on. But then somewhere in your 60s, things start to creak. Aleve becomes your best friend. And when you do exercise, you wonder how it ever got this hard and how the hell Tom Brady can do that to his body year after year. I think he takes the same injections as Tom Cruise.

Around 65, many people retire. But I'm here to tell you that I think it's a bad idea. I'm going to work until I need somebody to dress me and drive me because my retired friends spend all their time at every kind of doctor imaginable.

I just ran into Writing and Riding Cowgirl who's in her 70s. We were trying to figure out when we could get together for lunch. She said she'd

have to check her Medical Schedule. She's been to an ophthalmologist for cataract surgery (you have to do that twice, I hear), a podiatrist for a bone spur, an oral surgeon for a mouth rehaul, a dermatologist for some scrapings and her gynecologist because her innards need to stay put. Poor gal doesn't have an opening for a tummy tuck and a boob job. Wonder if they can do a face lift for your whole body?

Then there's my 70 something future husband. He just got through his first bout of falling apart but they patched him back together. His doctors include his primary doc, his urologist, his dermatologist, his audiologist, plus now a vascular surgeon and a neurologist. I'd have preferred an astrologist and a numerologist.

See why I keep working? I don't have time for that many doctors. Now everybody does seem happy when they retire, but as someone with nothing to do, why do you still have to go to bed at nine o'clock? Evidently doing nothing can wear you out.

Even Very Best Friend said to me the other day, "Well my hip hurts. Gotta go get an MRI." Nobody in their 30s knows that that means. Heck, I don't either. There's a CT and an MRI and I think one of the machines is the kind that can make you freak out, so they give you headphones or something. Frankly I don't want to know.

Maybe Dearly Demented Mom had the best idea after all. Get dementia in your 80s and just hang out and come up with weird stories. Someone else will dress you and transport will drive you while you enjoy your life just acting crazy. Ah, maybe I'll put that off until my 90s. At least my writing will be funnier.