

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country

No Party For Me

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The Bandera Prophet

Just saw another “retirement” post with some sucker celebrating the fact that they were finally done with a lifetime of working for a living. Everyone is so excited, and they wish you the best, but do you really know what your retirement years are going to be all about? A new group of friends that are all specialists.

You heard me right. Once you do retire, you get bored, and you get creaky. What to do? Go visit a bunch of doctor specialists to see what magic pills, shots and surgeries they have in mind.

Take Very Best Friend. She retired a couple of years ago with dreams of maybe starting a consulting business, traveling the world and getting plenty of massages, mani’s and pedi’s. And yet, all she really does is blood tests, scans and visits with a series of specialists. I’m so not jealous.

Of course, specialist visits have their perks. You run into men you had blind dates with, even if they can’t hear anymore. That’s always good for a story. VBF’s got a skin doc, a cardiologist, a thyroid guy, an endocrinologist, and a bunch of ologists that I can’t even remember.

Just this morning she called at 7 a.m.:

ME: Why are you bothering me this early? I’m not even through my first glass of diet Dr. Pepper and a game of solitaire before I get ready for work.

VBF: I’m going for a blood test, so I can’t eat. I needed something to do with my mouth.

ME: And what’s this test for?

VBF: It's for my cardiologist.

ME: But you don't have any heart problems.

VBF: I know, but he's pretty cute so I go see him every six months anyway.

ME: Do you realize you've turned into a Doctor Stalker?

Then she rattled off all the people she goes to see on a yearly basis, and I realized why Medicare is so expensive. It's because of all you bored, retired people.

And then there's My Future Husband if he actually lives long enough to get married. He's got doctors for everything, too. He retired about 20 years ago to build his dream house and this year, he fell apart, literally. Looks like to me, it's the retirement that will kill you.

I sit down with him just to plan out his appointments so I can juggle them with my work schedule as most of the things he gets checked for require him to either be totally knocked out or unable to see so he can't drive. I've turned into his rural Specialist Uber Driver.

I'm telling you; it gives me no incentive to even think about retiring. I'm going to be like Stanley Marcus (yes, of Neiman Marcus fame) who was still going to the office when he was 93. I mean, how much work does anyone actually expect you to get done in a day when you're 93? You're going to need a nap, after all.

Nope, the older I get, the less likely I am to get fired because any younger boss would probably think, "But what if I fire her? Is she going to have a heart attack right here at her desk? Guess I'll just have to put up with the old broad."

Think I'll stick with my GP visits once a year and work forever. I only hope, as the years progress, I will be able to remember where my office is located. I guess they could just move the office and not tell me. But would that be any way to treat an old lady?