

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country

The Eyes Have It?

By Mikie Baker

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I've been blind since third grade when I flunked the math test because I wrote all the blackboard math problems down wrong. My teacher figured out the problem, though Dearly Demented Mom protested before dragging me to the optometrist because, "No one in my family ever wore glasses!" Obviously, I was a special "see" child.

The very Handsome Georgia Optometrist recognized the issue pretty quickly when he told me to read the chart on the wall. My response was, "What wall?"

So I've been pretty dang blind since I was a kid. Luckily they invented contact lenses so, after 8th grade, I could no longer be called four eyes anymore. Today I have monovision contacts, so I see far away with my right eye and close up with my left. And that proves how weird my brain is.

But this story really isn't about me. It's about My Future Husband. He's been blind since 5th grade and he has one eye that can't see far away and one that won't work close up. Frankly, his vision is even weirder than mine.

Fast forward to now when we are all "getting old." Sigh. Everything starts to break. There's always a hitch in somebody's get along.

My Future Husband and his optometrist decided that the right course of action for his failing vision was cataract surgery. I have plenty of friends and relatives who have had this procedure, and everyone always says, "Wow! I never realized how I really couldn't see until I had this surgery

done. I can see clearly now.” I guess that’s what Johnny Nash was singing about.

So, I thought, great idea for MFH so I don’t have to hear him complain about not being able to see so well. Boy, did I have double vision.

I took him for his surgery on Monday knowing that by Tuesday, he would be able to see all my wrinkles in all their glory. And why does a woman want that to happen anyway?

Everything was fine and they sent him home with an eye patch and told him to leave it on for 24 hours. All that meant to me was it was the first time I had ever gotten to sleep with a pirate.

I was so looking forward to taking off his patch so that he could say, “Fantastic! But I never realized how many wrinkles you have.” No such luck. Instead, I got, “I can’t see a thing, my vision is blurry, I will be blind for the rest of my life and I need a seeing eye dog right now.” Men. I left for work extra early so I could stop hearing the gnashing of teeth.

But luckily, by the time I got home last night, our new mattress had been delivered so the blind guy had something to “look” forward to other than a seeing eye dog. We slept like babies and my faith was restored that the new luxurious mattress would heal all wounds. Ah, but no such luck.

Warning: the end of the world is near.

We go “see” his eye surgeon tomorrow and maybe he can talk MFH down or just poke his eye out. Lines blur when a man can’t see enough to pay attention. My only hope is that at least he won’t be able to see well enough to read this column. Wink.

See you next week.