

Cutler Bay

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SERVING SOUTH DADE

Getting older is a pain, but it beats alternative

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This article should appeal to just about everyone — the old folks, who will say, “Yeah, that’s me,” and the young people who will say, “So that’s what I have to look forward to.”

I started thinking about this (again) when I realized just how fast time seems to be fleeting by. When you are in your 20s, 10 years is half your lifetime and seems an eternity. When you reach my age, 10 or 20 years truly seems like yesterday, especially if you share a home with someone who constantly reminds you of this.

Example: I was bragging to someone about how I had recently completed a Century Run (100 miles in one day) bicycle ride. My housemate interjected that that was over 30 years ago. Thanks for reminding me. One of the sure signs of aging is listening to the “Oldies but Goodies” songs on the radio and thinking they are current. I still think that disco is cool. See what I mean?

I was telling my wife — what’s her name — the other day that I was having trouble remembering names of people that I recently met. I have no problem going back 30 or 50 years but the current stuff just slips out of my head. Oh, it

comes back a few minutes after the person in question is gone but while I am attempting to introduce someone, I draw a blank. “Hi how-are-yuh?” is what usually comes out.

I can be in the middle of reading a great book and while telling someone about it they will ask what the name of the book is or the author. Duh! (Hey old folks, is this starting to sound familiar?)

I was thinking about getting one of those thumb drives and sticking it in my ear. My housemate had another place in mind.

Pain — where would we be without it? No kidding. I have been advised by my friends in the medical community, that if I wake up one morning with no pain anywhere, I am probably in a box looking up at people who are saying such things as, “It’s amazing what a good job those funeral people do. He looks so lifelike.”

Pills — I used to laugh at all my older relatives with their multi-compartment pill boxes that they opened up with every meal. Right now I am taking a total of 14 pills a day. Every time I visit a doctor, I get a new one. How do they all know where to go in my body once I swallow them? I have begged for someone to design a huge cookie in which they could bake all these pills into one serving and I could have it with my milk at night. If someone decides to do this, I want a share of the profits for my idea.

Conversations change too. There once was a time when a bunch of guys sitting around and chatting would discuss the girl at the next table with the “big ones.” Now we compare notes on whose doctor is the best, what urologist are you going to and what pills are you taking for your spleen or whatever.

(Hey young folks, you’ll see!)

It’s not all bad though. There are such things as grandchildren. These are fun kids that you can actually play with for a while, load them up with sugar and candy, and just when they are at their most rambunctious, hand them back to their parents and tell them how much fun you had with them.

Someone said that the best idea is to have your grandchildren first and skip your own kids.

Of course the grandkids eventually get too smart to play with. They no longer believe that I fly to their school on a Pterodactyl or that I have monsters in my garage. Sienna and Natalie even get jealous because I have written about my grandson Julian and not them. Okay, there you are; now will you leave me alone?

Happy holidays to everyone, young and old alike, and remember the words of Guillaume de Salluste (whoever he was): “Who lives well, long lives; for this age of ours should not be numbered by years, days and hours.”