

“A Senior Perspective”

by

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Another week come and gone... unbelievable how fast time flies when you're having a good time. It's been a busy week for me but I'll not bother you with the details. Well, maybe I will, I've got nothing else to do at the moment. I'm sitting at my desk in my office... the clock is getting close to the bewitching hour of 12 Midnight and I've got another 45 minutes or so to sit here with some gobblety-gook in my mouth with the goal of having a fresh, white and minty mouth. So far...yuck! The things we do to be accepted by our peers.

Actually, the initial inspiration came from my grandson several years ago. I was down on his level helping him tie a shoe or some other grandfatherly act of kindness and he looks up at me with those sweet brown eyes, staring quizzically at my mouth and then asks, “Papaw... how come your teeth are so yellow?” What was I supposed to say... “Don't worry kid you've got this to look forward to yourself if you smoke for 20 years, drink all kinds of caffeinated drinks and don't start flossing and brushing your teeth regularly until your 50 years old?” Nah... I just said, “Old people's teeth are supposed to be yellow so get used to it.” It satisfied him and we got back to tying the shoes.

Had a great evening this past Saturday. Judy and I, along with friends Dick and Sue, and John and Jean drove to Lakeland to take in an evening of great Southern Gospel Music as only the Gaither Vocal Band and Ernie Haas and Signature Sound can produce. One thing for sure... when you go to a Gaither Concert you get your monies worth. The concert began at 6 pm and we got up to leave at a little after 10 pm. Other than a numb tush we had a fantastic time and marveled at the talent that was on the stage.

The Vocal Band has a new (2 years ago) accompanist who happens to be blind. He couldn't see the keys but he sure knew where they were located because he tickled them, swat them, pounded them and loved on them a little as well. Gordon was his first name and forgive me for not remembering his last name. Two things I don't do, remember names all that well and remember the words to songs. I don't buy music either... love the stuff but have never been one to buy records or tapes or such... go figure. Anyhow, we got home about midnight and slept a good 5 hours that night.

Sunday morning came awfully early as Judy and I got up around 6 am and drove into Eagle Ridge Golf Course at 7:30 to participate in an 18 Hole mixed scramble sponsored by the Heart of Florida Barbershop Chorus' significant others, the Heart-throbs. Beautiful day, fair-to-middlin' golf and a good lunch afterwards. For those who haven't played the Spruce Creek North, Del Webb courses you might want to give them a try in the future.

Last Tuesday saw us go out with 23 other friends from Winifred to the new Mexican restaurant in Spanish Springs... "Something Amigos" or "Naughty Nachos," or something similar to that. The food was good and the company even better. Those scarfing down the Jalapenos and re-fried beans with Judy and I were, in order of their looks, Kent and Sarah, Charlie and Sheila, Ed & Cathy, Jack and Corrine, John and Jean, John and Sally, Bob, Jo and Marilyn, Ray and Gerry, Rich and Pam, Ron & Linda, and Desi and Lucy.

Well, got to go... our friends Steve and Soo from WV are coming in today and we've got to skedaddle over to Clearwater/St. Pete Airport to fetch them. We'll be with them little over a week, making a trip to Bonita Springs while they're here as well. Then it's off to WV for a couple of weeks for our 50th high school reunion... about which I guarantee you'll hear in the future.

Have a great week... and until then, remember, you might be a red-neck if you allow your 14 year old daughter to smoke at the dinner table in front of her kids.

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