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New to Being Old

by

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Retirement is such an unusual time in one's life. Throughout our lives I think we all dream and conjecture about that day, way, way, down the road, when we will lay it down, or hang it up... whatever, and join those modern masses known as the Senior Community.

My wife and I both just recently filed for and received permission to officially be members of the Medicare family. We both now have our predominantly red and white cards, made of cheap paper stock. You would think they would give you something of a little more permanence wouldn't you? Not everyone is as fortunate as we to have a laminating machine to be able to preserve and protect our miniscule passports to wonderful new lands of opportunity.

Judy made the statement the other day that she could hardly believe someone could be so happy about going on Medicare. With very few exceptions, she can now go to any doctor she wants for her medical needs without worrying about whether the insurance company will pick up the tab. What a blessing!

Speaking of visits to the doctor... I had never heard of taking your favorite book with you to a doctor's appointment until the first time Judy and I went together. Two hours was our wait that time and there I was with nothing to read. Not even a two year old Watchtower or five year old Sports Illustrated was lying around to whet my thirst for "what's happening in the world." I've figured out why so many of the population tend to have liberal leaning these days... the doctor's offices and dentist offices all have their community TVs turned on CNN. Talk about a liberal brainwashing unit. I've decided I'm going to talk with the office managers in the next office I go to with CNN as the program of choice and pay her if I have to, to get her to change to FOX news.

This whole retirement, senior, mature, old man scene is very confusing. My mind tells me I'm still a young thing with young ideas, and then I look in a mirror and see my dad looking back at me. Of course, he's a little better looking than what I remembered but it's him alright. I bet if I asked others of my age what they think of themselves I would hear the same thing over and over... "My mind still thinks the same as it did when I was 20 years old." It just processes things a little slower.

Going back to the doctor's office... have you seen the size of some of these "Medical Center Offices" now days? I shared with a neighbor a couple of days ago, right after I came back from a doctor visit, that I believe doctors are getting a little more clever in their diagnostic methods. He asked what I was talking about and I told him after the doctor left my examining room the nurse told me I could go home, but as I left the room I looked up and down the hallway not really sure which way was out. Well, I took a chance and turned left and proceeded down the maze until I came to the door that said, "Check Out and

Payments.” I let out a sigh of relief and went through the door like I had really accomplished something. I told my neighbor I just knew I had passed the doctor’s test on whether I had Alzheimer’s or not. What a relief.

Of course when I got to the window to check out, the lady asked me if Medicare was my primary insurance carrier or secondary. I told her it was my only insurance carrier so I guess it was my primary. “Well, she said, “Are you still working?” No, I say... I’m officially retired, even though I’m busier than ever. “Didn’t you have a different carrier last month?” she asks. “Well, yes I did but we dropped that coverage when the premium got to \$700 a month.” “Well,” she says, “That insurance carrier is still listing itself as primary.” “Well,” I say, “You’ll have to talk with them about that. All I know is I didn’t pay them any premium this month, so I’m sure they’re not my primary anything.”

Then she asked me if I would mind calling them and I said “Ma’am, you’ll have to excuse me but I don’t think I would do such a good job at that. I’m sorry I sound confused... You see, I’m new at this thing of being old.”

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