

LIFE IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR



Aw..... The Sunset Years - A Look at the Golden Age of Life.

It is my intent that this be a satirical, if not whimsical look at the "Golden Years" of my time on this earth, having experienced life at both ends of the rainbow. It is not meant to offend anyone, except perhaps in a humorous vein. We all, including myself, need to be able to laugh at our foibles and the often unintended consequences of our good intentions and sometimes bad habits.

It was my original intent to title this: "The Thoughts and Shadowy Dreams of a Middle-Aged Man". But, that would only work if life expectancy is 152 years.

I grew up in the automobile business having spent many of my happy younger years in auto repair shops with by father and uncle. One of my early after high school jobs was working on a used car lot preparing cars for resale. I have always loved cars so you will forgive me if I use an auto related theme in this little exercise.

I find myself driving down the road of life and at this point I am peering out the windshield, straining my old eyes for a look at the Golden Sunset years promised in all those stories and commercials through the years.

You know the ones I mean. Like the commercials where those generous, friendly companies say they will pay you cash for your Life Insurance policy now - pre-mortem - "giving" you and your spouse the money to stroll through sun drenched meadows of wild flowers in your final years. Of course they don't mention in the ads that when you turn room temperature they will get the cash from your life insurance policy leaving your spouse and/or children with nothing except a final decision as to what to do with your remains. Left to wonder if "the departed" would prefer a brown or grey cardboard box in which to make the final journey on this side of the veil. Excuse the bit of macabre humor here.

You will forgive me if my eyes drift from the road ahead to some of the golden memories in the rear view mirror of years past from time to time.

I had a very happy childhood and survived the usual drama of the teenage years to go out into the world and make lots of common mistakes and wrong turns at times. School years, military time, lots of good friends, multiple work and career paths. All the normal stuff in an average life. Many great memories, some regrets for errors and pain along the way. Finally met the right life partner and love of my life. She gave us a beautiful and wonderful daughter and so many special memories. Too many to begin to cover here. A Great Life. Trust me, a long and fond list of golden rear view mirror memories.

Returning my eyes to the road ahead on the other side of the windshield.

I am thankful for my family and many friends and for my faith which carries me from day to day. Still much joy there. However.....

I often seem to find myself, with depleted resources, not allowed to eat any of my favorite foods, too weak to walk that beach again with my beloved wife, struggling to complete what used to be simple repairs around our home. That time in life when you realize that most of your "get up and go" has "got up and went".

I have this theory that there is an insidious conspiracy and all those stories about the golden years were part of a "Big Lie" fed to us by a government and media whose only goal is to use us up and then turn us over to an assortment of financial vampires bent on sucking away what's left of our retirement "nest egg" and the scarred remains of our tattered Social (In)Security system.

Some of the members of this conspiratorial group are Government Bureaucrats, Insurance providers, the Medical Profession, the pharmaceutical Drug makers and the Health Food industry. Their mission in life is to cleanse the wallet and bank account of their few remaining dollars as well as the last bit of joy of living while denying me the goodies I want and deserve.

That is their mission and the first thing they think of when they get out of bed in the morning. What can we do to make Bob's life miserable and less joyous today? In my heart of hearts I know this is true. You are reading this on the internet so it has to be true.

If you believe the above to just be the raging paranoia of someone past their prime - a scary thought - there is a second theory. I suppose that in full disclosure I could admit that maybe, just maybe some of my health issues just might be because of my own poor choices in food and life style.

I should admit this but really don't want to. I prefer to believe in the first theory about a grand scheme to deprive me of my wife's Best Anywhere Chocolate Chip Cookies. I guess it would be fair to say that I choose the fantasy of the first theory over the reality and facts of the second theory.

Rear view mirror or windshield? Both are there. I have to believe that's good.

Bob Bandy - August 2018