

Classic not Senior

By Jules Perrin

Senior years are not for the weak hearted. Pardon the pun. We need to work diligently at being older. I'm not old. I'm just dilapidated and falling apart however, I do like to think of myself as a classic, as in collectable car terms, rather than a senior.

The trouble is we still ardently believe we are years younger than the years our body has endured. But, alas, our body tends to give us away. Me! Now I try and maintain a 13-year-old mind in a sixty-year-old male body. Inquisitive, questioning, naughty and saucy. I get into trouble from my wife quite often, but it gives us a laugh.

Just getting mobile in our latter years is work (I can wear my working clothes-but that was another story). A younger person springs out of bed, unless they are teenager after a hard night, and starts the day at a rapid speed. We, on the other hand, need to pace ourselves as our joints and limbs slowly unlock and our blood and bones warm up. Just like the engine in a classic car.

Then there is the lotions, creams, potions, machines and concoctions we all use or apply to our bodies to keep us moving during the day. Each person subscribing to their own disciplined routine. But eventually we all get moving in one way or another.

The new vocabulary, ideas and concepts you need to learn, as we advance from new to classic, is a mine field in themselves. Just to name a few, there's incontinence, humanoids, hearing aids, walkers and the dreaded male nemesis, the prostate. Some people confuse this with prostrate which raises many saucy images in my simplistic 13-year-old brain.

Talk to a young person and ask them where their prostate is and see what answers you get. Now tell them how he prostate is examined, and most would cringe at the thought. We classics take it all in our stride.

Noises we emit are a new thing in our classic era. We don't seem to be able to make a move without emitting some sort of noise. Puffs, pants, grunts and groans as we get in and out of chairs, cars or just turning around.

When we were younger we hardly saw a doctor, or knew what half of them did. Now they're our best friend and we are intimate with the specialties each one practices. There's the gastroenterologist for our fun time colonoscopy. The preparation is worse than the actual exam. The urologist for the apprehensive prostate exam. The chiropodist for our wonky feet. Ophthalmologist, we passed the optometrist stage, for our well-worn eyes. I am sure we can all add many more.

Doesn't matter what age we get too or what they call us, we don't want to be patronised and put in some too hard basket. These are the best years we have and we need to drag ourselves out there and have fun and enjoy life.

Older age is definitely not for wimps.