

Seasoned Citizens

I am officially old now. I have a federal government issued card in my wallet to prove it. I started working when I was 16. From every paycheck for the next five decades, I purchased that little card. Now some socialist nitwits, either in Congress or wanting to be, want to give everyone a card, even those here illegally, or more than likely give no one a card. Control healthcare, control the people is the adage. What's worse, brainwashed people believing the government actually has free stuff, will vote for the idea. That's fine, but even the marginally informed understand the government has no money. They collected my money for all those years and are still taxing the pension check. As President Regan put it concerning the government's view of the economy, *"If it moves, tax it. If it keeps moving regulate it."* That pretty much applies to people too. The government can only spend what it gets from taxpayers or prints and half of us pay no taxes. Either way, that puts us on the express train to a Venezuelan economy.

No politician is brave enough to take away Medicare, but some are nutty enough to try to give it to everyone – every living human in the United States of America – meaning the health care you earned through your lifetime of coerced investment into that little card evaporates. Poof. You then become a question. Are you too old and expensive to get the healthcare you need and paid for? There are plenty of good reasons to vote. This is but one. Now that was depressing.

Being an official seasoned citizen is not all gloom and doom. Unless your kids have you destined for a nursing home. Just so you know, I have it from several former good sources nursing homes are not where you go to live. I qualify for all available senior citizen discounts, but have difficulty remembering that we get a grocery store discount the second Thursday of every month or for that matter which grocery store

it is that gives it.

Over here in Wild and Wonderful, younger ladies call me sweetie or honey and sometimes even darlin'. I'm certain it's because they believe me harmless. I am. The lady taking about a half dozen tubes of my blood down at the Doc's office today was exceptionally flattering. When I rolled up my shirt sleeve, she told me not so high because she wanted to put the rubber band around my shirt sleeve so as to keep it from pulling my arm hair. And that's another thing about us older guys. We're apt to have more hair growing out of our ears than from the top of our head. Anyway, I thanked her for that and pointed out that she was the first ever I recall doing that. Then she shared a story about her Dad. Turns out Dad had an emergency appendectomy. She pointed with her eyes and said, "*they didn't even shave him down there.*" In a rare moment of speechlessness, I winced.

She then explained how she had to use a safety razor to help him cut off the tape. All the while she's telling the story I'm becoming a little concerned and thinking that maybe this is just too much information. She pressed a piece of gauze over my wound and taped it down right over my hairy arm. She smiled and said, "*I left a little tab on the end, love, so you could pull it off easily.*" I slipped away while she wished me a good day. Don't get me wrong. I like it when people are pleasant, especially when they're poking a siphon hose into my arm, but you *can* put too much honey on a biscuit. It makes us old guys a little anxious. It's like the movie *Misery* where [Kathy Bates hobbled James Caan](#). "*Shhh darling. Trust me.*"

The journey to seasoned citizenship goes by much too fast, but there are some perks once you get here. Afternoon naps, seven-day weekends and weekday matinees come to mind. There isn't much that we haven't seen before except for possibly butts hanging out of ill-fitting trousers. If you think skinny jeans are a new fad you are too not familiar with the 50s and 60s. There are too many doctors in our lives, but I

guess we can be grateful we have access to them. We can also be grateful for our lives in the greatest country God ever made possible. There is another of those paid for human caravans headed for our borders. Whoever organized and sponsored this invasion, and it is no doubt an invasion, is an enemy of the state and need to be treated so. They do not wish us well. No borders mean no USA, a globalist vision. Those of us who've been blessed to live our lives here, need to use the full weight of our vote to keep it.

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