

# Zipper Shoes.



***“How did it get so late so soon? It's night before it's afternoon. December is here before it's June. My goodness how the time has flown. How did it get so late so soon?”***

— Dr. Seuss

I think it was my passion for zipper shoes that made me realize that perhaps I should start making a few concessions to my age.

What are zipper shoes? They're shoes you only have to tie once. After that, you put the shoes on by using a zipper that's located on the side. They are awesome. My wife bought me zipper shoes after she had seen me struggling to tie my shoes on more than one occasion.

I have a good wife who sees things that I don't. I was not aware that I was struggling tying my shoes. She has also made me aware that I can't hear or see a thing. That I trip over my own feet, mumble when I talk and fall asleep during television shows, movies and concerts. As I said, I have a good wife.

Upon reflection, my fondness for zipper shoes is only the latest sign that I am no longer a kid. I should have seen it coming by now. There were a lot of signs along the way and my wife can't be expected to see everything.

- Fifteen years ago, on the golf course, they gave me a reduced rate. When I asked “why,” the attendant replied “senior rate for you, junior rate for your grandson.” At the time, I was 50 years old and playing golf with my son.
- Around the same time, and recently divorced, I was having my hair cut by a woman whom I thought was about my age, perhaps a bit younger. As she laughed at my banter, I assumed she was flirting with me. I was feeling pretty, pretty, good about myself - I still got it! Until she patted me on the hand with the comment “you remind me of my grandpa.”
- My sons and son-in-laws won’t let me lift anything over ten pounds. They think that they are being helpful, but it’s emasculating. Perhaps that’s the point they are trying to make.
- I’ve retired, have AARP and Medicare cards, and the glasses I wear to drive at night look like coke bottles.
- I have a 16 year-old granddaughter who has her driver’s license and a 40-year old daughter. WTF?
- I did not invest in Bitcoin. Didn’t understand it then, don’t understand it now. Don’t want to.
- A few weeks ago, I played golf with a couple millennial friends of mine, Aly and Parker. They were late to the course (shocker) so I payed for them. When we finished, they wanted to settle up. Of course they had zero cash, so I told them to just Venmo me the money. In unison they replied in astonishment: “an old guy like you uses Venmo?”
- I watched Eminem get inducted into the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame and I did not recognize one artist of the 100s that he listed in his acceptance speech.
- I volunteer to drive in a program called “Rides for Seniors.” Very often I’m older than the person I’m driving.
- Everywhere I go, folks hold open doors for me with comments like “after you sir” or “you go first boss.” Recently the woman who held the door open for me was using a walker.
- When Christie McVie recently died, my first thought was “way too young.” She was 79.
- The last time I played golf with my friends we had a serious discussion on when we should move to the senior tees.
- I get up at 5:30 am. I play pickle-ball before the sun comes up. I look forward to my afternoon nap, my 5:00 drink, and 9:00 pm. bedtime.
- Doctors appointments are no longer, “Everything's fine, see you in a year.” Most often after a routine examination the comment is “I don’t like the looks of that, we should keep an eye on it. See you in three months, call me if it gets worse. And you should consider a DNR”

In spite of all the evidence of my senior status, I will not go quietly into the night. I'm not moving to the senior tees anytime soon. And to my sons and son-in-laws I say, "I got this."

However, I will let someone else clean my gutters, my rock climbing days are over, I'll take the senior discount thank you, and if there are more things out there like "zipper shoes," please let me know.

But, although "I still feel 25 most of the time," (like George Strait says in the great country song *Troubadour*) I do wonder, as did Dr. Seuss:

"How did it get so late so soon?"

**That's all I'm sayin'**

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