

My neck!

Jayne Hoffman

I'm disappointed in my neck!

I mean...it's scary!! It resembles something that would be more at home on the set of a SciFi movie than residing under my chin.

When i'm getting ready for the day, and the sunlight plays off my bathroom makeup mirror just "so"...it takes my breath away...and just for the record...i'm not talking about that in a good way.

And then there are my hands.

If i didn't know better i would swear the appendages at the ends of my arms were that of an alien,

or, perhaps, my 87-year old mother who has quietly taken up residence inside my body.

Well, that is, excepting the fact that my Mom has nice, little, petite womanly hands, whereas mine are nothing short of Man Hands, just as characterized on that one Seinfeld episode.

Either way, the skin is like crepe paper, and what's up with these little things called "liver spots"? I mean... seriously.... "**LIVER SPOTS**"? That's just gross!

How many of you are familiar with the Rogue Hair Syndrome?

C'mon, some of you gals have **GOT** to know what i'm talking about.

Those hairs that spring up out of nowhere in places where hairs don't belong,

And overnight...i kid you not...they grow to 2 inches long!

And they're like no hair on any other part of my body, Even courser and more wiry than my regular horse hair, if that's possible. And jet black, i tell you – jet black!

And did i mention the fact that they grow 2 inches...**overnight?!**

And then of course there is the sad reality of my boobs.

I remember the day when they were peppy and perky,

Always "at attention" and drawing attention!

Now they have succumbed to the forces of gravity,

Content to vacillate between being held up by an 18-hour underwire or laying very, very low.

There was this other thing i was going to mention to you as well.

Damn, it was on the tip of my tongue, and seemed pretty important.

Let's see...wait, wait, wait for it...

Ahhhhh...of course. That whole short-term memory thing.

I mean, i walk from one room to another in my house with real purpose, sure of what it is i'm going for, only to arrive in said room without a clue of what that all-important purpose was.

By the time i finish dialing the phone and it begins ringing, i forget who it was i was calling.

I make grocery lists to take to the store because i know i'll come home with only about 1/3 of the items i need if i don't have it, but then forget the list at home.

A perfect example of just how serious this has become happened as i was preparing to leave for this weekend. I was in the shower, and was employing this very clever trick i've come up with to fool myself in to remembering things. I make up sayings based on the first letters of the things i'm attempting to list. Like this Wednesday morning...

I wanted to remember three things to take with me:

B – blades, as in razor blades,

B – book, the one i was currently reading, that was on my bedside table, and

C – calendar, which i needed to print off from my computer in order to have all the notes i'd made about the weekend's events.

BBC – that should be easy to remember.

So, i got out of the shower, put my blades in my toiletry bag,

Forgot my book on the bedside table,

Dutifully printed off the calendar, put it in the folder along with all the other Reunion-related materials in my backpack,

Got dressed,

Then headed out the door.

My lovely husband volunteered to drive me to the airport, however first we had to make a detour to our bank because the day before, in preparation for my departure, i got cash out of the ATM machine and forgot my card in the slot. I drove away and the machine ate it – who knew! When i realized it wasn't in my wallet that next morning i freaked out, then called the bank and...sure enough...the nice woman explained that the machine knows what to do with retarded people like me – it sucks their cards back inside the in a "**SAFE PLACE.**" More on that *very scary subject* later, but suffice it to say that i got my card, and we were back on the road to the airport.

"Wait, i forgot my calendar, and i **HAVE** to have that calendar 'cause it has all my notes for the weekend. You have to f-*#@!*%& drive me back home" i utter, all the while rummaging through my backpack, finally discovering i had put the calendar in the exact place where it belonged.

My husband sighed, shook his head gently, then continued on the road to Dulles.

But before departing this topic, i simply must bring up the subject of **The Safe Place**, for i cannot begin to list the number of items i have stashed away in **The Safe Place** during the course of my adult life, never to find them again. Seriously, where do all those treasures go? Somebody's making out like a bandit somewhere!

No discussion about the trials and tribulations of aging would be complete without speaking of the two most humbling traits of all:

The complete inability to keep from farting, regardless the venue or company,

And the explosive loss of bladder control that accompanies either a fit of surprise sneezing or unexpected laughter.

It's ridiculous! How is it that the older we get the more we revert to the bodily abilities of an infant?

There is one thing about me that i am very happy to report, however, to be way better now that i'm older and wiser than when i was in my twenties or thirties:

I have far more empathy, understanding of others, and capacity for forgiveness than i ever knew possible while i was young.

This is why i'll go out of my way to cast an understanding smile at that fellow-farter as she hurries through the canned goods section of the grocery store,

Or offer up a wad of tissues to the woman walking down the aisles of Target who stops dead in her tracks to "assume the position" (cross legs, bend slightly at the hips to remove pressure from the bladder) as she anticipates that dreaded Public Sneeze.

I've been there. I know what it feels like. It ain't easy being old!

But did i mention to you that i'm disappointed in my neck?!

*Perhaps the most ridiculous part of this exercise is the fact that **this** is an attempt at recreating the original – i forgot the script at the Saturday night event, and by the time i realized it the following week and checked with the folks at Hawk Hollow, it was gone. And...of course...i had written it on the Marriott's computer and didn't save it. Not quite the perfection of the original, but **so** the story of my lame-brain life!!!*