

TABOO OPINIONS #100

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5-3-07 Joking with the Rim Greaper

I think it appropriate that #100 be about me.

When you reach 80 (as I will on July 19) you should have plans in place, options identified, and contingencies and possible disasters recognized.

In short, you're gonna die in a few years, willy nilly, like it or not, and you'd better prepare for the interim.

Recently I've arranged for a housekeeper to come in a couple times a week to clean, do the laundry and do small tasks like get the mail from the p.o. box, pick up prescriptions (but I can get meds mailed to the box). There are Problems with having the mail delivered to the house (theft, broken mail slot, too much volume, unreliable carriers ...).

I may have to simply use a taxi to get to my doctor, clinic, etc. if/when I can't pedal my three-wheel bike any longer due to progressive leg paralysis. Doctor/clinic visits are six miles round trip, minimum.

Recently, Paulette had a pacemaker put into her upper left chest due to heart irregularities. The doctors insert the pacemaker under a muscle and then thread two wires from it into a vein and thence to the area of the heart where the pump impulses originate. The pacemaker (a small programmed computer) then monitors the heart action and if the pulse slows too much (like around 28 beats per minute) it gooses the heart with an electrical reminder.

She has other problems which make it difficult to function as she used to (and still wants to), so I plan for us as a couple.

We send out for evening meals a lot --- about five-six nights per week --- and eat simple and easy other times.

Starting this month I'm having Safeway.com deliver food about once a week.

So far, my heart is okay (bp 130/78, 60 bpm) last measure several weeks ago (thanks to Propranolol).

But my balance is almost gone as far as standing up unaided is

concerned, and lower back/hip/thigh pain is to put it mildly intrusive if/when I must use my walker. Five Ibuprofen three times a day makes the pain bearable. I really don't want to get into using narcotic pain killers. I used them after my four spine operations about a decade ago, and did get hooked and did kick them.

The plan is to stay in this house for as long as possible because selling the house and moving into an assisted care facility would be too costly too soon (given the inflation rate) and a hassle beyond belief. I estimate that in this house I can afford all the help needed, and the extra food expenses and still save a little, per year. Even now as filling the heating oil tank costs an arm and a leg (my choice which).

My will is made, the executor named, my affairs simplified.

So we'll see how it works out. You know what they say about the best laid plans of mice and men

END TABOO OPINIONS #100