

# Cutler Bay NEWS

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## So true: There have been some changes made

BY ERNIE SOCHIN

“ For there’s a change in the weather  
 There’s a change in the sea  
 So from now on there’ll be in change in me  
 My walk will be different, my talk and my  
 name  
 Nothin’ about me is going to be the same  
 I’m goin’ to change my way of livin’  
 If that ain’t enough  
 Then I’ll change the way I strut my stuff  
 Nobody wants you when you’re old and gray  
 There’ll be some changes made ”



Billie Holiday sang the above lyrics some years ago as did virtually every other popular singer of the day. For some reason when I first heard it, it was just another pretty song, but as you age many of these old songs take on new

meaning.

Look at this one for example: a change in the weather, a change in the sea; who can question either one of these with 100-degree days one after another and sea level rise in the newspapers every day.

About the changes in me: It says my walk will be different. Anyone that has seen me lately knows that to be a fact. My talk hasn’t changed that much and according to my grandkids hasn’t changed at all.

Change my way of livin’? I think the economy as it is and the future of healthcare certainly will change my way of living. I still strut my stuff but perhaps a bit slower, and nobody wants you when you’re old and gray is not exactly the way my grandchildren view it.

When I discuss my age with my doctor he answers that age is just a number and to not place any limitations on myself based on that number. At that point I make a rather specific request and that is to be given a lower number.

Somehow they haven’t figured out how to do that yet, but with science developing at the rate it is I wouldn’t be too surprised that someday I



will be able to plug a number into my computer and knock off 20 or 30 years.

Getting old and gray is something that many of us are not too prepared for. When I speak to my contemporaries, we all seem to have the same complaints. Remembering people’s names, addresses, street names, and generally anything that requires a specific reply from your brain just doesn’t seem to work as it did several years ago.

I even went so far as to buy a badge that I wear to conventions and meetings where I am apt to greet a lot of people. The badge says: “I don’t remember your name either.” It shouldn’t be that funny, but unfortunately it is.

I use to be an avid cyclist, riding on a typical day 20 to 30 miles and sometimes longer. When I would return home, I would shower and be ready for another ride if necessary. Now that I am old and gray, riding around a nearby lake two times, which is the equivalent of perhaps six miles, but feels like a marathon. How do you pre-

pare for that?

This next one I can probably blame on myself but I truly do not understand it. All my life I have made it a habit of reading the Sunday comics. For some reason as of late, I don’t get the humor that is supposed to be there in many of the strips. I honestly try to analyze them and come up with a blank.

Now either the writers are living in a different world and time, or I have just become too old and decrepit to interpret them. Let me know what you think! In the meantime I will continue to read the White House press releases. That should provide enough humor at least for the next four years.

The fact that I must rely on my grandchildren to operate my various electronic devices, cell phone, iPad, iPhone, is a little scary but at least I have grandchildren nearby to help out when needed.

There’ll be some changes made...