

Of a certain age...

By Diane Goble
Columnist

Sometimes my body just has to quit working to get me to slow down long enough to readjust my compass. A severe bout with sciatica this past month left me barely able to do much of anything but the bare necessities, giving me plenty of rest and time to rethink my priorities.

I am a retired person. Why the heck am I still “working” 8 to 10 hours a day seven days a week, mostly not for pay? I really can’t afford to give away the time I need to accomplish the few projects I have left on my bucket list before I am no longer capable of completing them— and I’ll be really ticked off if I die before I do. As I’m writing this, today is the 44th anniversary of the first time I died suddenly so I’m more aware than most how quickly that can happen.

I’ve decided to let go of the things I don’t find fulfilling or that don’t contribute to my well-being and peace of mind or pay my bills. While it’s been a trip exploring the goings on at city hall, I really don’t need that stress or those conflicts in my life. A good stress management technique is to stop doing what causes distress.

The sciatica attack stopped me from attending city meetings because the pain in my hip joint was so excruciating that I couldn’t stand upright, much less walk, after sitting for any amount of time. Just getting around at home was a painful enough struggle. MMJ edibles helped me deal with the pain of just getting through the day and helped me sleep at night. I did have to resort to a week on steroids to get the inflammation

down and the wonderful therapists at Green Ridge Physical Therapy have gotten me upright and mobile again. Not quite pain-free yet.

Over the weeks of not attending city meetings, I realized I didn’t miss them and now that we can listen to meeting recordings on the City’s website, if I really feel a need to know who said what about which issue and the other folderol that goes on there, I can do it at my convenience. I’m tired of trying to make the world a better place. You’re on your own.

But now, to keep this sciatica at bay, I can’t sit at my computer for any length of time any more. As a writer and a photographer that’s about all I do, pretty much every day. Just as well... I’ve read headlines lately saying all this sitting at computers is shaving years off our lives. I’m like a canary in the coal mine. I find myself warning my grandsons about their constant gaming. The brain, as well as the butt, needs more frequent breaks — or they breakdown.

Part of getting older is learning to adapt to the changes our bodies and brains go through and how it changes our lifestyle. I thought I was going to have to install a rail in the bathtub because it was tricky getting in and out not being able to put any weight on my right leg. I never knew when it would give out. Sometimes it was fine, other times it would pinch and send a shooting pain down my leg to my foot sending me to my knees. I got a walker from the ReStore to help me get around inside but it was too difficult to maneuver on the carpet. A cane wasn’t enough support. Finally a friend loaned me her ski

poles and that really helped.

While pondering what it means to grow older, I got back to thinking about where I was on my Bucket List. I’ve already been everywhere I care to go and have pretty much seen everything I really wanted to see and done everything I wanted to do. No regrets. Well, except for going to the moon. My father was an entrepreneur in the early days of commercial aviation. I was in high school when space exploration began. I was hoping I would get there in this life, but it looks like I’ll have to wait for my next incarnation.

In this life I’ve been very, very rich and I’ve been homeless and destitute, and everything in between. I’ve moved all over the country, had over 40 different addresses before coming to Sisters, and driven through all but six states. I’ve had friends from all over the world of all colors, all genders, all religions, all political parties, many nationalities, all walks of life, both sane and insane. I was married once and realized that wasn’t for me. Like Shirley MacLaine, I had an awful lot of lovers and a lot of awful lovers, and now I’d rather have a funny, loyal dog than a human for a roommate.

So I really haven’t missed much, have done my gratitude and forgiveness work, my end of life paperwork is complete, and I’m at peace with my life so I’m going back into hibernation to concentrate on downloading my memories about my very interesting life journey, which my kids don’t even know the half of — not to publish but to leave to my children as a computer file they, and future generations, can add to and keep the narrative going.

Sisters business at a glance

• **Bronco Billy’s Ranch Grill and Saloon** closed its doors suddenly last week. Current owner Tammy Falconer did not return calls or emails seeking comment. Rumors that the landmark Sisters eatery would revert to previous long-time owners John Tehan and John Keenan are unfounded. Previous owner John Tehan told *The Nugget*, “We don’t have any involvement. We don’t have any plans to go back in there.”



PHOTO BY JIM CORNELIUS

PROTECT YOUR PETS FROM EXTREME HEAT!



Estimated Vehicle Interior Air Temperature v. Elapsed Time

Elapsed Time	Outside Air Temperature (F)					
	70	75	80	85	90	95
0 minutes	70	75	80	85	90	95
10 minutes	89	94	99	104	109	114
20 minutes	99	104	109	114	119	124
30 minutes	104	109	114	119	124	129
40 minutes	108	113	118	123	128	133
50 minutes	111	116	121	126	131	136
60 minutes	113	118	123	128	133	138
> 1 hour	115	120	125	130	135	140

Department of Geosciences, San Francisco State University



When the air temperature is...		The asphalt temperature has been measured at...	
77° F	→	125° F	
86° F	→	135° F	
87° F	→	143° F	

These temperature correlations represent worst-scenario variables: direct sun, no wind, very low humidity, and high radiant energy.

At 125° F, skin destruction can occur in 60 seconds.
An egg can fry in 5 minutes at 131° F.

Data Source: Berens J. Thermal contact burns from streets and highways. Journal of American Medical Association; 214 (11): 2025-2027



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