

My Two Cent's Worth

By: Joseph Andalina

How I spent my winter vacation

Well, in short, Florida, baby. Gulf side. Combination of young and old and in-between, but mostly old. They don't call it "God's waiting room" for nothing.

Here's an example. The elderly all drive those **big** cars. Buicks, 80's Caddies, Chevys, you get the picture. And you can tell when an oldie is driving because the vehicle appears driverless. I mean, if you can't see the top of the driver's head then you know what I mean.

And they drive with two hands in the 10 and 2 position. They drive 12 mph in a 35. They block all lanes and slow down and stop at every hotel entrance and restaurant. They are really finding their way. Getting from Point A to Point B is truly maddening. So I try to stay off the road during dinner hours — 3 pm to about 6 pm. Everything is packed and the music is early Lawrence Welk, Enrico Caruso, or Pat Boone.

I spend a lot of time walking the beach. But there are roadblocks there, too. Some of it is visual, as some folks have no shame (or mirrors). I have seen 80-year old guys in skimpy outfits, some really large bellied guys in Speedos. The 75-year old women in bikinis are a sight for sure. Lots of cane use, too. Saw one thong — on a pelican. Must be good nesting material.

Just brutal.

Buy hey, it's warm here. The ocean is always lovely and relaxing. Sunsets are incredible and most folks are very pleasant. Did a lot of sight-seeing, too. Busch Gardens, zoos, aquariums, museums, and nature trails as I researched for slithery serpents. Took many photos.

Idyllic in many ways. You get away from all the crap on the tube or in the print media. It's good for the soul. Then you read about cops being murdered, tensions in politics, and the ramblings of has-beens like Madonna, Judd, and Handler.

Lord, can't anyone get a long anymore? Too many murders, too much other whining and complaining. (Am I complaining here? Most definitely).

Politics has become insidious. You can get "whacked" if you voted for the wrong party. And the indiscriminate explosion of dislike for cops and unions hasn't gone away while I have been immersed in paradise.

You know, those old geezers don't seem that bad now. I think I'll go out for drive now and check those early bird specials.

Vita é bella.