

My Cereal Is Blurry! 3<sup>rd</sup> Place Winner at 2008 All Stars Writing Competition – by Greta Baker Ward

My eyesight has always been 20/20. I've never had to worry about keeping up with glasses or mess with trying to put in contacts. But recently, I have noticed that I need to keep some "drug store" glasses around for reading. I don't mind too much because it's just for reading. And sometimes sewing or craft stuff. But that's to be expected, right? So, in every room of my house where I might need to read or work on something, there are glasses.

This is not too bothersome. I can still drive, wash clothes (unless I need to read a label), cook (unless I need to read a recipe), or watch TV (unless I need to see the buttons on the remote) without a problem. I value the things I can do without glasses.

But of late my cereal is blurry! This is very disturbing. I can still see to eat. I can find the bowl, pour the milk, and find my mouth with the spoon. But my cereal looks blurry. I guess I don't really need for my cereal to be clear. I can go from memory to know what Cheerios® look like. But it's disturbing because it's a non-too-subtle reminder of my age.

I don't feel a day over nineteen most days. Age does not bother me and I choose to spend very little time thinking about it. When someone asks my age I have to think a minute before I admit to being fifty seven and a half. I would be fine in my little nineteen year old fantasy if not for these nasty little reminders.

Glasses for reading, little aches and pains in places I never knew I had, stiffness when I've been driving or sitting too long, and the color of my hair. All these and more gang up on me to make me face the fact that I've been hanging around for a while.

I actually enjoy being able to get a "senior coffee" at a cheaper price. I like being given senior discounts on clothing, shoes and jewelry at department stores, and I especially enjoy the freedoms that I feel about doing certain things because "life is too short not to".

But my cereal is blurry! My super-dependable, eaten since birth, yummy little Cheerios® are blurry! I guess I could put my glasses on to eat my breakfast. Then my cereal would look right. I could clearly see those great little circles floating in my milk. I could play my favorite Al Jarreau morning song and eat my favorite breakfast in blissful happiness. And maybe I can just try to forget that there are glasses sitting on my nose.

Good morning little Cheerio®; I can see you now! Float around happily until I scoop you up in my spoon and you have the privilege of supplying me with my fuel to start another great day!