

Happy Birthday to Me

Drivel & Drool

How to tell it's time

Today is my birthday and the older we get, the more these occasions are sad affairs, causing us to reflect on our own mortality and realizing that the time someone mercifully throws dirt in our face, is drawing ever nearer.

It's a fact, that the men in our family tend to go totally nuts before the body gives it up. It's damn ugly for those around them. There's NO doubt in my mind that my father would have killed himself if he would have known the pain he caused as his mind rotted away. Not a pretty prospect at all.....

Anyway, I've tried to give my boys some clues to know when my time is near. Here's the current list:

- I'm driving a Winnebago
- I'm spending time in a mall
- They hear me say, *That George Bush is one clever son of a bitch*
- They hear me say, *those illegals are just doing jobs Americans won't do*
- I laugh at Henry or Nancy
- I listen to rap and / or Hip Hop and am not puking my guts out
- I invest in the stock market
- I think CEOs shouldn't roast in the hottest pits in Hell

I trust they will take the necessary steps when that time comes.