

TO MASK OR NOT TO MASK

Today's version of Hamlet's lament. To bore down to an even finer grain: To KN95 or to surgical. These kinds of decisions go on all the time between me and my body.

ME: Don't forget, I live in a Senior Living Compound and they make rules to keep us safe from Covid19

MY BODY: Don't *you* forget I was around before you knew what was going on, and I remember you, as a baby, almost died because it was before penicillin and you had pneumonia in both lungs and couldn't get enough air. So don't expect me to welcome a mask.

ME: Don't *you* expect me to wear a sign explaining what you just related so I can be excused from their mask rules.

MY BODY: I never can get through to you about how serious it is when your lungs don't have enough air!

ME: And I can never get through to you about how important it is for us to show respect by wearing a mask.

And so it goes and will continue until we obtain 'herd immunity' no doubt. For most of us, it is a matter of deciding whose opinion we value and thus what 'ruling' we will follow. There is the CDC, with Dr. Fauci's opinion. I would like to say we can all trust that. However, the Governor of Texas has decided the masks can be dumped and businesses can open up. Probably most importantly, we have CC Young's decisions. They must answer to the Methodist Church, the IRS (to keep their not-for-profit status) the

Texas State Health Department (for all the rules associated with the provision of long term care) and assorted facility dependent needs, plus all the wants and wishes of residents and their families. WOW. I guess my ongoing argument with my body is pretty insignificant after all. Also, it is becoming evident we may reach that 'herd immunity' level sometime soon. Surely we can let the rules from CC Young prevail. After all, they kept us unusually safe from cases of the Virus.

In my case, I found a temporary solution: when my body starts complaining, I just pull my hearing aid out of that ear. An unrelated finding involves my recent birthday. I turned 93, but found that if I stood on the back side of the cake on which my daughter was placing two candles (one was a 9, the other was a 3) the candles would read: 39. So Jack Benny and I can always be 39. See, there's a solution for all the problems we face.

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