

The Fake Image in the Mirror

By Donna Bishop

I'm disturbed enough by the continuing fake news information that is currently circling our country. It is difficult to have enough information to discern for one's self just what the accurate information is and from whose perspective and what impact it has on me and the world I live in. But on a much more personal level I'm mightily upset by the fake image of myself that keeps appearing in every mirror. The image I have of myself is missing and it's the thing I think I miss the most!

The image I hold in my mind is this rather attractive brunette with large brown eyes that twinkle with delight as she greets you with a warm smile. She is medium height at 5'6" weighing 135 pounds. She is a perfect store-bought size 12. The image is a healthy, strong, serious, intelligent, confident young woman about 40 or 45 years of age.

The reflection in the mirror is closer to a woman in her late seventies with gray hair. The brown eyes still twinkle when she smiles and the signs of aging disappear for just a moment. However on closer examination the thick hair is thinning and the lovely smooth skin is creased with too many wrinkles to be concealed by makeup. With the height decreased by several inches and the weight increased by more than several pounds there is no perfect size anything that fits! Now maybe that is the thing I really do miss the most. The woman I see reflected in the mirror still looks healthy, serious, intelligent and confident. Maybe it is the strength that is missing. The sense of physical strength. Yes, I do believe that is the thing I miss the most.

The loss of physical strength leads to a lot of things I miss. I no longer take mountain hikes. I don't even take extended walks. My days of running are long gone. For a while I did race walking till I broke a bone in my foot. I haven't ice skated or ridden a bike in years.

The thing I know I miss the most, however, is dancing the night away. I no longer have the necessary strength; also my consistent partner is arthritis and he really cramps my style. For a few moments I can two-step, jitterbug, or free style alone to some favorite music in my living room. I can close my eyes and see that 40 year old gracefully maneuvering the dance floor in the arms of her handsome partner. Is that a fake image? Maybe so, but just for a moment consider the idea that the mirror is reflecting the fake image.