

Things That Bug Me

By Marilyn Reeves

Every so often I'll say "Good morning!" to someone I pass on the path to the Center, and get nothing in return. Not a smile, not a hello, not even an acknowledgement that I have spoken. I'm a 73-year-old woman. Do I look like "stranger danger" to you? I think it's not only rude on their part, but it makes me feel bad. So if I were to make up a list of Things That Bug Me, that would definitely be near the top.

Another thing that bothers me is seeing a mom sitting with her kids at a restaurant. Her five-year old is trying to get her attention, but she is either talking or texting on her cell phone to someone who is obviously more important to her at the moment than her child. I don't know why that bothers me ... it's none of my business, really ... but I have to restrain myself from getting up and grabbing that phone out of her hand and telling her, "Lady, your son needs your attention!" But I don't. I just sit there feeling sorry for the kid.

And speaking of phones, don't you just hate trying to place a call to a customer service representative at some large company, and getting the robot and the menu? "If you wish to know your account balance, press one." If you wish to speak to a human being, forget about it, you've just been placed on terminal hold. The only thing worse than that is when the robot calls *you*, and there's nobody on the line if you do answer. You just hear a ring tone, because you know you are now being connected to a telephone solicitor. Thank heavens I finally got Caller I.D.! It has saved me from hundreds of those miserable sales calls.

There are so many things that I could add to my list of Things That Bug Me – I'm sure I run into new and old ones every day. But I don't write them down, because if there's one thing I absolutely can't stand, it's a constant complainer. That's not me, is it? Gee, I sure hope not! I only find myself complaining about things ... a few hours a day.