

Bottle, Bottle, Don't Need My Bottle

The comedy and simple pleasures of the 1960's comedy will never be replicated. As I reminisce about several of those shows, I reflect on how they may have inadvertently affected my psyche.

The Andy Griffith show with "Ain't Bee" always cooking and baking might have affected my subconscious more than I realized. With the stay-at-home order, I find myself baking and cooking A LOT. Fortunately, I can share some of the food with the neighbors on my floor. Though I have taken to walking the circle daily to appease my Fitbit that reminds me I need to exercise, I'm walking a lot more yet the scale seems to recognize the baked goods I bake and eat more than the walking.

With two younger brothers (4 and 12 years younger than I), I watched The Brady Bunch and marveled that they managed to stay alive within the confines of their home. I have chosen to give Alice the major part of the credit for keeping the family fed, the house clean and the opposing siblings in line.

The Beverly Hillbillies may have greatly influenced my ability to take on a southern twang in more than one production with the WG Drama Class. When we first moved to Colorado, a neighbor boy asked my son if his mom was from the South. My son replied, "No, she just talks weird!" During my TDY in New Orleans for five months I really learned to "Y'all" with the best of them.

To this day I do not have a passport, so being ship wrecked on Gilligan's Island may have frightened me away from travel. However, I have taken three cruises that, at the time, only required a birth certificate as proof of citizenship. I've often wondered if they ever got off that island and if the Professor and Maryann got together. Do you think the Captain could have performed a marriage ceremony?

The Queen of Comedy in the '60s has to be Lucille Ball and I Love Lucy. The Vitameatavegamin segment as well as the chocolate candy assembly line still bring laughter tears to my eyes.

While traveling through LaGuardia, I was surprised to learn that my ticket showed I had TSA Precheck. Hmm, I hadn't signed up for it, so how did that happen. I asked one of the TSA Agents why I had Precheck. He said "Well..." I smiled and said, "Oh, it's because I'm old!" He laughed and said, "Well, yes." On my way back home, once I finally found the line and wound my way through, the TSA agent looked at my ticket and said, "If it isn't I Dream of Jeannie." I said, "Yes, and I didn't bring my bottle with me because I knew you wouldn't let me take it through security." He laughed, stamped my ticket and I strolled off to the gate. Now at WG when someone asks my name, I tell them "I'm the Jeannie who came out of the bottle and I'm having too much fun to ever get back inside!"