

Mid Life Prices

Posted on Feb 15, Posted by [Becky Andrews](#) Category [Telling Tales](#)

I've hit mid life. While my older sister disagrees saying she's not even mid life, I know it's here. I can feel it in my bones, in my digestive track and I can see it in the crow's feet once thought to be laugh lines. I seem to be traveling fairly rapidly up the metaphorical hill so that one day I can dig my heels in to prevent from sliding down. It appears that not only is my age increasing in years and months but the cost to keep those years and months not too noticeable is increasing as well.

In the beginning, I had Noxzema and Sebreeze, Baby oil and iodine, Aqua net and electric blue mascara. I could eat a Big Mac, large fries and apple pie everyday for a week and not gain an ounce. I could sleep in my makeup and seldom breakout. And music had to be LOUD in order to be appreciated. Now I've spent more on skin care than I paid for my first car. Most of it used to correct the damage caused by the baby oil I used to maintain a "healthy Glow".

Between haircuts, hi-lights, low-lights, shampoo and conditioners (without sulfates), and anti frizz treatments, I could have started my own wig line. My husband says anyone who spends good money on a curling iron AND flat iron must be suffering from some type of mental disorder.

When it comes to food, it's even worse. Just looking at a Big Mac and fries makes me gain 5 pounds. I've traded in my flavored oatmeal for steel cut oats- that takes 10 times longer to cook! And broccoli is now my enemy no matter how or if it's cooked. Years ago I didn't care who saw me eating a doughnut. I'm ashamed to admit I've actually stuffed a doughnut in my mouth before anyone could see me eating it.

Music seems so loud these days. I need a flashlight and earplugs when shopping for my children in stores like Abercrombie or Hollister.

Not long ago, I was on the floor playing with my boys. At once both boys hopped up to run into

another room. When I tried to do the same, I realized my body didn't work quite as fast as it did when I was younger. Now I remember a time when I thought 37 years old was 'Like super old'. Mid life meant nothing to me then. For now I'll listen to my older and wiser sister who insists she's not even mid-life yet. Because according to her theory that would mean the average life expectancy for a female is around 92. I like the sound of that.

Tags: Untagged

Tags: Untagged