



Uncle Tom's Tales

A collection of tales of joy and woe from 60 years on the planet—
Earth, that is.

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Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine!

She done threw me out!

I've been with a lot of women in my nearly 60 years. In fact, I call a chapter in my book about living successfully with bipolar disorder "To All the Girls I've Loved" from the Willie Nelson song.

*To all the girls I've loved before
Who traveled in and out my door
I'm glad they came along
I dedicate this song
To all the girls I've loved before*

But Dawn—a self-described pushy New Jew and proud of it--was the only woman with whom I always got the last two words: "Yes, dear."

"But I'll chu...chu...change, Dear!" I pleaded the night she threw me out---for the last time in our tumultuous seven-year relationship.

“Sure you will,” as she tapped her left foot and drank her third glass of Merlot. So the morning as I moved out, I woke her up with the stereo blaring Ray Charles singing

*(Hit the road Jack and don't you come back no more,
no more, no more, no more.)*

*(Woah Woman, oh woman, don't treat me so mean,
You're the meanest old woman that I've ever seen.*

I guess if you say so

I have to pack ma things and go. (That's right)

*well baby, listen baby, don't ya treat me this-a way
Cause I'll be back on my feet some day.*

(Don't care if you do 'cause it's understood)

(you ain't got no money you just ain't no good.)

Well, I guess if you say so

I'd have to pack my things and go. (That's right)



I spent the next five years in repentance and remorse--three of those years living in celibacy. The words of the 17th Century British author Dr. Samuel Johnson were never more true: “Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures.”

Then came the worse pain known to mankind. No, I’m not talking about another woman. I’m talking about a rare nerve disease that disabled me for two-and-a-half years and ended with brain surgery.

“How do you feel,” my surgeon asked me when I woke up in recovery. “Other than having an extra hole in my skull, doc, I don’t hurt any more!” I told him.

I had a new lease on life and change evolved as I entered the last year of my Fabulous 50’s. I decided to make the plunge into the Big M—Match.com.

Dating at 59 isn’t the same as it was when I was 29. Women don’t ask me about my resume or bank account. No, they reach down into their big designer purses and pull out a ...MORTALITY CHART!

“Lets see, Tom. Enlarged prostate. Check! Brain surgery. CHECK! High blood pressure. CHECK! Sorry. I give you three years. Have a nice day,” as they get up to leave where we were sitting in Starbucks—the neutral zone for cyber-dates.

I also learned men and women still lie to each other. What do you know! Some ages and photos posted on the on-line profiles are, to put it politely, half-truths. I like what Ann Landers once wrote “The naked truth is always better than the best dressed lie.” Men are the worse about photos, I’m told. The lady expects to see a toned hulk walk into Starbucks for their first meeting only to see a balding middle-aged man with a gut like an Israeli tank commander!

Women’s photos are a little confusing to me. I have an eye for facelifts; Dawn had one, and know if I want to look at a woman’s breasts if she is over 50 that I have to look at her toes!

One lady confessed to me in an email she really wasn't really 59...she was 74 and the photo she posted was of her when she was 64 and not 59! She wrote:

“You are hot! I always dreamed of being with a younger man. My husband died and left me a lot of \$\$\$\$ and I have no one to spend it on except me. I have a health challenge and life is short.—Lonesome me.”

Then there was a lady I planned to meet at a bar. In walked a woman who looked like a mix between Estelle Getty of ***Golden Girls*** and Maudie Frigert, the Jonathan Winters character and Mrs. Doubtfire as portrayed by Robin Williams. She could tell I was slightly surprised.

“Would you have met me if you knew what I looked like now?” she asked.

“Would you like a drink,” I asked and mumbled “I think I need one.”

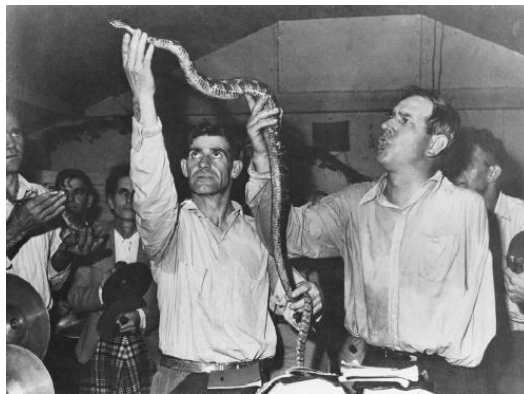
“Whiskey straight,” she told the bartender. She then ordered a second and then a third. After she gulped the third one she passed out and started snoring.

I paid for the drinks and then gave the bartender a \$20.00 tip. “Here you go. Now she’s YOUR problem.” I left wondering if “Ms. Perfect” was going to pop out of my computer screen soon. I’m tired!

Uncle Albert...Einstein that is...said “Technological change is like an axe in the hands of a pathological criminal.”

Uncle Tom

Coming up...”Big LeRoy and Me—Sunday Morning at Uncle Eugene’s Church in Appalachia!”



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Reference: Uncle Tom’s Tales.”