

# Twist and shout



The way companies are now packaging their products, makes me think, their ideas must have come straight from the mind of a second grade twelve year old. A senior with arthritis; the person for whom the drug was bottled, needs to have a pair of pliers, a flat head screwdriver, and plenty of muscle to open a bottle of pain medication. By the way, shouldn't that be anti-pain medicine? But then why do we call the little candies that relief our cough, cough drops and not, anti-cough drops? Getting back to safety caps on medicine bottles, It is next to impossible to open one of those lids.

One medicine bottle says, follow the arrows to open, press down and turn. This sounds easy enough if you are built like Arnold Schwarzenegger. The problem with easy open bottles is the person in need of the medication is probably built more like Kermit the frog with Typhoid Fever. It's ridiculous when you need to purchase TNT to blow off the cap of the pain medication container. The " safety" cap is designed to keep kids from opening the bottle and swallowing the meds. The problem is a child can open them much easier than a senior citizen under the best of conditions.

I can see it now. " Grampa, give me the bottle, I'll open it for you. " " But, you are only five... and this cap is attached to the bottle with super glue. " I guarantee you; the five year old will have that top off before you can pronounce the name of the medication. The list of side effects on some of these meds is multitudinous. These bottles site every contraindication known to man, including, the inability to move, or think clearly, which may provoke, one to think; maybe it would be better if I laid down and died.

This medication, the label states, may cause dizziness, light headedness, Vertigo, cramps, diarrhea, constipation, headaches, ear aches, Gingivitis, Gout, fainting spells, stomach pains, thoughts of suicide, and even death. For goodness sake, I'm only taking it for a headache, not preparing for cremation. I guess we can't blame the drug companies for listing everything that can happen to a person if they take their medicine. People today, through all media, are urged to sue for everything. The advent of television advertising has branched out in these last few years allowing lawyers to advertise their services.

Television advertising has become a haven for ambulance chasers and their ilk. I heard the story of a man who sued a motor coach company for damages caused when his vehicle crashed. He claimed he was driving down a stretch of road, in his new motor coach, when he decided he'd go back to the kitchen area and brew a pot of coffee. He put the vehicle on cruise control. The coach crashed, and he was injured, the vehicle demolished. He sued the company for not writing in their brochures that you couldn't leave the driver's seat while the vehicle was in motion.

He won the case and was awarded a sum of money and a new coach. You are advised to think before you buy any product, read the label; However, the print is so small, you need a magnifying glass the size of a manhole cover to read the instructions on the bottle. Some meds have the side effects written on four sheets of paper inside the box in which the medicine came. All of this inane nonsense is due to sue happy people looking to make a quick buck. Some people play the lottery while others sue companies; the odds in winning are about the same.

If you do win in court, the attorney takes his share off the top, probably around sixty percent, and you get the rest after court costs and taxes. Don't give up your day job. Oh, not you, I'm talking to you, the plaintiff, not your lawyer. Mr Attorney, you are doing just fine in the financed department. That ad on TV has really paid off, hasn't it? Here's my idea for packaging medicine. Put a paper seal on the medicine bottle with a written three number code (not in succession). Break the seal, dial the number and open the bottle. As for side effects simply write: Take at your own risk, may cause a myriad of diseases and possibly death.

Talk to your physician. Don't sue us, we told you what could happen. As for manufacturers of motor coaches, all they need to write is; " Hey stupid if you want a cup of coffee stop at a roadside diner. " This is one I love as I recall going to the drug store for my mother. She had, over the years, adopted a poor sleeping habit, and needed a medication to help her sleep. As the pharmacist passed me the bottle of sleeping medication, I read the label that had been attached to the little brown bottle. It read; ' may cause dizziness, restlessness, insomnia and drowsiness. If it causes insomnia, why would anyone want to use the drug in the first place? And one can only hope it does cause drowsiness, after all, that's why you bought it in the first place, isn't it? There are other stumbling blocks to the senior population; with a skull and crossbones emblem emblazoned on the label; a universal sign denoting it is a dangerous material. We should look under the emblem, there we will find, in small print, ' for external use only. ' What makes the manufacturer of a product with enough chemicals to start World War III write ' for external use only' on their bottle.

Are they afraid someone is going to use it as a mixer at their cocktail party? If it's ammonia, you won't be able to get it past your nose in the first place. Speaking of dangerous things. How many of you have swallowed a capful of mouthwash? Did you know it is unhealthy? The label says do not swallow. Why on earth are you gargling with a product, that if you swallow it by mistake it could kill you, or at the very least make you sick? That's like putting dynamite, on which is written, beware dangerous material, in your back pocket and then backing up to a campfire to warm your backsides.

It's the same thing you know... too close for comfort either way. What makes a citizen a senior? Answer: age. Though some of us don't want people to know we are getting along in years, the wrinkles belie our vanity. Face lifts make the recipient look like a monster out of a 1950's horror movie. I am not ashamed I have made it to three quarters of a century. I thank God my eyes are still the same color as they were when I was twenty, only slightly dimmer. The hair on my head is moving south at a quickening pace, but it has only transferred from the top of my head to my ears and nose.

I can't run any more; my walking pace has slowed almost to a crawl, but inside I am still twenty years old. Until I was forty I didn't know what a doctor was, or what they did for work. After I had reached fifty, I was asked to become an associate member of the American Medical Association's Who's Who of most frequent doctor's visits list. My mind hasn't grasped the fact my body has aged. It says to me at times; ' get up... go for a four mile run, come home take a shower, ride a bike for sixty minutes, eat lunch, skip rope and climb a small mountain.

My body answers for me; ' you have got to be kidding me. ' There are two fellows whose job it is to see that I remain idle; The Ritis Brothers, of which Artha is the outspoken one, and then there is always Mr Meniere. Mr Meniere's contribution affects my inner ear; my balance. I reel like a drunken pirate with a pine log peg leg... teetering back and forth with a dizzying gait; But I guess old age is the better of the two alternatives; I always say. As long as you are able to get up in the morning and get out of bed; you are still this side of the dirt.

I have God to thank for my being able to get up in the morning, for it is by His grace that I live and move, and have my being. Without His help, I would be nothing but dust and dirt, present, but useless to anyone or anything. These are the golden years, and gold does not tarnish; it is always bright and shiny. Our smiles should be the reflection of our souls. As the little girl said to the grumpy old church deacon. " Are you happy to be a Christian? " He replied, " yes I am. " " Then tell your face. "