

Hi, Fred Nelson for Community Comment,

I am sure that most of you have noted the tremendous amount of pharmaceutical commercials on television day after day. These medications all have names that the average person has never heard of let alone can't pronounce. They tell you all the benefits that might make you healthier if the side effects don't kill you first. As you grow older, the more medications you take, the more resolute you must be in following the doctor's orders. In talking with an aging person, you may find that while he or she might not be able to give you names or birthdays of some family members, they can tell you what medications they take, why, and the possible side effects. One's health and the prescription one's doctor orders causes one to become analytical when one may be susceptible to the side effects of one's medication. One must be able to identify the reaction one might be experiencing. For example: Just before leaving home to run some errands (actually I don't 'run' them, I pursue them), I received my prescription refills. I reviewed the enclosed printed warnings about the side effects, as I do with each new or refilled prescription; I just want to make sure that nothing has changed as I don't like surprises. After the review, with the side effects firmly implanted in my mind, I jumped in the car (actually I enter the vehicle slowly as it is not good to move too fast). As I drive towards town, my vision seems to be failing, it is getting so dark. Then I remember to take off my sunglasses as the sky darkens due to a rain squall. Next thing I know I am chilling and I start to shiver: Oh yes! I forgot to turn on the car heater. Now my vision is getting blurry but I quickly realize the situation and turn on my windshield wipers. The rain stops and the sun shines. I approach a busy intersection and stop for the red light. Now I am getting hot flashes, my heart rate is elevated and I am nauseated. Another quick, thorough analysis takes place. The sun was shining and I forgot to turn off my heater, hence the hot flashes. A pretty girl with a short skirt just crossed the street hence the elevated heart rate. (Yes, I still see quite well). As I rolled down the window to compensate for the overheated car, a garbage truck pulled up alongside, hence the nausea. Wow! That was a nerve wracking trip. That is the price that you pay when you get older. To make matters worse, all the time I am driving, my water pill keeps telling me "To go or not to go! That is the question." Wouldn't you know it? When I arrived home, I found that I had forgotten to take the darned pills in the first place!

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