

January 10, 2019 Column

I can't believe that in 9 months I'll be 70 years old. That's 7 decades. Yikes!

That is serious geezer territory ... Not that there's anything wrong with geezers.

Being a geezer makes me one of those annoying guys who constantly tells younger people and newcomers what used to be where here in town. Things like The Warehouse Bar and Grill used to be Lehmann's Variety store. Or Church's Fried Chicken is where the Dairy Kreem (home of the nickel cone) used to be. Bling Boutique is where Pat's Place Bar used to be. Part of the HEB sits atop what used to be Seguin Bowling Center. The old Western Auto Store, (where I proudly purchased my first .22 rifle at the age of 12, without a background check, by myself, with money I earned) was in the middle of the block of Nolte St. (then Market St.) next to Nolte National Bank, which is now Wells Fargo Bank. On Austin Street, The Seguin Art League is restoring what used to be Schmidt's Department Store, where we had to buy all those dreadful khaki uniforms we wore at St Joseph's (now St. James) School.

See what I mean about annoying? I could probably fill this whole column with stuff like that, but I'm sure it would get old and annoying very quickly.

Yeah, I'm a geezer, but I really don't feel old... until my brain misfires. I hate being in mid-sentence speaking to someone, and a word that I've used several times a day for all my life suddenly escapes me. Or someone I've known all my life suddenly becomes "Ol' What's His Name". I liken this condition to a fragmented hard-drive in a computer – The information's there, but it just needs to be sorted out. People my age tell me it's normal, but I hate it!

Another thing I hate is how time speeds up as you age.

When I first read the book "1984" back in the mid-sixties, it seemed so very far into the future. But I blinked my eyes, and all of a sudden, it was 1984, and somehow, we all lived through it like it was just another year. Many of George Orwell's warnings and predictions about Big Brother and societal control have come true to a degree since then (e.g., Google, hidden cameras, political correctness), and unfortunately, many more still seem plausible – he was just off in his timing.

When I was in my 20's, or even 30's, just the mention of any year beginning with the digit 2 seemed so distant that it could only be science fiction. Remember the movie "2001- A Space Odyssey"? Back in 1968, it seemed entirely possible to be doing intergalactic space travel in the year 2001 - It was so far off.

Then I blinked my eyes again, and 2001 happened, and nobody was cruising the galaxy to the tune of a Strauss waltz. Sure, traveling through space in a ship the size of a small city is plausible, and Stanley Kubrick was probably accurate in his predictions – he was just way off in his timing.

I really started thinking about all this time awareness stuff over the holidays as we entered 2019. There is something in me that still thinks any year after 2000 has to be in the realm of Science Fiction.

When I first ran for Mayor back in 2012, the year 2020 seemed so far off. It seemed like there was so much time to get things done. Now 2020 is just around the corner, and the clock is ticking faster and faster. It won't be long, and November 2020 will be here, and I'll be an ex-mayor.

We've got a lot in the pipeline to get done before then, and still more on the boards beyond that for my successor, so start playing "The Blue Danube Waltz" as we take our beloved Seguin into the future.

Gosh, I love this town!