

GEVALD! (HELP!) I'M SUFFERING FROM A.A.A.D.D.”

*Age-Activated Attention Deficit Disorder”



by

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My dear friend, Bill, from West Palm Beach, FL, sent me this “komish” piece. All seniors will “lakhn in di zshmenyes”--laugh covertly and heartily. Here’s the Yiddish version.

These are the symptoms of A.A.A.D.D.:

I decide to water my “gortn” (garden).
As I turn on the hose in the driveway,
I look over at my “oytomobile” (car)
and decide I need
to wash (“vashn”) it. (It contains “shmutz.”)
As I start toward “der garazh” (the garage),
I notice “post” (mail) on “der ganik” (the porch) table that
I brought up from the mailbox “frier” (earlier).
I decide to go through the mail
before I wash “der oytomobile.”
I lay my car keys on “der tish” (the table),
Put the junk mail in “der opfal” (the garbage) can under
“der tish.”
And notice that the can is “ful” (full).
So I decide to put “der khezhbn” (bill/invoice)
back on “der tish” and take
out “der opfal” first.
But then I think,
Since I’m going to be “noent” (near) the mailbox
when I take out “der opfal,” anyway,
I may as well pay the bills “ershter” (first).
I take “der tshek” (the check) book off the table,
and see that there is only “eyns” (one) check left.

My “ekstre” (extra) checks are in “mayn shraybtish”
(my desk) in the study.
“Azoy” (So), I go “ineveynik doz hoyz” (inside the house)
To my “shraybtish” where
I find a can of Pepsi
I’d been drinking.
I’m going to look for my checks.
But “ershter” I need to push (“shtupn”) the Pepsi aside.
So that I don’t have an “umglik” (accident) and
knock it over.
The Pepsi is getting “varem” (warm).
And I decide to put it in “der fridzhider” (the refrigerator)
to keep it “kalt” (cold).
As I head toward “di kikh” (the kitchen) with
the Pepsi,
A “vase” (vase) of flowers on the counter
catches my “oyg” (eye)--they need “vaser” (water).
I put the Pepsi on the counter
only to “oyfdekn” (discover) my reading “briln” (eyeglasses) that I’ve been searching for
all “frimorgn” (morning).
I decide I better put them
back on “mayn shraybtish.”
But “ershter” (first), I’m going
to water the flowers.
I set “di briln” back
down on the counter.
Fill a container “mit vaser” and
“plutsling” (suddenly) spot “di televisye” (the TV) remote.
“Emetser” (Someone) left it
on “di kikh tish” (the kitchen table).
I realize that “haynt bay nakht” (tonight) when we
go “tsukukn zikh” (to watch) TV,
I’ll be looking for the remote,
But I won’t remember
that it’s on “di kikh tish.”
So I decide to
put it back in the den where it belongs.
But “ershter” I’ll water the flowers.
I pour some “vaser” on
the flowers,
But quite a bit spilled on “di padloge” (the floor).
“Azoy,” I set the remote

back on “der tish.”
Get “dos hantekh” (the towel)
and wipe up the spill.
Then, I head down “der koridor” (the hall)
trying to remember (“gedenken”) what
I was planning to do.
At the end of “der mes-les” (day/24 hour period)

“Der oytomobile” isn’t washed.
The Bills aren’t paid.
There is a “varem” can of
Pepsi sitting on the counter.
The flowers don’t have
“genug vaser” (enough water),
There is still only “eyns” (one)
check in the checkbook,
I can’t find the remote,
I can’t find my “briln.”
And I don’t remember what
I did with the car keys.

Billy Crystal has the same problem. His new (2013) book is titled,
“Still Foolin’ ‘Em - Where I’ve Been, Where I’m Going, and Where the
Hell Are My Keys?”

Then, when I try to figure out
why “gornit” (nothing) gets done “haynt” (today),
I’m really “tsemisht” (confused) because I know
I was “farnumen” (busy)
all day,
And I’m really “farmatert” (tired).
I realize this is a
“ehrnst” (serious) problem,
And I’ll try to get some “hilf” (help) for it, but
“ershter” (first) I’ll check my
“elektronish post” (e-mail)...
Do me a a “toyve” (favor).
Forward this “yedia” (message)
to “yeder eyner” (everyone)
you know,
Because I don’t remember who I
sent it to.

Don't "lakhn" (laugh)--if
this isn't you yet,
your day is coming!

P.S. I don't remember "ver" (who) sent it to "mir" (me).
So if it was "du" (YOU), I'm sorry.

Marjorie Wolfe agrees with Billy Crystal--who may or may not be suffering from A.A.A.D.D. However, he does write in the Epilogue to his book, [after visiting his fourth grandchild, Griffin, a healthy beautiful baby in the hospital],

"It is a great life with plenty more to go, I hope. Time to see how my little ones fare in the world we turn over to them. That is our task after all. Get them ready for the rain. Teach them all we know and help them try to be better than us. That is my job as I begin my sixty-sixth trip around the sun. And yours...fly safe...wait a second...
HOLY SHIT! I found my keys!"