

Hi Ho, Bionic Woman

Three weeks after my total right shoulder replacement this Bionic Woman (I am the proud new owner of a titanium ball and plastic socket. The hospital has provided me with an official card that explains why I set off alarms at airport security check-points.) I felt the need to accompany Jim on our weekly-donation trip to Wally-World. Because I knew my strength wasn't up to par just yet, sweet friend Lisa from the optometry department helped me select the perfect 'hot rod'. She was excited to find one of the battery-operated carts that was fully charged and I hopped aboard.

Getting the knack of using the controls to facilitate a smooth ride took some doing. At one point, the beast went into reverse instead of forward and poor Jim almost got flattened. Oh, but the zero-turn feature was great fun. Man, that puppy could zip in circles and I almost took out a shelf of canned peas...but they survived.

Now it is time to go off on another rabbit trail: A few years ago we often took an elderly friend, Esther, shopping. She was a pro on those motorized scooters and she generated excitement wherever she rode. Well I remember the day she created terror in Kroger. She cut her corner a bit too short and took out a tall end-cap of canned goods. Cans were flying all over the place. Esther, oblivious to the chaos, simply tooled on down the next aisle as clerks came running from every direction to clean up the mess. I was laughing so hard that I just had to follow her and didn't help pick up a single can. At one point she misjudged a turn and ended up crashing thru a door, into the "employee only" refrigerated area. As she was paying for her purchases with a personal check, the clerk asked for her drivers' license for an ID. Esther's reply? "Drivers license? The way I drive this thing, do I look like I have a driver's license?" Bless Esther; she has gone on to Heaven now but I often wonder if St. Peter keeps those carts out of her reach.

Anyway, back to today: my shopping experience was completed, the cart only stalled out 3 times, and, thanks to the "Greeter Lady", I got the thing back to the original parking place. I want to thank Walmart for providing the handy mode of transportation and their kind employees for having so much patience. I am Bionic Woman...hear me roar. Actually, it is more of a whimper.

