

DePuy's Views

"It's January"

by Dr. Hadley S. DePuy

January is the pits! Every year. The holidays are over, the excitement is gone, the decorations are put away, the Christmas tree is history and the children and grandchildren are nowhere to be found.

There is more. My post-holiday bank account is empty, the bills are rolling in, the federal and state income tax forms have arrived, and the "Sports Illustrated" swimsuit issue won't be out for weeks.

The killer in January is the weather. It stinks! It snows and it blows, the days are short while the nights are long, and it's gloomy all the time. Even dogs and cats try to hibernate, which, upon reflection, seems like a good idea for humans, too.

And if that isn't bad enough, daughter Allyson took some pictures on Christmas of the holiday feast we enjoyed last month at her home in Baltimore. Everybody else looked just the way I remembered them, but somehow the pictures of me got distorted.

I didn't think I was that heavy until these pictures arrived. I wondered how Allyson, a splendid photographer, got everybody else in focus and made me look like something you win at the *Grahamsville Fair* for knocking bottles off a table.

Actually, I did notice some of the changes last fall. I couldn't button the collar of my shirts, but I assumed it was the laundry putting in starch. I told them "No more starch."

Then I couldn't button my suit jackets after all the holiday parties, and I told the Mrs. "Can you believe the laundry is putting starch in my suits?" She mumbled something about suspenders being in fashion this year before she fell on the floor overcome with laughter.

Usually in January my mind drifts to better days gone by, but this year my weight sort of snacked up on me. My age. My waist. The amount of pounds over what it says on my driver's license.

So last week I started running. Well, not really running... more like creeping. It's working because my appetite is much better than it was before.

And I already started – and stopped – a diet. It says here on the can of liquid diet that in order to lose

weight, I should drink three cans a day. I am pleased to report that I did as they suggest. After meals, I drank a can for dessert. My weight went right up.

I can hope for a miracle, but there is no simple, quick way to be thin. As the years zoom by, I can see I'm in a war to keep weight off, my body functioning, my mind together, my hair on, and my teeth in.

In the past, I've dealt with January by making New Year's Resolutions that even a saint couldn't keep. And each year, by March, I'd feel so guilty about having failed to keep any one of them, I'd give up on the year and start eating hot fudge sundaes non-stop.

This year is going to be different. No more jogging (creeping, that is). No more diets. On to Fat City. Now that I laugh at overweight, my attitude change is helping my morale and January seems much friendlier.

Just think... next December, I may cross the path of one of those Santa Claus impersonators when I go Christmas shopping.

And, if we meet, we'll both say, at the same time, "You look great!" ❄️

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