

I Have Been Demoted

by Rev. Joe Dirt - Friday, March 22, 2024

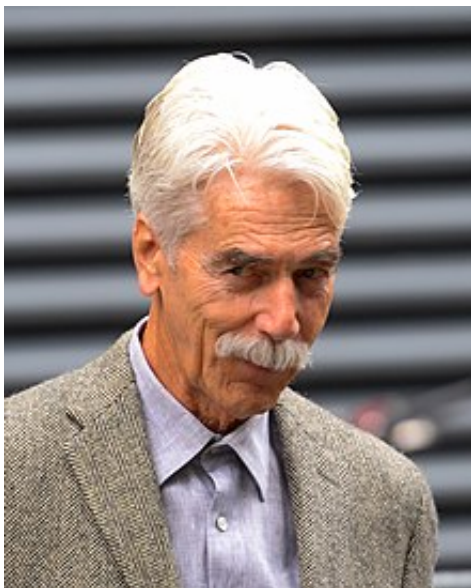
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I have been demoted, but then again, it most likely depends on your measuring rod.

During my middle age years, I would occasionally get the question, “Do you know who you look like?” While this did not happen frequently, it happened often enough I knew the answer. It almost always was [Sam Elliott](#). I remember one incident at a [Quik Trip](#) in Tulsa when a complete stranger came up to me and asked me that question. I have never, ever, once seen the resemblance, but I generally took it as a compliment, being the path of most generosity.

I could almost understand it if someone had heard my voice, it being deep like Elliott’s. However, I do not have the melodious tones that have made Elliott so rich. Sigh.

I will admit to having a bit of moustache envy when it comes to Elliott. When I grow mine out like he does on occasion, mine appears more like a well fought over DMZ than appealing facial hair. Sigh.



Fast forward many years, I am now in my senectitude, and I almost never get the Sam Elliott question or answer any more.

Señora and I are in the midst of a small remodeling project on the old homestead. We have had the master bedroom, another bedroom she uses as an office that is soon to be a nursery, the upstairs hallway and stairwell painted. I usually do this type of work myself, but I decided I am getting a little old for it. Plus *Señora* needs to spend some of the gold bullion she has buried in the basement.

As part of this project to give the spaces a fresh, new look, I have replaced all the duplex sockets, light switches, their associated plates, the return air vents, and the floor vents. When I went to buy the floor

vents, I carried one of the old ones into Home Depot with me to ensure that the proper size was purchased.

As I passed the self-check stations I noticed a young man monitoring them who had a bit of a skater vibe to him.

He walks up to me and says, "Aisle 17, half way down on the right."

"Huh," I said.

I think I was a bit in shock as more often than not if you need help in one these big box home improvement stores you had better pack a lunch. It takes forever to track down an employee, and when you find one I will give you odds that it is a grumpy old man slightly pissed at having to work in his declining years.

He points to the old vent and repeats what he had just said. This time it registered, and I thanked him. I walked right up to what I needed, and carried three of them to the self-check registers.

The young man was still there. As I was scanning my items to check out, he comes up to me again and says, "Do you know who you look like?"

I glanced up at him expecting the usual answer, instead he says, "Stan Lee."

Apparently he was a comic book nerd as well as giving off skater vibes.

Not knowing what else to say, I replied, "thanks??" I have never thought of [Stan Lee](#) as a particular attractive individual.



Ahhh... the seasons of our lives.

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