



# WHEN A CITY GIRL *goes country*

By Annette Bridges

## Inside, We're All the Same

I have a vivid memory of my mamma in her 90s looking in the mirror as she put on her lipstick. After dabbing her lips, she gazed upon her reflection and said with a sigh, "I feel so much younger than I look."

Mamma's words resonate with me these days.

My daughter and I recently took a mother-daughter trip to Granbury, Texas. We spent hours and hours talking, laughing, eating, and shopping. It was amazing and memorable, and I already cannot wait to do it again.

Outside one of the adorable shops was the sign in this photograph with a message that reminded me of my mamma's words, "Outside we may be different, but inside we're all the same." I'm pretty sure the author had an intention that was different from my interpretation.

For me, the sign spoke to how I feel about my aging body. When I complain about my saggy curvy physique, my daughter instructs me to stop comparing myself to my younger self.

I remember the years I could eat all the Blue Bell ice cream I wanted and never gain a pound. I recollect the many years I still wore the same size jeans I wore in college. I recall the years my legs and booty received compliments and whistles from admirers.

These days it is not just about my desire to drop enough pounds to return to my preferred jean size. I long to be free of the aches and pains that wake me up each morning.



Outside a Granbury shop was the sign in this photograph that reminded Annette Bridges of her mamma's words. (Photo courtesy Annette Bridges)

I look in the mirror and see creases and wrinkles that do not match up with my youthful spirit. Inside I feel the same as I did long ago, but the outside does not match, and I desperately want it to.

Weight gain has been a challenge for me in the past 10 years. Twice, I have dropped and regained 40 pounds. I am beginning my weight loss journey for the third time and hoping when I succeed I can keep it off. I want to go into my senior season as the

healthiest I possibly can.

The one thing that has never changed in my 60-plus years is my lighthearted zest for life. I want to be like my mamma and always feel younger than I am.

Thankfully, my sweet hubby knows my longings, which is why he built me a swing set for Christmas last year. It is also why he put together my new stationary recumbent bike this summer.

Indeed, I have no doubt my cattle ranching partner subscribes to my same health goals. The

ranch work required of us both is the same today as it was 40 years ago. So we must do all we can to assure we are able to do what we need to do. We have cows that need us, after all.

So I will move my body in whatever way I can every day. I will not allow disappointment or discouragement to keep me from starting over again and again. I will remember life is too short to let anything take my joy from me. Bring it on mirror, mirror on my wall, you cannot get me down. 🐾