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"The Scale"

Christmas and New Year's that counts, it's what you eat between New Year's and Christmas."

I've had this mantra in my head because my husband, Peter, and I have been trying to keep our weight in check. Peter is doing it for sensible reasons. His cholesterol and blood pressure have been high. He worries he might be at risk for a stroke. Peter was a skinny kid, a skinny teenager and a skinny adult. Discovering in his 60s that he was, in fact, capable of gaining weight came as a great surprise—and disappointment.

In response, Peter has been terrifically disciplined and has avoided sweets for more than two months. He has gotten a lot slimmer. I have gotten slimmer, too. But I have no sensible protocol. I just skip meals. I have low cholesterol and low blood pressure, but it really irks me when

"It's not what you eat between my clothes don't fit, and I found a lot scale today!" of them didn't. So Peter and I both went on our individual versions of a serves a day off." diet.

vanity.

Peter and I share the same scale. how your fault. He weighs himself first and, when I quaintance, the scale.

But now is the season that everyone frets about, and there are going to be days when eating too much is pretty much inevitable.

"Oh, no," I announced to Peter one morning after a particularly decadent dinner. "I don't think I want to see the

Peter replied, "Even the scale de-

We both glanced at our little digital Peter's sensible portion control nemesis with a mixture of emotions, method is very slow and reliable. My none of them good. I thought leaving method of "just don't eat until I'm the poor thing alone sounded like ready to fall over" is probably not as wise advice. I like to think I took pity medically sound, but also works. We on the scale. It can't be a very fun job both lost a bit of weight, and we both having one grumpy person after anfeel better-Peter because of his other standing on you and grumblood pressure, me because of my bling-as if the perfectly accurate information you are relaying is some-

And sometimes, a little denial can get up a bit later, I weigh myself. go a long way. I have that found my Sometimes we compare notes. weight fluctuates wildly from one day Sometimes we commiserate. Just as to the next. I started weighing myself I am waking, I hear Peter utter a sigh in kilograms for a while, just because of semi-satisfaction, or mutter some- the numbers represented larger thing dark about the fickleness of chunks of weight. I couldn't get numbers, and I'll know if he had a worked up about a pound or two, but good or bad day with our mutual ac- after a couple of kilograms, I thought it made sense to take notice.



Imagine the Difference You Can Make

In the U.K., many folks still use stones as a measurement of weight and, while I'm not a fan of getting too much information, this seems like taking it a little too far. A stone is equal to 14 pounds. Ignoring the situation until I had added on the equivalent of a retaining wall seems like more deliberate denial than even I could manage.

But it is the season for big meals and cheese and crackers and cookies and rice pudding, and I honestly can't see myself missing any of it. I know Peter will keep being disciplined and avoiding sweets.

I'm thinking avoiding the scale sounds easier.

Till next time,

Carrie