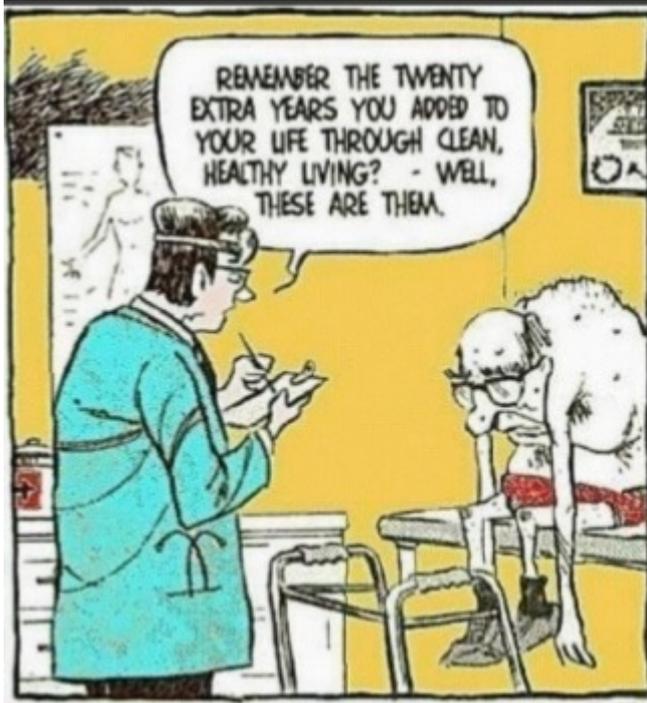


Talking about health was bad for my health



For real. My mental health, that is. Enough already. I've made some decisions that should at least stop that incessant talk. Because talking about health was bad for my health.

Talking about health insurance

Here's where most most of the tsuris comes from. The incessant nagging and badgering about getting health insurance.

Mostly it comes from my Dad and Stepmom. Being parentals, they just can't stop worrying, even about 60-year old sons.

But, hey, even my nieces have begun to ask. And friends cock an eyebrow.

What's so bad about my health?

I mean, sure, my waistline has expanded, but only from 30 to 32. It's not like I'll be auditioning for a Santa suit anytime soon.

And, yeah, I did have that unexplained rise in triglycerides that now have me on atorvastatin (where most people get it for cholesterol). But it's the only prescription I take.

Otherwise, annual physicals and regular screenings say I'm just fine. I believe I could lose 10 pounds (and get back to 30 waist), but my doctor hasn't echoed those thoughts.

Ending an 11-year run

When I was fired (laid off?) from my last job, I had health insurance during my severance. Since then, none.

That's 11 years without health insurance. During that time I've spent barely a fraction of what medical premiums alone would cost, let alone the deductible.

And, much of those costs go to the eye doctor and dentist, two areas rarely covered in a health plan. So, why have insurance?

Oh, the humanity

Everyone goes, "But what about a catastrophic event?" What, like meteors? Is that covered?

Yeah, yeah, the big accident or surprise illness. Hospitals, tests, specialists, yadda. I got it.

But, I live a pretty uneventful life. Hermit man, at your service. It's tough to find danger when your travel circle is about a five mile radius from your home.

And, as mentioned above, the Doc (and his tests) says I'm just fine. So, why not save the money?

All this talking is bad for my mental health

But the constant nagging and worrying has finally drained me. I feel that if I don't do something, I may actually *need* health services. Mental ones.

So I dove into the Healthcare.gov website and viewed the possible medical plans there to see if I qualified for any help in those ridiculous costs.

And I do mean ridiculous. Looking at it seriously for the first time in years, I can fully realize why this would be

(and should be) the number one topic for any citizen in the U.S.

I don't know how every political wannabe and already elected isn't talking about this day and night. And fixing it.

I mean, wow. Just wow. Those costs are insane. PLUS a deductible?!? In. Sane.

Talking about health was bad for my health

But, I finally pulled the trigger (or pushed the button, as the case may be). Based on what I *think* I'm going to earn this year, I do qualify for a little credit. Don't get me started on the whole "what do you think you will earn" thing and the potential chargebacks...

Now, thankfully, my parentals can move on from health insurance. Possibly into me finding a woman. That's another perilous area, but still an improvement.

Because, really, talking about health was bad for my health.