

Walking away from Siri



Ironic. On the day I'm posting about my old iPhone's apparent demise, Apple stock is having its best day in sometime. That event is helpful in reassuring my retirement. Still, here's a tale about how I'm walking away from Siri.

From Siri with love

My initial experience with Apple came at the end of my working career (another irony pops up...today is just full of it). Having left the company that supplied me a cellphone, I needed a new one.

Understand, I never wanted a cellphone, it was forced on me when my VP lost track of me at a huge convention in Las Vegas. Ah, those blissful days of being out of contact.

Three years later, though, I recognized the biggest benefit of a cellphone: less garbage calls.

Walking away from land lines

Those were the early days of cellphones. Between being charged for incoming and outgoing calls and the relative invisibility in telemarketing computers, cell phones were off the annoying call map.

Granted, being in South Florida supports a land line in the house, since a hurricane can easily knock out those cell towers. But, my next door neighbors both have land lines and, strangely, they like me (who can explain people?).

So, I switched to cell phone only and ended up walking away from land lines forever.

Well, I mean, I own their stock

Part of my reckless retirement strategy had me overextending myself into hot tech stocks. Apple was one of those stocks.

While not the best basis for making purchases, I do tend to patronize the stocks I own. And vice versa. If I use a company's products frequently, I'm more likely to invest in them (such as Home Depot or Proctor and Gamble).

So, after walking away from land lines, I ended up walking into an iPhone. A 3S, to be precise.

A five-year walk to mini Siri

As mentioned in my [computer upgrade post](#), my technology usually outlasts my patience. In this case, it was a draw. The 3S was still working fine, but the battery was in intensive care. Absent being plugged in all the time, it drained swiftly.

The problem for me was, all the new iPhones were so big. Bleh. Fortunately, I was able to pick up the still-being-sold 5C and I was back in business.

The repeating of history

Another five years pass and, sure enough, my 5C starts showing

the same battery drain. Planned obsolescence or just bad luck? Ah, well, back to the store.

Except now, there are no more “small” phones. The “littlest” I can find is a 7 and that’s hardly smaller than newer models. In fact, the newest, the iPhone XR, actually turned out to be about the same size. Still too large, but what are you gonna do?

Just last night I wore a pair of jeans for the first time since purchasing the XR. My worst fears were realized. Good gosh, that’s just plain ridiculous.

Walking away from Siri

However, I figured I could still use my old 5C as my walking phone. In essence, with the cellular connection severed, it was basically an iPod.

Well, except for Siri. Apparently, Siri needs the internet to operate. Why? I don’t know, but when I was out on my walk, some miles from home (and my modem), Siri started backtalking me.

“Can’t connect to the internet to process your request.”

I mean, the request was simply to shuffle a playlist. The playlist is resident in the phone’s memory. What’s with the internet thingy?

Walking without Siri

So, there it is. I can access Siri to about the end of my block and then the connection becomes too distant for her to access. Meh.

I either make sure my music choice is made before leaving or do it the old fashioned way and pull out the phone and press buttons.

Regardless of owning the newest iPhone on the market, each morning I end up walking away from Siri.