

BACKBONES

I felt senile when one weekend I played with my granddaughter, KK. She is a very active two-and-a half year toddler, restlessly running around here and there. Sometimes she needs to be carried, sometimes I need to chase her around. I have to bend my back a lot and some times carrying KK on one side of my body. She really tests my stamina and my spine flexibility!

My chronic lower backpain feels more pain several hours later. In addition, I have a scoliosis symptom, making the pain even painful that the owner of a healthy spine.

I remember when I was about ten years and my grandpa was still well, at his late 60s. Almost every night he asked his youngest son (i.e. my teenage uncle) to walk on his back to lessen his backpain. He did not want me to walk on his body because I was too skinny, by the way.

My late grandpa had a severe scoliosis and his torso was like a letter 'C'. Now I can understand his pain. Age truly does not lie.

During my life somehow I have to see orthopedics, chiropractics, and 'tukang urut Cimande' quite often. It's all related to my back, my precious spines.

One of my orthopedics gave me a reassuring statement - our backbones and its associated muscles are simply tired of supporting our body.

Playing with my granddaughter KK was like a wake-up call for me. Nenda - that's how I want KK to call me, not 'mbah uti' or 'eyang uti', or 'oma' or 'ene' - is not young anymore. Nenda's backbone is not strong anymore. In addition, Nenda has a scoliosis, right?

You can imagine that during two third of your life, the backbones support your vertical positioned body. Even during sleeping, sometimes we abuse or have to abuse our back by sleeping in the inappropriate position.

The important lesson from my story is: we have to really, really take care of our backbones before it is too late...