

TECHNOLOGY AND ME

Beverly Balter

“Technology and me” doesn’t even make sense in a sentence. I knew it was getting beyond me when I returned home from the South when my husband was shipped overseas and I discovered not just radio stations but TV channels that I had to contend with. Even now, I find that dials, switches, buttons and things that click confound me.

At first, I felt above it all as my friends disappeared into their darkened rooms watching their computer screens. I preferred to spend my time reading books. Besides, my favorite #2 pencils with their clean eraser at its tip satisfied my needs.

When I was driving, I used to have nightmares about my not remembering where my car was parked. I’ll admit that the newfangled gadget that gets your car to report to its whereabouts would have saved me many a night’s sleep. I’m in awe of that lovely lady in everyone’s car who can direct its driver to anyplace he or she wants to go.

I never learned to type since in my career before I married and the one after my marriage there was always a secretary available.

I direct my weekly assignments from the Writer’s Group to my great-grandchildren in the hopes that in the future they might want to know me. However, they are written in my hurried script. I heard that most schools no longer teach script. They might look at my writings and think “Rosetta Stone.”

A technology that would most impress and delight me would be one that would scan my pages and then deliver neatly typed records. Is there any hope for that technology?