

Ready, Set, *Whine!*

Musings from a Wino

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Nancy, I heard of your ankle accident. You may have noticed that as you get older, we decline physically and mentally; fortunately, wine improves with age, which in my aging brain translates into, the older I get, the more I like it. Nonetheless, don't *whine* about your ankle 'for everything happens for a *Riesling*.' I recommend a nice warm soaking for your ankle as you can't drink wine in the shower. Incidentally, have you found a wine that pairs well with your pain killers? Remember, when *sip* happens, it's ok to *whine*. Actually, you need to *whine* away the pain. The question is to *whine* or not to *whine* and the resounding response is *Ready, Set, Whine*.

As I grow older, I too am beginning to experience some medical issues, especially with my *pour* vision, depression, and loss of hearing. Our neighborhood book club now only reads wine labels, which is further deteriorating my vision; so, my doctor recommended that at my age I need glasses, so I immediately scurried to Target and purchased 6 more Cabernet glasses. I now see



the world noticeably better though *Rosé*-colored glasses. I am stunned how my vision with wine glasses improved. It is twice as good as before as excessive *whining* now makes me see double and on special occasions, triple. Nice, huh? Moreover, I can now read effortlessly between the *whines*. However, there is a small part of me that is highly concerned about my vision as I've noticed that when I close my eyes, I can't see.

I have to keep my *spirits* up; however, when depression sets in, I don't know to what or whom to turn to. Nonetheless, I know the answer is not at the bottom of a wine bottle, but just in case, I keep checking. Have even found myself wanting to crawl in a wine bottle to check more closely. *Whining* does not appear to solve my depression, but neither do water, milk, and juice; however, I occasionally drink a glass of water, milk, or juice to the disbelief of my liver. I find myself drinking more wine because it is NOT GOOD to keep things *bottled* up. I like to pretend I am rescuing trapped grapes. Bottom line, *whining* is cheaper



than therapy as true happiness is a state of *whine*. As the song goes, “if you can’t be with the one you love...love the *whine* you’re with” and be sure to *whine* a little and laugh a lot. For better mental health the Beatles said it best, “all you need is *wine*,” honestly, you’ll feel better. After a recent thorough checkup, the doctor’s prescription was to *whine* in the days that end in ‘y’ and never to cry over spilled milk as it could have been wine. The doctor also suggested that I practice the ancient drinking movement of *zin* that emphasizes enlightenment; the more *zin* I consume the greater the enlightenment. Essentially, wine is a big hug in a glass or as some refer to it, *liquid tranquility*, others refer to wine as *liquid serenity*. In this crazy world, *whining* actually helps me to stop and smell the *Rosé* and also has been known to make me *blush*. However, I constantly have to tell friends that I am not slurring my words but that I am speaking in *cur-sive*. To be perfectly cab-*Franc*, some people get high; however, I go *merlot*. A little

know fact about *whining* is that it will reduce the number toilet trips for older *whiners*; however, you must enjoy the premium grape, *pino more*.

According to the Sacred *Book of Wine*, Chapter 17, verse 23:9, money can’t buy happiness, but it can surely help you *whine*. The good book in Chapter 11, verse 17:2 also states that you must *eat, sleep, whine, and repeat*. There is inspiration in the sacred book as it bolsters the power of positive *drinking*. Unfortunately, sometimes we stray from the good book and it is more fun to *whine* and judge people. My typical prayer is, “Lord, give me coffee to change the things I can change and let me *whine* to accept the thing I can not.” The good book also states that you should mix your wine which I do; half a glass of cabernet with another half a glass of merlot. Smart, huh?

My hearing is also beginning to suffer for when I hear *yoga class* I sometimes hear *pour me a glass*. Other times have even heard

wine calling my name. Moreover, it appears loss of hearing is affecting my wife for when I ask her to get me a *cab*, she calls a taxi. I have been told that to slow my hearing loss I should exercise more; I tried running but I kept spilling my wine. I chose to exercise by speed-walking around the house searching for where I last placed my wine glass. Also, searching throughout the house allows me to enjoy all the wine regions of my home. Doctors fail to understand that I do not experience hangovers, so they have resorted to referring to my condition as, *wine flu*. Actually, *whining* is not an addiction or habit, it's a hobby. However, if it were an addiction, I would surely rehab in Napa to keep my options open. Honestly, I am not drunk or addicted, but slightly *marinated*. Nonetheless, I have learned that a day without wine is like...just kidding, I have no idea. Actually, a day without *whining* is like a day without sunshine. Moreover, I used to *think* that drinking wine was bad for me, so I immediately gave up *thinking*. I also *red* that drinking wine was bad for me so I also gave up *reading*. Actually, when I *whine* too much, I find myself not giving a

sip and if non-*whiners* don't like it they can kiss my *glass*. Ever feel you have had too much wine? Me neither! Wine never broke my heart, but it has caused me to confuse words; just yesterday, I referred to our dog as the 'prick of the litter'.

Despite my health issues, each night I will continue to *whine* for the health of it. *Whining* helps me improve my flawless dance moves and enjoy several more daily wine drinks to expand my witty comeback repertoire. Just how much *whining* could a wine drinker *whine* if a wine drinker could *whine* all day? Witty huh? Wine has been known to prolong life by boosting my immune system; consequently, it appears I am going to be immortal. Nonetheless, *whining* makes me awesome, like a magician I can make wine disappear. However, there must be a hole in the bottle leaking all the time because it is always empty by dinner-time.... what is your superpower? I feel strongly that if I *whine* sufficiently, I would rule the world because a bottle of wine never lets me down. Actually, after *whining* for a couple of hours, I feel like I am playing





chess and everyone else is stuck on checkers.

You may not realize it, but wine is how classy people get *screwed*; however, I really don't give a *sip*, as it's always *wine* o'clock somewhere so I can *whine* down anytime; but, I have never totally *unWHINED*. Sipping wine allows me to be on cloud *wine* throughout the day. The key is to keep calm and *whine* a little. I need a glass of wine to stay focused and 3-4 glasses of wine per day reduces the risks of giving a *sip*. Wine is my favorite 4-letter word. However, every morning when I rise and *whine*, I run through the house with my arms swinging wildly like Rocky Balboa shouting, "let's get ready to *stumble*" or "take me to your *liter*." In the mornings I am so uncontrollable you can *whine* me up and watch me *pour*! Like all persons, I too have a unique bucket list: 1) buy a bucket, 2) buy some wine, 3) fill bucket with wine, and 4) *whine*. I love days where my only choice is red or white; however, when you open a bottle of wine, let it breathe, if it appears it is not breathing... give it *mouth-to-mouth*. After a wine-saving *mouth-to-mouth*, that little rush I feel when I taste my first sip of excellent wine is referred to as '*winegasm*.' Let me repeat, that

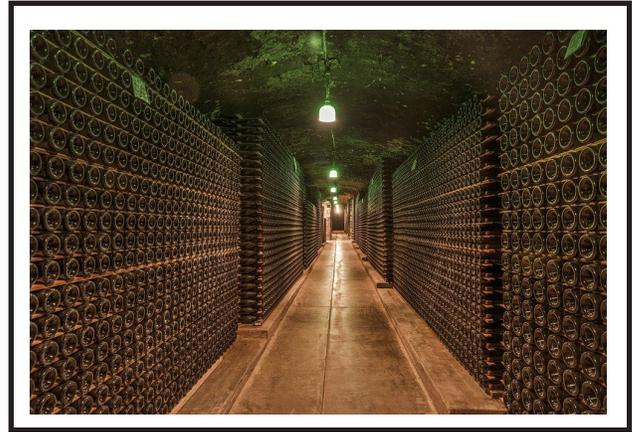
first taste of excellent wine is referred to as *winegasm*. Oh, yea, *winegasm*! According to Kinsey, female wine drinkers and some male wine drinkers are capable of multiple *winegasms*. I'm working on it.

My mother taught me always to finish what I start, which is why I don't understand what a *wine stopper* is for. Actually a friend shared that he is creating ice cubes out of leftover wine. Who would have thought that was possible...to have leftover wine that is. Moreover, I'd stop *whining*, but mother further taught me to never to be a quitter. She would say when *sip* happens to *whine* it away. She also taught me that life is too short to drink cheap wine and that wine is magical, she would say – "*wine goes in, wisdom come out*." I learned from her that being a parent without *whining* is tough as I have made some *pour* parental decisions. The most expensive part of having children is all the *whining* I have to partake to cope. However, *whining* cures everything as it is the WD-40 and duct tape of parenting. Depressed? Worried? Tired? Lonely? Sad? Stressed? Miserable? Angry? Fearful? Embarrassed? Fired from your job? *Whining* will take care of it! There isn't nothing that *whining* can't fix. Actually, the only thing better than *whining* is more *whining*. When I am *whining* I am as happy as can be, I feel like I am on cloud *wine*.

After all these years, *whining* is still my favorite contact sport; however, I continue to gather no respect at home. Just yesterday, my wife and I were sharing a bottle of wine when I heard her say, "*I love you*." I arrogantly inquired if she really meant it or

was it the wine talking; she responded, “*No, it’s me talking to the wine.*” Mama loves and needs to **whine**, she often wears a t-shirt emblazoned with, ‘*drinks well with others.*’ She claims that our home runs on laughter, love, and really good wine! She even decided to home school our daughter and began with wine fractions as she showed our daughter what a 1/4, 1/2, 3/4 and a full glass of wine should look like. Truly an amazing mother. Moreover, I have periodically heard her shouting the Helen Reddy song line, “*I am woman hear me pour.*” She always notes how **wine** flies when she is having fun. She has gotten into social activism and recently joined the new wine movement ‘*Drunk wives’ matter.* The movement maintains that wine is a woman’s remuneration for putting up with men. Occasionally, she pretends to be a mermaid as it allows her to drink like a fish. She always seems to give in to **whine** pressure. Moreover, her idea of cleaning house is drinking wine with a glass in one hand and a can of Febreze in the other spraying everything. I fear that one day she may confuse which hand holds the wine and which hand holds the Febreze, ...this would not provide a good outcome. I guess it wouldn’t be too bad to come home to a red sofa. Bottom line - **whining** will keep us together.

On desperate thirsty occasions, I have actually gone into McDonalds and asked for McWine...am always stunned to discover they don’t have it; however, their coffee keeps me busy till it’s time to **whine**. I did recommend to McDonalds that they place wines on the menu that pair well with



a Happy Meal. Oh, do you know what a meal without wine is called? breakfast! Moreover, do you realize that wine counts as a fruit? Wine does have calories; however, although wine does not make you fat, it does cause you to **lean**...yes, lean against walls, chairs, friends, and anything that is solidly positioned. Several times I have tried cooking with wine; however, after 4 glasses I always forget why I was in the kitchen. Nonetheless, I do enjoy cooking with wine – sometimes even put it in the food. I even tried a wine diet and **whined** so much that I lost 2 days rather than 2 pounds. Once again, **sip** happens. My idea of a well-balanced diet is a glass of wine in each hand. I always enjoy a glass of wine with dinner and dinner usually consists of a bottle of wine. Essentially, I save all my carbs for wine. Actually, most of my dinners are poured! Wine has been known to lower cholesterol; consequently, every glass consumed can be perceived as having a glass of medicine. I have not figured out how to have a wine collection...however, I do have an extensive wine cork collection as *every cork tells a story.* I constantly attempt to convince myself that

I drink wine to collect corks probably because cork is my birthstone. If I get lost or go missing, I want my picture on a wine bottle instead of a milk carton so that my friends will know I am missing. Wine is also my response to climate change – thousands of used corks glued together are preparing me for safe escape by raft when the disastrous flood comes. Funny how 8 glasses of water per day seems unbearable; however, 8 glasses of wine can easily be accomplished...in a single meal. Moreover, really good wine has a distinct taste similar to ‘*I am going to miss work tomorrow.*’

One thing for sure when it comes to wine – size truly matters; no one wants a small glass of wine. Moreover, when it comes to *whining*, I love big *bordeaux* and I cannot lie. After retiring, I am always being asked how I continue to work 12-15 hours a day to get things accomplished ‘coffee and wine sweetheart – coffee and wine’. I rise and grind coffee and end the day *whining*. My most wishful dream is that one day someone will invent a coffee maker that brews coffee and wine. Coffee keeps me going until it acceptable to drink wine. I have learned that ‘*life*’ is what happens between coffee and wine. Sometimes with my morning cup of coffee I fancy myself as a weatherman; however, the prediction is always the same in my mind, partly cloudy



with ‘99.9% to 100% chance of *wine*.’ My morning motto is ‘*coffee now, wine later.*’ Essentially, I rise and *wine* and finish the day off *whining*. My suggestion is if you run out of coffee in the morning, *whining* is a perfect replacement as it will make everyone appear so much nicer and prettier throughout your day.

Being of Native American heritage, I discovered that my Indian name is ‘*Dances with wine*’ – who would have thought it,

wow. I also discovered that I have a wine genetic disposition. You may not know this, but wine is not considered an alcohol *spirit*; however, Native Americans definitely know there is a wine *spirit!* You also may not know but, I actually

speak a very unusual Native American dialect called *winese*. *Winese* was the unique language that Native Americans used to communicate during WW2 that Germany and Japan were unable to decode primarily because Germans and Japanese were beer and sake devotees not *whining*. Those Native American WW2 heroes who represented the ‘red, white and *cru*’ are famously referred to today as ‘*wine talkers.*’

Rarely do I run out of wine but, when I do, my thoughts turn to ‘*why do bad things happen to good people.*’ Given all my *whining*, I do sometimes feel badly that some innocent grapes died for me. It is sad that every box

of raisins is a tragic story of grapes not having been given a chance. Bottom line – I don't *whine* too much, it so happens that people around me *whine* too little. Maybe it is the wine talking but I want to *whine* right now. The only thing better than a glass of wine is 2 or better yet, a bottle...ok a liter. However, being an outdoorsy person, I plan to enjoy my next glass of wine on my patio, front porch or courtyard. *Wine* not? I like to pretend that drinking wine on the patio, front porch or courtyard is like camping because camping without wine is just sitting in the woods. We all should take care of the earth as it is the only planet with wine. 'May the *wine* be with you.' My attitude is either *whine* a little or just say 'cork it' and go home.

I only drink wine when alone, with someone, or with friends; consequently, for any special occasion all I need to *whine* is a glass. Friends don't let friends *whine* alone; however, remember, you are not drinking alone if the dog, cat, or bird is in the house... ok, even a goldfish will do. Friends that *whine* together are friends until the end of *wine*. When with friends there is always 100% chance of *whining*. I love getting *merload-ed* with friends. When drinking wine with friends, they tend to finish my sentences, where understandably, I tend to finish their wine. Thank goodness I don't have a beer belly; however, it appears I am exhibiting a wine barrel belly. Wine pairs well with friends; so, come visit sometime for I have an open-door policy that suggests if you bring the wine the door is always open. I do know that the best wines are the ones I en-



joy with friends, so when you come by; slap me, squeeze me, stomp on me and make me *whine*. The best memories are made when friends gather around a bottle of fine wine. Friends who say I am hard to shop for clearly do not know where to buy wine. When friends are not available, I throw a *wine and cheese party* for myself without the cheese. Friends are very important; however, if a friend tells you, "it is too early to drink"... unfriend them. You don't need that kind of negativity in your life; tell them to kiss your *Shiraz*. Oh, you know what a bottle of wine between friends is called? **EMPTY!** I constantly have to remind friends fretting about selecting flowers or candy for Valentine's Day, birthday, anniversary, wedding, Christmas, or any other occasional gift, that you can't drink flowers or candy! Moreover, roses may be red but, so is wine. Some of my friends claim that money can't buy you happiness, however, I disagree, as it can buy me wine which makes me feel very happy; that is why I *whine!*

In the night before Christmas, and all through the house, not a creature was stir-



ring -- only Santa and the sound of wine bottles clinking in my wine cellar. Interestingly, Santa stops by my cellar every year for a wine tasting as he knows that our home actually functions on Walmart, Target, Sam's Club, Amazon Prime and wine. This year Santa was dreaming of a white Christmas, but I was out of white. Obviously, Santa goes both ways as he settled for a red Christmas. As Santa left the house, I could hear him singing, "*The weather outside is frightful, but wine is so delightful.*" Santa enjoyed

the red so much that he gave the impression that next year his attitude will be slightly more aggressive, "*Give me the red wine and nobody gets hurt.*" Nonetheless, you can bet your **Shiraz** that Santa will return next year as he departed, I heard him say, '*l-co-hol you later.*' Moreover, next year there will be no elf on the shelf; instead, Santa will be on the lookout for **Merlot on the Shelf**. Santa must have **red** my mind that it doesn't matter if the glass is half empty or half full, the glass clearly needs more wine...logic is, when in doubt, add more wine. Louis Pasteur said it best, "*A bottle of wine contains more philosophy than all the books in the world.*" Remember, "*ask not what wine has done for you, but rather, what are you willing to do for some wine.*" As for me, I'll be **whining** till the end because wine doesn't need to be perfect to be beautiful. I can **whine** forever without ever becoming **bordeaux**. Essentially, **whining** is always the answer, I just haven't figured out the question. **Sip, sip**, hooray!

*Over the years, in my numerous wine journeys to Napa, Sonoma and various wine shops, I collected countless highly clever one-line wine adages. Want to thank all those anonymous persons who wittily composed many of the adages paraphrased in this narrative. Essentially, I expanded and weaved these collected sayings into a narrative for all wine lovers to enjoy and to bring a smile to every wine lover's face. I was so inspired that I created many of my own! I love to **whine**.*

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