

A Trip To The DMV.
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Well it was that time. I had to go to the Department of Motor Vehicles to get my drivers license renewed for another 8 year. This is one of those trips we all dread since the experience is never very much fun. Being a working fool meant I had to go on the day of the week when they were open late. Of course most other people also work so this is not the best time to go but it was my only choice unless I wanted to burn a day of vacation which would really be a waste of precious time off. So right after work I scurried right down to my local office of the DMV. It had not changed in the last 8 years since I had to do this exercise. The line was long. That was the line just to get into another line to get to the right place. So I waited in line and checked my forms to make sure they were right. After about an hour I finally made it to the proper window and it was time for the good old eye test.

I put my head to the machine and looked inside. I triumphantly read the first line and that's where things started to go bad. The second line was very hard to read and there was some squinting going on as I read the line. The examiner asked if I was sure or did I not read English letters. I tried again. Then I was asked to read the next line. I said that was a trick question because I couldn't see it. The examiner made a quick adjustment and there it was and I read it with some more squinting. Then we checked the depth perception and the peripheral vision that did not seem to be a problem.

The examiner then said OK and started to write on the back of the application. She then said you passed but it was real close to not making it. She recommended that I see someone for a more thorough check in the near future. Then she asked if I wanted to keep my motorcycle endorsement. I said most defiantly very proudly. To which she asked if I was sure with that weak vision I had developed? I paid my money and went to get my picture taken. It is really strange how a DMV photo never comes out looking like you think you look. Must be I need my eyes checked.

So I go to my optometrist. After lots of examining the doctor said, "So you are not a legal driver anymore." About a week later my new glasses were on my head and I learned a lot. Signs are not hairy and can actually be read from quite a distance down the road. You really do not need to be a speed-reader. And there are a lot more potholes than I thought there were.

Eight years is a long time to go between eye exams. When your vision changes with age it usually happens slowly. As we get closer to the other end of life we need to monitor our vision. If you think your vision may be changing ask some one to tell you when they can read a sign up the road as you are driving along and see if you are better or worse. If you are worse you may want to get your vision checked. When you ride a motorcycle you need every advantage you can get. As your vision fails, the small road surface problems that may mean the difference between staying up or crashing may blend into the blur of bad vision and not be seen. This is a serious problem.

The only problem the new glasses did not help was the picture on my new drivers license, it actually got worse with the new glasses.