

# St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

*St. Francis de Sales*



## Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – June 27 & 28, 2009

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

### Sugar & Spice is Really a Vice!

**IT IS** amazing how in the course of a day, a brief moment in time, life can be inexplicably changed, and one's whole world view gets re-focused. Such was the case last week. It all began innocent enough. After the colonoscopy, the doctor wanted me to get blood work done later in the Spring, so on a sunny Friday morning in June, after prescribed fasting, I went to the 'draculian' office to have a couple of vials removed. The lab did its job and sent the results to my doctor.

No sooner had the Office received my results than they were on the phone arranging for me to see the doctor the next day. Well, with school masses and the like, our schedules could not jive until a week later. Then, later that day, my doctor himself called. Now, I figured it wasn't a social call so, in the middle of HomeSense, looking for a trinket for my niece's confirmation, he called my cell phone. He very kindly read me the riot act of what I could and couldn't do in the week interim before the appointment.

Well, fear of the Lord, or fear of the doctor-lord took on new meaning.

Finally the day arrived and I was ushered into his office. He sat me down and explained that my blood sugar was high enough to be 'diagnostic'. When he translated that into plain English, he said that I have developed Type 2 diabetes. I knew I shouldn't have made jokes about my niece with Type 1 diabetes.

Anyway, I thankfully don't need needles, nor oral medication. I do need to lose weight, and the worst part is that I have to prick my finger every morning to check my blood sugar. I am learning a new vocabulary, like glycometer, (a meter to measure the blood sugar) and lancets (little needles that draw blood from the finger.) It also means that my nasty habit of eating at odd and irregular hours has to stop. No more coke, or Tim Horton's hot chocolate. No more double-cheese, double-pepperoni pizzas.

I have to develop a new literacy for food labels to balance calories, sugars, and carbohydrates. When we talked about it, I had no obvious signs of the onset; though I did lament that it would have been nice to have the sudden weight loss one.

Oh well, I guess I have to do it the old fashioned way, with hard work. It means a whole new life style in this new club, and I wasn't surprised, after all, anyone who knows me, knows that I am just too sweet for my own good.

- SR