

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

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BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

SO I pop into Shoppers Drug Mart to purchase my cleansing agent, vanilla flavoured. I read on the label that the concoction was made in Ireland of all places. Now Ireland's is not one of those cuisines celebrated around the world. Having grown up on a meat and potatoes diet, which remains my idea of a great meal and constitutes my comfort foods, oh that and pizza, I thought it peculiar that I should entrust my palate, among other parts of my anatomy to the culinary genius of a pharmaceutical firm in Ireland.

I lined up at the counter to ring through my giant container of "Klean Prep" as the trepidation began to churn in my stomach. The cashier systematically rang me through, looked at the container of 'vanilla flavoured' pouches, offering an off-handed "this stuff looks interesting," and then invited me to have a nice day. It struck me as a trifle insincere, rehearsed and contrived at best.

I wanted to confront her by asking if she had any clue as to what was going to befall me later that day from ingesting this 'vanilla elixir'. I wondered that if she did know, then what on earth did she think I was going to do with this cleaning agent. I didn't have time to explain, or quibble, or rant, I was on a timetable, and the seconds were clicking away before I had to down my two litres of solution. The instructions warn that everything begins to work in about an hour after the first drink. Just time enough to roll the television in front of the bathroom, bring in the portable phone, a set of nail clippers, some of my permitted clear liquid Ginger Ale, a book, and lots and lots of toilet paper.

I even stepped on the scales to get an idea of any remote benefits that might accompany this new adventure. Everything was ready for the onslaught.

Now one may think that after almost two days of fasting that the system would be fairly empty. To save you the details, suffice it to say we live in such delusions and ignorance of our biological miracle called the human body.

Every ten minutes I had to drink another cup of this solution. There was a trace taste of vanilla, but it couldn't disguise the awful taste of all the electrolytes brewed together to manipulate my body into doing the doctor's bidding. Minutes passed by, I had little warning when the 'evacuation' began, but I was prepared... (To be cont'd.)

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