

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

St. Francis de Sales



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BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

"All's well that ENDS well"

THE weight scales provided evidence, that contrary to popular opinion, I am not full of it, just about 4 pounds of it.

Now recent natural disasters around the world prove that most evacuations take a long time. The electrolytes provided a natural disaster of their own, and evacuation took almost three hours, locked in the confines of the bathroom. Once it was over, I got to look forward to waking up at 6:00 am to begin the process again. Finally it was time to head off to the clinic.

I was taught that when one visits a professional institution like a doctor, there is a certain amount of decorum that is expected, a sign of one's self-respect. I was torn as what to wear, after all, when baring one's butt before the camera, so to speak, one need not stand on protocol. So I selected wardrobe for its ease of wear in anticipation of the groggy, foggy state after the procedure – track pants, t-shirt, and of course clean underwear.

I arrived early and the nonchalance with which they greeted me belied the growing pit in my stomach. After signing in and filling out some forms, I took my place in line with the other candidates. Not that this is a usual practice, but I thought my 'tush' was the nicest, if I do say so myself.

Eventually they led me into the ward where I was to change into a beautiful blue gown that highlighted my eyes, among other things, with the instructions "Make sure the opening is to the rear". I answered, "No pun intended". The nurse was not amused.

They searched hands and elbows until they could find a vein, prepped me, and then wheeled me into the arena. There was a television screen, computers, and this long python-like camera. The nurse asked me to lay on my left and tuck my knees, yes, both of them. Then she inserted a drug and warned me that I had about 40 seconds of consciousness left, and as I tried to engage her in a bit of conversation, everything faded to black zzzzzzzzz.

Next thing I remember was being awoken. I felt so rested, in a beautiful, euphoric daze of mellow, relaxation. I just kept smiling. I wasn't sure what day it was, where I was, or what I was doing, but I felt great. She informed me that I had three small polyps, and the doctor wants to see me in a year.

Well, 344 days and counting. "All's well that ENDS well", pun intended.

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