

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

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Meanderings...

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BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

"Bottoms Up?! Cheeky story."

I HAVE never been a hardcore *Trekkie*, and in fact, I am more a fan of the “*Next Generation*”, but I was happy that they maintained the opening words, “To boldly go where no one has gone before”.

That has taken on new significance this past week. It all began when I was looking for a family doctor. As much as I refuse to admit it, I think I am hitting the age where more frequent visits will be required. My last check up of any consequence was back in 1987. So I was on the search for a doctor who would take me on.

On Tuesday, I had my interview with the new doctor candidate. He asked what some of my concerns were and we charted out a long term, slow initiation into the medical system. On my list of things to come was a colonoscopy. With my mother being a colon cancer survivor, it was time to begin taking life issues a bit more seriously. I know of the waiting times of months to schedule such procedures, so in my mind it was still something that I could mentally defer.

It didn't shock me too much to have a phone call from the referral to set a date for this long-awaited event. What did scare me was soon I would be under the gun so to speak. On Ash Wednesday, I was informed that my procedure would take place on the Friday, that I would have to fast from solids on Thursday, and begin the preparations Thursday evening. High noon was the time of destiny. That didn't give me a lot of time to fret.

I was worried about coming off the Fast day of Ash Wednesday to enter into another two days without solid food. It may not be obvious, but I haven't missed many meals. So the dietary instructions included no solid foods starting with Thursday morning, only jello (although my favorite flavour of strawberry was not allowed), clear fluids, ginger ale, and clear broths – none of which sounded too appetizing or filling.

I would also have to pick up a cleansing preparation kit that used Orwellian New Speak to soften onerous processes to make them sound gentler, kinder, and easier to take. I was going to have a ‘intestinal lavage’ to ‘evacuate’ my tracts. That is code for furiously cleaning out the colon by storms of evacuees, and being held hostage in the bathroom for hours at a time.

What a wonderful beginning to Lenten penance. (To be cont'd)

-SR