

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

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BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

NOW to be sure, I was born well after the first wave of Hula Hoop mania swept through the world. In fact, I would say that I was at least the second wave, when Hula Hoops were standard equipment for elementary gym classes. It was just one of those activities that created a lot of enthusiasm and friendly competition—how many hoops could you keep going? Or could you swing it up to your neck, down to your knees and back up to the hips.

Now the whole thought of trying to swing these hips just makes me dizzy and a bit nauseous. But as I begin to require the medical field more often, with annual tests and quarterly check-ups and blood work, I'm finding that I am re-acquiring a certain skill with a new kind of hoops, the medical field hoop.

I have been trying since June to get into the diabetes clinic to learn more about my new condition, and what are the perimeters of my new diet regime, and more importantly, how far can I cheat on this regime.

One would think that it would be quite easy to get this information. With a great sense of naïveté, I called our local diabetes clinic. Of course it was impossible to get a live voice, so I left a message. When I hadn't heard back, I called again, only to discover that they were now on holidays and wouldn't return until I was away for two weeks.

When I did make contact, I was told I needed a doctor's referral. I was heading to see him anyway, so I informed him of my need. He wrote out the pertinent information on a prescription note.

Well, when I finally was able to talk to a real person, I discovered that apparently that is not the proper form—I needed a special form. So I phoned my doctor's office and informed them that they would not accept it, and asked them to submit a 'proper' referral.

After two weeks, I had heard nothing, so I called the Clinic to see where my referral was. They didn't have it. So I phoned my doctor's office and was told I had to make an appointment to get it filled out, even though he had tried a short cut approach. Well, now they don't have the proper form.

So I phoned the Clinic to get a 'proper' form to take to my doctor. Well, they don't give it to patients, only doctors. Well, I didn't have the fax number. So, I leave in a couple of hours to see my doctor who may or may not have the 'proper' form, and I may or may not be referred to the Clinic. In the meantime, I think they have discovered the cure for Type 2 Diabetes.

I think hoops were a lot more fun when I was younger.

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