

This Report In Arrears- Part 2

By Lou Lombardo, LMT, NCTMB

I arrived at 7:45 at Noyes Hospital in Dansville for the big 'C' just two days before my 18-day vacation to Italy & Switzerland.

I was prepped and ready for this highly anticipated procedure, having followed doctor's orders to a 'T'.

I reported to the ASU and handed over my paper work that consisted of the usual personal questions about my medical background.

As I entered the office the smell of freshly brewed coffee hit me at a time when I hadn't had anything to drink for 12 hours. Although I had weaned myself off of caffeine a couple of years ago, the smell was very tempting and enticing.

And, to top it off, the overhead television which, I am sure was there to add to my comfort level, was advertising fast food breakfast commercials at a time when I hadn't had any solid food for two days.

I thought that the rules of the Geneva Convention must certainly cover this type of inhumane treatment. Maybe not.

Anyway, after 10 minutes had elapsed, I was escorted to the pre-pre procedure room. There I was asked more medical questions, some of which were the same as I had answered in the paperwork I already handed in. The nurse then was very thorough in describing what was to happen in the next hour.

She then asked me to put on one of those backless gowns- the ones that tie in the back. I now have a lot more respect for women who can put on garments that either tie or connect in the back.

With assistance from the nurse I was able to complete this task in due time. She then indicated that she was going to connect me up to an IV. I asked what for and she said it was mainly to supply me with nutrients. But, later it would be used to give me the sedative.

Before she stuck a needle in me for the IV she needed to stick a needle in me to numb the area where she was going to stick me with the needle for the IV. (I hope I didn't lose you with this). It seemed like overkill to me, but it's there place so I went along with it.

The nurse then wheeled me into the pre-procedure area.

I have to tell you that the next 30 minutes were the worst part of the entire experience. I just laid there watching and waiting. Doctors and nurses walked by drinking coffee or eating their breakfast and just smiling to me as they passed. The anticipation was killing me!

Finally another nurse introduced herself to me as the one who would be assisting the doctor.

Once again a review of the entire procedure was given. It seemed to me that these people were committed to not springing any surprises on me.

Finally, it was time. The nurse wheeled me into the procedure room. There was another person there, I assumed the anesthesiologist, who would administer the much-appreciated sedative. I also noticed some fancy equipment, including a monitor.

Five minutes later Dr. Foresman entered. I recognized him even with his mask on.

He asked me how I was doing. I said fine, all things being considered. He then said, “This may be a bit uncomfortable at first, Just let me know when you feel discomfort”. And the next thing I know, I’m in the recovery room with my wife, Maria, a little groggy. (Me, not Maria).

I remembered and felt absolutely nothing during the entire 20 minutes.

The doctor came in a few minutes later and gave me a clean bill of health (I assume the other bill will be in the stack of mail that I will face when I get back from vacation.)

You always wonder if you are eating the right food or following the right diet to help you stay healthy. I guess the results confirm that I am to some degree.

And the worst part of the whole ordeal was mostly in my mind.

Dr. Foresman instructed me to schedule a follow-up visit in a week. I told him it would be in 3 weeks.

So, off I went on my vacation looking forward to sampling some local cheeses, olives, bread and red wines of Sicily and Rome. More on the eating habits of Italians in the next column.

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