

Better Than Two Ice Cream Cones

A few days ago I had colonoscopy experience that confirmed what I already knew. My body is healthy, life always supports, and moving beyond resistance is not unlike asking for a second ice cream cone.

When I arrived at the hospital, feeling rather smug about having have had no solid foods the day before, and having the survived the cleansing effect of drinking four liters of Golytely, I was quickly brought to my knees when the no-nonsense nurse asked for the name of my designated driver. I had none.

Her words were emphatic and clear "But you must, ... you absolutely must give us the name of your designated driver before we begin this procedure". My immediate reaction in the waiting room where the nurse told me to sit and make the arrangements, was to tell this impossible nurse to just forget it and leave. I puffed myself up with indignance, remembering that I had driven myself home after one of these procedures in the past. I reasoned it was just too much to ask anyone, even a friend, to take me home because it took me an hour to drive to the hospital and it would take them more than twice as long for the round trip.

Working to still my trembling body and mask my anger, the wise part of me sat down, took a deep breath, and started pushing cell phone buttons. The fifth call was a bingo. Lisa said she could take me home, but not until she was finished at the office.

I was so undone after asking Lisa for help, I could barely walk down the hall to another waiting room where I was told to place all my clothes in a green box, tie only the top string of the open back hospital gown, and sit on the narrow table cart. In short order, the Arabic doctor arrived to ask questions about the colon cancer in my family. The anesthesiologist arrived to tell me I would not remember anything. A male nurse covered with a warmed blanket and pushed my cart down still another hall. And as promised, I awoke remembering nothing.

Back in my street clothes and with the hospital's coffee and crackers in my stomach, I glumly noted I would have to wait three hours before Lisa could get me out of the hospital.

I smile now when I think of how I needed pressure from that "impossible" nurse to help me let go of my resistance to asking for help, and having done that how I had come to rather like the comfort of having my needs met. In fact, it felt so good I voluntarily did a second "unthinkable" and asked still another friend, Erika, to come get me and let me wait at her home instead of the hospital until Lisa was free. Like a child who wants that second ice-cream cone, the relief and even joy of moving beyond resistance and having my needs met was so palpable, I had to do it twice.

In the realm where we are all one, Lisa thanked me profusely for allowing her to help. Erika, too. Both said, they were deeply touched by my request, and interestingly, both clearly had time for it to happen, even though I asked for their assistance on very short notice. I see now, that had I left the hospital without the colonoscopy, this greater experience of taking my place as the elder needing help and allowing others to take their place and provide support would never have happened. Indeed, there is great value in going for that which we resist. It is even better than two ice cream cones.