

The operation that wasn't

If there is one thing I am really nervous about or should I say anxious about and that is missing appointments. Today I had an important appointment with the local hospital to have an inguinal hernia repaired. I had this done before ,a couple of years ago but as I was under general anaesthetic I knew very little about it but the whole experience of the hospital, in Peasedown, was positive.

We had set our alarms for 5:30 in the morning as we had to be there at 7 am We took the 6.15 bus to Peasedown arriving at about 6:30 and walked across a housing estate to the Sulis hospital which is part national health and part private. Although I had taken two lateral flow tests as instructed they still wanted another one taken the same day so in spite of my following orders I had to go through the same rigmarole again. I was taken downstairs to the the preparation area about 7:15, told to change, and sat there waiting.

I had been asked to wear a mask. Foolish thing to do with me. I noticed that some of the nurses were not wearing masks. The rules (still) are that you have to wear something protective in the operation areas. I was asked to wear a larger plastic version – one of those that steams up when you breathe.

My blood pressure is within the normal limits but when a nurse came to take it it becomes some ridiculous figure like 180/110, far higher than would be allowed for an operation under general anaesthetic. I knew this was going to happen so I kept a record over 12 days of my blood pressure readings and they were well within the normal levels.

Whilst waiting I heard some talk in the background that someone has not turned up and so the surgeon would not be able to deliver his care to people until 9 a.m. About 9:45 a senior nurse told me that the agency anaesthetist had not showed up.

Everyone else was waiting to start but were of course unable to do so. At 10:30, three nurses visited me to tell me the news that I would have to get dressed and go home again and they would arrange another appointment for me. In the event this was done on the spot and I am now booked in on the afternoon of Friday 19th of August.

I assured them that I was accepting of the whole situation and I did understand that this type of thing probably happens from time to time. They told me, *au contraire*, that it was a very rare event and were embarrassed to have to give me the news. I was compensated by a substantial tomato and cheese sandwich with side salad and a cup of fresh coffee.

Mercifully my condition is not life-threatening and although uncomfortable at times does not give me any pain so I was quite happy to come back – it is after all only another couple of weeks. We wandered back to the bus stop, sampling a generous supply of blackberries along the way, and went home.

A wasted day? More a different day. Nothing was lost.

Meanwhile, a harrowing **series of testimonies from** those who have suffered from the effects of the covid 'vaccination' When will people wake up? Probably for most when it is too late.

My car is due for an electrical service tomorrow Wednesday. Alas when I tried to start it, it did not. The odd light came on. It has been out of action since mid June. How much longer?