

The day of my operation – the gruesome details

Just listening to a **video commentary** entitled 'GREG HUNTER USA WATCHDOG: RADICAL DROUGHT CAUSED BY MILITARY WEATHER WEAPONS – DANE WIGINGTON' 36:41 Weather control has been around since the 60's and is used to bring a country to its knees without them being aware of it.

This morning I had a telephone call from Mike, one of the mechanics at the garage, to tell me that they had fixed the car but wanted to take it on an extended run of 20 – 30 miles to make sure that nothing failed. Since we have had to spend so much money already and that would have meant only an hour at the most I readily agreed.

So I had to be at the Sulis Hospital (part NHS part private) at 12.30. We arrived shortly after 12 and I was ushered to the basement where all the four operating theatres are. There are a huge amount of forms that have to be filled in, checked, checked again. This is to make sure that they are covered in cases of legal liability.

I have to say that everyone worked together as a team. I was shown into my 'pod for the day' which is like a small hospital room with only curtain dividers. A nurse came along to tell me to change entirely into hospital gowns. The next visitor was the anaesthetist who took a lot of details and described what they were going to do by way of an anaesthetic. I was then visited by a nurse who formally admitted me. I was then visited by the surgeon himself who made a mark on the area that needed to be treated , in this case my left inguinal hernia.

I was then picked up by yet another doctor and taken to a large room full of equipment which also served as an operating

theatre. They do not now do general anaesthetic on the grounds that it can lead in the long term to loss of memory especially with people over 50. Instead, using an injection in the spine the lower half of my body was quickly rendered numb and when I say quickly I mean after about 5 seconds. I could not move my feet. I was then fitted with a cannula in my left hand which means that I could be given other injections should the need require.

The operation which lasted about 45 minutes then proceeded without my feeling anything at all. During the operation I got several unpleasant tricks on my chest area and this was evidently due to a histamine reaction. It is produced as a by-product of one of the the medications I was given and causes inflammation. In my case I felt I was getting a lot of prickles on my chest like small electric shocks.

I was wheeled out and looked after in the immediate post operative period of about 1-hour to enable my limbs to fully come out of their anaesthetised state. I was then taken back to my pod where I was served a very nice hot cup of coffee with a generous cheese and tomato sandwich

The surgeon visited me again to make sure I was alright and the anaesthetist himself, a delightful chap from Poland, came by to ask the same.

We had arrived at midday and the procedure was finished about 5:15. Thanks to Francoise for waiting patiently but she was prepared for it. A friend gave us a lift home. I was not in any pain and could have taken public transport but I thought it was better to have some energy in reserve.