

I'll Be Seeing You

I couldn't believe it was going to happen to me. When I found out I couldn't sleep for a week. The day arrived and before I knew what was happening it was all over. It all started a week before when I started seeing strange things in front of my left eye. Weird shapes of different colours were floating around in front of me. When I closed my left eye everything was fine. Open the left eye and the weird things were back.

I headed straight to an ophthalmologist who informed me that I had had a stroke in my left eye. That's not good. The treatment is to inject a needle into my eyeball in order to release medication directly inside. That's when fear set in. "You're going to put a needle in my eye?" Apparently he was.

That's where the week of sleepless nights came in. I'd lie down to sleep and all I could think of was a needle going into my eye. The dreaded day arrived and I went for my treatment in a very sleepless state of mind. First someone tested my vision. My left eye was covered and I read the chart on the wall. Then my right eye was covered and I was asked to read the chart again. What chart? I could barely see the wall. Then, with my good eye still covered, the girl giving the eye test held up her hand in front of my face and asked, "How many fingers am I holding in the air?" How many fingers? I couldn't even see her hand.

Now, into the operating room. I sat in a chair, not unlike a dentist chair, and prepared for the worst. The doctor put on his high-tech electronic magnifying glasses and looked into my eye. I held on to the arms of the chair for dear life. The doctor went back to the table at the side of the room and said, "Alright! I'll see you next week to find out if we have to inject another dose." I was a little confused.

"Do you mean you have finished. You've done the injection?"

"Oh yes! It's all over."

I had spent a week without sleep and never once stopped thinking of a needle going into my eye. It is now over and I didn't feel a thing. The only pain was the \$600. cost of the injection. I had a second injection 2 weeks later but this time I arrived at the doctor's office well rested. If I had to have another injection I wouldn't say that I would look forward to it but it would be a much more relaxed approach. It is like a great many things in life. The thought can be much more damning than the deed.



Brad McInnes
YMASC President 1970 - 1971

