

The Waiting Room

Category: A Turn for the Better

written by R. Lynn Barnett | August 26, 2024

I recently spent some time in the waiting room of a hospital, while my husband was having surgery. As I sat there, I was patting myself on the back for being organized for this little jaunt. I had remembered a wheeled suitcase in which to store hubby's belongings while he was in the OR, I'd packed some nibbles for myself so I wouldn't have to go down to the cafeteria if I didn't want to, and I'd made sure I had my my phone with me.

Then I suddenly realized that what I hadn't thought to bring was a phone charger, that my phone's battery was low, and that the doctor was going to call me on it to tell me how the surgery went.

I went up to the registration desk, and happily they had a charger they were glad to lend me.

A few minutes later, I noticed that a woman's pager (given to some waiting family members) was going off, but she didn't seem to have noticed it. After a few seconds, I said, "Excuse me, if that's your purse next to you, I think the round thing next to it is buzzing." I couldn't remember the word "pager," but she understood what I meant and thanked me.

Later, a hospital employee saw me dragging the suitcase when I was going to meet hubby at discharge; she said, "You've been schlepping that luggage all day—let me help you," and she did. (Well, she didn't say "schlepping," but that was the implication.) Another employee also helped me with the suitcase.

The world can be very divisive and derisive these days. I told a friend that every time I watch the news, it's distressing and depressing. I added that I was waiting for the day when we'd chat and each of us could say, "Everything was so nice today." Well, wait no longer—just go to a hospital waiting room.

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