

# Count Down

Category: Watching the Clock

written by Pris Campbell | September 5, 2022

Back in May, after two doctor visits, a scan, X-rays and a foot MRI, it was determined that the excruciating pain beneath my left ankle was due to two cysts pressing against a nerve. My orthopedist set me up for an operation the following week to remove them.

Anesthesia would be required, so the surgery would take place in the outpatient section of a nearby hospital. The operation was scheduled for 3:30 p.m., and I was told to be there at 2 for the prep work.

The day before surgery, I went to the hospital for a COVID test, bloodwork, another X-ray and paperwork. Then, the day of surgery, I arrived at 2 p.m. and was told the operation had been moved back to 4:45. They finally took me in for prep at 3. I had been fasting all day, so by this time I was big-time thirsty and starving.

Finally, after the same questions and paperwork as the day before, a saline IV was put in my arm. A huge clock was on the wall across from me, barely moving as if to taunt me. The time for surgery came and went.

One hour past operation time. Then two. The longer I stared at that unforgiving clock, the more nervous I became. My blood pressure had shot up along with my frustration. Finally they rolled me in at 7 p.m., but it was after 9 when they released me, and past 10 when I got home. I jammed food into my mouth and chugged water.

All afternoon I had kept asking nurses about the delay. *It just happens*, was their answer. *Not good enough*, I thought.

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