

It has been a while, but I wish it had been longer.

I don't usually have the need to visit the local hospitals, especially for myself. As far as an unexpected trip to the hospital, or emergency room has been years. The last time, I think I was 4. I really don't remember it. So almost 50 years later, I was back for more stitches. Last time was my head, this time my foot. So I've had stitches from top to bottom.

WHAT!! I went to the emergency room? I didn't call my kids? Yes to the first, no to the second. Why not? Why didn't I let anyone know? Well, the first part is that I was hurt. Serious enough to warrant some stitches, but not life or limb threatening. If push had come to shove, I would have been able to drive myself to the hospital. Luckily, I was with someone who could drive. Trip to hospital taken care of.

The emergency room staff were very pleasant and efficient. I was in very good hands. A little clean up, some pain killer, and 4 stitches later, I was out and on my way. My plans for the day were shot, but I will be back to doing what needs to be done soon. I can't really complain.

So after 200 words, I have yet to say exactly what happened. The best I can come up with is that I used tools without the proper equipment. Canvas deck shoes were not made to stop a sharp axe. My foot was able to stop it, but only after suffering some damage. My good work boots would have stopped the blow with ease. After years of working with tools, I failed to follow the simplest of rules. Dress properly. Be prepared for those accidents. Use the proper safety gear. Hmm, you would think I didn't know any better. I guess even at my age, one can live and learn. At least I hope I can.