

OUCH! I Would If I Could But I Can't



by Reg Green

Twenty years ago an oncologist, finding traces of cancer on my vocal cords, said "Let's try a course of radiation."

"Sure," I said, adding however that I had just arranged a number of meetings so that it would be difficult to fit in a series of dates.

Ok, she said, how about starting on the 9th?

"Sorry," I told her, "I'll be on the East Coast."

The 13th then? "I can't do that either. I'll be in Houston."

What about the 20th? "I'd love to but I'll be at a conference in Miami."

We tried a couple more, neither of them possible.

At length, she put her pen down and said gently, "Mr Green, I don't think you have the time to have cancer."

Eventually we found dates that fitted, the treatment worked wonderfully and so far there's been no recurrence. We live in an age of medical marvels.

I was thinking about all that the other day as I tried to arrange a meeting for next week and saw my calendar was crowded with appointments with specialists, each checking on a different organ.

'You know," I said to myself, "I don't think you have the time to go on aging."