

## The Island of the White Sheets *by Bonnie MacFarlane*

I avoided visiting the Island of White Sheets for several years, but I knew a visit was inevitable. It is a very pricey place and as the name implies—isolating!

Even though I almost cancelled my reservations two days before, March 24th came and I made the journey to the Island. Quickly I was striped of my regular clothes, jewelry , and money as visitors to the Island have to follow the rules: No semblance of normal life!

The Island was quite devoid of any bright colors and my particular niche was mostly white and pale green. The nights were very dark and I had to blindly trust the night visitors whose hands brought me tiny white tablets every three hours. They also made sure that my private small boat was re-rigged and adjusted if out of alignment. I felt the jolts, slides, and maneuvers each time my boat was realigned. Sometimes I wished for the status quo as I didn't want to be moved or disturbed.

During the day, the Island became somewhat hectic. I had visitors from other Islands, from the dining room, captain's quarters, servant's quarters, hospitality and quality control. Sometimes the day would pass so quickly that I forgot to brush my teeth or to take a short walk around the deck.

The most outstanding part of my stay was the food. I got to order from a menu and the selections were varied and generous. I could order as much or as little as I desired. I had breakfasts of custom made omelets and fresh fruit and dinner was often salmon or steak.

The least desirable part of my stay was the loneliness and the pain. Sometimes, three hours would pass before I'd see anyone and idleness just increased my sensation of pain. Pain often kept me awake at night and decreased my physical activity,

My visit to the Island of White Sheets was cut short to four nights, as I was called to an even more dreaded Island: The Island of No Excursions! By now, you've probably guessed that I'm leaving a hospital and being transferred to a rehabilitation or nursing home facility.

My visit to the Island of White Sheets cost close to \$90,000. I'm checking out dressed in my regular clothes and armed with a rolling walker, leg lifter, and sock aide. I have a list of medicines to be taken and I am trying to be positive about the long rehab that awaits me.