

The Truth Be Told

By Cindy Peters

Today I dared to have a mammogram during crazy spikes with COVID. I appeared like the masked singer. I wore a double mask, cap, reading glasses and latex gloves. The funny thing is the mammogram technician was dressed the same way and we even wore the same colors.

Prior to the actual procedure I circled the clinic like a wagon train in an old Western movie before an Indian attack. I had to determine if the coast was clear. Was it safe? Were there too many COVID carriers in the parking lot or in the waiting room? As I entered the clinic the nurse was taking temperatures of patients and writing them down. The nurse took my temperature but said she did not need me to give the results at the mammogram site. How safe could that be?

The waiting room was only the size of a closet. I only agreed to sit in the lobby because there was no one there. However, that was short-lived as I was quickly joined by three other patients, which was quite nerve-wracking to say the least. All four of us were barely able to sit six feet across from one another. However being the Germ Phobic that I am I did not have the courage to get up and leave because I would have had to walk past all three of them, which I considered to be too dangerous. I was grateful I wore gloves as I had to complete my medical history on a computerized pad. It was quite frustrating as it continued to lock up on me. It could not comprehend that I had two similar surgical procedures two years apart. I guess most women only have one hysterectomy?

Once the procedure was over, due to COVID, I was not allowed to leave the same way I came in, so I was led down this long corridor. I felt like a rat in a maze trying to find my way out of this clinic. Eventually I ran into an Asian man with broken English who was trying to explain to me how to get outside. We both used a lot of hand gestures which helped immensely.

I was relieved once I reached outside in the fresh mountain air. However, I ended up in the wrong parking lot. Where was my Acadia? Then I began the scavenger hunt for my vehicle. I was able to flag down the security guard as he drove past. He offered me a ride to the other parking lot. Is he filled with COVID and is it safe to ride with him, I asked myself? I decided yes, I might as well ride with him. I mean really, how sick could he be?

I was quite frightened when I discovered that my vehicle was not in the parking spot. The security guard offered to call the police for me to report a stolen vehicle. I told him I wanted to call my husband first. It was pure luck that I was able to reach him. My husband knew I went to the clinic and he had needed something out of the vehicle for our contractor. He drove to the clinic and switched vehicles. In his haste he forgot to call to tell me. I was relieved and angry at the same time. Then I had to get a description from him of where he had parked his truck. Thus began another scavenger hunt.

It turned out COVID was the least of my worries today. "All is well that ends well."