

## **Do You Want To See Your Stone?**

I heard the thrill of anticipation in his voice: do you want to see your stone? I thought for a second. See my stone? If I have a thousand choices left in life, this would not be one of them; or even if I have ten thousand left, but what could I say? The reality was this: I'm flat on my back, my feet have been fitted high up into the stirrups, and there is a camera up my penis. This professional wants to show me my stone, he awaits my answer. Sure, why not? I said. There is a delay while the nurse swings the portable monitor into a place where I can view it. There it is! he says. Can you see it? Yes, I said, I see it.

It is true, I did see the stone floating around in my bladder; it looked to be the size of a small marble. What was it doing there? How did it get there? How do I get it out? Or do I? I lost interest. The truth is I have never been interested in learning about things medical. The medical headline in the newspaper and/or the first paragraph of the newspaper article satisfy any interest I have about medical matters. Members of my family use medical terminology to discuss health-related matters; I barely understand their conversation, and I lack sufficient motivation to overcome my ignorance. Why is this, do you suppose? Most likely a case of: what you don't know can't hurt you. Of course this is dumb, but I have always been this way, even since childhood.

The professional tells me he will break the stone into little pieces and wash it out. This sounds like a reasonable thing to do, I tell him. He scheduled me for surgery!