

Lilian's December Newsletter

Being a stickler for words can have it's moments. Mostly it is fun to get a definition for a certain word only to realize the definition makes no sense what so ever. Take the word relationship. I know how to define relation but where does the ship come from and does it belong there in the first place. I have many relation "ships."

My children. My grandchildren. My niece. My sister. My mechanic. My chiropractor. My therapist. My director. My staff. My publisher. My web master. My mate.

All my "ships" require a high level of trust, since they have to be able to weather many storms in the turbulence I call my life.

A few month ago I got a very nice "Dear John " letter from my doctor of 20 years, with that sunk my relation "ship." I was devastated. How to replace the one person that knew my "ship" from helm to stern and every crevice in-between. The mechanics of my very design and the only person to assist me in rough waters when I was unable to act as captain because I was incapacitated. When the sea calmed I tested the waters and set out to draw anchor on unfamiliar shores.

Free spirit I am, I landed on an unknown island. Adventurous I am, I do not mind exploring new territories. It soon became apparent I was required a VISA and a roadmap in order to navigate. If my cordenance was off by just a bit my "ship" could easily crash.

I did not possess the appropriate papers, besides there was an immediate language barrier.

In order not to loose anything in translation I will tell the next part of my journey in plain English.

I found a new doctor, paid him a visit, we talked for a bit. I told him I would see him when I was ill. Unknown to me my medical records had not arrived from the previous clinic. I am looking at a four-month stretch here..... I get a call from the new Dr. Office, the records had finally arrived; to please come in, the Doctor wanted to see me. I was excited, I thought he might have found a cure for my neck problem as described in my new book: ***Remembering your Future***.

Immediately there were issues about my medical insurance papers. A 2-minute phone call would have clarified the error. That was too troublesome and escalated into ill feelings on everyone's part. I felt real inadequate compared to a young lady in a nurse's uniform attempted to find a vein in order to draw blood. I tried explaining a vein, my vein, from the rest of my arm. She overruled me and proceeded trying to create a vein within the caltrich of my arm. I directed her to remove the blasted thing, eventually she did. By then she had injured my arm and 5 weeks later it is still extremely painful, totally useless and prevents me from being able to perform any tasks including writing, producing shows and personal hygiene!

A week later I go in for my results. I learn that I suffer from some metobolical syndrome. I need to loose weight, go for walks and watch my diet. The leaflet which accompanies my prescription describes my syndrome which amounts to.... Old Age!!!.... As it turns out the Doctor had 3 useless pages of my medical records and no clue about my permanent condition, at this point I did not even care to explain anything. I was too angry to have been injured for no reason at all! Instead I directed my attention toward locating the medical records that were apparently lost.

I spend a total of 4 hours on the phone, drove a total of 60 miles in order to sign the same papers 3 times, only to discover that IF the new doctor had requested all of the medical records, they would have been delivered..... free of charge..... to his office. In a timely fashion. Since his office does not want to "clutter" the office with 20 year's worth of old records I have only one option. I have to purchase my own records for 69 cents per page, an estimated \$550-\$600. I offered to bring a

printer, paper and ink and do it myself, that of course is not acceptable.

In the mean time my blood pressure is high because I am mad as hell. It made me realize that perhaps many other people are confronted with the same scenario.

The other thing I ponder is why we have been so enslaved by people or a system that dictates our weight, our diet, our blood pressure, our BM's. To think that the young people are already used to the pressures of perfection and appearances without realizing what is happening to them. To read labels, weigh a spoon full of nourishment, eat to prevent baldness and waste time and money on things which are not relevant..... At the rate we are going as a specie everything will be so contaminated it makes little or no difference.

I could let it go, I am not. Instead I am learning what it is like for many of our older citizens to have to find ways to function in our crazy system. The confusion and the helpless feeling alone is enough to make one physically ill. It can consume ones whole being. Create imaginary syndromes and disorders, which are created and named each week. Stress can overtake us, control us, it feels awful.

I received a letter from a clinic to help with my dilemma. Let me share it in part:

Same day appointments.

Annual Comprehensive Exam.

Telephone, Pager and Email access to YOUR Physician.

Adequate time for appointments with YOUR Physician.

Hospital coverage, Nursing Home visits and Housecalls.

Most procedures, immunization and injections provided by YOUR Physician

Secure Online access to your medical records and online appointment scheduling.

Assistance in navigating the complex medical system and working with sub-specialists involved in your care.

No Major Health Care Insurance required.

Cost: \$90 per month for adults, \$40 per child.

Turning on the TV and hear the commentators speak of healthcare reform, prescription reform, pension reform and a multitude of other reforms makes me want to charter a "ship" for all of us and sail the deep blue sea. To give us a refuge, to be able to lay on the deck, watch the sun come up and set again and forget all of the Bull Shit which has become our reality.

I know my "ship"..... I know it's function, am able to operate it manually and have a guarantee. Being familiar with it I know all of my spare parts and in an emergency can Jimmyrig my "ship."

It is so sad that many people, young and even some of them in the autumn of their life, are so stressed, unable to functions due to red tape, lack of money and an alphabet soup of other reasons and their "ships" are pirated by depression, hopelessness and often by addictions.

My friend Rusty Smith was attacked and almost bludgeoned to death with a hammer in Texarkana, Texas. A tenant robbed him in order to buy drugs. He was arrested and Rusty is recovering slowly. We send him Love and wish him a smooth recovery.

Friend "ship" is a word I don't mind displaying, as I sail through my life's journey and invite you to come along, so we can contemplate the meanings of words and their relation "ship" to us.

Love and Light
Lilian

PS Congratulations to the winners of the 2005 Human of the Year Award

Timo Nadudvari - Futurist

Jarrold Gibson - True American Hero