

<p></p> <p class="MsoNormal">I♦ve been looking forward to this day for six months.
After half a year of pains in my right side caused by a 10 mm kidney stone, today was the scheduled date for my shock wave lithotripsy procedure to blast that stone to smithereens.</p> <p class="MsoNormal">Who knew that afterwards I♦d look back upon the initial pains with fondness in the aftermath of the procedure?</p> <p class="MsoNormal">According to the doctors the procedure went well. I arrived before noon and was done by 3PM. I vaguely remember the sharp hammer-like pounding of the treatment. But that may have just been the drugs. My brother-in-law drove me home and I remember enjoying supper at 5 with the family. But the pain came back after supper. In ever-increasing intensity. I recall lying on the floor on my back and breathing deeply while watching cartoons with the kids at 6:30. As Aline put them to bed I started feeling worse and by 7:45 I took an old expired Tylenol3 pill. Moments later I was shivering and feeling light-headed and couldn♦t decide if it was the pain or the medicine causing the chills. So I packed for a trip to the emergency unit of the Ottawa Hospital and had my next door neighbour drop me off. By 8:20 I was huffing and puffing. By 8:30 I was in tears. By 8:40 I had a wonder drug drip coursing through my veins providing relief. I was released at 11PM and I took a taxi to a pharmacy to get my painkiller prescriptions filled. The doctors said the pain medication prescription was stronger than the drip I had been on</p>