

# Great News!

Inside this issue:

## “Colonoscopy Journal”

I called my friend Andy Sable, a gastroenterologist, to make an appointment for a colonoscopy.

A few days later, in his office, Andy showed me a color diagram of the colon, a lengthy organ that appears to go all over the place, at one point passing briefly through Minneapolis.

Then Andy explained the colonoscopy procedure to me in a thorough, reassuring and patient manner.

I nodded thoughtfully, but I didn't really hear anything he said, because my brain was shrieking, 'HE'S GOING TO STICK A TUBE 17,000 FEET UP YOUR BEHIND!'

I left Andy's office with some written instructions, and a prescription for a product called 'MoviPrep,' which comes in a box large enough to hold a microwave oven. I will discuss MoviPrep in detail later; for now suffice it to say that we must never allow it to fall into the hands of America's enemies.

I spent the next several days productively sitting around being nervous.

Then, on the day before my colonoscopy, I began my preparation. In accordance with my instructions, I didn't eat any solid food that day; all I had was chicken broth, which is basically water, only with less flavor.

Then, in the evening, I took the MoviPrep. You mix two packets of powder together in a one-liter plastic jug, then you fill it with lukewarm water. (For those unfamiliar with the metric system, a liter is about 32 gallons). Then you have to drink the whole jug. This takes about an hour, because MoviPrep tastes - and here I am being kind - like a mixture of goat spit and urinal cleanser, with just a hint of lemon.

The instructions for MoviPrep, clearly written by somebody with a great sense of humor, state that after you drink it, "a loose, watery bowel movement may result."

This is kind of like saying that after you jump off your roof, you may experience contact with the ground.

MoviPrep is a nuclear laxative. I don't want to be too graphic, here, but, have you ever seen a space-shuttle launch? This is pretty much the MoviPrep experience, with you as the shuttle. There are times when you wish the commode had a seat belt. You spend several hours pretty much confined to the bathroom, spurring violently. You eliminate everything. And then, when you figure you must be totally empty, you have to drink another liter of MoviPrep, at which point, as far as I can tell, your bowels travel into the future and start eliminating food that you have not even eaten yet.

After an action-packed evening, I finally got to sleep.

The next morning my wife drove me to the clinic. I was very nervous. Not only was I worried about the procedure, but I had been experiencing occasional return bouts of MoviPrep spurtage. I was thinking,

“What if I spurt on Andy?” How do you apologize to a friend for something like that? Flowers would not be enough.

At the clinic I had to sign many forms acknowledging that I understood and totally agreed with whatever the heck the forms said. Then they led me to a room full of other colonoscopy people, where I went inside a little curtained space and took off my clothes and put on one of those hospital garments designed by sadist perverts, the kind that, when you put it on, makes you feel even more naked than when you are actually naked.

Then a nurse named Eddie put a little needle in a vein in my left hand. Ordinarily I would have fainted, but Eddie was very good, and I was already lying down. Eddie also told me that some people put vodka in their MoviPrep.

At first I was ticked off that I hadn't thought of this, but then I pondered what would happen if you got yourself too tipsy to make it to the bathroom, so you were staggering around in full Fire Hose Mode. You would have no choice but to burn your house.

When everything was ready, Eddie wheeled me into the procedure room, where Andy was waiting with a nurse and an anesthesiologist. I did not see the 17,000-foot tube, but I knew Andy had it hidden around there somewhere. I was seriously nervous at this point.

Andy had me roll over on my left side, and the anesthesiologist began hooking something up to the needle in my hand.

There was music playing in the room, and I realized that the song was “Dancing Queen” by ABBA. I remarked to Andy that, of all the songs that could be playing during this particular procedure, “Dancing Queen” had to be the least appropriate.

“You want me to turn it up?” said Andy, from somewhere behind me.

“Ha ha,” I said. And then it was time, the moment I had been dreading for more than a decade. If you are squeamish, prepare yourself, because I am going to tell you, in explicit detail, exactly what it was like.

I have no idea. Really. I slept through it. One moment, ABBA was yelling “Dancing Queen, feel the beat of the tambourine,” and the next moment, I was back in the other room, waking up in a very mellow mood.

Andy was looking down at me and asking me how I felt. I felt excellent. I felt even more excellent when Andy told me that it was all over, and that my colon had passed with flying colors. I have never been prouder of an internal organ.

**- Author Unknown - (maybe he preferred anonymity) ■**

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## Where Did the Summer Go?

Can you believe the summer break is already over for your kids?

Between vacation, summer camps, special summer programs, baseball games, and all the usual summer craziness, it seems those three months fly by faster than any others.

*“Colonoscopy” Continued on Page 4*

“To get the full value of joy, you must have someone to divide it with.”

- Mark Twain

“When we have done our best, we should wait the result in peace.”

-J. Lubbock

“Failure is simply the opportunity to begin again more intelligently.”

- Henry Ford

**How Hot Was July and August?**

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Taters are a colloquial pronunciation of potatoes and thus these are the local varieties of taters.

Some people never seem motivated to participate, but are just content to watch while others do the work.

**~They are called "Spec Taters".**

Some people never do anything to help, but are gifted at finding fault with the way others do the work.

**~They are called "Comment Taters".**

Some people are very bossy and like to tell others what to do, but don't want to soil their own hands.

**~They are called "Dick Taters".**

Some people are always looking to cause problems by asking others to agree with them. It is too hot or too cold, too sour or too sweet.

**~They are called "Agie Taters".**

There are those who say they will help, but somehow just never get around to actually doing the promised help.

**~They are called "Hezzie Taters".**

Some people can put up a front and pretend to be someone they are not.

**~They are called "Emma Taters".**

Then there are those who love others and do what they say they will. They are always prepared to stop whatever they are doing and lend a helping hand. They bring real sunshine into the lives of others.

**~They are called "Sweet Taters."**

~A "Mountain Wings" Original (For a free subscription to Mountain Wings go to [www.MountainWings.com](http://www.MountainWings.com)) ■

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# **“Taters”**

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## **Lessons Life Has Taught Me**

**By Regina Brett, 90 yrs. Old,**

**“The Plain Dealer,” Cleveland, Ohio**

*"I write down everything I want to remember.*

*That way, instead of spending a lot of time trying to remember what it is I wrote down...*

*...I spend the time looking for the paper I wrote it down on."*

*~Beryl Pfizer~*

## **Great News**

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**"Colonoscopy" (continued from page 1)**

## **Clinging Husband**

On a wall in a ladies room...

**"My husband follows me everywhere."**

**Great News**

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# “In the Sand”

## -Author Unknown

A story tells that two friends were walking through the desert. During some point of the journey, they had an argument and one friend slapped the other one in the face.

The one who got slapped was hurt, but without saying anything, he wrote in the sand: "TODAY MY BEST FRIEND SLAPPED ME IN THE FACE!"

They kept on walking, until they found an oasis where they decided to take a bath. The one who had been slapped got stuck in the mire and started drowning, but his friend saved him.

After he recovered from the near drowning, he wrote on a stone: "TODAY MY BEST FRIEND SAVED MY LIFE!"

The friend, who had slapped and saved his best friend, asked him, "After I hurt you, you wrote in the sand and now, you write on a stone, why?"

The other friend replied: "When someone hurts us, we should write it down in sand where the winds of forgiveness can erase it away, but when someone does something good for us, we must engrave it in stone, where no wind can ever erase it."

LEARN TO WRITE YOUR HURTS IN THE SAND  
AND TO CARVE YOUR BENEFITS IN STONE.

~Author Unknown~

## LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION

1 Trevor Adams, my assistant programmer, can always be found  
2 hard at work in his cubicle. Trevor works independently, without  
3 wasting company time talking to colleagues. Trevor never  
4 thinks twice about assisting fellow employees, and he always  
5 finishes given assignments on time. Often he takes extended  
6 measures to complete his work, sometimes skipping coffee  
7 breaks. Trevor is a dedicated individual who has absolutely no  
8 vanity in spite of his high accomplishments and profound  
9 knowledge in his field. I firmly believe that Trevor can be  
10 classed as a high-caliber employee, the type that cannot be  
11 dispensed with. Consequently, I truly recommend that Trevor be  
12 promoted to executive management, and a proposal will be  
13 executed as soon as possible.

## Addendum

The idiot was standing over my shoulder while I wrote this report. Kindly re-read only the odd numbered lines. ■

## Did You Know...?

When we think of special effects, we practically always confine that to visual effects. But special effects also extend to sound. Foley artists specialize in recreating sounds from the mundane (horses galloping) to the spectacular (explosions) for a movie's soundtrack. Here are some of their methods:

- **Birds in flight** - flapping leather gloves
- **Actors walking in snow** - squeezing a leather pouch filled with cornstarch
- **A large crowd murmuring** - a recording of several people saying: "walla, walla, walla"
- **Punches** --thumping a watermelon ■

(Source: *Discover Magazine*)

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**Great News**

**Thank you for your recommendations!**

Remember to refer your friends,  
not your enemies

(unless you want to do them a favor, too)

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***Inside is some GREAT NEWS!***

- *“Colonoscopy Journal”*
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