

I usually don't talk about personal issues, but I thought this was important to share.

I'm getting to that age where it pays to be proactive and start getting tested for the myriad of things that can go wrong with my body. One of the things I wanted to get over with is a check for colon cancer. Although I'm officially younger than the "suggested age" for a colonoscopy, I wanted to get it out of the way. I had read and heard too many stories about people who found polyps and how if "they had only caught them a little sooner" it would be no big deal to remove them. So I set my appointment and went for it.

Like every guy, the thought of being violated by a long tube is at the very bottom of the list of things I want to do on a summer day. I could live with having to take all the laxatives that lead up to the procedure, That's just more time to get my reading done. But the tube up the outdoor, that's scary.

Well this morning was the morning. I had officially lost 4 pounds to the laxative over the past 24 hours and was surprisingly not hungry after going without food for the past 24 hours as I got to the hospital at the prime time of 7am.

I was definitely nervous. Despite doctors and nurses telling me it would be a breeze, I was naturally skeptical.

A breeze was an overstatement. I can honestly say that if it made medical sense to get one done every year, i would have no problem with it. It was easy and breezy :).

Once I got into the Gastro Room where they did these, they told me that they were going to knock me out, and I would get a nap and wake up like nothing happened . They were right. One minute Im talking rugby, the next I'm waking up, picking up the conversation where I left off and being told to "dispell the air in my system".

No where else can you rip off some huge farts and have 3 nurses and a doctor, while maintaining a very professional demeanor, tell you that you aren't done yet and demand that you let loose a few more. Then it was up to get dressed and out the door so my wife could give me a ride home.

Now, about an hour later I'm obviously back at it.

I'm writing this post because I hated the fact that I was afraid of getting a colonoscopy. It honestly scared me. I don't like hospitals. I don't like entries into exit lanes and its scary as shit that they could find something. In other words I was a pussy when I shouldn't have been.

Bottomline is that your life just might depend on getting tested for colon cancer. There is absolutely nothing to be afraid of. Its truly easy and breezy. Do it.