

My MRI Adventure

So I had to have an MRI on my head. Apparently it was done to make sure nothing was broken in there after my eye muscle stroke. There wasn't anything rattling around, as far as I could tell, but the doctor just wanted to be sure. He's like that.

I didn't mind the hospital gown ... they gave me two, so I could wear one backwards just in case anything was exposed that shouldn't be. And it was a good thing, too, since I had to walk from the MRI office to the actual lab halfway across the hospital. Past the cafeteria full of people. Outside, in winter! Patients have no dignity at all. The technician who accompanied me was wearing a winter coat.

How can women wear skirts in winter???

The MRI machine itself was scary. If the technician hadn't assured me that it was painless, I probably would have changed my mind. My dentist used to say that too.

When you're in the machine getting an MRI of your head, they make you keep your eyes closed ... probably so you won't be terrified. The 'chunk chunk chunk' noises *were* a little unnerving. They'd offered me headphones to listen to the music that was playing, but Anne Murray is even scarier.

Apparently your brain gets subjected to an incredibly strong magnetic field ... strong enough to pull staples out of a 2x4 at a distance of 50 feet ... fortunately my fillings are all intact. And there aren't any staples in my head. At least, not since I was building the porch a few summers ago.

But my forehead *was* bulging a little.

The machine bombards your head with radio waves strong enough to fry an egg. I hadn't brought an egg with me, so I wasn't sure if that was true or not.

After half an hour, I was allowed to climb out of the machine. I think my brain is still intact. I hope. I remember my name. I can still do logarithms. I still can't remember my cell phone number.

Like my wife Marybelle says: "Piece of cake!"