

I didn't tell anyone because it was no big deal. I was to go to the hospital early in the morning, they would do their thing, my daughter would drive me home by noon and that would be that. Pretty simple I thought. Didn't sound like anything I would need a Last Will for. My daughters were the only ones to know.

It was a nice morning as my daughter and I made our way to the early appointment to prepare me for what doctors like to call a procedure. They were to drug me up, yet I was to remain conscience as they stuck this camera thingy down my throat to take a bunch of pictures of my insides. Didn't sound too exciting to me, but the operative word here was 'drug ', as I was assured that even though I would be alert throughout this procedure, I wouldn't feel a thing. Sounded like the '60s to me.

Of course doctors always know what they're talking about and we got through the ordeal without a hitch. It was a rather uncomfortable procedure, but the drugs were great. They could have driven a Mack truck down my throat and I would have been a happy camper.

As we made our way home, I remember two things. First, there is the lust of a beautiful woman or the lust of an anticipated feast when you're hungry, but there is no lust that compares to the lust of a pillow after a procedure like this. I could not wait to get home and snuggle into my pillow as I excuse myself from the human race for awhile.

Secondly, I noticed that the weather was quickly changing on us. It was still sunny, but the wind was whipping up what appeared to be a typical spring storm that was in the works for the afternoon. Well this was one spring storm that would have to play without me. I had a date with my pillow.

The next thing I remember was my daughter shaking me from my cozy unconsciousness with blurry words like tornado, basement, we're going to die if you don't get up right now, and other stuff that didn't sound all that important to me. I pretty much blew my daughter off and settled back into my slumberland.

All great things come to an end, and sure enough, I came back to life. I aimlessly wandered around the house with no particular destination in mind. I looked out the window and noticed that it was indeed raining as predicted and the wind was kicking up a pretty good stir. I

found my way to my couch, where I just sat staring at the TV as if I was watching an intense game - even though it wasn't even on.

I was jarred into reality with the phone screaming at me. My mind was telling me that I probably shouldn't answer it in this state, but my arm was already reaching for it.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA hell-0"

"Andy, this is your mom just calling to see if you were alright."

My mother lives 2000 miles from me and I only told my daughters about the procedure. That is so typical of a mother. You can't get anything by them.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA, I'm okay..... You?"

"Well I heard Tom Brokaw talking about it and it sounded pretty serious."

There is a pause as I frantically reach for some logic here.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA, Tom Brokaw?"

"Yes honey, it was all over the news, but I'm glad to hear you're okay."

Another long pause as I try to imagine a world so uneventful that Tom Brokaw would need to spend his newscast talking about my procedure.

"Gee mom, it was just a procedure, really."

Another pause, this time on my mother's end.

"Procedure?... It was a tornado and it looks like it went right through your area and right into downtown Nashville!"

Suddenly the skies opened up with a thunderous Alleluia Chorus as I realize just what the hell my mother is talking about.

As I explained the procedure to my mother and that I had slept through whatever it was Tom was telling her, she got a good laugh and encouraged me to go back to bed - which I did. But I assured her that the next time I had a procedure, I would call Tom Brokaw to let him know that I'm okay. Just in case.

Just A Thought