

It's Official

We here at Casa del Pox are glad/sad/conflicted at the news that our pox title has been duly earned - yes, **I haz Chicken Pox.**

Warning: This paragraph is a rant. Thank you, physicians over the last 16 years, for never mentioning that there is a chicken pox vaccine available to healthy adults, especially those who come in contact with vulnerable populations. Thank you for never checking on this history despite the CDC guidelines. Now, lucky me, I've lost several hundred dollars in income, at least a couple of weeks of my life, and now I will be lucky enough to need the shingles vaccine having now had the chicken pox, not to mention having to cancel a long-planned crucially-needed vacation to a very special event. A special thank you to my GP who didn't put me on the anti-viral the second she saw the rash, resulting in a crucial one-day delay in treatment that probably made things worse because she supposedly wanted to "watch it." Yes, that \$8.00 very safe prescription was so dangerous that we definitely should have waited 'til the medication wouldn't make much of a difference. Thanks so much. And young twat dermatologist - thanks so much for asking me in my feverish haze, "Why do you think you have a fever?" That's just the kind of discerning question that one expects the patient to be able to answer -- oops, oh yes, usually the physician takes that question! And giving me a paper prescription that would have to be taken to the drug store to be filled, and then when I said, "Please call it in, I can't go out in public," you so helpfully noted that only people who haven't had the chicken pox are vulnerable (which said diagnosis was not even confirmed at the time). The complete lack of any instructions on care and follow-through - yes, that's exactly why my insurance co pays you the big bucks. Yeah, you really know how to run an appointment to help a patient. And your completely incompetent staff who hadn't a clue about dealing with an infectious patient - way-to-go! And let's not forget the fact that your office apparently forgets that there are things like faxes and phones - wanting me to wait a day to talk to you because you were at another office the day I called asking for help. You really make a gal feel special. I can't imagine that I'd ever darken your doors if I had something serious, like cancer - which I'm assuming you have to deal with all the time.

Back to regular programming: Brandy is up at normal weight now - 9 lbs with lot's of energy and still thinking home is a great place.

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And the socks are progressing too --

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