

# ***A Rude Awakening***

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A rude awakening as daybreak marked the end of a restless night.

A mundane Wednesday brought shift change for the nursing staff and countless others in the hospital.

A not so mundane day that gave me my first glimpse of the new appendage that pragmatism had me request.

A feeding tube to stunt weight loss that topped 50 lbs.

I knew the tube was there from the sleep-less discomfort overnight.

An awakening blended with exhaustion gave way to a panic attack that I can still connect to if I linger.

A rude awakening to a new normal predicted in the frantic web searches pre and post diagnosis.

Flashes of worry (growing more frequent with time) – am I ready for the rest of what Google predicts for me?

After pushing my body to its limits for 57+ years its pushing back.

Marathons, triathlons, distance swimming, distance cycling, CrossFit.

High-adventure scouting bleeding into adulthood - backpacking, fly-fishing, climbing mountains and glaciers.

A work-life balance, unbalanced to many, had me living on 4 to 5 hours of sleep a night for 20+ years.

A rude awakening to the next sign of betrayal by a body that had always taken me where I have wanted to go.

A rude awakening?

Maybe just a stark reminder (on the starker end of the spectrum) to live the life I have now with purpose.

Past is not prologue and nothing is promised, our reality is defined by our choices.