July 27, 2022
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.