**An Angel’s Tale**

Sometimes life can take a twist, and lead you down a path not intended. We’ve all seen tough times, we’ve all beaten the odds. Just sometimes you get a crap roll, snake eyes if you want to call it. Well, I’ve had a few of those rolls. Being a middle aged man, I had all the tests done, blood work, xrays, cat scans, mri’s. You name it, it was performed. Seeing as certain cancers and other diseases are genetically passed down from generations. It’s at the least, a starting point for a doctor to look. Broken bones I’ve had, like when I was 4 years old. I was sitting on my shins with my knees bent, and my feet hanging out of the back of the chrome back chair. Leaning against the wall like my older brother, when he put his chair back on all four legs, I attempted to do the same. Only problem was that my chair went to the floor, back first and my right foot left out. Sure enough it broke in five places. Off to the hospital for a full leg cast. Then in my early thirties, being up seven and a half sections of scaffolding, a fork lift driver accidentally hit the tilt instead of the lift lever, and knocked the whole complete scaffolding down. There was six of us who were on the scaffolding. Two of them grabbed the cross members of the roof and hung on, another rolled down the scaffolding the opposite way it fell. Another jumped off at about the half way point and tried a landing on both feet. Me, on the other hand, hung on to the walking boards. Knowing that the whole entire scaffolding units were wired together, boards and all. I hung on. Not thinking about my right foot hitting the concrete floor first. Bang, the scaffolding hit and literally bounced back up, throwing me twenty feet or more from where it first hit the cement. I lay there dazed, not realizing what happened. Ambulances came and took us to the local hospital. Xrays revealed that I had done serious damage to my right ankle (again) and two vertebrae in my lower back, which were compressed along with numerous discs. Reconstructive surgery was performed on my ankle and for my back, six weeks of bedrest. That means six weeks in bed. This episode changed my life forever. Four years later I was able to get back into the workforce, by training to be a truck driver. Far cry from the carpenter’s assistant, but you have to feed the family. Lack of mobility and exercise over the years caught up to me in the form of sleep apnea. This was solved with a cpap machine, and I stopped snoring at one hundred and eighteen decibels. And the stop breathing one hundred and six times an hour. Now that some of my history is revealed, I can get back to the first round of middle age tests.

Starting out with regular bloodwork, I was diagnosed with type two diabetes. Which means changing your diet and taking medication. Did I mention that I was three hundred and sixty six pounds? Oh,sorry. I guess with all the intake of food and junk, not to mention lack of exercise. So, I knuckled down, cut out sugar and the like. Along with milk and certain milk products, fatty foods etcetera, etcetera. Then it’s round two of bloodwork. This is the second whack to the head. First diabetes, now, prostate cancer. Yay me. I was in a complete state of awe. After reading all the papers and literature I could get, I caved. Hence my first encounter with my Angel. Sympath and support from family and close friends is what it is. But being comforted by an unfamiliar person was a turning point in my depression. Since then, we chatted on and off, here and there. Keeping me laughing at her antics, easing my inner pain. A year and a half or so had passed, it was time to start with the steps to irradiate the cancer. First off to the radiologist to see if I qualify for radiation treatment. Well, that was a bust. My prostate was too big for the procedure. So, it’s back to the urologist about surgery. Again, yay. I read and reread the literature. The side effects were not what any man wanted to know. Erectile dysfunction, there I said it. Like bladder control wasn’t enough, you lose your manhood. Just at the point in life when you are supposed to enjoy your spouse. Children are gone, house to ourselves, everyone knows that feeling. But in October 23 of 2018 that wishful thinking died. Along with my emotions, until March of this year I was ready to swallow my pills, and leave it all behind. Feeling useless and like a lump of flesh, not a man. I was ready. Posting funny pictures, trying to keep my sanity from collapsing. This Angel made a comment that woke me up, cracking a smile through my tears. She said in a comment, that what I posted was cute. Which immediately makes me think about the Rudolph Christmas show when little Clarice tells him that she thinks he’s cute. I responded with this little clip of Rudolph under her comment. Since that night, I’m forever in her debt. Since then I’ve been starting to be myself, I’d be non existent if it wasn’t for a girl with a heart of gold, who showed me that I’m still a man despite my feelings of being inadequate to be a man. They say that the lord works in mysterious ways, and that he has angels down here. I for one have certainly found one in you Daisy Neri, with all my heart and soul I thank God that I was fortunate enough to meet you. ❤❤❤❤❤❤❤❤