



THANKS A MILLION

Clement Yeung

"Mrs. Brown, good morning. Haven't seen you for a while. How are you?"

"It has been almost three years. Thanks to you, I have been coming along just fine." Mrs. Brown had a heart attack about three years ago when I was on call at the hospital. She came under my care and we got to know each other well. Both in their seventies, she and her husband had been quite active and independent.

"You have met my husband before when I was in the hospital." she said with a frown. I knew something was not right because she brought her husband in a wheelchair to see me at the office.

"If you could cure my leg, I will give you a million dollars. If you can't cure me, then just cut off my leg." Mr. Brown was not in a good mood. His left leg has been bothering him for months and so far no medication has helped the pain. The pain was getting worse and keeping him awake at night.

"Okay. It's a deal!" My answer really shocked him. "Mrs. Brown, you are the witness. As a matter of fact, I will give you half a million when he gives me the money."

"I don't care about the money. I just can't stand seeing him in agony all day long." There were tears in Mrs. Brown's eyes.

We did some x-rays of his leg and found out that the problem was not as bad as I thought it was. His arteries were

functioning well. The venous circulation was causing the problem.

Two weeks later, they came back to my office for follow-up. With the help of antibiotics and frequent elevation of his right leg, Mr. Brown has experienced significant improvement but he still needed the wheelchair to mobilize.

"Now don't stop improving. I really want my million dollars." I said with a smile.

"It is no fun using the wheelchair to move around. I hope that I don't have to use it soon."

By the time he returned again to see me, he came by himself.

"No wife, no wheelchair today. How come?" I asked.

"The good news is that my leg is 90% better. I finally got rid of the wheelchair. The pain is much more tolerable now. I only take the painkillers occasionally. The bad news is that my wife has come down with a bad cold. She sends her greetings." Mr. Brown was now behaving like his usual pleasant self.

A week before Thanks giving, they came to my office insisting on seeing me. I actually had forgotten about them since they were discharged back to the care of their family physician. There was no wheelchair.

"I just want to thank you in person for all your help," he said.

"So am I going to get my million

dollars?" I said jokingly.

"Well, I am not 100% better yet, so you have to wait a bit longer for your million dollars." He answered.

He then quickly got a hundred-dollar bill from his pocket and thrust it into my hands. I was taken aback.

"Oh no. I was just joking with you." I really felt embarrassed.

"You should take the money. I was the witness, remember?" Mrs. Brown insited.

Knowing that they were pensioners, I could not possibly take that money from them.

"Mr. Brown, please do me a favor. I want you to take your wife out tonight and treat her to a nice restaurant of her choice to celebrate Thanksgiving." I had to do some quick thinking.

Mrs. Brown gave an approving smile. The husband then put the money back in his pocket.

As they were leaving my office, Mr. Brown waved at me and said, "Thanks a million."

Through their gratitude, Mr. And Mrs. Brown showed me the true meaning of thanksgiving. 

Anxiety and Faith

Jone Gallagher

In our very active retirement years my husband and I have expressed our appreciation to God for the health and strength that permit us to do the work we enjoy at home and at church. When our doctor suggested my husband have a treadmill test, because it had been so many years since he'd had one, we agreed.

On Monday Harold went for his treadmill appointment, which we thought would take a couple of hours. My mind knew there was a possibility the test could show something irregular, but I didn't dwell on it. I was not emotionally prepared for Harold's call saying the treadmill was abnormal and the doctor wanted him to check into the hospital to have an angiogram. As I drove to the hospital my thoughts were racing. I questioned the doctor, "Isn't there any less invasive procedure that will give you the

same information?" "There didn't seem to be. He told us about the different possibilities for treatment depending on the amount of blockage they might find: angioplasty, a stent, which has a better chance of lasting results than the angioplasty, or bypass surgery. We were quite stunned. As I told the doctor, "You have to understand, we've spent the last fifteen years of our lives trying, through disciplined diet and exercise, to avoid this." We agreed to the angiogram the next day, and Harold and I made the commitment, as we try to do in everything, to trust God in these circumstances.

I called our kids that night to let them know what was happening. The next day the angiogram showed the disappointing results : severe blockage, bypass surgery would be necessary. The results were very difficult for me to accept. The angiogram was on Tuesday,