The Four Days of Thanksgiving

November 29, 2008 By Shawn Decker

Thanksgiving Day gets bigger every year. You got the eat-a-thon on Thursday, the shop-a-thon on Black Friday, then the aftermath on Grey Saturday...

But wait, it's not even over then! Because then there's the last mad dash to the malls on Sunday Bloody Sunday, before returning to work on Manic Monday, which coincides with World AIDS Day this year.

If that weren't enough, Black Friday marked the first observation of Native American Heritage Day, which will occur on the day after Thanksgiving from now on.

Speaking of Black Friday, the news about the Wal-Mart employee being trampled to death was just horrible. There's gotta be a way for humans to realize they are walking on other humans and for what? Just to save $75 on a television set... I just don't get it. This is why, from now on, I'm advising my thinblooded brothers and sisters to observe Native American Heritage Day and stay the hell away from the aptly titled Black Friday and the reckless herd of thickbloods.

As far as Thanksgivings go, I couldn't have had a better time this year. Went to my parents house up in the mountains of Lexington, and our friend Lauren and her baby, Evelyn (we covered the first presidential debate together) joined us. I got to hang out with my still-new niece, Helayna, who is 9 months old and full of smiles. Then for dinner, Gwenn and I joined Lauren at her grandparents house for a more formal affair in the evening. All in all, a very relaxed and joyous day of eating and sipping red wine.

Black Friday started early for me. Not because I was waiting in line at Best Buy, but because I woke up with a sore throat. It felt like a bacterial infection, so Gwenn took me to Prompt Care in the hopes of getting a prescription for antibiotics. When we walked in, I felt like time immediately stood still... just a bad vibe. When the receptionist told me to wait, I turned to Gwenn and said, "Let's get out of here."

I mean, really. At least take my name, so when I sit down and you call me up to the window, it isn't by saying, "Hey, you."

I'm not a snobby patient, I'm just in tune with my medical chi, and I felt like my whole day was going to be ruined if I put my fate in the hands of Prompt Care. We sought refuge at Martha Jefferson Hospital's version of Prompt Care across town, and my medical chi vibe was immediately validated.

"Hello!" The full-of-life receptionist said. "Have a seat and let me get you signed in. You name?"

Before I could take off my coat, I was back in the room. A nice nurse entered the room, wheeling in a laptop. She registered me while I waited for the doctor, who came in less than ten minutes from the time I walked through the door.

I explained my symptoms, and he asked if it hurt when I swallowed. I swallowed, and said it hurt a little, but nothing too bad. (It got worse the next day.) Then he did a throat swab, which came back negative for strep. "Probably a viral infection," he said. "I've prescribed some Vicodin for the pain."

Now, I've never taken Vicodin, but I've heard it can take the pain away. Today, when I woke up with a sore throat, that little pill made it go away in short order.

As I mentioned after the last bout with a sore throat, I was hoping to get that out of the way in time for the World AIDS Week travels, which start tomorrow. Thankfully, the travel load isn't too bad- we have two flights for four speaking engagements, three of which are happening in one state.

And, even with another sore throat, I am thankful to be educating this week, and commemorating World AIDS Day with my lovely love, Gwenn. Will be reporting the week's events here, as well as on my Twitter page.

Positively Yours,

Shawn

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