Rev's Reflections

A Hole in the Head

"I need that like another hole in my head."

That's what I often say to talk myself out of eating non-nutritive food or buying another pair of shoes. But this time, I actually needed another hole in my head.

Back in August, I flew to California then drove to Ohio across huge changes in elevation. I couldn't hear well the whole trip and chalked it up to pressure and the loud truck. Then I got Covid a couple weeks later, and afterward couldn't hear anything, even with my hearing aids recalibrated. The ringing sometimes became unbearable.

Last week, I finally got in to see an Otolaryngologist — an ear, nose and throat specialist. My left Eustachian tube, he told me, was clogged with fluid causing pressure in both ears and that infernal ringing. All he could do was to poke a hole in my eardrum and insert a tiny tube. Without hesitation I said yes. Now, the default setting on my hearing aids is way too loud, so they have to be recalibrated *again*. I don't mind at all, because it's so nice to be able to hear again!

During this week of the year, when the cultural expectation is that we all express our gratitude for the abundance in our lives, it can all get repetitive. Redundant. And now that I'm pushing 60, and I've just lived with serious hearing loss — as cliché as it is — I am so grateful for the health and abilities that I have. They may not be perfect, but when things are working reasonably well, I'm just so thankful. I'm thankful for the extra hole in my head.

Who would have thought?

May we all be grateful for the imperfect blessings. Our families, our health, our communities, our world.

In peace,
Rev Denis