

Update- today's trip to Georgetown Univ. Hospital HW 5/20/81

Over the week^{end} there was a bit of weepage at the hole of one of the large stitches that closed the recent emergency surgery. Because it was a weekend, meaning no doctors with office hours, and because I was to see Dr. Hufnagel at Georgetown Monday, I waited for Monday. Only the driver who was to take me there didn't show up. (I learned today that he went to a ball game instead) So we rescheduled the appointment for today and I went to the local doctor ~~XXXX~~ Tuesday, to take chances because I'd saw discoloration at a swelling we'd noticed Monday morning.

There were no obvious signs of infection. Where it had weeped was scabbed over and I've had no fever. Local doctor concerned about infection, which can be rough if at graft, and inclined to believe that it may be some post-surgical lymph gland involvement that I could have magnified by exercises.

Today the thigh and leg are more swollen. Hufnagel didn't bother with any measurements for which he had no time anyway, it was that visible. Without saying that there is an infection he said merely "We'd better put you on an antibiotic," which I'm on now.

He liked the fact that the leg was warm, which means that blood is getting there, the object of the surgery to begin with, and he believed that the leg looks OK.

He had hardly started to look at me when he was told that the Operating Room was ready and that somebody was already in it. Because he had this and another emergency, of which we knew in advance, having been asked to get there earlier than scheduled because of them, there really was no time for talking much.

He is an amazing man. As I'd commented when he left the examining room to get me the prescription for the penicillin, he had sat down for the first time within our experience with him. He looked tired. He is usually in the operating room by 6 a.m. daily, and last night he was called there after midnight, in addition. A month ago, when I was rushed there, he was there to begin at 10 p.m. When I thanked him for coming in at that hour, he smiled and said he hadn't left and was in the hospital when the resident notified him of my being there.

He is not much younger than me, a few years at most. He is past 60. What a working day, and particularly for that kind of work and its tensions. Fantastic!

In addition to the swelling, from whatever cause(s), I've also put on about 30 lbs and with so little possibility of exercise to take any off, I may be swollen for a while.

While the leg, thigh and most of all the left foot are uncomfortable, in other ways I feel fine. I can doze off sitting up and reading, and I don't know why, but I do not feel bad at all.