An Awkward Rite of Passage

Every stage of life has its milestones and ceremonial rites. At 20, it's a party surrounded by eligible bachelorettes. Turning 30, it's a birthday lunch with business associates and a rare evening out without changing a diaper. At 40, it's a surprise birthday party orchestrated by your kids. In your 50s, it's *"Strap on this hospital gown, we need to see what's going on down there."*

If you haven't had a colonoscopy, I want to tell you that it's really not that big of a deal. It starts with two delicious gallon-sized beverages that taste like a very heavy 7-Up that initiates all-out civil war in your stomach. I thought an alien would bust out of my midsection at any moment. But yea and verily, this lasts only for a season. Just stay close to the bathroom, invite no dignitaries over, and turn the music up loud throughout the house. The rumbling and ruckus will sporadically turn embarrassing.

After a day comprised of sugar-free lime Jello cups and enough broth tostrike fear in the hearts of chickens everywhere, we made our way to the diagnostic clinic. When we got there they informed me that the worst was over, and truly it was. They also informed me that I'd be getting the Michael Jackson drug.

"And you're telling me this because…"

But I survived the propofol, the rear slit of the hospital gown, the long wait, the paperwork, the Miralax (AKA: InstaColonQuake), the paranoia about what they did to me while I slept, the embarrassing things you say after you wake up, and I was polyp free! Yes!

Shout out to the doctor, my wife, and the nurse that I thought was Mother Mary. I'm not even Catholic.

Guys, if it's time, please get this screening. It's no big

deal. Just *don’t* go for pizza right after the procedure. Just trust me on that one.