Still Here for Another

Bloomsday 1989 was my 40th year. The start was delayed due to a wheelchair racer incident & it was a warm day. I should have known something wasn’t right when I began seeing the finish line & pools of water a mile before the finish. I collapsed at the finish line & an alert Fairchild AFB medical team tended to me. Yep, it was ye old heat stroke. My body temp reached 107.5 & a Rockwood M.D. tended to me. My wife was pregnant at the time & between delusions I thought, “God, don’t let me die, or my wife will kill me!” (not much was making sense) That afternoon, I had a urinary tract infection & a bout with the flu! The pain & discomfort was indescribable, & I asked God to be merciful & let me die. (the only such occurrence in my life) Instead, my pregnant wife called a surgeon friend & after observing this wretched, writhing object in the bed, administered a shot of Demerol, which brought sweet relief. (yes, there is a good purpose for narcotics). Those health professionals saved my life that day, & I am so thankful for the superb planning behind Bloomsday & the dedicated volunteers. I made it past 40 & still a Bloomie at 67!

Winston K. Cook

Medical Lake