Cancer Bad News and The First Edition's "I Just Dropped In"

April 7, 2018 By Robin McGee

So I saw the urologist yesterday, and it was pretty grim. He verified of course that I have a bladder defect caused by the surgery I had that is so rare that no one knows how to fix it anymore. His solution is to try an open abdominal surgery that has a 50 percent chance of destroying my bladder, and hence leaving me with a permanent urostomy. When I told him I would like a second opinion, he offered to direct me to his mentor in Toronto or a friend in New York City. Because urogynecologist's can repair these defects less invasively, I hope to follow up on a lead on an urogynecology practice leader in Dallas, Texas. I had high hopes for a laparoscopic clinic in Atlanta Georgia, but they refused me as a candidate due to my history of radiation. My urologist said his preferred plan is to make me wait 7 more months for his help. This will give me time to pursue other opinions. It will also allow me to finish my 5 remaining months of Xeloda, the oral chemo I was on 7 years ago as described in The Cancer Olympics. But what a hell to live in. As a cancer patient with very little time left to live, it seems a shame to live it this way.

In positive news, my son Austin has been accepted into Cognitive Neuroscience at the University of Waterloo — his dream. If there is anyone suited to being a university professor, it is Austin: he loves to teach, he loves creative research, he is fascinated by the brain, and he even loves to mark papers. He will start in September. He and his girl and two warring cats will begin their lives there in the fall.

And today's song? "Just Dropped In (To See What Condition My Condition Was In)" is a psychedelic pop tune written by was written by Mickey Newbury but immortalized by Kenny Rodgers and The First Edition in 1967. It went to No. 5 on the top 100. Famously, this song is the background to the Saddam-Hussein-at-the-bowling-alley dream sequence in the Coen brothers' cult hit movie The Big Lebowski. I choose it today as it describes the surreal nature of my experiences with finding out how damaged I really am, and how hopeless my options seem to be.

I woke up this mornin' with the sundown shinin' in
I found my mind in a brown paper bag within
I tripped on a cloud and fell-a eight miles high
I tore my mind on a jagged sky
I just dropped in to see what condition my condition was in

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