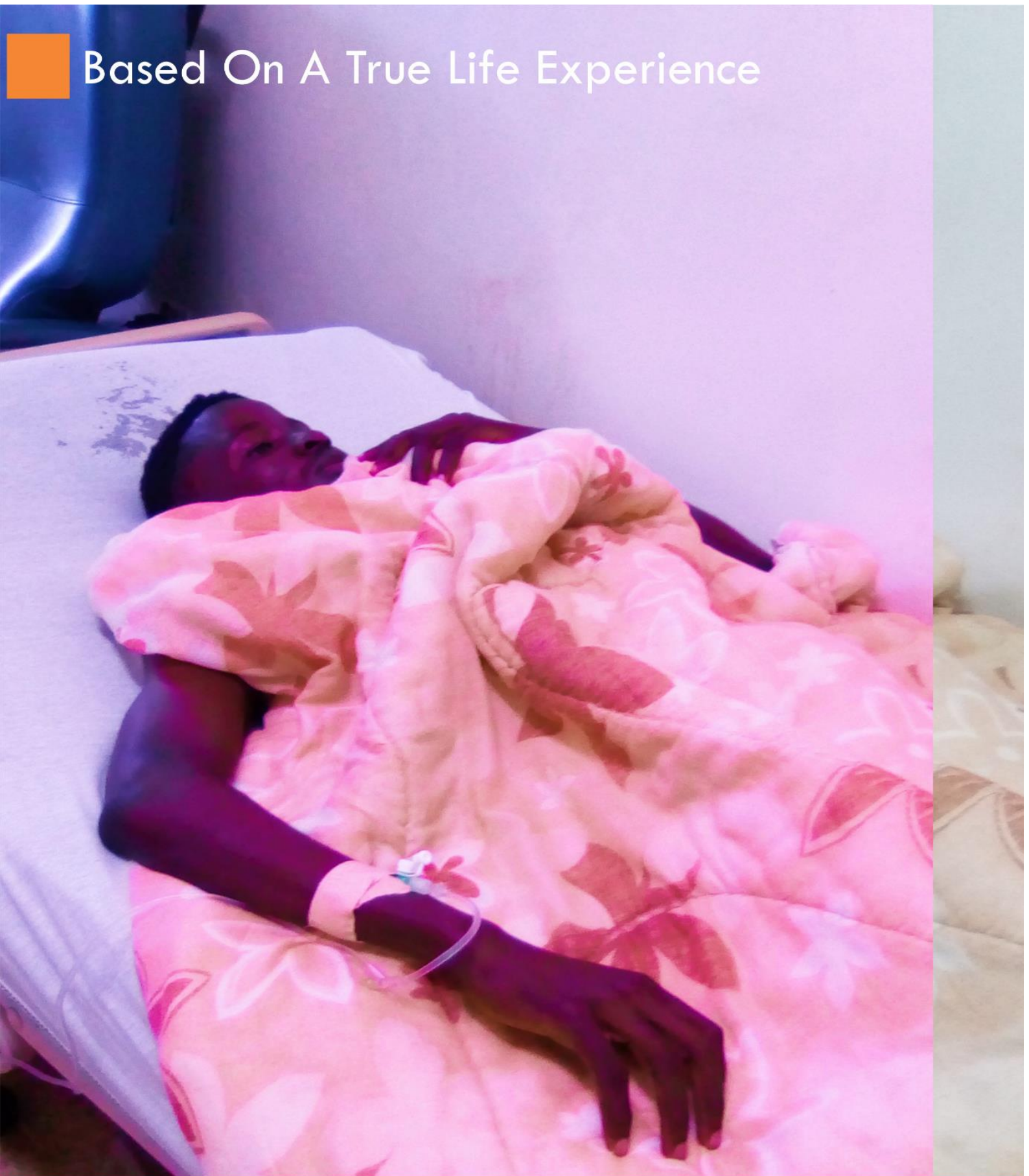




Based On A True Life Experience



INGUINAL HERNIA

My Encounter With Pain

Moifore N. Jallah Jr.

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PREFACE

Pain is an unloved feeling. For some, it is a model that defines their lives; for others, it never. In this book, I present my story of pain and how I dealt with it. If you ever have to undergo any operation, you can get a great deal of information from my experience. Here, you will find that time and pain are the phenomena that bring my story to a pile. After reading, you may find that my story isn't as interesting as you thought it'd be. However, I have written about it first as my own encounter with pain and second as a motivation to others who are going or will undergo such experience.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I am extremely grateful to God for keeping me alive to bring my story to the public. God is ultimately love. He showed that during my surgery. Next is my dear mother, Nancy A. Aggrey whose support saved my life, and who constantly held a spirit of motivation when I was going through gritting and gnashing. Without her I can't figure out how I'd have ever made it to this story. "No matter how old you are; you are never too old enough to be a son" when your mother lives.

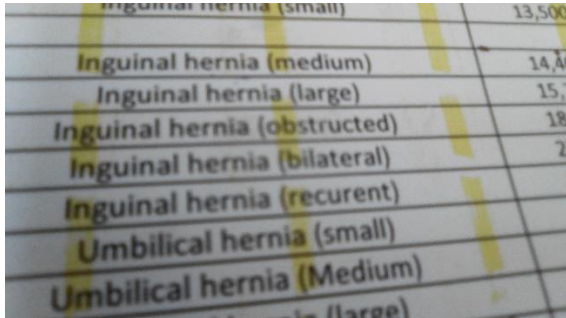
My friends: Augustus, Joseph, Patrick and Momo on the other end played the brotherly role. They never took it seriously that I wasn't going to come back to them. This is typically the characteristics of this cycle: we never take things too seriously.

To Mrs. Annette McDixon Kyne and her daughter Joannette T. Jolo (my play daughter) who took so much concerns with my matter that they included it in their daily devotions, I'm so happy to have known you.

And finally to my significant other, Neyodah Weh and her family, I am deeply appreciative for the support you gave. I must admit that it helped in improving my condition really fast. Neyodah was there, every step of the way, ensuring my safety as I was discharged from the hospital. When I thought I have lost my chances of walking again, she offered her pairs of legs to taking me to the bathroom. You inspire me, Neyodah, and I'm indebted to you all the more.

CHAPTER ONE

My Inguinal Hernia: How It Started



Inguinal hernia (small)	13,500
Inguinal hernia (medium)	14,400
Inguinal hernia (large)	15,300
Inguinal hernia (obstructed)	18,200
Inguinal hernia (bilateral)	21,100
Inguinal hernia (recurrent)	24,000
Umbilical hernia (small)	27,000
Umbilical hernia (Medium)	30,000
Umbilical hernia (large)	33,000

I had to go through surgery when I was seven years of age. Why? Because of Inguinal Hernia they say. Very little information can I provide here as to how

that experience was, because it happened seventeen years earlier. The question here is what's Inguinal Hernia and how did I get to contact it? Hernia is a biological defection. This happens when the intestine forces its way into the testis. The name inguinal is attached to it because of intestines' passage into the inguinal canal. It's so terrifying, so horrible, so deadly. I had the smallest type of inguinal hernia, but it was something to fear. My intestines push from both sides into my testis. It had to be small because, at that moment, I was only seven and my body young and premature. But inguinal hernia develop by stages as the body grows. So the doctor warned that one side be dealt with. In 2001, I had my first surgery, with the right side of my testis being worked on.

It's seventeen years later, and all that remains is a scar and just a tiny memory of that experience. The stigma on the other hand gradually washed away as I brought myself to the knowledge that hernia is a medical problem, not a curse I brought upon myself or inherited. It just happened. Puzzling was the way my new sex organ

looked. My right testis was fully formed, shape and size perfect, but the left was as if void. I wanted to believe that one of my testes was removed during the surgery, but how could this be? The operation was done on the right side, how is it possible that the left testis be affected? I didn't ask anyone, not even my mother. I went on with life, leaving all histories of my past in the past, without ever having to worry why one testis.

The Rise of the Nightmare

Lately 2015, that creeping intestine-into-my-testes nightmare aroused. At first, I didn't mind. In fact, I didn't know it was hernia. It was not until this push of the intestine began creating inconveniences that I began giving it attention. There again was phase two of hernia, surfacing at the time I didn't want it to.

My mother knew I was going through this moment. One day, she asked me, "Nel, what's wrong with you?" In a rather restrained tune, I replied, "mom, I'm ok"

"No, you are not, Nelson. What happened to you years ago has surfaced again. Nelson, my son, this is about your life. You don't know how instantly this could kill you. The doctor warned me to keep you from strenuous activities. Please come let's do something about this, my son."

My mama was right, I had been strenuous. It was the straining that created the opening. Even though the doctor said my case was bilateral, that I would have to undergo another surgery, if I had kept away from being strenuous, this wouldn't have surfaced until I was in my mid-thirties maybe.

The ball was now in my court, but fear took hold of it. There were two sides of the coin: do the operation and live or forget about the operation and die pretty soon. For some reason, I was at ease with the term "surgery" than "operation" as if these words never meant the same. There were numerous operation cases that ended in death. Just recently, there was a case at the renowned Dr. Willemina Jallah's Hope for Women Hospital, where a lady died because the doctors did the wrong thing.

Just this case alone had me panicked. Then I begin to satisfied my what ifs: What if I never come out alive? What if the doctor cut in too deep or the lights go out?

I joined the Mind Valley Academy, an online personal development platform that reshapes thoughts and strengthens the self-image. At mind valley, I read books on mind control, the law of attraction and the understanding of the Fibonacci sequence, the growth pattern of nature. Though new to this whole thing, I analyze my fear and realized that hundred percent of my thinking about surgery was illusion. I had thought too much and so have driven myself into illusion. Whatsoever it was, I now begin to draw upon the mind valley philosophies.

The last time I saw my mama, it was at the funeral of my cousin. She didn't like the way I look. She didn't tell me that, her expressions did. After the burial, we had a small talk and then I left. I have worried her again with my skinny body being more and more skinny. When I got home, she phoned me, "My son, just take a look at yourself. Can't you see how bad in appearance you have become? Why do you want to do this to me? I have met the doctor and he's agreed to do the operation. You are endangering yourself. You don't even know what's going on inside of you." I was dumb, undergoing serious dilemma. If I ignore this, I will die at a younger age; if I don't I may die if those odds, (my superstitions) were true. My desire to choose the later was mind valley's biggest impact on my mind. I decided to do the surgery, not that I was afraid of dying at a younger age, but that I needed to push

my fear. I had pondered the courage to undergo surgery regardless of my “what-ifs.”

CHAPTER TWO

Facing the Challenge

The next day, I phoned my mama to let her know my plan. She was glad and told me an arrangement would be made immediately with the doctor. Minutes later, my mother phoned in to tell me that the appointment was settled for Tuesday. Tuesday was only six days away. I was going to travel over to Buchanan to meet the doctor. My courage was still immature to keep from shivering each time I thought of the surgery. I almost caught myself asking “why me”, but immediately reinforced a manly perception as fast and possible as I could. I didn’t want to defer my decision I’d already made.

The day before meeting with the doctor, I got my things packed, and headed for Buchanan. My heart pounded at every covered mile to Buchanan. A new wave of fear unleashed a legion more fears. The only thing that was worth doing at the moment was to let my body take the action. I couldn’t stop my heart from fearing, but I could make my body do as I wanted.

That night, my mother got a call from the doctor that “he would meet us on Wednesday. Something he wanted to attend to urgently caused the bridge in our meeting him.”

My mother saw my worried look and held my checks, “My son, there’s nothing to worry about.” I felt relieved, but the relief soon evaporated as the thought of

“there’s no such words as “major death” and “minor death” death is death” captivated my mind. Alright, I held the day, Wednesday, for the appointment.

Thirty minutes into the appointment the doctor hadn’t turned up. My mother and I took a view around the Arcelor Mittal Hospital, a pretty nice place actually, isolated from noise and unwanted interferences. We had to wait for fifty-five minutes for the doctor to turn up. When the doctor arrived, there were few protocols before I was called to meet him. He quickly scanned my body and told me to blow up so that my testes would slack. I did. He observed the movement of my testes, wore his gloves and did a light squeezing on it. “Your other testis did not form properly.” He confirmed. He was talking about my right testis that I had assumed was removed during my first surgery. “But we will do something about that, though it is not going to reach all the way down.” He confirmed it was hernia and a surgery was needed. “Tomorrow you will be admitted and Friday the surgery will be done. My heart skipped a beat when the doctor said, “surgery was needed.” I had the hope that the appointment would have turned into something favorable other than cutting my skin. Now, the reality was so glaring: I would have to undergo surgery.



The next day I was admitted to a staff-children-only private wall. My eyes scanned the entire room: two hospital beds, an air conditional, a fan, a sink

for face bath, a bathroom, and a chair. As I crawled slowly on one of the beds to lie down, my hands and body began to accept the fact. Then in minute, a calm nurse walked into the room. I stared at her as she moves. She came over and did a few questioning and was out. There was another nurse, the bossy nurse, who walked into the half-opened door five minutes after the query nurse had left. She handed me a bottle of water. “You are allowed to eat and drink until mid-night, after which water and food shall be put away. Don’t try to do anything otherwise.” I looked at this nurse as if she could save me from the pain ahead. I sounded an “Okay”, that wasn’t fully formed, to ensure I was in total agreement with what she had said. That was all my servings that evening.

Considering the Fear, But Not Minding It

As the night drew, one great fear, the fear of death, crept and valiantly stood still before me, as if wanting to strangle me before dawn. I traveled my hand over my body, there I met chill. The beat of my heart had changed the rhythm, and was violently beating this fear of death frequently throughout my body parts. I was in this state till sleep took me.

The next morning, by 5:00am I was awakened by the sound of a nurse who had come to change my outfit. He handed me gown-like clothing, which I put on while he stood by. This morning was different. The chill and heartbeat had been buried in the night. It was as if I had been programmed in a mode of calmness. The nurse, being so friendly enough, handed me some adage from his own experience. He told me his name (his name is Patrick by the way) and left off.

A Strangulated Hernia Case

Thirty minutes after, there was another hernia case. It was a patient I believe to be in his twenties. He was rushed into the room. His case was severe and even dangerous than mine. He had what they call strangulated hernia. This is the kind of hernia that kills instantly. The only reason he had survived the night after several vomiting as well as toilettings was because he had luck on this side. I quietly looked on as the nurses organized his case to be treated first.

After an hour and thirty minutes had passed, a doctor or a physician assistant walked in the room along with two nurses. He examined us, asked us few questions and left. By 10: 35 am, my friend was taken to the theatre. Still maintaining that posture of calmness within, I let my heart count seconds thereafter. After what seemed to be a considerate number of hours, my friend was brought back to our private wall unconscious. They had done what they call general anesthesia on him, after an unsuccessful attempt to numb the lower section (from waist down to feet) of his body.

The doctor turned to me, “up on your feet let’s go to the theatre.” My heart pounded twice in a second and skipped a beat in the next second. As I stood to my feet, the inflammation of fear soared like a wave from head to toe. The war between calmness and fear began. Unlike my friend, I was up and normal so they did not have to carry me in a wheelchair.

As we passed doors, people and things, all that I needed was to instill a higher level of calmness. So I turned to affirmations in grave hopes that they might do a little better. I repeatedly murmured the two affirmations my mind could grab at the moment: “I am going through this now” and “I am coming out of this alive.” To make it even more personal, I injected my name, used the third person subjective and merge the two words: “Moifore, you are going through this now, and you are coming out alive.”

Numbness: The Anesthesia Effect

By this time, we have entered the operating theatre. There were satellite-like or mist-like objects that hung from the ceiling. And right on the bed, placed under these mist-like objects, were lights that shown from these mist-like objects. There were two stairs that led up to that bed. The beat of my heart came faster that it was almost seemingly impossible to hear my heart affirm that I was going through this now and that I will come out alive. The doctor told me to lie on the bed. I climbed those two stairs, up on the bed and lied with my face facing the ceiling.

Then I began to develop numbness. This numbness was the effect injection had been administered into my body, in my spinal cord. It was an anesthetic effect. In a matter of seconds, the effect of the anesthesia was so preeminent. I couldn't move my feet even an inch higher.

After an hour and some minutes, I was still in the anesthetic state. By then I had come out of the theatre and was lying in my bed on the private wall. All efforts to move my leg failed measurably. According to the doctor, as they were doing the surgery, the anesthesia's effect was supposed to last for three hours. I had gone past the level of fear and had come to stillness again. Everything was still. There was neither furious pounding of heart nor coldness of feet and body. Rather, it was just me lying very helplessly on the bed. Another hour passed and all that was leftover of me was stillness and helplessness. My hands could move, eyes could swing and mouth could say a few words, but I felt helpless. In reality I was helpless.

Surrendering to Pain



After what seemed to be a long time, say some thirty minutes and even within the scope of that thirty minutes, I began to feel a dash of pain here and there in my body. sure, the anesthesia's administration gradually began giving way to something I didn't want happen to me at all. I couldn't figure out, in any manner or form, how I was going to cope with this stranger. I couldn't

measure the gravity of the pain to come.

During this gradual transition, I still couldn't move a leg, but felt like wanting to do so, so as to overcome the pain that seems to be rising like a blazing sun from the horizon on a bright morning. By this time, my friend was crying out loud. The pain he couldn't bear any longer. His father muttered all courage to get him to calm, but that produced just a very little result.

I knew I would go through this too. It was just a matter of time. My friend's cry was evident. There and then I knew that time was the only determinant factor between my current state and my future. I knew pain would have to come, but that it won't go so long into my future. My mother had said, "It's just a little pain" to minimize pain's effect on my mind.

To minimize the effect of the pain, I gave myself two options: measure the pain in time or become unaware of myself. I ended up with the later. If I had taken the former, which I solely thought was appropriate, I would have absorbed enough pain and even given myself reasons to believe I wouldn't make it alive; for I wanted to measure the pain in seconds, even if it took days. This kind of measurement required a time-tracking device such as a phone. I would track the time by running a countdown or stop watch immediately the pain became surmounting. The only reason I refrained from using this option was because it required that I, every now and then, look at the stopwatch. This would trigger my mind to believe that this would go on forever and therefore would have reflected a bad signal to my mind to invite worry and all the flock of its relatives. The second option, which was taken in the light that It would also make me unconscious of time itself. So time and pain became the phenomena I used to double down the effect of my surgery's unbearable pain.

As the pain emerges from the layers of my sewed flesh, I laid. I went into my mind and began to appreciate the moment. I was now going to become a practical student of patience. I let the pain create more and more patience. And all those while I laid, I didn't think of myself as being a patient on a hospital bed; I thought of myself as someone going through a state of mind. The pain I was experiencing can be likened to a game of levels or to an object (precisely a car) that went from rest to a certain velocity and maintained that velocity for a certain amount of time and retarded to a zero velocity. The pain had already been there since the surgery

began, but was subdued by anesthesia. Now that the anesthesia was leaving, it became so unbearable and frustrating.

It's really important how we considered our situations. One could be going through pain of similar nature or higher, that involves an extremely excruciating pain, and say "it's the end of my life" and another could say "This is just a moment." What makes the difference is what they both think of their situations.

The fact that I considered that I was going through a moment set me loose into more unconsciousness. I am not saying here that I wasn't aware of my surrounding. Of course I knew I was going through pain. What I am saying is that I went into hypnosis. Hypnosis makes a person creates several mental pictures and imaginations that affirm or subscribe to, in a positive manner, the person's current state of being. In my case, my mind affirms that I was going through pain, which led it to appreciate the moment. In the next paragraphs, I will describe how my mind handled pain and time. So you can imagine the state I was in, right? So helplessly lying, but mindfully thinking.

By this time, the pain was up and running with full speed. Then a very strong headache came in the picture. The headache came as a result of the anesthesia. After they had done the surgery, the doctors said that there would be a headache due to the effect of the injection they gave during the surgery. The headache was furious, so furious that I nearly broke out.

“Stillness Speaks”

You may find it kind of hard to believe when I say I was appreciating pain at the same time going through it. Pain is a feeling, and I know you are aware of that. Feelings carry emotions and emotions carry vibration or waves. Since pain produces feelings and vibration is a product of feelings, I will speak of waves as pain to uniquely describe how I handled the moment.

From studies, we know that one of the central nervous system of the body is the brain due to its ability to transmit impulses throughout the body (BrainFacts/SfN, 2012). We also know that there are certain blood vessels that take blood to the brain and others that take blood from the heart. This process goes on between the brain and the heart simultaneously and continuously (Zandijcke, 2001). The heart too is a central element in this process for it pumps either furiously or calmly the blood to the brain. The pumping too is dependent upon another factor. Have you noticed, for example, your heart beat when taking a rigorous exercise like running? You should notice also that you breathe faster. So the faster you breathe, the faster your heart beats. In a nutshell, your air intake controls your heart beat which also controls how blood travels to other parts of the body. This simple biology turned out to be a remedy that accompanied the medications that were administered. In this state of silence, it was appropriate that I breathe in and out air after five seconds. This reduced the pace of my heart beat, which also reduced the vibration of my

body. So as my brain, on the other hand, receives the emission of pain from my sewed flesh through nerves or waves, my mind controlled these waves (I mean the pain) that it almost seemed impossible for these waves to be transmitted to other parts of my body such as my heart. You would not believe that simple positive words can redirect the thought impulses of the brain. In my case, another thing I did which reduced the pain as well was to appreciate the pain while it was happening to me.

The Unconsciousness of Time

The next phenomena, which is time was taken unconsciously or not even taken at all. Time is an illusion until we are mindful of it. I am not speaking of “clock time”, as Dr. Eckhart Tolle puts it in his eye-opening book (Tolle, 1997, p. 40), for this is only concerned with a mere telling of the date and time events happen. My mind had long since accepted that I was going through pain. It was needless now to be mindful of time since I knew my pain was rather dispensational. At some point in the past, say, some nine hours ago, I was without pain. That was a sure indication that I will be without pain at some time in the future, even if it took weeks. If I were to be mindful of time, it would have defrauded my patience to impatience and therefore invited anxieties of many kinds.

The mind can be considered a coherent device that attracts energies of similar nature. For example, if I had taken to the clock, it would have liberated impatience in such a way that it would compare it to similar experiences of my impatience in the past. What am I saying? Let's take a practical example, if you have to wait on someone for a long time you did not expect to wait, after similar experiences of waiting for that identical person ended up in impatience, your mind would definitely believe that the current occurrence would end up like the previous ones. You can begin to think of the distress alone that can effect from such occurrences. But all of these can be avoided if you become time unconscious.

So I put away my phone. In fact, I had it switched off and I looked in just one direction. I did this to avoid being aware of who was entering and leaving the room.

It was as if there were only one patient on that wall, which is my friend. His cry was an indication. His father grew worried more when he sees that I am calm and his son is desperately pulling the bed apart and gnashing his teeth. He often referred to me when motivating his son to be still.

On the other hand, my stillness raised a concern to the nurses as to why I wasn't making at least small sounds, but just looking in one direction. My mother too would often come over my bed and place her hands on my chest to monitor my heart beat.

I think I have now discovered why some patients think of themselves at going through endless pain, one that could lead to death because they disturbed the healing process by allowing their minds to emit impulses of negative vibrations.

You say, "Moifore, you are saying this because your case wasn't so major." That's true, my case wasn't so major, but if I were in the worst case and my case so complicated, I would have *accepted* that the worst thing that could ever result is death. The keyword is "accept". The acceptance of any situation whatsoever is the model/mode for handling that situation. And death really shouldn't be so feared. Death is a state of being as life is, but life is conscious and death is unconscious. In fact, the two have conscious and unconscious properties. When a person dies, for

instance, he then becomes unconscious of life. He doesn't know what happens in life, but knows what happens in death because he's now in another state.

Back on the hospital bed. The nurses begin administering drugs they say would lessen the pain and initiate faster healing. We (my friend and I) took to these drugs and they did improve our condition. The pain was moderate by then, and I had come back to more and more awareness. Then I realized that two days have passed since the surgery.

CHAPTER THREE

Living Through It

On the third day, which was on a Sunday, we were discharged and were warned to keep from strenuous activities for three months. Every of the four weeks following our discharge, we would go to the hospital for checkups.

Three months have passed and I am back on my feet, feeling as normal and fully present into life as I was before the surgery. It was actually an adventure of pain. In some way, I may not want to think of this as the workings of the mind rather it was the workings of God. I want you to know you can go through any depths and forms of pain without having to worry about death if you think far less of your ego and become consciously awaken. This is a program that can be developed through patience and patience only. How we take control of our minds help us to shape our lives, which also change our experience whether with pain or with happiness.

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