



Things that could only happen to Peck.

Wrist Replacement

For six years I had trouble with arthritis in my wrist, and it really was painful when playing golf, which I did a lot. You could say I was a golf nut. For those six years I got a shot in my wrist every three months just so I could keep playing golf. Of course there came a time when the shots just weren't working. I had been to several doctors and all of them wanted to fuse my wrist. I didn't like that idea because I would not be able to move my hand at all. I started looking on the Internet for a doctor that was a hand specialist.

Eventually I found a doctor in Philadelphia who seem like he really knew what he was doing. I saw an email address so I sent him an email explaining my dilemma. Two weeks later I get a phone call from his nurse and she said that the doctor would like to see my x-rays. So, I send them my x-rays. After another two weeks I get a call from the nurse who said the doctor would like to talk to me. "Wow!" I thought, "the doctor is calling me! Now we're getting somewhere."

The doctor got on the phone and said that the x-rays showed that my wrist was in bad shape. He said he does a procedure that's different than everyone else but the patients are able to play tennis, golf and other sports after the surgery. This sounded great! "Sign me up," I told him. He said I could fly into Philadelphia and he will do the surgery that afternoon, and the next day I can fly back home. I like that idea so I made the appointment for surgery in Philadelphia with the doctor that I had never heard of before now. All my friends and family thought I was crazy—they should've already known that. So, I had a free flight on Southwest Airlines and checked into other flights for somebody to go with me and found that it would be \$650. I thought, "that was too much, so I'll just go by myself." My sister volunteered to go and LeeAnn wanted to go, but I told them that I could do this by myself.

I got to Philadelphia, checked into my hotel room, and then caught a cab to the hospital around 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The hospital was ready for me so they put me on a bed and were preparing to knock me out. I stopped them because I wanted to meet the doctor before I went into surgery. I want to make sure he had two legs and two arms. He finally



came in and assured me that everything was going to be fine. After that, one of the nurses came in and said, "Do you have someone to take you home?" I said, "No I have a hotel and I'm going to catch a cab back to the hotel." She said, "We are not going to put you in a cab after being sedated, we will call you an ambulance." Then she asked me if I was here by myself, and she looked kind of bewildered. That nurse left, and about 10 minutes later another nurse came in and said, "You're here all by yourself?" I said, "Yes is that a problem?" She shook her head and left the room. Another 10 minutes passed and another nurse came in and said, "Are you here alone?" Again

I said, "Yes, is that a problem?" She said, "Don't you have any love ones?" I said, "Yes I have loved ones, but I just chose not to bring them with me. Now is this a real problem?"

The anesthesiologist came in next and talked me into doing a local anesthetic. He gave me a shot in my shoulder which made my arm and hand completely dead. I had heard from amputees that they would feel the missing part often. It felt like it was there but it wasn't. That is the way my arm felt.

I came out of the surgery with a large bandage covering my wrist and hand. My arm is in a sling and there was no pain. When I got back to the hotel, it was St. Patrick's Day, so I decided to go get green beer and a pizza. The doctor told me I should wake up in the middle of the night and take a pain pill because when the anesthetic wore off it was going to be very painful.

The next morning at the Hotel, I woke up and started getting dressed to catch my flight back to New Orleans. Here's where I felt I should have brought someone with me. With this big bandage on my wrist and my arm being in a sling I could not buckle my belt or zip my pants. I leaned against the wall, next to the chair, on the floor, I tried everything. I decided I have got to find some help.

I went outside the hotel room and I could see a maid's cart at one of the other rooms. I went down the hall and there was a black woman making up a bed. I stood behind her cart and said, "Miss, could you help me with something?" She said, "Sure honey what do you need?" I said, "Would you buckle my belt and zip my pants up for me." She yelled, "What!" I held out my bandage wrists and she said, "Sure honey I can do that." When she was zipping my pants I couldn't resist saying, "You are pretty good at that." She winked and said, "Well I've done it before!" After the maid helped me out, I was able to catch the plane back to New Orleans.

The doctor did what he called a half-replacement, so now I have steel in my wrist, both knees, neck and my left hip. That drives the TSA folks at the airport crazy. After the wrist surgery I had limited range of motion, but I could still play golf.