

It is a privilege to bring to you a Community Comment on Thanksgiving Day. I'm usually a very thankful guy on Thanksgiving, but this Thanksgiving I am particularly thankful because last week I had a close call and I am grateful to be above the sod, albeit with crutches and a bit of a limp.

Last week ~~I had a close call~~. Surfing in the Harbor entrance ~~Monday morning~~ I took off a little too late and a big wave came crashing down on top of me, driving me into my surfboard and forcing my left hip to dislocate. To say it hurt is understatement. I came up, grabbed a breath between mountains of whitewater washing over me, and climbed on my surfboard with the realization that I was badly hurt and no one was ^{able} to help me. By the time the wave dragged me under, I was several hundred yards away from my surfing buddies. As I began to paddle, I became keenly aware that my normal mode of exit from the harbor entrance, climbing out over the jetty, would be impossible. Jumping out of the water on jetty boulders is a dodgy proposition with two good legs. I figured my best chance would be to paddle to the inlet on the south side of the Coast Guard station inside the harbor. I paddled for my life ~~into the harbor entrance and toward the Coast Guard station~~, my left leg dangling at a very strange angle ~~to the side~~. Time was not on my side, as I could feel my body drifting into shock from the injury and the cold water. Noting to do but paddle hard and pray for endurance ~~to keep on paddling~~. Finally, upon reaching the beach I pulled my board alongside me one painstaking inch at a time, and found that my plan to crawl to my car and drive myself to the Emergency Room was not going to work. In order to crawl, you need two good hips. My hope was that someone would see me floundering on the beach and give me a lift. No one came. Finally, after a half hour or so, I spied a pickup ~~truck~~ scooting across the dunes. A really nice guy named Lance came over and assured me he would get me into his truck and to the hospital. He was just big enough, have you ever seen a little guy named Lance, and strong enough—He'd been a football player at Oklahoma State, to hoist me and my board into his truck. 'No problem, bro, I got you covered.' I was never so glad to see a pickup come over the sand dunes as last Monday. St. Joseph Hospital as when we pulled into the Emergency Entrance and they wheeled me into the ER in a wheel chair.

The staff at the Emergency Room at St. Joseph Hospital were amazing. From doctors to nurses, to PA's and PT's: all were professional and kind. I am especially appreciative the man who set my hip back into place, Doctor Kilgore, and to Doctor Copeland, who insured that I was not conscious when they were tugging and pulling to get my hip back ^{in its socket,} into place. For all the staff there at the ER and hospital, I am thankful. It's easy to criticize and we all know St. Joseph Hospital has received its share of criticism over the past few years. But when you are desperate; you tend to be thankful for what you get. : thankful to be alive; thankful for the treatment I received at St. Jo's; thankful for my wife and family, and church family, who've been very supportive and so far have not insinuated that what kind of idiot surfs in the harbor entrance at age 63.

it was lunacy to surf the harbour entrance last Monday
This has been Dan Price for Community
Ant