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I just returned from a day spent at the Johns Hopkins Progressive Cardiac Unit. My doctor called me on Thursday night to report on the results of the annoying EKG halter I had to wear the day before. He told me that I needed to have a pacemaker installed "right away;" otherwise, I could be pushing up daisies in a few days. He's a great, great guy, who doesn't pull any punches. It seems that my heart rate was down to 30 beats per minute, and sometimes even lower (60 is normal for most people when they're at rest). I'd been wondering why I was feeling so crappy: frequent dizzy spells, stopping to catch my breath half way up the stairs, feeling constant fatigue, almost blacking out in Yoga class, lacking motivation (which is not unusual), and unwilling to undertake even the simplest tasks, like taking out the trash. So, after being poked, prodded, squeezed, sedated, cut open, and tortured by well-meaning nurses and technicians, I'm pleased to report that I now have a little robot in my chest, which sends electrical signals to my heart and keeps it functioning as God, I'm told, intended. But it will be another 4 weeks before I'm allowed to lift my left arm up over my head. So, no yoga, or windsurfing for a month. 😞😞 As the great sage, Mick Jagger, once intoned, "what a drag it is getting old." That said, and despite the soreness in my bosom, I'm thrilled that I'm feeling much better, and thanks to science and technology, have been given the opportunity to muddle on, I hope, for a few more years.