

A Clean Colon...

by Sister Lorie - Monday, August 10, 2009

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Trials & Tribulations of Sister Lorie

Note to self:

The next time the husband decides that a ‘gallbladder cleanse’ is a good idea and that your participation is also a good idea.... Ask lots of questions. I knew that I was in possession of a gallbladder, but I must say that I was unclear as to what it does. I’ve known people that have had theirs removed and still function well. It’s possible that I had not given that organ much thought until the cleanse weekend.

Leaving the preparations largely up to the husband, I was blissfully unaware of what was to come. I did think it odd that he wanted to rent copious amounts of long DVD’s. Another oddity (possible clue) was when he purchased olive oil and fresh citrus. Making sure to have lemons and limes on hand as he knows that I don’t care for grapefruit in any form. He also made sure to clear our calendar for the weekend. Now, like most couples with two careers, house etc., we tend to have a fairly busy life. I was looking forward to a weekend that was without commitments.

I should give warning that my husband is a person who will go to great lengths to have the best supplements and food in the house. He will snack on nuts, seeds and dried berries. All organic to be sure. Let me also say, that he creates what he calls smoothies. Various whole fruits (yes seeds and all), vitamin powders and a splash of juice in a industrial strength blender. After a few moments, the blender discontinues it’s march across the counter and renders an emulsified semisolid paste of gray green smoothie. A friend tried one once and pronounced it bat guano. I believe she is correct.

Now to the cleanse. I had the first sense of foreboding when he announced that we could not eat after 2pm that day. Not eat after 2pm, are you crazy? My stomach was already staging a protest. I would have eaten much more at breakfast had I known that. We came home from our usual weekend errands and he scampers into the kitchen to mix what I can only describe as an evil potion.

Evil potion part one. If you are from the South, you are probably familiar with the phrase, “like Epsom salts through a widder woman”. I had not given this little bit of wisdom and colloquialism much thought before. One should listen to old wives sayings.

The husband starts the potion by rummaging around under the sink in the bathroom. Strange to say the least. He measures out the Epsom salts and proceeds to the kitchen to mix it with water and store in the refrigerator. He then announces that it will taste better if it’s cold. At this point, I’m in my own world doing laundry and the various weekend house tasks.

The appointed hour arrives. Promptly at 6pm, he bounds off the couch into the kitchen to retrieve the stored potion. Carefully measuring out the suggested amount for both of us. He downs his in one rather

large gulp. I'm now staring at a old fashioned glass of cold clear liquid. I pick it up and sniff it like a fine wine. It has no smell that I can detect. How bad can it be?

I took a small sip. I was expecting slightly salty water. MOTHER OF GOD!!! No medication has ever tasted so vile. Only 7 more ounces to go. The hubby then looks over and says "you should just chug it down". As soon as someone explains how to get this ingested and not touch any taste buds, I'm in.

Ok, it's just a few ounces. I can do this. I do chug it and then make noises like a cat with a very large hair ball. Whew, at least that part is over. Now the instructions say take it easy and watch a movie or read a book. Aha! This is where the DVD's come in. I can handle this.

I don't remember what DVD we watched. At the next appointed hour, hubby skips into the kitchen to bring more of what I consider the-liquid-of-death. Nice. I'm now staring at another glass of clear cold watery looking substance that would probably remove tar from your car and should only be handled with gloves. I get it down again. I have no idea how it can taste worse than the first time, but it does.

We start another DVD. Part way though the hubby goes to the bathroom. Then after a few minutes goes again. I ask if he is having problems. He grins and says, "I guess it's working." We watch more of the movie. About 30 minutes later, he's off to the bathroom again. When he returns he asks if I'm having any results. Results? What does that mean. I feel hungry, bloated and can't get the horrid taste from the back of my mouth. I think those are results.

Bed time rolls around. Now for the interesting part. Hubby goes again to the kitchen and rattles the gadgets looking for a citrus reamer. I tell him where it is. Now let me explain, that we have a large kitchen island. As I get up to let the dog out, I notice the island is covered in fruit, containers and a bottle of olive oil. Odd mix of ingredients. He removes the juice from the various lemons and grapefruit, dutifully saving the remnants for the compost and presents me with my drink.

This part of the procedure came with much instruction to make sure that one is ready to get in bet immediately after ingesting this next drink and lay in a specific manner. The dog was put to bed and we changed into night clothes. Hubby announces that we should drink this in the bathroom so as to be as close to the bed as possible. He chugs his drink down and is in bed in a flash. I'm looking at the so called drink. It's in two layers, the bottom layer a oily green and the top layer is a yellow pulpy looking liquid. I made a fatal mistake here, I asked what was in it. He tells me that it's a wonderful mixture of lemon juice and olive oil. Lemon juice and olive oil???? So, I shake it up to mix the two. I'm now realize that lemon juice and olive oil have the same properties as oil and water and don't mix. I'm a bit tired and somewhat cranky at this point and want to go to bed. Maybe this will be ok after all I haven't had food for 8 hours at this point. WRONG! I take a big gulp of it and as soon as it hits my mouth, my body tries to reject it. I believe a basic trust between what I put in my mouth to eat and my body has now been forever breached and my body wants to cast the deciding vote. You should listen to your body. I finally choke Satan's juice down with much retching, choking, and hacking. At least now I can go to bed.

The instructions say to stay in be until at lease 6 am. That is the one part that I agree with. Hubby is up early and trots into the kitchen for more salt water. He even comes into the bedroom and offers to bring my morning drink to me in bed. Let's just say that offer was firmly rebuffed from under the covers that I

pulled up.

By this time he is making frequent trips to the bathroom. While not frequent, I have made some trips as well. I'm not hungry anymore. I believe the salt water has mutilated the remaining taste buds. I have had the morning drink just to learn that there is one more round in two hours. Great. More movies. Sad but true, I'm now looking forward to the small glass of juice two hours after the last salt drink.

Hubby now is reporting results. This whole process is to remove gallbladder stones. Remember the lowly underappreciated gallbladder at the start of the story? These stones apparently are various sizes and green. Every hubby trip to the bathroom is soon followed by a report of size and color of stones. Every trip to the bathroom for me is followed by the expectant look on his face and "well". Sorry to report, nothing so grand as any size of green stones.

To sum up, we get the whole procedure done and return to solid food. Hubby then reads that some folks don't have satisfactory results the first time and the whole process should be repeated in 3 weeks. At that point, I very firmly tell him that I would sooner have all the taste buds flailed from my mouth than ever drink any of that again. I believe we have an agreement.

Sister Lorie