

This is just a humorous illustration of the fact that, no matter how traumatic the event, circumstances, by themselves, will not change human nature. It takes the grace of God to change! DH

P.S. - The "Things to Ponder" section, at the end, does not necessarily have any hidden, deep theological significance!

"THE 6-MONTH DENTAL CHECK-UP"

Today was the day the whole family gets its 6-month dental check-up. As everyone gets into the car, trepidation fills the air. - the fear of the unknown. We drive there with grim looks on our faces, and enter single-file, the youngest (weakest, most defenseless) first in line. This is survival of the fittest. Of course, we are all thankful that there are only TWO 6-month check-ups in a year.

One by one, each is told enter the torture chamber ALONE. There are no witnesses. Finally, it is my turn. The cold, steel door clangs shut behind me. I am sure I hear the sound of dead bolts locking my only escape to freedom. I cannot remember much of what happened after that. I must have passed-out.

When I finally regain consciousness, I realize that I have once again survived... at least for 6 months. Somewhere in the distance I hear a harsh voice saying something like, "... flossing. You have not been flossing enough, have you?" Having been reunited with my family, my son tries to defend me, by saying, "I saw him floss this morning." But defenses always backfire in places like this. "Of course you saw him... I know the tricks! Everyone flosses just before they come here, to try to make it LOOK like they've been doing it regularly." The only proper way to respond to this type of verbal torture is to quietly endure it.

There is something about torture: it seems so wonderful when it stops. After all this dental abuse, there is only one way to respond: "My teeth feel so clean [actually, etched-away] that I don't want to ever get them dirty again! I don't want to ever eat again in my whole life!" Of course, if one actually did this, he wouldn't have to worry about it for long.

But now I am at home. It is lunch time, and "reality" is beginning to hit my stomach. A new, defiant boldness sweeps across me. They have tortured me, but they have not conquered. A rising rebellion in my heart tells me what my menu will be. Pizza with E-V-E-R-Y-T-H-I-N-G, to re-pack those areas between my teeth. And something to drink, with LOTS of sugar - to "jump-start" all those cavity-causing bacteria. Later, of course, I'll savor some coffee, being careful to swish it around my teeth, to produce an even stain.

In a few days, things will be back to "normal" and I'll be able to push these horrible memories out of my mind... at least for 6 months.

THINGS TO PONDER

1. Were dental drills designed to sound like oversized mosquitos, or were mosquitos designed to sound like miniature dental drills?
2. I once heard someone say, "Be true to your teeth, and they will never be false to you..."
3. What could be more fun?
4. Why is it that most people don't appreciate good teeth until they don't have them?
5. Why is it that when they say, "This won't hurt a bit," it always seems to mean, "This WILL hurt a LOT"?
6. Do dentists check their own teeth?
7. You paid them to do it...
8. Be kind to your dentist. He (she) has to put up with this type of "harassment" from everybody else!

Dennis Hinks ©
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