

Don't forget your iPod

After 45 years of skiing, I have never done so much to myself other than bite through my tongue. Ouch, but not really that bad—you lose those extra pounds you've been trying to shed and you find it is easier to “keep your mouth shut.”

The Middlebury GS was quite an event for me. For all the fun and challenge of the undulating rollercoaster like terrain that the Middlebury hill presents, I seemed to have experienced a senior moment and lost my way on one of those blind turns. The helpful little snow gremlins did not appear in my goggles pointing me to the correct direction. Before I knew it, I found myself in the berm of new heavy snow along side the course my fellow course inspectors-*cum*-course polishers created. As everyone knows, if you find yourself in one of those, don't try to turn unless you want to lose you ACL. So, off I went straight down a 20-foot embankment.

Whoa, was that the drop into virgin territory! My natural reaction to something I'm not sure I can handle is to sit back. So off in the back seat I went. It was strange. I was not scared because the snow was nice and fluffy and I hadn't felt any impact. Soon I felt my skis crossing, some disorientation and then excruciating pain as I found myself unnaturally sitting nearly atop my right boot, ski (s?) still on and my head pointed slightly downhill. I'll spare you the detail of my screams.

People were soon at my side, oh so helpful, removing my skis and making me feel cared for and as comfortable and distracted from my pain as they could. Hmm, I had just told Michael Rooney, my husband, while I was in the start not to take too many coats down, as today was the type of day that injuries happen. He was one of the first at my side. Maybe he was keeping me comfortable with everyone's jacket?

Gratitude, to the point of indebtedness is how I feel towards everyone that helped me. We are all especially lucky to have ER doc, David Strang, racing with us. Dave was quickly at my side positioning and splinting my obviously broken leg without any more pain before the short, but fun, toboggan ride. He took the lead with the ski patrol, making another adjustment or two, assured proper care would be taken on the way to the hospital and made me feel confident that the right things were going to happen.

From Dr Stang to the Middlebury ski patrol, ambulance crew and everyone who popped in to say hi, hang in there, there was one thing sorely missed—my iPod Shuffle. Oh, had I had Enya plugged into my head, I'm sure I would not have hyperventilated myself close to being in shock, and Tom Petty would have made the bumps in the road bearable and the sharp turns more fun in the ambulance.

Get an iPod Shuffle for your first aid-kit. It doesn't replace narcotics, but it sure does help. Thank you all for your well wishes. I appreciate every one of them.