

I don't believe in Karma, but?

Kevin (that would be my son Kevin, not pilot Kevin) is still off the bike, not at school, and in a lot of pain as the doctors still don't have a handle on what's going on with him. He's been in for a lot of tests, all sorts of things have been ruled out (I dared to ask the urologist today if some sort of evil tumor could be the issue, but he assured me that it would have been seen on the x-ray or cat scan), but we still don't know what it is. We seem to be moving through a process of elimination rather than determination, which just doesn't seem how you'd expect modern medicine to work. It's like an episode of House, and that's not really something I want to feel kinship with in this manner (but my daughter adds that, unlike House, nobody's suggested that it's Lupus).

The Karma thing comes to mind when I wondered gee, is this how a customer feels when they've brought their bike in three times for the same thing and we still haven't gotten it figured out? I'm going to be a lot more sympathetic to that sort of thing in the future. But for now, please, let's find someone who can fix my kid.