

Not Too Much to Ask

by Frances Deloatch

I was about seventeen years old, and I had just had surgery on my leg. I was in the hospital room and all these doctors came in. The next thing I know they're whipping off all my covers without even saying anything, asking me anything, or saying, "How are you doing?" That's the most degrading thing. I mean, it's bad enough when you're younger, like maybe five or six. But it's even worse when you're seventeen. These are a bunch of guys and they didn't even have the courtesy to ask.

After that I started to say, okay, I'm going to start setting limits and saying no. I became really good at asking doctors what they want. And saying to them, "No, I'd prefer not." I felt that I had to or else they were going to keep on doing that. It's just a matter of wanting respect. I don't think that's too much to ask.