

## My Medical History in brief

You may not believe it, but I am still driving an Israeli made car model 1943. When I first drove it, it was small, economic, shiny, and new. It had a bit of a flaw that at first glance was almost undetectable. One of the headlights was a bit out of kilter and pointing in the wrong direction. I must admit that at first, I was disappointed and considered returning the car to the dealership. But I liked it too much so I decided to see if it can be fixed and indeed it was possible. Except that to fix it I needed to leave the car and in the garage for a full two weeks. That was too much to take. I could not fathom parting with my new car for that long and decided to forget about it. To this day my left headlight is skewed, and some people look confused, but this is my car and I like it this way. For many years, my flawed car as flawless: fast, economical, small but comfortable. It took fourteen years before it developed the first problem. The car over heated, the tires swelled it was like it had the mumps. Now two weeks in the garage did not seem that ominous except that the timing was awful. It was summer. The best time to drive around the country with my co-driver. She drove away in her own car and our partnership started breaking up and it did. A year and a half later, I was recruited as a co- driver by a beautiful race driver and our wonderful partnership continues to this very day. At the age of eighteen my car was still as good as new. I used to drive it to my football games every Saturday. Then in one of the away games another car ran into mine in full speed and tore a ligament in one of the engine belts. Fortunately, the damage was not as severe as first thought. The torn ligament was mended in a simple operation and within a couple of days the car was back on the road. Unfortunately, it was not fit enough to take me to my football games, and I was forced to retire. When I joined the Israeli army, I was keen to drive my car to the battlefield, only to discover that my flawed headlight and my reconstructed ligament disqualified me from driving my car beyond the limited radius of 30 kilometres from my home to my non-combat job location. The car kept driving for three more years before it started to stall, developed some strange depressing anxieties. At first, I was tempted to ignore the occasional episodes, but they became too frequent and too volatile. After consultations and intricate examinations of the car and occasional stops at the car clinic the car settled down. No longer as good as new but solidly reliable and mature. Years went by and the older car kept going if not at the original speed, on a much larger scale. Together we explored some of the most exciting places on all seven continents in 76 different countries and brought back a trunk full of great memories, great experiences, and great pictures. At a much later stage when the car was almost sixty-eight, years old it was still remembering the accident of some fifty years earlier on the football field. the opportunity came up for it to return to the football field and it was amazing to watch the muscle memory of the car. It performed admirably some say amazingly considering its age. But not for long. On a cloudy autumn day while walking up the hill towards a close by destination the car keeled over as if it lost its breath, and the engine was painfully sputtering. This time it appeared to be serious. When the engine stops the car is destined to the heap at the junk yard. Surprisingly, after two days in a special engine repair and reconstruction clinic and after replacing and replacing two valves the engine came back to life. Since then, with some steady daily maintenance, it has been purring like its old self. Over the next ten year the car settled into a steady state. It no longer accelerates to well beyond authorized speed limits, but it is also avoiding other than routine garage inspections. Last year after returning from a trip to Mexico just before the pandemic hit, the car started to behave its age. First it overheated, its air pipes were infected, and it clearly exhibited symptoms of advanced aging. Some immediate treatment stabilized it to perform to its aging capability, but lingering symptoms persisted. For the past six months you could feel and hear the cracking

sounds of some joints and its ride is no longer as smooth even at slow walking speed. It will soon be undergoing a mechanical inspection to assess the damage and repair the aching joints. Some may say why hang on to the old clunker, didn't it do its job and served you well? Well yes it did but there is still a lot of gumption in the old car, and it longs to get back on the road and accelerate to the maximum allowable speed.

By now you know that I am the Israeli made car model 1943. I never fixed the skewed headlight that could never point straight even though I always did. I do not plan to retire the old car for as long as I am vital and just like good old wine the car may even get better with time.