

The Chronicles of St. Abb

The Self-Sanctified.

PATRON SAINT OF THE DE-FROCKED.

First Epistle

There are times when I catch a waft of burning martyr rising from my slippers.

Not really surprising I suppose..... I'm 58yrs now, well into my second set of coronary arteries, have had at least a year of serious mental illness, (with accompanying suicide attempt and ECT,) and now, to top it off..... my body has gone a bit mad for a while....

It's tough at times being a Saint.

Bit different this time though...the madness that is.....you see it seems I've got something called **Psychogenic** Abdominal Pain Disorder What this means is that every now and then I can turn into a writhing, restless, distressed -entity, pleading for medical intervention to relieve the excruciating pain of intestinal obstruction I feel in my gut.

Now apparently, if I had access to sophisticated technology available overseas, it would be evidenced in neuro-physiological examination, and now I would have a **Diagnosis** the medicos would acknowledge, the specific treatment stipulated being :

'immediate infusion of morphine sulphate at time of onset of attack'

Unfortunately we do not have the technology here in NZ to make such a diagnosis.

It all started in October 2003 PS. (Pre-Sanctification)

I had a 'Real Illness' so to speak ... Holiday with the kids: Feed of bad oysters: and five days of writhing noisily in Whakatane/ Rotorua Hospitals whilst my gut invented new colours.

Fortunately we do have the equipment to diagnose food-poisoning here in New Zealand. I was treated quickly and mercifully, and the Writhings kept to a minimal , because of course a **medical diagnosis** was anticipated.

I'm Sanctified now , and I embrace Sufferance as part of the job description, although I have to admit , Sufferance has always been one part of the Curriculum I've struggled with. Back then in 2003-2005 PS I was all against it..... I tend to complain if I think things are seriously out of sorts.....So I really put the hours in, and worked hard at

Sufferance.....indeed I failed several modules and had to re-sit and do a North Island Pilgrimage for 2 whole years!

None of yer 2-3 day cheap return flights to Mecca either..., Oh... no....no.....The full 2yr jaunt mate!... Wandering in the wilderness!..... Destitute and on the Benefit!..... and with the 'Writhings' and all!

So from Wellington to Whangarei I wandered writing when well, writhing when not.... seeking refuge in the local hospice when afflicted,, collecting my benefit, living in the driveways of friends and motorcamps

*Note**

The key to the Nursing management of my pre -pain relief presentation, is to facilitate as much free movement possible. In a full blown attack of 'The Writhings' I am compelled to pace, sit, stand... I am constantly ,moving to the position which gives most relief. This needs an open uncluttered environment, totally the opposite to lying on a narrow plank in a curtained cubicle. It is really hard to keep still, even for the insertion of an IV line.

Waikato A/E Dept.

Pain was well-managed, Care was good, but the A/E Dept environment, like most Hospitals, is not a physically safe environment for me when 'The Writhings' hit.

Now you may think that this is not much of a Sufferance for a Saint really, if he's getting all that pain relief and being treated so well, but they're a crafty lot at Sainthood School...you see I only had to do the Pilgrimage in the school holiday breaks. The rest of the time I lived in Tauranga and Wellington.

NOTE*

Hutt Hospital

Tauranga Hospital:

Wellington Hospital:

Rotorua Hospital:

The report on these four Hospitals has been censored from 'Upstairs 'as being too terrible for the sight of mere mortals. But as I complained to him during my heart surgery, I said....

“Now come on Boss!.....you know as well as I do that the wisdom of a prolonged pilgrimage isn't consolidated until you have a substantial period of contemplation and fasting in the wilderness!”

“ You Yourself in your Great and Infinite Wisdom. :

*(bit of groveling here...Important capital letters these.... don't want to rile him up)
..... told me so in my last near death experience”...*

(deep intake of breath...look shocked)

Don't you remember?.....

(slowly .humble.. humble...sink down to knees, ... head lowered,.... shiver a bit...look deeply pained....then slowly raise eyes in supplication and say beseechingly)

O'Lord?”

Well, it always worked for me, and no less on this occasion.

He's a sucker for a supplicant.

Sweet-as a nut after that: Helped me to my feet,...Dismissed the harpists....Poured us both a wine... and we had a good old chin-wag... You see his memory isn't the best nowadays...all that celestial incense I reckon...and if he's not sure of something he comes over all beneficent.... As long as you get him to think it's his idea...you'll be right.

*We were talking about Mental Health Nursing and how in NZ the absurd gap between the reality of clinical practice and the pontifications of the academics, was so **clearly** the work of Satan: He frowned then, nodding serious-like, and told me straight up that it's been hard keeping Old Nick in check recently, even when you can be in two places at once.*

I looked all solemn and reflective thenand almost in a whisper, (for appearances.. cos he can hear everything anyway), I said that it was a pity he didn't have a living Saint down there that knew the business and could give him a hand...

Well I was dismissed shortly thereafterHe was quite nice about it mind....saying that he had a lot to do and had enjoyed our chat...but he had some business to attend to...then he became all serious and thoughtful- looking again... ... that's part of his persona I suppose....got to appear thoughtful when he decides things....after all he's got an image to maintain too... the Big'Yun...

I knew I had it sewn up though.....

*Sure enough at the next meeting he issued a Divine Decree and that was that .
Of course he had to go and make a big show of announcing it to all the others...They
were pissed-off I could tell...but all smiles to his face...I thought St Peter was really
going to loose his rag for a moment there..... but you don't sling off at the Divine
Countenance... even when you are his son's best mate...*

So that's how it all came about for me.....Sainthood.

Except perhaps for when The Writhings come ... I'm perfectly sane and lucid, living a normal life playing guitar and writing Epistles. Besides they don't come so often any more now..... only once in a while...and they don't cause me too much trouble...till the next lot of trials start of course.....

Cos that's just the way it is for us living Saints:

Persecution: Discrimination: Abuse: Scorn; Hatred: Cruelty: Vilification:

They re all there in the Manual.

We've got to have a good old dose of the lot before we even qualify to *apply* for Sainthood... Protracted agony is part of the apprenticeship you see.....

Yup... I can more than hold me own as a Saint when it comes to protracted agony.... I've been scourged, wracked-up, boiled in oil, pilloried, fried and garroted with the best of them.....

None of **them** however,.... has been a Male Pakeha Polytechnic Nursing Tutor!!or a Community Care Coordinator .for that matter! not for a single day, let alone 10yrs! ,.... not even St Frances!.....

And talk about persecution?.....I tell you mate ...I've been more persecuted than all of Israel thinks it is.....

And that lot the Boss's lad got?.... you know, the Romans... The Pharos ...Portia Pinenut... an Allah that?

Well **He** had it easy I can tell you..... **His** lot were mice.....**My** trial took **3yrs!!** Not just a few days and ... 'I wash me ands of yer son' Oh.. no ...no ...my lot kept on at me **all the time**....sheer murder it was..!!

In fact It was all these folk picking on me constantly that convinced me to Self- Sanctify.

I said to myself, why **should** I have to wait till I'm dead like all the others?.....No... I'm having **my** Sainthood while I'm still here!. **I don't care** what St Thomas and his mates say behind me back !.....I don't care if they moan and whinge that, '**they**'.... had to wait two or three hundred years, so why should '**I**'.... be any different'?

I told em straight up..... **"I'm** a new age assertive sort of Saint, ready for change and au fait with technology.".... "You're all trapped in the past with all yer old notions....

.....Stuck-in-the-mud old fuddy duddies with no relish for things different... Well, ..I said.....I'm having **my** Sainthood **before** they finally nail me up.. **Right?**... and that's all there is to it!"

Ok, I admit I shouldn't have told them all to go to hell, **but I was speaking metaphorically**.....! (checked this one out with me Lawyer..)

And I do acknowledge their concerns about the death thing, them being dead and all..

I have to really, because empathy and compassion are part of being a Saint too, even if you have been unjustly struck-off the Nurses Register.....Bottom line is though I 'm alive and they 're not.
Fair point I have to say.

My argument is that as a recipient of quintuple coronary-artery grafts. I have been **mostly** dead for about 3 hours..... and that does sort of qualify me on the death thing..... in a 'Polytechnic Certificate of Attendance' sort of a way..... Should swing the scales in my favour don't you think?....

Besides....they're all supposed to be kind and compassionate too.... so I don't think it at all unreasonable for them to stretch a point on this one occasion.

I've not decided exactly when to declare my Sainthood officially. Thought I might keep it under wraps for a while.....besides I need to change my Christian name... I mean, who ever heard of a Saint called Brian?

I'll return to me Celtic roots.... that's it!now let me see...hmm...Celtic....Celtic... Gs and Hs.... and maybe a double nn..... **Breaghnn!**..... that'll do.....

Breaghnn St.Abb.!

I suppose that being the first living Saint I should have a mission... a quest of some kind..... I can't really justify being a **living** Saint to the others if I'm just going to hang around doin' bugger-all can I? They'd have me up before the Ethics Committee before you could shout, "OOoo Look, it's St Joan....Burn 'er!!

No.. I definitely need a Quest.....a Grail to seek...

The thing I do best is be a Psych Nurse...so I'd better stay in that vain ... hmm.... I need a bit of spin here..... a logo...something short and catchy....

Now hang on a minute! ...Being a New Age Saint gives me a fast broadband internet connection to Divine Inspiration!That's right, one of the perks of the job.....

'll just login password for the Saints Only Website...hmm ...what's mine now?...tch... always forget this..... Sod it.. I'll have to go through the whole prayer now before I get to the word..... Oh well.....

“Our father who art in heaven hallowed be thy name...name...name?
NAMENA..ME.NA..MEN??**AMEN!!** that's it...I've remembered...A_M_E_N_ .I'll just type it in ...and...

Right.-On!Hey, this is choice!...Look at this.....*Saints Rights Section*...

Do you wish your relics to be returned to your original grave on the grounds of your cultural beliefs?

Well they certainly look after a Saint nowadays...

Excellent site this...now here we are.....*Epitaphs**Personalised Mistles* *Famous Last Words*..... Here we go!....*Quirky Sainly Motifs*... , *Pledges*... *Blessings With Your Name In*.....right ...type in me demographics.....Enter..... and.....hope its not an algorithm....no.....

“Bold St. Abb will give a lesson,

To those who govern his profession,

He'll bring in changes for the better,

With a Full-stop and a Capital letter”

Breaghnn St.Abb

Oo.. that 's not bad....I'll ave that...

Now what.s this?*Stigmata?*.....no.. don't fancy that.....make a mess of the sheets...*Image?*.. This is worth a look.... Oh.. I like this one!...all that armour and weaponry...not fond of the haircut though...still the horse makes up for it...Look at the size of it!

Better see if there's anything else I need before I log out....No, this'll do me for now,... tick the horse last.... press enter... and....

Whoa there Trigger!! Hey! Wow!This is beaut mate!Look at this armour all shining in the sun!.... Fits perfect too....and what about this sword!!Cor...sharp as a razor and look at the length of it!!

Choice!! This is brilliant!

I'm all set for the off....Now what's me quest again?....Oh yesput Mental Health Nursing right!Whoops!....Whoa!.... Settle down boy!!

Haven't quite got the hang of these spurs yet ... must be a foot long!... ,

Wow! ...I feel full of righteous zeal! Hyped up and ready to go!!...Can't sit here all day!....I've just got to do a bit of charging, yelling, and waving me sword!.... Right.... I'm going right up the front!

“ Eh you...foot- soldier”giz yer Pennant...Ohh... nice colours! Choice!.....might skip the inspirational speech...straight into the war cry and the charging...should yell something though....er..let's see....it's not St Crispins Day is it?....No

Spontaneity! That's the key....don't think... just shout it as it comes...OK ..deep breath... here goes...

Right Lads!!!!...Lets get the bastards!!! 'AGHHGGHH!!!!'

WhoopsSteady Shadowfax !! nearly disemboweled the horse then!... didn't-half make it run though!....

England for the Cup!!! AHGGH.....

Reflections of a Saint at the Gallop.

S'truth....I'm getting ahead of the rest here... I'll slow down a bit.....head for that grassy knoll.....right...Whoa Silver!!....Rear up the horse..., do a loop.....beckon with me Pennant.....wave the sword....good they re catching up... now let the first lot through ...last wave of the sword.....and.....off we go again...

AHGGH !!...

No that's' no good.....Inspiring words is what we want!!.... not just a yell..... think spontaneous....spontaneous.....

.....you know...they reckon 'The Boss' can be a real bugger when he's riled up...jealous vengeful.... all of that.....Wonder if he'd mind too much if I lopped off a few heads?just one or two perhaps? ...No,...second thoughts... best not to,probably be pushing me luck...bad idea....bad idea Breaghnn,....

Gay Rights for Whales!.....AHHRGHH!!.....

*Maybe he wouldn't notice if I gave one or two a quick dig with the pointed end rather than the full swipe?No ...no.....stop it Breaghnn..... Just cos **He's** vengeful doesn't mean I have to be does it?..*

*.Come on..... I've done years of reflective practice both personally and professionally and know full well the futility and destructiveness of energy so spent.....I'm a living Saint after all **and I got highest mark** in that module!*

Wow!... That was clever...Did you see that?....Those last words in bold type?

'highest mark'....?

I add a full stop and capital letters to that, and what yer got?

*.....**St. Mark!**Cor it's a buzz being a Saint!*

Now come on Breaghnn.....You've got the Certificate! ...You transcended the revenge experience eons ago!! Says so in the Comments Section, remember!!

Whew.....Came over all funny for a minute then.....Bloody Nick.... whispering in me ear again.....

Focus now Breaghnn.....focus.....Right then!.....Mental Health Nursing.... Where shall I start?.....

I know!..... I'll sort the Tauranga Psych Unit first..... Right... better gallop up to the front again...bit of yelling...keep the lads fired up..... now spontaneous remember, don't think..... and....

What about the Leaky Houses then??.....AAHHRGH !!.....

Good, good... not too far in front..... Now!.....Slow down... twirl...and beckon with the Pennant againgetting the hang of this.....

Wheel left and hit the Kaimais lads!!..... AHHGGHH!!

.Oo.. ouch! ... me shoulder.....if you don't turn left Phar Lap.... you'll get another dig with the spurs.....

Here endeth the first Epistle of Breaghnn St.Abb the De-Frocked and Self-S.anctified.