GOT ’EM!!!!!! My main man came through!

May 19, 2015 By Greg Jefferys

19th of May 4 p.m.
Okay... spoke to the Mylan guy and went through everything again, as best one can on the telephone when both parties have strong accents. Telephones are very helpful in certain ways but when we are talking to each and we both have strong accents... over the telephone understandings can be difficult. So when it came down to critical points I asked the hotel manager to take the phone and make certain we were both talking about the same thing and everything was clear.

Final points:
Me: I would not leave the hotel this evening. I will stay here until the Myhep was delivered.
He: The Myhep would definitely be delivered tonight, before 7 p.m.

So I wait.

6.30 p.m.
I am tempted to write “mission accomplished” but the ghost of George Bush on the aircraft carrier suggests not to use that phrase. Instead I will write GOT ’EM !!!!!! My main man came through!

It was not quite six o’clock when the delivery guy appeared at the front desk of the hotel; I had just gone into the restaurant for a nice bowl of curry when the desk manager came and got me from my meal and told me there was someone to see me. A young fellow with the package I had flown so far to get. I had to run up to my room to get the cash. I ran fast up the stairs and faster down them. We counted out the 30,000 rupees and it was all done. I vigorously shook the delivery guy’s man, and thanked him profusely. I’m sure he thought I was quite insane.

Then up to my room to look at my three little jars of tablets that I had traveled so far to get.

It seemed totally absurd. Three little plastic jars, each with 28 little tablets in them. I had traveled half way around the world, spent nearly a week jumping through seemingly endless burning hoops, all for these three little jars. Ninety thousand dollars worth in Oz. It just seemed too absurd. These little jars held the difference between health and sickness, life and death, years of good life or years of suffering. It was like some kind of weird magic, some kind of genie in a bottle.

I feel both blessed and guilty; guilty because there are so many other people in the world who should have these little bottles, millions and million of people who are now suffering terribly because they can not get what these three little bottles contain. It is cruel, it is insane. How can any human withhold that which will easy another's suffering?

I am overwhelmed by the enormity of this experience and can not write anymore. I will post again later. Bye.

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