

IF ONLY PARTIAL DENTURES COULD FREVEAL THEIR SECRETS.....??

I am totally comfortable in admitting that I have dentures because I just never really learned how to look after my “given” teeth. Yes, I know that everyone needs to practise good habits, but this is one that I never really got into. One excuse is that as the 4th sibling, I never really had a personal toothbrush until my two older brothers left the family.

Then I was scared of Dentists, which meant I avoided them as much as I could.

Well, I always opened doors for ladies and seniors, and I helped seniors cross busy streets but unfortunately, it did not help with caring for my personal teeth.

My upper dentures came first about ten (10) years ago but that was after I finally found a great Dentist, Hoodicoff, that hailed from Kylemore, Saskatchewan and practiced in Vancouver while we lived there from 1984 through 1993. He was able to do a root canal and cap a molar that ended being the “anchor” for my bottom plate a few years ago.

The top plate was always comfortable but the bottom not as well and I periodically would remove the bottom plate for that reason.

And so last Spring I travelled through Vernon on my way to Kelowna attending to Whatshan Lake Retreat affairs when I did take my bottom plate out to enjoy cookies as we travelled. I really cannot explain why. As I parked and got out the door, I guess my teeth followed me and fell in the graveled parking lot.

I didn't realize that I lost them until I arrived in Kelowna and went into a Restaurant.

I did call the place in Vernon, but they never noticed my teeth until several weeks later and by that time several trucks have run over them.

I checked with our house insurance and was happy to discover that my dentures were covered. A visit to the Denturist established a replacement value that was accepted by the Insurer but then the Denturist suggested replacing the Uppers as they had worn. I got back to the insurer, and I ended up with totally new dentures.

The top dentures fitted well but the lowers were still not totally comfortable even after the fourth visit to the Denturist.

We all went to Spokane a few weeks ago to celebrate Lori's 60th birthday and that was when the fun started.

My lowers were uncomfortable, but I managed to keep them in most of the time with the urging of my daughters. On the way home we bought Kentucky Fried Chicken in Colville, and I removed my bottoms to enjoy this delicacy which we do not have in the Kootenays.

When Nona dropped us off, we enjoyed being home, but I realized I did not have my bottoms but thought that they would be discovered after we unpacked but that did not happen. No matter where we looked, they were just not there.

In desperation, I asked Nona to search her truck (she was in Grimshaw, Ab., at this time) and her thorough search came up empty.

Well, I had to call the Insurer and start the process over again but somehow, I was tardy as I honestly believed they would “show up”.

Marilyn had a dream that she found my teeth but, we dismissed it as “only a dream.”

Yesterday, she was returning from our Group Mailbox here at Grandview and there beside the driveway were my uppers looking up at her.

The practical explanation is that as I was exiting Nona’s truck, the teeth may have been on my pants and dropped into the freshly fallen snow. The snow melted and Marilyn’s sharp eyesight noticed them.

She came into the house just as I was looking for the phone number of the Insurer. Perhaps an Anniversary Present!

I know that my Readers will not believe this but I have a strong acceptance in Quantum Physics which may have been part of Marilyn’s dream and my hesitation to buy another bottom plate as I felt sure my teeth would appear as they were not lost, they were just missing.

It is a happy ending.

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