

Through The Looking Lens by Estelle Lewak Geva

My head is in a sort of vice - my forehead pressed up against a rounded metal bar and my chin bearing down on another metal bar. I don't have my glasses on and can't see anything. My feet are touching the floor and I am sitting, slightly forward in the chair, my arms to my sides. I am not sitting comfortably but I am not uncomfortable.

The room is darkened and very quiet. I can hear the whirr of electricity and the hum of the air conditioner and I can hear my breathing - and his - he is sitting opposite me. The smell of disinfectant is not unpleasant. I hear movement on the side and then I see the shape of something in front of me. He switches on a small bright light.

Suddenly something comes down in front of my left eye and my right eye is blinded by the light and automatically closes. He speaks, quietly. Without my glasses and in the dark I am deaf. "Sorry what?"

"Keep your eye open and look at the light". I find it difficult - it's like I need to sleep, my eye heavy and I am unable to keep it open. With much effort I open my eye and stare at the light in front of me.

Then he does all this again to my left eye.

He moves the apparatus away and tells me to sit back. My head is released but then he places something like huge binoculars on my face - it's heavy and cold. He proceeds to place various discs into slots in front of my eyes and suddenly ... I can see the illuminated screen in front of me. Rows of black numbers - the top rows I can read but further down the numbers look like rows of ants. The discs

are glass lenses and after a few changes I can actually read the chart from top to bottom.

He flicks a switch and the room is once again light. I put my glasses on and look around the optometrist's room with all the equipment he has used to test my eyes and determine my prescription.

"Ok Estelle, there is a slight change in both of your eyes. We should change those lenses. Let's go and look at the frames you can choose from."

"Thanks Muraad, see you again next year". My annual eye test done and dusted!

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Written by Estelle Lewak Geva in September, 2025

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