

Computer Course In The Tub

I have been debating whether or not to post on the events in my family that have occurred these past few days. Because I know and trust the family and friends who read and comment here, I feel entirely safe. I'm sure that it will at least (and most wonderfully) act as a prayer request. Wednesday night, my Dad had a seizure which prompted a call to 9-1-1 by me. Within minutes, Mom, Jeff, and I were on the way to our neighboring hospital. 2-3 hours later, Dad was taken to a larger hospital where they have a neurologist which is required of all first time seizure victims. By Friday, the doctors were still uncertain as to the cause of the event: his blood sugar bottoming out, another mini stroke (he had a major one 6 years ago), or other reasons.

He has been progressively going downhill; yet, he still knows all of us. Saturday afternoon, Mom, my siblings, most of the grandkids, and I were in the room. He was able to communicate but we could tell that he was not all there. He kept insisting that he needed an IV and a blood thinner. We were, at times, able to get him off that train of thought but I believe that seeing the blank monitor triggered its return.

Even the nurse, who came in to check his vitals, was unable to convince him for long.

Sunday morning after church, we received a phone call from the hospital that is a 45 minute trip away. Dad was really upset, confused, did not know where he was, and crying. After finishing breakfast, Mom and Jeff left and were on the way.

In some ways, he has not lost his entire sense of humor. The other day, he was receiving a bath from his nurse (he can do little unassisted but lay in his bed). He told us that "Liv" gave him a bath while her husband sat on the bed. Mom asked if he enjoyed it which drew a chuckle. To add even more veracity to the story, Jeff did see a Nurse "Liv" on the floor

who did indeed give Dad a bath.

When Mom returned this afternoon, she told us that "Dad is taking a computer course." A bit surprising but sounded plausible until we were told that he had to go to Jeff's to do his homework.

At this point, it is almost certain that Dad will not be able to come home for a while. Who can say for certain how long that will be? We just have to keep praying and put it in His hands. I keep remarking what a good thing it is that my four siblings live within a mile of us. However, I am still under the same roof and must take on even more of the household responsibilities which (while important) is not my main concern. Attempting to be a source of strength for my mother is going to take a lot from all of us. Knowing that we have a whole town (and more than that) who keeps saying that if we need anything speaks volumes. While walking to the post office this morning, I was stopped by no less than five concerned people. I was able to spend a few hours with my spectacular second family yesterday at a ball game. I just hope that we all can draw strength from each other and pull even closer together.

So ...whenever we are in need, we should come bravely before the throne of our merciful God. There we will be treated with undeserved kindness, and we will find help. (Hebrews 4:16)