

Lunch With Sweet Cheeks, Sweet Potato Puff, And More

This week is going to be a tough one for my Mom. Not only does she have to contend with the departure of a niece that she and my dad has raised for years, she has had to deal with my Dad's approaching surgery to unblock the arteries in his neck. A few summer's ago he had a major stroke. While recovering, it was discovered that there was blockage but at the time doctors determined that it was not serious enough to warrant surgery at that time (and they were uncertain whether or not he was strong enough to endure it). The blockage has since reached 85% and today was the day for the cleansing. He and Mom left for the hospital around 6.30am. Three of my siblings and I met our big brother at his school around 8.45 to be at the hospital in time to meet the parents before 10. When we arrived, Dad had already gone into surgery.

The surgery was to take no more than 90 minutes. Sooooo... around noon, we became a bit concerned. Finally, at 12.30, Mom went to the information desk to see what was up. Apparently, he had not gone under the knife before **11 O'Clock**. A few moments later our paging system (similar to the doodads that they hand out at restaurants to inform you when your table is ready) lit up and vibrated. From there, we went to a consultation area and waited another 45 minutes before the doctor came in and informed us in about 2 minutes that all went well and they were waiting for Dad to come alive before moving him to his room. Then, we all went to lunch.

Our waiter at Logan's Steakhouse was very out-going, hilarious, friendly, any superlative you can think of. He took our drink orders and returned with them. When he finally came to mine, he wasn't sure what I had ordered and he eventually got it right after going through every drink on the menu. Then he took our lunch orders. My oldest brother is

not a fan of salad dressing. So when he ordered it dry, the waiter (wish I could remember his name) made some humorous comment.

On our first round of drink refills, the waiter returned and had names picked out for all of the females at the table. My sister became known as "Sweet Cheeks." My sister-in-law was renamed "Cherry" (Cherry Coke). Finally, my cousin received the moniker "Sweet Potato Puff." Not sure if Mom got a new name. A short time later, our friend from Liswathistan decided to make his presence known. He asked the waiter if he was a married man and if his wife would be interested in going on Wife Swap. Like so many before him, the waiter was totally floored and left speechless. I think he thought Morat had had one too many Coke Zeros. When we had finished, the waiter asked Morat to come to the back of the restaurant where his manager was waiting and Morat asked if she was a married woman. Yet again, Morat was left empty-handed.

When we got back to the hospital, Dad was awake in ICU. Awake and alert because the first thing he asked was if I had gone to the garage and paid for the oil change my car got while I was in Florida. The first I had learned of this was Sunday night when he told me that I needed to pay for it. Niiiiice of him to get a bill for it or even tell me that it had been done three weeks later. But really nice that they had thought to do it. So, although he mumbled a lot and acted like he was flying with the birds, it was a relief that he was slowly returning to whatever he thinks is normal (which is in itself a little(?) less than normal). With any luck, he should be allowed to come home tomorrow...IF he is a good boy. We will see