

Wonder Woman

Probably a year ago now, I received one of those email forwards about getting to know your friends. You know the type – you read your friends' answers to some strange and random questions and then you answer them, getting to know more about your friends and yourself. One of the questions was something about choosing a fictional character that best describes your friend, and my friend wrote "Wonder Woman" about me. I thought that was awesome because I don't feel like a wonder woman, but it's fun that someone else thinks that about me, so it's kind of stuck with me... Especially in these recent days where I am one of the last ones in our family standing as the others are flu-stricken. It's been kind of a mantra I say to myself as I walk around our barren wastelands of a living room, tending the ailing... *"I am a wonder woman, I will not get the flu."*

If I were a sort of flu wonder woman, I would carry holsters for my tools of trade: bottle of disinfectant, antibacterial soap, hand sanitizer, Hall's Defense lozenges, antibacterial wipes, tissues... I've washed my hands raw in the past week.

This is all very strange, maybe the flu has infected my brain. I've also taken on what seem like really weird habits lately, like swallowing garlic cloves and onion petals like pills with my dinner. I'm not going to say anything about how I smell lately, but hey, I'm one of the last ones around here who hasn't gotten sick. So far, our two youngest kids and myself remain healthy. I can't believe we haven't gotten it, and it feels strange to live life feeling like a sitting duck. This thing is so nasty and contagious, it's really only a matter of time...

Our oldest daughter came home last Friday night and stayed in bed until Tuesday when she also finally starting talking and eating again. Our second oldest daughter had a bad fever

Tuesday and slept for awhile and then she was fine. My husband has felt terrible for 3 days now. It's affecting everyone differently, and it's completely unpredictable. I had to go into the middle school to get my daughter's homework, and that's where I found out that half the 4th grade came down with it Friday night. I also learned of the "8 day" theory – some people have thought that their families were sick and over it, only to have other members of the household come down with it 8 days later. Sounds like a horror movie, feels like a sci-fi movie. Pretty much everyone I know who has kids has H1N1 in their families. I'm especially worried about our friends whose diabetic daughter was sent home from school with a blood sugar reading of over 300. Her mother also has a chronic illness and her medication includes steroids, so both of them are high risk for H1N1 complications.

We had a busy week planned this week and had to cancel most obligations. It's really difficult to live our busy lives without being able to commit to anything, not knowing whether we'll be sick or healthy. I hope everyone else is doing ok... is the outbreak especially bad in our small community, or is this just the reality of the 2009 flu outbreak? *I am a wonder woman, I will not get the flu...*

So what's that tickle in my throat?

New type of position

I've been subbing for a few years, and I have to say that Friday was the first time I ever subbed in the sort of position I was in. The teacher seemed to be like a glorified teacher assistant, though of course I don't know the extent of

her duties outside the realm of what I did so this opinion of mine doesn't mean much. My main duty in the morning was following a diabetic student from class to class. I had to make sure he got to the nurse as needed. Apparently even though he's in 6th grade he doesn't have a good handle on managing his condition, and his parents I'm told are just as lost in handling it. In any event, when I wasn't involved with taking him to the nurse and waiting for him to test himself, snack, and retest, I helped out as needed in the classes. There were some students on behavior point sheets (including the diabetic boy) and when I worked with them I could easily see why they needed them. Trying to get them to work was often a challenge.

In the afternoon I wasn't with the one boy until I had to pick him up and take him to the nurse during the end of a period. Then, the school being short a sub, I had to sub in an eighth-grade class for one period causing me to lose one break, but that's the way it works sometimes. I have avoided working in eighth grade at this school all year due to some troubles I had last year with the then-7th graders, so I prepared for the worst and was pleasantly surprised when it didn't come. The read the chapter aloud nicely, then did their work though admittedly some needed prompting. I ended the day with a tutorial (study hall) with just six students, about half of what one student told me I should expect. One I knew where he was. Another was absent. The rest I didn't know *who* they were let alone where they were. I wasn't left a class list.

On a non-school note, I have kept forgetting to mention this, but on Wednesday I was coming home from a drama rehearsal when I turned on K-Love and heard a woman telling about a supernatural healing experience when she was being prayed over. She had lost hearing in one ear and vision in one eye and she suffered pain in that side of her head. Then this one time she was miraculously healed. The station started asking her questions about it and then the station just went

completely dead. When it came back a couple minutes later a song was playing. Was I just going through a blackout area for that station (other stations worked- I checked) or was the evil one trying to keep people from hearing more about this healing? I guess I won't know for sure. I just thought this interesting to mention.