

Still Thankful

It's been a busy time, with more than the usual share of heartaches. A seminary classmate's cancer is worsening. An organization whose board I serve on is dealing with a crisis. And this week, my Mom is pretty sick.

On that latest front, I took my mom to the ER on Monday, where it took nine hours before she was admitted to the hospital. There wasn't any one thing - but she didn't seem right to me, and she'd been falling. Although she had denied the caregivers urgings where she lived to go to the hospital, when I pushed, she relented. It was a good decision.

We thought we knew what was happening, which was fairly minor and easily addressed, so today we were on a plan for her release. But when I walked into her room, I immediately noticed she was on oxygen, and then I realized that she couldn't talk. The nurses were on it, and lots of things started happening immediately. So began what has been an emotionally draining day. It involved one meltdown (mine), a few tests, and some perfectly timed medical interventions, like you see on TV but rarely happen in real life.

The short of it is that we think we know the immediate cause of her symptoms, and the doctors will be trying to get them under control. But it means that the two of us are not headed up to my cousin's for a holiday meal with family tomorrow. Where I'm eating tomorrow is unclear, although a couple of friends have offered food or joining their feast.

But I am still thankful:

- for the nurses and doctors at Marin General (now a locally owned hospital out of the clutches of Sutter Health) who have shown us hourly that my mom is more than a number to them,
- for friends and family who tweeted, emailed and Facebooked so I didn't feel so alone in all of this
- for the lovely fiber artist who is selling her work to support the hospital, shown below

Revknits

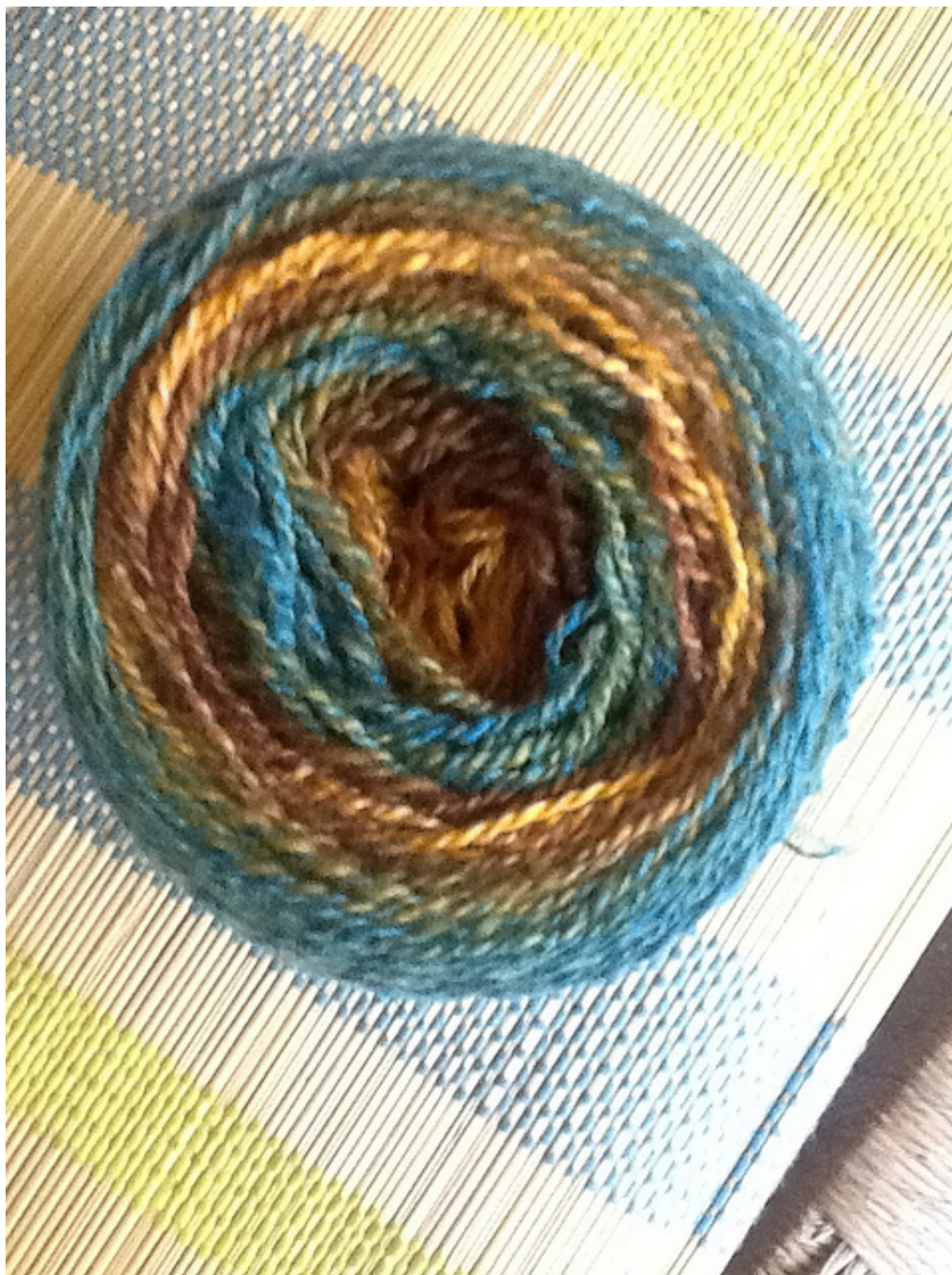
Faith and life seen through the stitches we make.

<http://revknits.com>



- for the One who created all and loves us so immensely.

And just so you know that I'm taking care of myself, I am using my handspun as some comfort knitting tonight:



I leave you with these words for your holiday tomorrow:

For each new morning with its light,

For rest and shelter of the night,

For health and food,

For love and friends,

For everything Thy goodness sends.

--Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882)