

January 15, 2019

ICU

In November 2011, I woke up in the ICU, and I had so many lines hanging out of me, that I instinctively knew that the surgery was not as simple as we thought it would be. I had been fighting Melanoma for three years, and this was surgery number ten. I was used to waking up in the recovery room, and going home a few hours later, or at the very worst going to a hospital room for one or two nights.

Before the surgery, the neurosurgeon had explained to me that it was "very unlikely that the Cancer is through the dura and into the brain." But it was, and he didn't take it out, because I statistically had two or three months to live. It was a quality of life issue. If he cut on my brain, it would not extend my life, and I would certainly not be able to speak, and I might be crippled.

In spite of the fatal prognosis, my oncologist at Emory was not ready to give up - nor was I. In the ensuing three years, I have had two types of chemotherapy. I was getting along great, but while watching Oklahoma beat Alabama in the Sugar Bowl last year, I lost my ability to speak. The neurosurgeon said, "there is no downside to doing brain surgery now."

This time when he came into the ICU, he explained that rather than finding a tumor embedded in my brain, that it was sitting on top, which made it easy to take out. He said, "I got all I could see, but there is a possibility of microscopic cells left."

Back to March of 2012; the day before I was going to start the first round of chemotherapy, I wrote a blog which was sent to about a third of my present mailing list. The subject was "Prayers and Prophecy," and the title was "A few of the reasons why I have no doubt about the existence of God."

Bear in mind that this just over two months after I was told that I probably had two or three months to live. It has not been updated, and I think it is more meaningful three years later than it was then.

I have attached it, and if you can't open it - and want to - email me, and I will send it in the body of an email to you.