

Well It's Been A Long, Been A Long, BeenaLong (Few) Day(s)

Started on Wednesday afternoon. Dad came home from his crossing guard duty and headed to his bedroom (in itself not unusual) and fell asleep (which is a little strange). Around 6, he came out for a bit and told us that he was not feeling well and shortly turned in for the night. Around 11, I heard the parents talking and all of a sudden, I hear Mom calling my name. So I run to the bedroom and see her holding him up trying to steady him in an attempt to get him to the restroom.

Before I get to him, he (not so gracefully) tumbles to the floor. To me, he looks kind of pasty and sweaty and he is mumbling but coherent (unlike the stroke adventure). Call 911 and by 11:15 he is on his way to the hospital. Mom and I get there about 11:45.

While sitting in his ER room, his heart rate goes on a roller coaster. Up and down, down and up. The lab tech came in and attempted to draw blood and wouldn't ya know... he was being stubborn and didn't want to give any... but eventually cooperated. Around 3:30AM, we are finally informed that he is going to be admitted (course, we didn't see THAT coming at all). So, 4AM finally get to bed. I got a few hours. Mom got 45 minutes.

Thursday, he was given a pint of blood. About 3-4 years ago, he had to be given 7 pints after suffering a bleeding ulcer.

We had to wait until the battery of meds he has to take everyday to travel through his system before they can do anything extensive to determine what his problem is.

Friday morning, Dad is scheduled for a colonoscopy. I had to go over for my own lab work so I arrived in plenty of time for his voyage to the OR. Mom arrived shortly before the procedure began as Dad made sure. The procedure did not last

long and showed that he had suffered another bleeding ulcer, nowhere near as bad as the previous one. In fact, it had stopped. Apparently, he is really prone to these because of his susceptibility to the acid in high acid foods: citrus fruits, tomatoes and the like. I guess when we order fruit from our school's FFA later this season, he will not sit and indulge in 2-3 huge grapefruits in one sitting. Back up in his ICU room (it seemed a bit different than the last time I was there), he fell asleep so I did not feel guilty when I left to meet some friends around the corner for lunch.

Today, at least we know what the problem was and is being treated. He probably will not be able to come home today as his "numbers" are still not where they need to be. But with the help of the doctors, prayers from loved ones and with HIS guidance, I'm sure Dad will be back to his "normal (?)" self in no time.