

October 17, 2018

Dear Prayer partners,

LaVerne had surgery October 16 on her right leg which she broke January 5. Only a few weeks ago did the break finally show it was pretty well healed from the January 8 operation. It took a bone growth stimulator to resume its progress that had stalled for some months. Unfortunately, in the past few months it also underwent some stress that broke the upper two screws that had kept the rod (pin, nail) from turning; now there is a new fracture, minor at this point. This surgery removed the rod and lower two screws and the heads of the upper two screws of her tibia. All went well. She had a plate screwed in to help keep the upper fracture from breaking and shearing. Now she will have to keep off that leg for six to eight weeks. Any weight on it could damage the repair until it is healed.

Please pray for good healing and avoiding weight on that leg as LaVerne transfers from the wheelchair to other things for sitting or lying.

Pray for me. I chose homecare over putting LaVerne in a rehab institution - that makes me responsible for her safety. Based on previous experience, homecare physical and occupational therapists probably make only twice weekly visits. A nurse will visit once a week. I have no overseas teaching trips the rest of this year; the rest of my ministry is done by Skype, Viber and email.

Thanks!
Georges

PS If you are interested in a small story, read about the first night post-op, which I wrote for Joel and Tiffany.

----- Forwarded message -----

Sleep fell upon mom at 3 AM. Sleep beckoned me hours earlier but I stayed the course.

The Night Nurse spent a lot of time with Mom. Listening to her stories and enjoying them.

My respite was when storytelling was in session.

All the other times I worked at keeping mom from removing the catheter and IV port.

I was losing the battle at one point when the adhesive for the catheter was being peeled back. I called for the nurse.

More stories, more respite.

If mom wasn't fiddling with some tube or trying to remove the blood pressure cuff, she was glaring at me and either adamantly demanding to be taken home or pleadingly asking me to take her home.

She said if I wouldn't take her she would call a taxi.

She kept removing her covers in spite of the room being freezing cold, then would fold them neatly and set them aside in preparation for leaving the room.

Since I was most adamant about her not messing with the connection for the catheter, I had the suspicion that she would do it out of spite when I would refuse to take her home.

I tried to explain where we were, why we were here, and why we needed to wait for the doctor, and why they wouldn't let us out anyway.

Of course, reasoning only goes so far when the effects of the anesthetics and pain meds have a continuing confusing effect on the mind.

This reason didn't go far at all. It just didn't go at all.

Mom kept trying to swing her left foot off of the bed and attempt to walk out by herself. I parked my recliner next to that Gap and kept it from happening.

At 3 a.m. the lights were turned out and Mom laid her head back on the pillow, stared up at the ceiling, and in 30 seconds was asleep. Hallelujah.

When I was sure sleep was going to hold her, I wrapped myself in blankets on the recliner, still manning the gap, and slept pretty well, waking up to check on mom from time to time, and to try to get my feet warm. I was only marginally successful at the latter.

Around 9:15, mom woke up. She had slept through nursing visits, including a pre-dawn inflation of the BP cuff without the usual complaint of the pinch.

PS By noon LaVerne was over the worst of the effects of sedation and pain meds.

Mom woke up confused. She thought we were home. Ten minutes later she begins to understand that she is in a hospital.

She thinks she is going to have surgery today. Last night she often thought she was going to have surgery 'tomorrow.'" Eventually she understands that she already had surgery.

Her memory returns. By lunch we are back to 'normal.'

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