

April 1, 2022

Dear Praying Family and Friends,

I am home [this morning](#), refreshed after a night in my own bed, feeling great, sad that my immune system is depressed, else I'd be out in the nurseries looking for flowering plants for the kitchen window box. Here's the highlights since the last update:

## EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

- The fourth infusion on [Thursday](#) went boringly uneventful - no “adverse events” at all.
- The shrinkage of the grossly enlarged lymph nodes continues. The effect is pronounced for the ones on my face (they're disappeared to finger detection), and grows less pronounced (but still detectable) as I explore down my body.
- The steroid (dexamethasone) they infuse in me before they infuse the experimental drug is playing havoc with my blood sugar control. It's rising as high as 385 before we knocked the top off it with fast-acting insulin.
- Also, I seem to have developed heart arrhythmias, nothing severe but noticeable on ECG. Also a slowing of pulse (connected with the arrhythmias, no doubt) from 70-ish to 45-ish. All this is asymptomatic - no pain, no shortness of breath, no heaviness in the chest. The oncologist is unconcerned.
- Blessings abound in the midst of all this. My youngest daughter was in labor with her fifth child, her third son, my seventh grandchild and fifth grandson as I was traveling home from the hospital last night. So many prayers for mother and child were granted! The extended family is reveling in the safe birth of Timothy Orion Tovar. Mom and TOT are in great shape!

## NEAR FUTURE

The next four infusions (two per week) will be done in the hospital. Each stay is six days - enter [Sunday](#), infuse on [Monday](#) and [Thursday](#), discharge [Thursday evening](#). After that, Lord willing, subsequent infusions will be done in an outpatient setting, allowing me to drive to Dallas, receive the infusion, and then to drive home to sleep in my own bed, free from constant “vitals” check by diligent nurses. This hugely simplifies arranging for drivers to ferry me back and forth for the current hospital admissions.

When I report the shrinkage of the tumors to my oncologist, his reaction is decidedly less intense than my own. “Yes, it's early days,” were the first words out of his mouth. And, from his perspective, what I report is pretty common - an initial, even dramatic response, to therapy followed by an implacable resurgence of the cancer. Indeed, this is the usual pattern of the disease *for all types of cancer!* So, I temper my own enthusiasm with the oncologist's much longer perspective on a disease like this.

Nevertheless, I add a factor to the assessment which the oncologist cannot calculate - namely ***your partnership in prayer with me*** through this medical marathon. When I

seize on the challenge in Hebrews 4:16 - . . . *Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need* . . . I know that I am not standing alone in front of that throne. I know that all around me are brothers and sisters, including a goodly number of children, who petition our gracious Lord as I do.

Thank you, not only for your faithful prayers, but also for the powerful comradeship I have with all of you in this adventure.

Much love in Him,

Fr. Bill Mouser