

April 9, 2022

Dear Praying Family and Friends,

It's a beautiful, cool spring morning outside, and I'm feeling great. As soon as I post this, I'm grabbing a few items from the grocery store, then planting two flowering vines along the back fence - passion flower and mandevilla.

EXECUTIVE SUMMARY:

- I've completed the third week of Cycle One in this clinical trial. [Tomorrow](#) I'll enter the hospital again for the fourth week (two infusions, [Monday](#) and [Thursday](#)). Afterwards, I'll begin once a week infusions in an outpatient setting. I'll get to sleep in my own bed every night!
- The “results” thus far, as I've mentioned to several of you individually, are amazing - both as to the speed of the effect and the degree to which it's happening. Enlarged nodes near my left ear are gone. The Mega-Mass under my right arm has shrunk about 50 percent. The inguinals have shrunk the least, but shrunk nevertheless.
- I'm in a cohort that is receiving this drug (DuoHexabody®-CD37) for the first time. That's why they keep me in hospital for the first eight infusions - to have me handy in case some adverse reaction occurs. So far, so good - we can detect no adverse side effects at all.
- A PET scan is on the schedule for [April 26](#). It will give us a pretty good way to assess the effectiveness of the drug.

WAITING ON THE LORD

The immediate effect of this new drug prompts a spiritual challenge. Is this a token from our Lord that I am going to beat this disease? Or, is it a token to me (and to all of you, too) that He's hearing our prayers and is kindly disposed to us as I churn my way through what the doctors can offer? Will I die from this disease after all? And, if so, what are we to make of that?

It's clear from Scripture - centuries of history - that our Lord plays his cards very, very close to His chest. When His prophets speak of forecasts, they are inevitably concerning matters way out there at the end of an age. His calendar [from today](#) until then is hidden from us, revealed day by day to His children. Hence the numerous exhortations in the Psalms to “wait on the Lord,” for we are not the sorts of people who are happy with delay, or with uncertainty about the near future.

The lesson I've learned by this is to trust that our Heavenly Father gives good gifts to His children when they ask, as our Lord promised: *If you then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father who is in heaven give good things to those who ask Him!* (Matthew 7:11). Do I believe what our Lord said

about His (and our) Heavenly Father? If I do, I will wait on Him to bestow the good thing(s) he has for me.

It's a lesson I should have learned long, long ago. But, here I am - learning it finally. That is one good thing for sure.

REMEMBER MY DOCTORS AND NURSES

To my last update one fellow replied with this, concerning my oncologist's semi-tentative reply to my enthusiasm:

... it must be very hard on this type of medical personnel, doctors, nurses, and such, that many of their patients aren't going to get over this illness short of an early death. It must be very sad / emotional to realize this fact. So, I will add them to my prayer list.

He is, of course, correct in this. Once only so far I've had a nurse comment with sadness about a patient she had just left, a patient in dire distress and despair. "It's so sad," she said. I replied, "There must be a lot of sadness on this floor." She nodded. "Yes, many."

The hospital floor I occupy when there is an isolation floor, meaning that it has stringent protections against pathogens. People are mostly excluded, except for patients and medical personnel. Everyone wears masks. There's super-duper filters in the air conditioning system. Probably more features in the architecture of the floor that I'm not even aware of.

Why? Well, this is the floor where the radical therapy is performed - stem cell transplants, extended sessions of chemotherapy. CAR-T therapy, which we're planning for me later in the year. Many patients on this floor are here for a week, or sometimes a month before they can be discharged. Their diseases are acute, and often terminal.

The medical staff - nurses in particular - are constantly confronted with this sadness. I'm not sure I could do what they do! Pray for their stamina, and that our Lord would grant them occasional relief in order to see their patients recover their health.

Much love in Him,

Fr. Bill Mouser