

July 7, 2022

Dallas, Texas, UT Med Park Apartments

Dear Praying Family and Friends,

This update is one I promised a week ago, and it'll be short and (hopefully) sweet. Barbara and I are off to the clinic in about an hour, and then we'll have a three day respite, Lord willing, from the sturm und drang of CAR-T therapy.

I was discharged on Monday - [July 4!](#) I really didn't think I'd make it by then, what with the holiday. I was discharged to temporary housing at a residential campus owned by the University of Texas Southwestern Medical Center, occupied for the most part by medical students and staff at various medical departments through the center. There are a small number of apartments occupied by patients who need to be very near the hospital in order to quickly address any post-therapy problems. We now occupy one of these apartments.

As I indicated in the previous update, snagging one of these apartments was a huge answer to our prayers! They are lovely 2-bedroom, 2-bath apartments, fully furnished throughout, washer/dryer, full kitchen - all that you need. Grocers and the clinic and the hospital are all within 5 minutes drive. The complex is gated with 24-hour security. There's a delightful pool which seems (so far) to be perpetually deserted! I'm guessing the occupants of this complex are too busy with medical studies to spend much time in the pool.

This should come as no surprise, but it did for both of us - when we offloaded the meager belongings we moved up from Waahachie and got sort of settled in, a thick blanket of fatigue enveloped us. Wow! What a circus the past two weeks have been! Suddenly things were quiet - no constant interruptions by nurses to take weight, blood pressure, temperature, oxygen saturation. No more peeing in pitchers. No more "assessments" to judge whether I was having central nervous system complications (just one of those I mentioned previously).

I had no clear idea what a whirlwind of activity had enveloped me the past three weeks (including a week of intensive testing prior to admission on June 19). Then it all stopped, and Barbara and I quickly wilted.

But now by our Father's generous grace to answer all your prayers, we are in a place where we can (and are) safely deflating! Woot! Woot!

On July 18 I will have another PET scan to judge how the CAR-T cells are doing their job. Things are looking up so far as I can detect. The previously orange-sized lump under my right armpit has melted completely away. The inguinal nodes are much smaller, much more "loose" at their locations. The PET scan will show us how much (if any) cancer remains. Dr. Awan says it's a strong possibility that the cancer there is also gone and what I'm feeling with my fingers is scar tissue.

It's all in our Lord's hands, of course, and I'm happy to receive from Him whatever He dispenses. He has done me so very much good in the past year. I carry around with me now that canvas print designed by my Bishop which proclaims that I am "Unfeignedly Thankful," because that is what I have become. In that respect, I'm a new man in an age-shrinkled body.

For now, I ask that you pray to the Lord to restore our energies through rest, and through fellowship with family and friends who live much closer to us here than where we are in Waxahachie. "Deal bountifully with Your servant that I may live and keep Your Word." Ps. 119:17.

Much love in Him,

Fr. Bill

P.S. - just got back from the cancer clinic. All blood labs are good. I'll finish wo prescriptions tomorrow. On course to return to Waxahachie on July 21, just two more weeks to my regular bed! My flowering vines! My lovely grandchildren.

And, I'd be remiss not to acknowledge with gratitude the help and encouragement of Donn and Kathy, and my children and sons-in-law - William and Geneva, Alexa, Tony and Veronica. I am SO blessed with a believing family!

Then there's all of you who have journeyed with me and Barbara this past year. I'm wallowing in riches.