

September 6, 2022

Waxahachie, TX

Dear Praying Family and Friends,

I write to you with this update on how things far for Barbara and me since the last time I wrote. Looming ahead of us is another PET scan, now scheduled for September 22 (until/unless the mysterious folks in the scheduling drop my ball into the roulette wheel once again!).

Meanwhile, Barbara and I are beginning to chart new ruts into which we hope to run for an extended time, even though we're mindful that the PET scan might launch us into another season of therapy - likely the experimental kind. Our priorities at present are set by St. Paul in 1 Timothy 2:1-4 (NKJV):

1 Therefore I exhort first of all that supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men, 2 for kings and all who are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and reverence. 3 For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Savior, 4 who desires all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth.

When Paul lays out a program for Christian's prayer, the first thing he mentions is prayer for all men in authority **so that our lives may be quiet and peaceable** in all godliness and reverence. Obviously, this goal is impossible for us in times of crisis, no matter what the nature of that crisis - economic, political, international alarms, or medical turmoil. The latter have characterized Barbara's and my lives for over a year now. I repeat myself to say this, but it is true - without your faithful prayers for us both, I don't know how we would have arrived where we are! We thank you all till sparrows weigh a ton!

And, so how are we now?

We're far better than we were a month ago. When we arrived home here in Waxahachie the end of July, we were running on fumes. Physically we were depleted far more than we knew, until all the tensions and uncertainties of the previous two months of therapy suddenly stopped.

Today, we're not fully back to "normal." We're rediscovering what normal might be like! But the changes we note in ourselves and in one another are all in the right direction.

Barbara, for example, has turned her attention to her daughters and to her grandchildren. I, too, have begun plotting on how I can build into the lives of my grandchildren - especially my grandsons - on the supposition that our Lord might grant me to be a spiritual mentor for them through their teens.

Will our Lord grant me such a boon? Might He assign me a new chapter to write? I do not know at this point. But, if He should grant me such a blessing, then **at this point** I should be doing things that promote good fruits from such a blessing.

And, so, knowing that seven-year old boys are do not easily attend to academic lectures on Bible survey or systematic theology, I'm brainstorming ways to join them in activities which they can enjoy, activities in which I too can teach them elementary spiritual ideas, concepts, and ways of our Lord as He guides us all through this life.

To be specific, I've decided to take up leather tooling, hoping to spark the imagination of my grandsons and to teach them what I learn. Do any of you have this skill as your hobby? If so, contact me privately with any suggestions on tutorials or resources I might access (tools, leathers, simple craft ideas suitable for boys 7 years old and up).

Cooking - I'm good at it! Every young man should know to whip up a tasty casserole, a salad with some flair, a mouthwatering dessert. I learned how to do all this in the United States Marine Corps, in a field mess hall in Viet Nam. I hope to show my grandsons cooking skills. Such skills run parallel to spiritual habits of righteousness for a very long way.

Meanwhile, my physical fitness is increasing in slow but steady stages. In June and July therapy kept me very sedentary, and I emerged from those months quite weak. Now my days are punctuated with aches and pains, but they come as any athlete experiences as he grows in strength and mobility.

One final datum: when I arrived home the end of July, the enlarged lymph nodes which I had always been able to feel with my fingers (the inguinals, another node under my right arm which at its greatest size was comparable to a clenched fist) were diminished by at least 80 percent from their peak size. Today (five weeks later), I cannot detect them at all.

This is, obviously, a wonderful thing to observe! Does it portend what the physicians call a "durable remission?" God knows! We will get a clue on September 22. Please pray with me that our Lord will grant us to see a "clean" PET scan.

Much love in Him,

Fr. Bill Mouser