



‘Her Story’

(As told by Jeanette K. Regnier)

Installment Three (November 9, 2005)

It's so windy today, I wonder if she is cold, but my mind knows better. I go through all the reasons that give me the right to tell her story for her.

I miss her. So simple, I cannot believe that I cannot talk to her anymore.

Emily and I spoke EVERY day. Sometimes many more if she was on a rant about some injustice that she needed to worry out over the phone or from her bed up in the room she shared here with her husband, Matt.

That day, after the first biopsy, we got her home and comfortable. She slept well with this huge bandage on the side of her neck. Up she came and out of the bedroom she shared with her sister, Liz. "I am going to that babysitter certification class today" and without so much as a "you just had surgery"

the two sister were driven to the class. She wanted to be sure when she was watching someone else's child that she knew about safety and nutrition.

Stubborn girl, it would do her well later.

One week after the surgery, we get a call to bring Emily into the surgeons office. The look on the receptionists face was sour and Emily wondered aloud to me if she were always so unhappy looking. We laughed and her Dad gave us the "don't be so crazy you two" look. We both laughed at that.

After some time we were ushered into the tiny exam room. Finally, in came the doctor. If looks could tell a story, I already knew we were in trouble but Emily seemed oblivious. She, the surgeon started slowly and built up steam like a locomotive. "B-cell this and T-cell that and tumor review boards and off to Children's hospital downtown Detroit for some injections to prepare her for the open surgery to remove lymph nodes and her spleen that would take place soon to stage or determine the extent of this CANCER. Yup, there it was!

Emily looked puzzled at me and then to her Dad. I felt warm tears roll down my cheeks and Emily looked even more confused. We headed downtown and were hearing about the planned staging surgery when we looked around, waiting our turn and saw nothing but dark corners and children alone in a high chair or sitting crying. Something in Dad, Jim, something unspoken but visible was happening. Next thing I know, we are heading

home. He wants to look into this huge surgery and Emily and I just followed along.
Lemmings to the sea, we did not like the looks of that water so we were not going into
that surf.
Stop this train, Emily wants off!

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