



Photo taken by: Glenn Mosby

'Her Story'

(As told by Jeanette K. Regnier)

Installment Five (November 11, 2005)

Jim and I just returned this afternoon from picking up Emily's little miracle, Cecelia, from her home on the west side of the state where Matt and Emily planned to raise this bundle of craziness. She is the baby that was not supposed to be. Ah, God had other plans for Emily and she listened, INTENTLY.

The first round of ABVD chemotherapy went off well. Each time we would drive out to the U of M along I-94. A new construction project was always underway and is still to this day, under road construction.

Emily fought nausea and the anti-emetic or anti-vomiting drugs were not as good as they are today. She would vomit on the long ride home. During the road re-do we were forced to drive on the rumble strips along the shoulder to either go to Ann Arbor, or return. To this day, I feel the need to throw- up whenever the road takes us along a strip of them.

About this time, Emily and I shared some secret thoughts. I guess it's okay to reveal them now but at the time, our sanity was in question, BIG TIME!

While Jim would always accompany us for the chemotherapy, Emily would be looking with great concentration out the windows toward the roadside as we made our way to the hospital. Hmm!

Well, the following trip we were alone, just for blood work, and I asked her what she was looking for? "A dead body in the ditch" was her reply! This seemed rather normal to me as I had been fighting the urge for WEEKS to hit the elderly with my car.

I was ashamed of the little creeping nudge that ran up the back of my neck as I watched a sweet elderly man cross the street and wish to propel my vehicle at him with all the force my 4 cylinder engine would allow.

So, this was our way on some rides. We would keep a look out for bodies in ditches and Emily would watch me closely at every crosswalk where a cane or white hair appeared. We came to consider this quite natural. I think we must have been in shock because we continued on this weird bend for the six months or so it took to complete her therapy.

[< Back](#)

[Next >](#)