



'Her Story'

(As told by Jeanette K. Regnier)

Installment Nine (December 1, 2005)

Emily, Jim and I met with the "transplant" team! Same clinic, same setting, just a very different attitude of procedure. I was watching Emily closely as we waited and waited for the Doctor to come into the cell with seats. They, the doctors, always made you wait far to long and rampant thoughts would invade the dark, corners of your brain until you wanted to scream, "But you guys gave us this appointment time and she was here on time!"

Emily was always far more patient with the process than I. She just told me, "Hey Mom, maybe there is a kid that needs them more right now" and I would pace and grouse as there was no kid on earth that needed them but my Emily.

They came in, Dr. Hutchinson and his, Uh, I dunno her title, nurse manager of BMT's. Bone Marrow Transplants. Sober and loaded with paper work and a MANUAL for us to digest and understand. This was July almost August and we were told that a transplant room would open up at the end of August.

We took Emily home and sat around wondering what the heck was going to happen. Emily said, "I have never seen the East coast, never been to Washington, the ocean" so in hours a plan was devised. The web master's wife Verna, and myself and my girls took off the next day. We took Jim's new Lincoln and hit the road. Verna is a planner and she had a great trip mapped out for us, but with a sick teenage, you go when you can and where you can.

Hershey Pennsylvania, Ohio, Washington D.C. with almost every monument, all over the East until our final few days on the loose were spent at a nice resort hotel in Virginia Beach. Glenn, Verna's husband had been living there working on a Ford project and was happy to have his wife and we were happy to have room service.

One morning at dawn, Emily and I walked the beach and watched the dolphins leap in the bay. We had so little time alone during the trip but it was the best part for me, we discussed the upcoming transplant, the reality of a cure, how much we loved each other and how we could get though this together.

Liz, well, she just wanted to enjoy the luxury of the hotel and she did. We would tease her later but she was just 13 and this was new territory for her.

We called in every night and found out that the hospital had been getting ready and wanted us to return sooner. They needed to place an arterial catheter in her chest and harvest the bone marrow to be treated so when it re-entered her body, it would most certainly be free of cancer.

We headed home, it took a few days but Emily was sick and I could see the toll the trip was taking on her, much to Liz and Verna's chagrin, we were not able to stop at EVERY tourist cave and rock. It was time to head back to the reality of what Emily was to undergo.

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