

The Day After C.I. Day

(Cochlear Implant Day)

Okay, so what is C.I. Day? It is the day when my right ear got disconnected from the audio nerve to whatever brain was left in my head, and a new device implanted under the skin behind that ear. It was a regular surgical procedure, but performed at an outpatient surgery center. You know, the kind where they do something to you and then kick you out as fast as they can.

And how did it go? I don't really know and won't know for weeks, when they take the next step after healing and hook up the hearing device and then activate it so that I hear with that right ear for the first time in many years. Then I get to relearn how to hear in that one poor ear all over again. It has to learn what sounds mean what, and to interpret words again, using some tools the hearing people give you and reading audio books, using captions with everything (I already do that!). Reports I am getting from people who have them, or who know people who have them, is that they love them.

As of today, I'm just hanging on, hoping the ugly part of recovery passes quickly – you probably know already – pain and nausea and no energy to do anything. The thought of going back to work anytime in the next few days makes me feel sicker than I already do. Not to be negative or anything, but I really feel lousy right now, and you get the brunt of it. Sorry!

I did ask God over and over if He really wanted me to go through with this, and checked with Him repeatedly during times when He could easily have stopped it. So many things seemed to get in the way, and was that God saying no, or just hassle from the enemy? Each time, problems were worked out, so I proceeded to the next one.

I had to fight to get a PCR virus test, which is notoriously unreliable, giving false negatives and false positives. But I'm bad, bad, bad, because I'm not VACCINATED! Oh, the horror. I had to get a pneumonia shot, which made me sick, with a 100°+ fever, and I'm not sure I'm over that yet. During the last week, I had to fight off a sinus infection. Sheesh!

And then there are the trips to Orange and the freeways of this insane place called Southern California. Admittedly, a couple of times lately, they have been relatively clear, with smooth sailing, But yesterday – oh, wow!! Going to Orange entails getting across the vast L.A. Basin/Inland Empire some way, to connect to the 57 or the 55 freeway, both of which have exits in Orange.

There are four ways to make that east/west crossing: the 210 Pasadena Freeway (my favorite; the 10 San Bernardino Freeway (I NEVER use that one); the 60 Pomona Freeway (ok, but grungy and often clogged); and the worst of them all, the 91 Riverside Freeway. For some reason, Google maps



ALWAYS routes us to the 91 as “the fastest route”. Har-dee-har. And I usually argue with that voice and tell it I'm using the 210 no matter what. So the map voice sighs and makes the recalibration sound, seemingly reluctant to follow my chosen path.

Yesterday, I had decided that no matter what, I was going to use the 210, but as Jan (navigator) and I approached the two-lane off-ramp, we could see nothing but stopped cars all the way along the off-ramp and even hanging out a long ways on the 15. Stopped! Fortunately I was able to get out of line as I reluctantly decided to follow Google's route on the 91. After a long slog south on the 15, with bumper to bumper, lane to lane, inch by inch traffic for miles, we finally connected to the 91, and then to the 57 for more of that inch by inch stuff. Aaargh!

Coming home, Jan drove, and I tried to navigate, even as I kept the barf bag close at hand, feeling worse and worse, dying to get home, but facing more of that inch by inch traffic a good share of the way home. This time



Google routed us over to a FastTrack freeway that turned out to be a toll road. I have never signed up for the toll roads, but found myself on that one, with signs saying that the toll would have to be paid within five days.

How did I end up on a toll road without having signed up? I still don't know, but my theory is that the traffic map outfit and Cal Trans and FastTrack must have a deal that routes traffic over the toll road, with the option of paying by credit card, without a transponder. I don't know if it was faster, because it was foot by foot, if not inch by inch. But I got an Atta Girl from FastTrack when I signed up while riding in the car, a dumb thing to do when you already feel sick!

I asked God why He didn't just break my leg or something, so I wouldn't have to go through this nightmare of the Southern California freeways. I think He must have just smiled at my tantrum. Now I feel like I'm going to have to work 10 more years, until I'm 82, just to return to society the investment in the cochlear implant! Can you imagine? Walking around the store in a walker. If Bill and Jan are still around, we can have races up and down the aisles in our walkers.

It's either do this or retire and turn into a vegetable. I'd probably turn into a vegetable that everyone hates, like kale or Brussels sprouts! So I guess I'd better learn to hear with this thing pretty soon and make the whole thing work.

Thank You, God, I think. Hopefully my attitude will be better when I feel better. And please spare me any more trips than necessary down the hill. We love this beautiful valley, and never more than when we've had to leave it, if only for a few hours.

Linda Gammel

Thanksgiving Day
November 25, 1982

MY STRUGGLE My Conviction

By Joyce Christoffel

Oh, dear God, my grief is great!
How can you forgive me for all my sins?
I seek your face, but feel no comfort
I look for peace but none can be found.
I have tried to live a good life--upright and pure,
But I become ensnared in pride and prejudice.
I cry out for help. Do you hear me?
My sins are many. They daily encircle me.
I cry within--I smile without--who can know?
Lord, my life has been a series of traumas.
Has it made me stronger?
You know better than I.
Can you use what there is of me?
I give you all my strength--
I surrender all my will.
What is mine, I give to you.
Are you there, God? Do you hear my petition?
I have no strength of my own.
In fact, what do I really have to give that is worthy?
What is there in me that is good?
When I look at your dear Son, Jesus,
I find no good thing in myself.
I want to be like Him. I try to be like Him, but
I feel so unworthy, so weak, so sinful.
Each defect in my character looms as a ship on
the horizon.
I am stunned and shocked by my weakness.
I am angry with myself because I am frail.
I fear temptations that I cannot endure.
Dear God, what is the answer?
Is there a way? Is there courage for my plight?
My once self-righteousness has fled.
I am no better than anyone else.
How can I condemn?
I can only point others to the only hope--Jesus.
For without Him, I would despair.
In time, He can even melt away the scars of sin.
I love Him and worship Him.
Time after time, he has allowed me to fall.
As I look up, I see Him and only Him as my hope.
I cannot handle life by myself.
I cannot face each day with just the wind as my
guide.
If I keep my eyes steadfast on Jesus, I'm bound to
make it.
I pray for His Spirit to empower me to be a
greater witness
And a help to others.
I am earthly weak and poor in all areas.
I covet the good gifts of God.
Give me only what I need to be a better servant,
No more - no less.
If I try to stand in my unrighteousness, I feel
Unclothed, soiled, crippled.
How can I! How can I, Lord, have the peace that
I so much crave?
I cry out for peace.
How can I have it?
I've heard that Jesus came to save sinners.
That's what I am.
Can you believe it? I--
Even I, am a sinner.
You say you don't believe it.
Well, I do.
He came to live, to die and live again for
My dreadfulness.
His beautiful, perfect sinlessness covers me like a
Shimmering cloud.
I bathe in His peace, in His courage.
In His vibrance, in His intellect.
How great is His greatness!
He is God's Son.
I AM SAVED
Not because of any good thing in me, because
I AM A SINNER.
A sinner that is saved by the blessed grace
of my Lord and Savior.
His peace is my peace.
His purity if my purity.
His salvation is my salvation,
Because He paid the price for me.
I can have peace.
I can have joy!
I can have redemption.
Jesus' blood covers my wretchedness.
I am free--
Free to strive to keep God's law--
Free to do good works--
Free to love my fellow man--
Free to relate to others as Jesus relates to me.
What have I to fear?
Not death. Not life. Not powers;
I am my worst enemy.
If I remember to keep my eyes on Jesus,
I will not fall.
If I can just remember to die daily to the sin that
Piles up about me.
If I can remember that Jesus died once for me
that I may
Live and my dying daily to sin is but to accept
What Jesus did for me,
Then and only then can I be free--
Then and only then can I be thankful.
Praise God for His goodness.
Praise Him for His Son of Righteousness.
I love Him and dedicate my life to Him.
Blessed be the Name of the Lord.
For His righteousness is my righteousness.
Praise to His Wonderful Name. Amen.



On The Lighter Side . . . Contributed from the Web

**I'll tell ya, I've been
looking and I have yet to
see the first person wearing a**



Build Back Better hat.



**"ANY GUN IN
THE HANDS
OF A DECENT
PERSON IS NO
THREAT TO
ANYBODY,
EXCEPT BAD
PEOPLE."**

-Charlton Heston

**I'm old enough to
remember when
mentally ill people
were put in hospitals,
not Congress.**

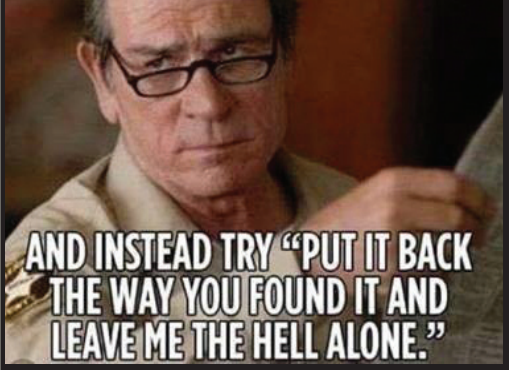
**If we lie to the
government it's a
felony.**

**If they lie to us it's
politics.**

TOP ANALYSIS, MEMES, AND CARTOONS AT PATRIOTPOST.US

**This is what happens
when you order a
President
through the mail.**

**HOW ABOUT YOU FORGET THIS
"BUILD BACK BETTER" THING**



**AND INSTEAD TRY "PUT IT BACK
THE WAY YOU FOUND IT AND
LEAVE ME THE HELL ALONE."**