

# A DAY IN MY LIFE

by

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My life and the way I live changed yesterday. In the early morning when Maria, who stays with me at night, had to go to her other job, I took off for the garden. A little voice told me I was not stable and had not been for a few weeks. I had been having trouble with Parkinson's disease trying to take over my life. But I refused to let it. I still drive my car, play bridge and in general, have a fairly good life. So what if I get myself into a jam? I am pretty innovative, and if one thing doesn't work, something else will. Well, not this time. When I froze up in the garden I hadn't taken any precautions-mainly to take extra medicine with me. I just assumed that the yardman would be there at 8:30 a.m. I watched and the time kept slipping by. Finally, it was noon. So then I knew he would not show up today. I suddenly became aware of the time. I had been there a long time, and the only other person that was coming was Maria at 7:00 p.m.

My medicine had worn off, and I was getting stiffer and weaker. At this point, I was holding on to a metal post. So, I slowly worked my way down it until I was sitting on crushed granite. My sitting down area finally became numb after a while. (It quit hurting.) The wind was whirling and making all kinds of noise. I just knew it was going to rain, but then, after thinking over the possibilities, the air became COLD. I knew that hail could be coming fast. About a month ago, I had driven home in a hailstorm and I had made the comment that it was exciting to do that. Well, let's see how exciting it is to be in the garden with hail and rain coming down pelting you. With each of these thoughts, I was getting more and more concerned. I told myself not to be weak and cry because that would make me weak, and I needed to be mentally strong. I wanted to be alert and in control.

I had gathered tomatoes and cucumbers before I froze and I had them with me. I ate them all day long. I knew I needed them for food and liquid so that I would not dehydrate. I got some cucumber vines and tried to make some cover from the sun. The vines are very tough and abrasive so I didn't get much help there. Thank goodness it was a fairly cloudy day so I didn't burn too badly. But I was out there in the good old Texas sun all day.

I planned to call 911 if anybody showed up to rescue me. I was watching the clock to see if Maria came at 7:00 and sure enough she didn't. I was really getting stressed out because I was beginning to realize more and more that I might be spending the night in the garden in a drenching rainstorm. I thought, "What is they don't realize that all is not well in Denmark?"

About then, Maria called, "Mary, oh Mary, what has happened? Ah, I am so sorry. I came in to clean at 7 o'clock." Being the smart girl she, she saw my purse, my keys and dried up coffee in the coffee pot, and she realized she must go looking for me in the garden area.

I told her to call 911 and then come and get me into the house and my bed. But I must tell you about the ride from the garden to the house. They stood me up, sort of. My legs were like jelly so they got a stretcher and said, "OK, now help us if you can." I couldn't, of course, because my medicine had not kick in. I asked them to give me an hour, but they said they could only stay for twenty minutes.

They put me on the stretcher and said, "UP you go!" Up, turn around, now two big bumps from the garden stairs: bump, bump, bump to get over the rough patio, and now a smooth ride down the hall. Then, they carried me to bed.

Naturally, just when they got me settled in bed, I had to go the bathroom. Maria very calmly said she would take over and thank them very much for coming. They told me my vital signs were all good, and I did not need to go to the hospital. I said, "Great, I have to go finish picking the garden, anyway!"