

Update on Cookie and a Couple Notes



By Anna Von Reitz

Cookie has returned home and her symptoms are much improved. She has dutifully gone to the lab and had blood drawn for a gazillion tests and is being examined with other diagnostic tests to find out exactly what is wrong.

It could be a number of things--- interference with the electric pulse or contractile status of her heart caused by an electrolyte imbalance or mechanical obstruction, enlargement of the heart, leaky valves in her heart or veins or arteries--- or even kidney failure, leading to excess water retention, toxicity, and strain on the heart.... We just don't know yet, but the search is on and the testing process has begun in earnest.

It's a difficult time for her, her family, and of course, her friends.

We all look forward to whatever relief there may be in finally having a name for the malady. It seems that for us mere mortals not knowing for sure what it is, is at least as bad as the illness itself.

It will be about a week before results start coming in and the process of diagnosis moves forward. Meantime, she is slowed down to a mere 1,000 rpm instead of her usual 10,000 rpm---- zippppp!

Slowing down is really hard for her. Almost comical. Imagine a Chihuahua running on a waxed floor suddenly having to think about this....? Oh, hey, I have to slow down.... and how do I do that?

Brain to legs, legs to paws, paws to claws..... okay....

yeah, all right, slowing down, slowing down....

It's heartbreaking to watch her devoted husband trying to gently, quietly remind her.... honey, you have to slow down.....

You have the sense that he has no hope of that ever really happening short of a pine box, but he is determined to try.

The same day she took the tests she was at my house, asking and fretting that I might be getting behind and might need her to do something.

She wasn't satisfied until I gave her a "thinking job" to do, either.

Slow down? Who? What? Me?

This morning I woke up in a bedroom called "The Library" and had my usual morning sneezing fit.

This is a lifelong inveterate peculiarity of mine.

Practically every morning of my life, I sneeze when I wake up. Not just a polite little whiffle, either. I mean, I sneeze like a baby elephant trumpeting.

My Mother told me as a child that this was because demons and fairies tried to hide in my nose while I was sleeping.

Goes to prove how I developed my Shinola Sensor.

My Mother was always testing me and trying to feed me fanciful stories like that. My Father was always the Practical Man mildly suggesting--- "Maybe you are allergic to book dust?"

I also go to work each day in an office known as "The Toad Hole". This used to be mildly funny until I gained a few years and pounds and my office began to look like a stage set for Harry Potter.

Remembering, thinking, experiencing all these things, watching Cookie try to slow down, listening to myself sneeze--- all I can tell you is that what becomes so apparent is how infinitely unique we all are, each one of us, and how precious.

Thank you, each one of you utterly unique, utterly precious, utterly sacred beings who are reaching out to help Cookie and me and the other members of our Living Law Firm. Thank you for your donations and your prayers and your care. Each one of us is muddling through because of each one of you.

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