

News From The Homefront

Emergency Room –

This past month I had an infected tooth at the jawline, but at first couldn't figure out what it was and kept thinking it was still an ear infection. Finally, the pain got so bad that one evening I had to go to the emergency room at the city's health campus. When you first walk in, you are asked as usual to go to reception and give basic details about yourself and your insurance. Then you go back and sit down and wait. Then a triage nurse asks you to come to the window and takes your oxygen levels via a pulse oximetry and asks if you are allergic to anything. I said, Codeine. Then you go back and sit down and wait once again. After some time, the same triage nurse calls your name and takes you to a room and takes your blood pressure, and once again measures your oxygen levels and once again asks about allergies. I joked to Frank that I wanted to write "no codeine" on my forehead. I was given a red bracelet and sent back out to wait. Since Frank and I had never been to this place before, we noticed things such as people either had a white bracelet or a red bracelet. Since she was a triage nurse, we wondered which color meant what. Later, we found out the red bracelet holders were seen faster as in 3 hours later. I felt sorry for the white bracelet holders as they probably had to wait 4 or 5 hours. All they could do in my case was pain and infection control with meds and an injection until I could get in to see a dentist. They told me to come back each night before I was able to see one and I could by-pass what all I did that night and get right in for my injection to help me sleep. However, you know how it goes in the ER and we repeated the exact same procedure each time and still had to wait hours and I was still asked multiple times about allergies. Yet in the end, I'd rather they were over cautious on that than to ignore it.

The first time I was taken back to an exam room, a man came in without much expression on his face and asked me why I was there. I started explaining and was concerned he would send me back home with the pain. Instead, God blessed beyond measure and he was sympathetic wanting to help me. His name on the script was Sharkis. We don't know if that was his first name or last name. He had a name tag that said, Sharky. Thus, Sharky was an excellent emergency room doctor who went beyond the call of duty to help me.

With Covid-19, it is hard to get in to see a dentist. We told one of the clinics that I had been to the ER for pain control and they got me in faster. One lady I talked to said she couldn't get in until August. I'm sure the waiting for these types of appointments is the same in most countries right now.

Gospel Articles in the Newspaper –

When I finally saw the dentist, he allowed Frank to come back with me. I tend to feel cold a lot and his nurse got a blanket for me and teased that I could have a teddy bear too. I have never had a root canal before and was nervous. The dentist was a kind man though and loved to talk. Sometimes I would look up at him and he was looking at Frank telling him a story. At least it took my mind off the procedure. He was older than us, therefore I think he was so used to doing root canals that he didn't have to look at my tooth every second. ---Well, I hope that was the case. Then he asked why we were living in Port Hedland and Frank told him about the mission work. He asked the name of our "group" and then about the newspaper articles that were put out by that group. He said he read every single one of them. Then he asked if Frank was responsible for them. He said yes. The dentist had no comment other than that he was an Anglican. Frank and I laughed later that it was said in a way as if Frank was a little boy who broke a window with a baseball and was having to confess that he did that. But we were glad to know that at least one person had read the articles. We never know how God will work.

A friend in Christ, Cyd James