

Dok Elma's E-musing
November 2010

Today is a great day! There's water flowing from the faucet! But we still need to fill the drum because flowing water is unusual and therefore short lived. There hasn't been electricity in the houses for 3 days now. My refrigerator's use is to keep the ants out. The hospital however is kept supplied by a smaller generator. (Maybe I should start living in the hospital.) No cold drink in a very warm climate is our excuse to enjoy cold coke when we go walking to the market in the evening. Therefore still a great day! What about you praying friend, are you having a great day?

There is a mother hen sitting on her nest outside my house. She has been sitting on her 9 eggs for over 10 days now. Daily we check if the chicks have hatch, observing the mother hen if she needed something. Just finished a Caesarian Section to a 15 yr old mom, delivering a healthy baby boy who got stuck on his way out. While closing I asked her how many children she plans to have. "Three", she said. I congratulated her for the baby and her 3-child plan. When the procedure was finished everyone thanked each other. But the best "thank you" is from the patient complimented with a smile.

I don't always get a smile from my patients. Patients who keeps my faith muscle exercised. Greeyah, 19-yr-old first came to Ganta with a perforated uterus. She became pregnant, went for an abortion in which she had several holes in her uterus while the fetus remained. She was toxic when she came- septic because of the infected, perforated uterus. There were at least 4 thru and thru holes, with several more perforating half way through. Because she was so young we decided to try to salvage whatever is left of her uterus. My colleague says it might recover. But the uterus didn't recover and Greeyah went in for a total hysterectomy. Sad- 19yo, 1st pregnancy, out of wedlock, no uterus. After a week she developed 2.8 Liters of pus in her abdomen! She breaks my heart! I wake up in the middle of the night, she comes to mind and I pray for her. Every morning I expect a smile or her saying she feels better. But she isn't! She now has pus in her chest and a re-accumulation of pus in her belly. She is thin and weak, and not happy. As one radio program always say, "Life is not a series of chances but a series of choices." With this overwhelming infection, I should be thankful she's still alive. This goes for me as well. Greeyah's situation would have been different if I just went ahead and took out her uterus.

Yesterday I took her back to the operating theater to wash up her belly and irrigate her lungs. She was holding on to dear life. All the staff was moved to pray for her. This morning I was blessed to see her sitting up, with improved demeanor. Please, please pray for Greeyah.

My hair... Although the dye hasn't passed its use-by-date, I did not get my blond streaks. Just as well, or I might look like a half baked zebra! Maybe I should try purple...

I'm going home to the Philippines this Thanksgiving weekend for a Surgical conference and then get my mother. We will be back here by Dec 16th. Mother is looking forward to staying here with me as a new ministry. And I have a mailing address, though I'm not sure how reliable. I will soon find out.

Thanks for praying.

Happy Thanksgiving!

Sent from Dok Elma's iPod
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