

8-14-19

To my future wife,

It is now Wednesday. I've been confined to my house since Sunday. I think I had a kidney stone. I dropped off the kids after baseball (where I pulled my back), and I was barely able to walk inside. Basted by fire ant. Somewhere around 7^{Sunday} I tried to get up to go to the bathroom and BOOM, Next thing I know I'm laying on the ground.

I ~~lay~~^{laid} there about 30 minutes without ~~being~~^{the} ability to move or stop the pain. I was certain after an hour this is where I would be found, dead. No doubt soaked in my own pee. Suddenly, I saw the makeshift bed pan I'd planned on using for trash. ~~Wow~~

I worked myself onto my side and felt sweet relief. Next, I began trying to free myself from my shorts. I had landed on them, and my belt was taking its toll. I decided to roll on my stomach and suck in. After about 10 minutes I was free of my belt. As I tossed it, God showed me that he intended to be with me and help. I looked up to where I tossed my belt and there was a washcloth. I still have no idea how it could have gotten there. I cleaned my face of all the snot with dirt wrapped in it. Wiped the sweat from my forehead and my legs. Next I found a shirt to place under my head. A moment later I was able to reach cigarettes on the edge of the bed. The pain resided suddenly.