



Life Saver Ministries  
83 Middlesex Street  
N. Chelmsford, MA 01863  
(978) 251-8191

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Dear Life Savers,

Oooooo, stomach cramps. Stomach cramps are never a good thing. I waited to see what was going to happen. What else can you do with stomach cramps? I was hoping they would just go away. They didn't. They just got worse. To quote my brother-in-law, Bob, I didn't know whether I was going to visit Canada or Mexico.

Then the cramps became more localized in the lower right side of my abdomen. Oh, no. Appendicitis. It *must* be appendicitis. Regular cramps don't hurt *this* much for *this* long in the lower right side of your abdomen. My father almost died from a burst appendix. I didn't want to do that.

What if I collapsed here on the bathroom floor, and no one knew I was collapsed here? I called down to Cathie, so she would know I was maybe going to die in the bathroom.

Then the pain shifted from the front to the back. That's when I realized, "Oh, no. This is not appendicitis. This is much worse. This is a *kidney stone*." I needed to get to the emergency room.

Cathie drove me to the ER. I hobbled inside and told the woman at the desk my symptoms and self-diagnosis. She said 2 ambulances just came in, so I would have to wait, and to please take a seat. *Wait? I can't wait. I can't sit. I'm dying here.* So, I stumbled around the waiting room for a *very* long time. Cathie says it was about 10 minutes.

I finally got into the ER, put on the obligatory johnny, and lay on a gurney. A nurse came over and said, "You look like a man with a kidney stone." I squeaked out some unintelligible reply, and she said, "You *sound* like a man with a kidney stone." Then she held up a needle and said, "I'm about to become your best friend." I don't remember her name, but she did become my BFF.

They brought me down for a CAT scan. Then, back in the ER, a doctor came in, said the stone was almost out of my kidney, it most likely wouldn't give me any more trouble, and sent me home with a prescription for pain pills.

Everything was fine until about 11 o'clock that night. Then someone stabbed me in the back and wouldn't stop twisting the knife. I took a pain pill, gritted my teeth, and waited for the pill to take effect. It didn't.

Not wanting to wait in the waiting room again, and dreading sitting in a car while Cathie drove me to the ER, I told Cathie to call an ambulance. That may have been a mistake. It took forever for the ambulance to get there, and then I still had to ride to the ER. I didn't have to wait when I got there, though.

Another BFF (Can you have more than one BFF? I don't know the rules.) gave me another shot, and I spent the night in the ER. The next morning, a doctor said they were going to have a look around inside, and they rolled me into the operating room. The doctor then said, "You don't want to be awake for this, do you?" Um, no.

When I woke up, the doc said the stone got impacted in my ureter, and he had to "knock it out." He also said he left a stent in there (I'm not sure why, because I was pretty groggy when he explained), and after another night in the hospital I could go home. Just come back in 3 days so he could remove the stent.

After 2 days, of which I won't go into detail, and a bunch of pain pills, someone stabbed me in the back again. I wish he wouldn't do that.

Back to the ER, where I met another BFF with a needle, had another CAT scan, and talked to another doctor, who said the stent had migrated and was causing the pain. He removed the stent, tout de suite, and I lived happily ever after.

If you're ever thinking of having a kidney stone, I don't recommend it. Oh, and nurses are now my favorite people, not because of pain shots, just because they are wicked nice.

I was treated very well at the hospital, but I didn't want to be there. I *needed* to be there, but I didn't *want* to be there. I wanted to be home.

That's kind of how it is with the young moms who come to My Father's House. They don't want to be here, but they need to be here.

We try to make My Father's House as "homey" as possible for our residents, because we realize they are just kids, they are in a very difficult situation, and what they really want is to be home with parents who will take care of them while they learn to become parents, themselves.

Unfortunately, that's not the case. For whatever reason, and the reasons are different for every girl who comes to our door, they are facing a very uncertain future...on their own.

We try to let them know that they are not *on their own*. They, and their children, have a God who loves them, a lot of people who care about them, a home for as long as they need it, and a family who will be here for them long after they depart.

It's not the same as having parents and an extended family who are there for them, no matter what, but for those moms who accept what My Father's House offers them, it's just what they need.

I mentioned a lot of people who care about them. I didn't mean just the staff and volunteers at My Father's House. I meant you, as well. The part you play in the lives of these young moms and their children is just as important as our part.

It's easy for us to care about these kids, both moms and children. We see them every day. We share in their joys and their sorrows. We watch them grow and learn. It's harder for you. You care about them without ever meeting them or getting to know them. Yet, you support them with your gifts and prayers.

We often talk to the moms about you, about how you sacrifice yourselves and your families to help give them and their children a better life. It's sometimes hard for them to understand why you do it, but I think it's important for them to know you are there, and you care.

The winter months always come with a decrease in donations. Since we have had significant deficits in both of the last 2 years, our cash reserves are extremely low. I don't know if we will be able to pay our bills and our dedicated staff unless donations increase quickly. Please do what you can to help. Thank you.

This is Juan checking into his first day ever of pre-school. It doesn't look as if it phases him in the least. Juan is 4 years old and is one of the happiest and politest kids I know. He and his mom are both joys to have at My Father's House.



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**Friday, March 10**

In His service,

*Kevin*  
Kevin Coffey