

Father's Day, 2022
Dallas, Texas
William P Clements Jr University Hospital

Dear Praying Family and Friends,

Well, Barbara and I made it through what felt (at times) like a gauntlet of tests, meetings, infusions and sundry low-level static that probably always attends a gigantic medical center like this one! We were housed in a hotel, and we went to and from the clinic via Uber. I just couldn't leave my beloved Subaru parked out in the open anywhere in Dallas. The only place worse that I can think of is Albuquerque NM. My brother lives there, and he tells me vehicle theft is possibly the city's biggest industry after drugs.

Here's the interesting thing . . . The nurses and educators warned me that I would be feeling pretty low by Saturday. Why? Because of a three-day dose of "LD chemo." LD is the abbreviation for "lymphodepleting." In other words, they wipe out most of my T-cells in order to make room for the flood of re-engineered T-cells which they will infuse into me tomorrow.

I digress - the LD chemo was supposed to make me feel very sluggish, weak, and lacking energy. Maybe I felt a little creaky on Saturday, but that was it. Today (Father's Day), I moved into the hospital, I felt pretty good. The lymphoma lumps I can identify with my own fingers are continuing to shrink. They're "loose" and move around in the space they used to occupy.

I happily confess that this remarkable situation comes from the concerted effort by all of you to pray for me and Barbara. I am so grateful for all of you! I know there are some of you I haven't yet met, though eternity is plenty of time for that eventually.

Another interesting thing . . . I had a conversation with one of the physician's assistants who has participated in my therapy since June of last year. She remarked to me that over that time she could see a positive change in my character - at least as far as it involves interaction with her and others in the hospital where she can observe it. She sees a lot of patients in this hospital, on this floor devoted exclusively to blood cancers. I think what she was trying to describe is the beneficial outcomes for Christians as their characters are shaped by our Lord's leading through thorny places.

Anyway, her comment was a great encouragement to me, and something I wanted you to know about and to thank you for. By supporting me in your prayers as you have, you've lent your hands to my sanctification, to my spiritual maturation. By this I am eternally blessed and also deeply grateful to all of you.

I have no idea what lies ahead near term. It may be boring. I may end up in the ICU. Or anything in between. Here's what I will attempt:

I will create a daily log of events, something like a week-long diary. It won't have much literary value, obviously. But, it might help you to see the crooks, crannies, and winding curves of this therapy. It's the kind of thing you'd scan quickly, stopping only to read some item that piques your curiosity. And, it will give me something to do while the CAR-T team is tending to a raft of repeated checks to see that I'm steady in the boat as the week progresses.

Again, Barbara and I are grateful forever (literally!) for your generous prayers for us.

Fr. Bill Mouser