May 24, 2022
Dear Praying Family and Friends,
This will be short, short, short.
Barbara and I have just finished a wooly booger of five days. Sorry if that was indelicate; the alternatives would have made that characterization tepid in comparison!

The briefest summary:

- The run-up to preparation for CAR-T therapy is almost complete. I'm in the midst of "bridge chemo," - an attempt to push the rampaging cancer back far enough so that the cancer proliferation (VERY fast now) will not outrun any therapy available for it.
- Consequently, all the various preparation, tests, and so forth must be crammed into the shortest possible time. My oncologist is knocking heads as he proceeds, so that no one slows down our rush to commencement of CAR-T. I have assured him of my cooperation; it's costing me, Big Time.
- My T-cells have been harvested, and last Friday took off for California to have their DNA edited. When that's done, they'll be able to recognize the cancer in me (not in you, or anyone else for that matter).
- Then they'll be returned to Dallas, I'll be returned to the isolation floor at William P. Clements University Hospital, and the re-engineered T-cells will be infused back into me.

Infusion date is June 20, after which I'll be trying to survive the next two to three weeks. Many troubles, toils, and snares (medically, that is) during that time.

I had intended to write to you all a week ago! Instead I was met with a cascade of the most arduous medical processes I have ever met. The Lord has very kindly encouraged me along the way - such as going in 48 hours from an inability to get out of bed (or back into it!), to an ability to do both, though I needed a cane to avoid falling.

Barbara is very tired. Her caregiver chores have escalated, and will do so further. Pray stamina for her.

Lord willing, I'll have two weeks of relative peace and quiet before CAR-T begins. My fondest hope is that I can unpack some of what's transpired in the past 10 days.

Much love in Him,
Fr. Bill Mouser

