

The Move From My Childhood Home Page 2

Lee had just flown down for a visit and then gone back to Oregon. He was a big donor at the Blood Bank, and for every pint that he gave, he would get a new mug. So he had gone again when he was down. It was a few days after he had gone back that a letter from the Blood Bank came in the mail. That evening, rather late, I decided that I would open my mail for the day. I opened the one from the Blood Bank, and it read something like this...
“Thank you for donating your blood again and also for letting us know that there may be a chance that you have AIDS.” Well! My heart dropped to my tummy; the ladies were right! I lay prostrate on the floor praying this prayer... “Oh Lord, don’t judge my husband! It was my fault that it happened because I did not go with him...” I lay there thinking about what I should do, but I knew that I would not say a word to him till I could fly up there to see him.

The next day I made reservations to fly up, and being so frugal, I booked it two weeks out. Let me tell you... that was the longest two weeks I had ever lived. I couldn’t eat, so I started to lose weight. I’d talk to Lee but I spoke very little. My mouth was shut to everyone! I decided to write my husband Love letters. Remember, we were married twenty-five years at that time, so he must have wondered what was going on. They were pretty good Love letters, too, if I must say so myself! ☺ Anyway, the day before the flight came, I started wondering what I should know about AIDS. Could I get it? Was there some prevention for me to be safe? I put a call in to the Blood Bank to ask questions. My mind was racing... how can I ask and how much was I to reveal? “Lord,” I asked, “give me Wisdom...” A nurse answered, and I told her of my dilemma, but I did not want to tell her who I was. She kept saying, “please give me your name so I can have the doctor call you,” but still I did not tell her. By this time, I was crying, and she could not make sense of what I was saying, but when she asked again, I gave her my name and number.

About an hour later the doctor called. I told him my story while he listened patiently. Then he said, “Many people make mistakes...” (“That’s just what I need to hear”, I thought...) but then he finished, “marking the wrong box as they go through the lines of questions.” I asked what he meant, since I had never given blood I had no idea what the preliminaries were. At the Blood Bank, before giving blood, you first read some lines of questions, and then check some boxes with your answers. There is also some spaces where you

can write in some additional information. The doctor said that my husband must have checked the wrong box when the AIDS question was asked. Then, he told me “I know that your husband has given much blood here, and he would not have donated it if he thought that he had the AIDS virus.” So, my husband did not have AIDS after all! The Blood Bank had checked his blood and it was fine! I put myself through two long, tortuous weeks of misery for nothing...

What strange feelings I had after the phone call. There I was, going up to Oregon to stay with my husband until he died, and now all was well! I went downstairs to tell my Mom. She was staying there with me while her new house was being built, and I told her what had happened! She was so mad at me for even thinking that! “How could you?!” she asked. Later, I thanked GOD that the nightmare was over, and that all was well. What an ordeal!

That night Lee called and I told him the story. He was very mad at the Blood Bank for not being more careful how they handled things. “What a stupid letter to send out!” he said. “It could have ruined our marriage!” I, of course, was happy that it was not true and that he wasn’t sick, but he would not give blood there ever again because of it.