

*Dear Transplant Nurse,*

*It's hard to tell you how much you mean to me unless I tell you a little about me. I had WPW since birth, but had a wonderful time growing up in NC near a big lake. We water skied (my brother & I & dates) and thought we were good enough to be in the Cypress Gardens show. But we didn't try, because time passed and college/work/family happened. My family/brother and I were far apart and saw each other usually when I packed the family up and went to see them. Our two kids were grown and Barb and I were empty nesters when in 1989, my heart went into a prolonged VT. It got worse and I was placed on the transplant list in 1998. Then two cardiac arrests. I was called in on a Sunday, October 28, 2001 for a transplant and the operation occurred at 11 pm that night. The sutures leaked and the following day, I was opened up and operated on again. Then I spent 28 days on life support in a chemical induced coma. I am REALLY fine now. We have taken a road trip all around the USA and flew to Alaska twice to see our grandkids/family.*

*Thank you from the bottom of my (and my donor's) heart. I know that you have troubles and concerns too with job, family, traffic. But I never want you to lose sight of what an angel that you are and have been to us. If you have ever been boating in the fog, in the ocean---without all the technological gadgets that will tell you precisely where you are---and your family is with you; then you know the desperate feeling of concern for them. You are like that vision of the shoreline through the fog and the sound of surf---which tells you that everything is alright and that you made it. Getting there is both your own doing and a large dose of God's love and guidance. We're alive!*

*Thank you!*

