

Chapter 1 : EPISODE 43 - Vigil - DALLAS

*In lieu of an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content. 2 * Keeping Vigil Fathers in Waiting Rooms As the hospital came to be the preferred setting for childbirth in the mid-twentieth century, some of the men who accompanied their laboring wives returned home to await news of their child's birth.*

Beccabo Steve McGarrett never believed his past would come back to haunt him. But it has, in the form of his ex-wife. Let the fireworks begin! Steve is getting one of his own! And when she is a woman he turns her back again. She had been there for almost twenty four hours now and everyone had been hoping and praying for some movement. Some sign that the body of his youngest child had a soul still attached to it. He closed his eyes against the vision of her on a heart monitor, IV drip, and an oxygen-mask. Most led him only to how he had pictured this reunion with his daughter. He had imagined the fire in her eyes, the venomous chill in her voice as she called him every name in the book. And he would let her, because he deserved it. But eventually, his little girl would forgive him. And then he would buy her dinner and they would split a bottle of her favorite wine by the fire. But none of the pictures in his mind had ever included a dark, lonely hospital room, respirators, heart monitors, and never-ending silences. Nights without sleep and days of holding back raw emotions were starting to wear on the seasoned police officer. The Superintendent walked around the room some and then came to rest in front of the window. He looked down at the bustling night of Honolulu. When his daughter had married Steve she believed that one day she would end up living in this city by the bay. She knew that one day her husband would want to move back to his childhood home and Harper had joked that Mickey and the boys should start looking for retirement property here. But she had forgiven him then—so she would forgive him this time, too. The seasoned cop stared out at the ocean and then watched the cars come and go from the parking lot below and, after a bit, wandered back to the chair beside the bed. He looked at his darling daughter, lying there so peacefully, like an angel with her long lashes lying against her face under closed eyes. Her hand felt cold, even though Mickey knew there was blood pumping through it, keeping it warm. Without even realizing it, he started rubbing her small hand between his two larger ones, in a fruitless attempt to give it some heat. Then he leaned forward and started playing with the edge of her blanket As he did when she was a little girl and he would tuck her into her bed at night. The moment that your eyes flutter open and again look into mine with such love and joy. The moment when your skin grows less pale, and your hand finally responds to my constant grip. But here I am sitting in this uncomfortable chair while you sleep—holding your hand and weeping like a child. And I, of course, would know that you were lying. So thank you for not waking up during those times. You always have been stronger than I am, Harper. His daughter should have been yelling at him to take care of himself, but instead she was unconscious, her alabaster skin the color of talcum powder. Fear crept into his heart, as Mickey desperately turned his attention to the monitors around her, checking that the constant beep was still evading the silence of the still room, and that the green line was still bopping up and down to the relentless rhythm. Wherever she is, I know she can hear you. Tonight the moon is casting a peaceful glow over the city, the sun having gone down hours ago. You should see that waiting area. Your ex-husband certainly does know how to put on a show. The Governor herself even came by a few hours ago to offer her support. All of those people are just waiting for some good news. None of them have slept in days either and I think the hospital staff just wants them to go home He looked at his child lying in the ICU attached to a maze of wires and tubes, surrounded by monitors and drips, it was difficult to believe she would ever be okay again. The mask that covers your features, the machine that breathes for you. You were always the strong one, the one who could keep going, the one who went too far. I listen to you breathing, each suck-hiss of the respirator assuring me that you still live. All I know is that those tears which are still left inside me will stay there and I will reserve them to shed in joy and relief when you wake up. This is the way I live my life. Even when my heart is broken—"Mickey. But there was no going back now. And he knew the younger man understood. Just like her mother. Crossing his arms over his chest, he looked down at his ex-wife and added, "Those eyes, that smile, the smattering of freckles she refused to admit she had. It got me through a lot of tough times. Sensing that the older man needed a break, Steve

continued, "The first time I met your daughter, she ignored me. The second time we met, she insulted me a few times. And the third time we argued. The first of many, as it turned out. And then when the walls come tumbling down, she works her way into your heart. She tries to hide it. She chose to spend her life saving people. But you know, I can still remember the wishes that she made when she blew out the candles on her seventh birthday cake. She wanted to ride a Harley when she was big enough and she wanted to marry her daddy when she was all grown up. He paused a moment to get himself in check and then said, "But she married you instead. I missed so much. Not before I get to tell her all the things that have gone unsaid. No acknowledgment of what he had said to her. I think these old bones need to rattle around a little bit before they lock up on me completely. You want me to bring you back one? Your life is never going to be the same again. That little girl has a way of changing everything. Your review has been posted.

Chapter 2 : What to take to family waiting at hospital | Ask MetaFilter

2 *KEEPING VIGIL Fathers in Waiting Rooms* (pp.) DOI: /_leavitt.6 *As the hospital came to be the preferred setting for childbirth in the mid.*

In that place between wakefulness and dreams, I found myself in the room. There were no distinguishing features save for the one wall covered with small index card files. They were like the ones in libraries that list titles by author or subject in alphabetical order. But these files, which stretched from floor to ceiling and right to left as far as the eye could see, had very different headings. I quickly shut it, shocked to realize that I recognized the names written on each one. And then, without being told, I knew exactly where I was. This lifeless room with its small files was a crude catalog system for my entire life. A sense of wonder and curiosity, mixed with horror, stirred within me as I began randomly opening files and exploring their content. Some brought joy and sweet memories, others a sense of shame and regret so intense that I would look over my shoulder to see if anyone was watching. Some were almost hilarious in their exactness: I never ceased to be surprised by the contents. Often there were many more cards than I expected. Sometimes less than I had hoped. The sheer volume of the life I had lived overwhelmed me. Could it be possible that I had time in my 17 years to write each of these thousands or millions of cards? But each card confirmed the truth. Each card was written in my own handwriting. Each card was signed with my signature. I shut it, shamed, not so much by the quality of music, but more by the vast amount of time I knew that file represented. I pulled the file out only an inch, not willing to test its size, and drew out a card. I shuddered at its detailed content. I felt sick to think such a moment had been recorded. A feeling of humiliation and anger ran through my body. One thought dominated my mind: No one must ever see this room! I have to destroy them! I had to empty it and burn the cards. But as I took the file at one end and began pounding it on the floor, I could not dislodge a single card. I became desperate and pulled out a card, only to find it as strong as steel when I tried to tear it. Defeated and utterly helpless, I returned the file to its slot. Leaning my forehead against the wall, I let out a long, self-pitying sigh. That was when I saw it. The handle was brighter than those around it, newer, almost unused. I pulled on its handle and a small box not more than 3 inches long fell into my hands. I could count the cards it contained on one hand. And then the tears came. I began to weep. Sobs so deep that the hurt started in my stomach and shook through me. I fell on my knees and cried. I cried out of shame, from the overwhelming shame of it all. The rows of file shelves swirled in my tear-filled eyes. No one must ever, ever know of this room. I must lock it up and hide the key. Then as I looked up through my tears, I saw Him enter the room. No, please not Him. I watched helplessly as He began to open the files and read the cards. The few times I looked at His face I saw such sadness that it tore at my heart. He seemed to intuitively go to the worst boxes. Why did he have to read every one? Finally, He turned and looked at me from across the room. He looked at me with pity in His eyes. I dropped my head, covered my face with my hands and began to cry again. He walked over and put his arm around me. He could have said so many things. He just cried with me. Then He got up and walked back to the wall of files. Starting at one end of the room, He took out a file, and, one by one began to sign His name over mine on each card. But there it was, written in red so rich, so dark, so alive. The name of Jesus covered mine. It was written in blood. He gently took the card back. He smiled a sad smile and began to sign the cards. There was no lock on the door. There were still cards to be written.

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Some cheap toothbrushes, toothpaste, face soap, that kind of thing. It may be worthwhile to ask if any of them need anything they may have forgotten at home. I imagine they just want to stay close to the situation and they probably have their hands full with getting information, communicating updates, and researching. It might be nice to bring a couple sweatshirts in case anyone gets chilly. If everyone is warm enough, they also double as emergency pillows. I find soft, warm things extremely comforting. Best wishes to you and your family. The soap and coffee at hospitals are disgusting. When my mom went through a long surgical procedure and my step-dad and I were sitting around a hospital for several days, eating the cafeteria food which was decent for what it was was awful. My husband was in the ICU for a month in with swine flu, and all the mandated hand sanitizer dried my skin out. Gives me something else to do with my jaw other than clenching it and veggies are better than junk food. Gives people something to do with their hands and a nice shot of Vitamin C. For writing down what the doctor says so you remember and so you can relay it to other people. Also good for killing time by playing games or keeping score. The trashier the better. It might work for your situation too. But my list of things to gather before I go is much more comprehensive than it would have been. I also did a whole load of puzzles, I found the physical activity calmed me down much more than a sudoku or something. The ability to sneak away for 10 min and take a shower and refresh would most likely go really well. The most important thing is having someone there who is not too close to the person in trouble. You want to be the person that can step out and grab items from home, a bite to eat or whatever they need. Having someone who will not feel guilty for leaving for an hour to grab lunch for everyone is awesome. I worked in a gym really close to a major hospital that people with large problems would fly across the US to go to. We would have people show up about once a month looking for a shower, they just wanted to take a shower because they had been living in a hospital for three weeks. We actually kept soap and shampoo on hand when these people stopped by, it was always an easy answer every time we were asked. And our small act of kindness put most people who stopped by into tears. They just wanted to feel like normal clean people again. Long story short the best thing you can bring is yourself. Always look for where a need is and do your best to fill it without asking or complicating things. Best posted by Felex at 1: Take a look in the gift shop and see what things strike your fancy. Then go get better versions of them outside the gift shop: Nice big water bottles. Along those lines, anything that can help people tidy up quickly. Others have mentioned toothpaste, etc. Magazines are great, but after the 15th issue of People or Better Homes and Gardens, a book might be good. Cheese sticks, or other things that have protein. At least one of them is password-protected, so you can make it fairly private if you need to. Augusten Burroughs falls into a similar category; my favorite is Possible Side Effects. Hospitals can be extremely dry places, especially in winter. Hospital toiletries suck 2. DVD for laptop 6. More serious time we ordered in, again hospitals suck see if you can order food for them 7. Definately lotion part of toiletries because if you use their stuff it dries you out big time 8. It helped keep my son less upset. I craved fruit, milk, juice. And your presence helps too. Both times it was just me and DH. It kind of sucked.

Chapter 4 : wait | Definition of wait in English by Oxford Dictionaries

Introduction: men matter -- Alone among strangers: the medicalization of childbirth -- Keeping vigil: fathers in waiting rooms -- The best backrubber: fathers move into labor rooms -- He wants to know: prenatal education for fathers -- Peaceful and confident: mothers and fathers in labor rooms -- Side by side: men move into delivery.

What they encounter lands someone in the hospital and changes the Foster family forever. Wyatt calls Callie on her growing bond with Brandon but Callie is all too familiar with the damage that could result from this kind of relationship. After getting Jesus, Mike calls to tell Lena the bad news. The doctor comes out and explains to Mike and Lena that Stef had a collapsed lung and is currently suffering from an extreme case of internal blood loss and that they are doing the best they can to stabilize her. Jesus and Mariana overhear the conversation and become very upset with their actions. Everyone in the waiting room. At that moment the doctor comes out to the waiting room and to report that Stef is now in a stable condition to have visitors, although Lena is the only one who is allowed to visit as of current due to the doctors not wanting her to have a relapse. Mike begins to go to visit Stef along with Lena, but his captain reminded him that he could not speak to her until the Internal Affairs Department IA speaks to them both. As Stef opens her eyes to Lena, a flashback of when Stef and Lena first met is shown. Lena, as the principal of an elementary school, comes to greet Stef and welcome her to the school. Stef introduces herself and begins to explain that her five year old son, Brandon, is beginning to start kindergarten there and Lena happily assures her of the school. The episode then cuts back to Lena exiting the room and explaining to the rest of the Foster family that everything was fine and Stef would be okay. Mike quickly leaves to speak with Internal Affairs in the hallway. Everyone seeing Stef in the hospital. In the waiting area Brandon begins to yell at Jesus and Mariana, blaming them for what had happened to Stef, saying that they had no right to go behind their backs and do something so stupid even after they were taken in by his mothers. The attending surgeon comes out and explains that no serious damage occurred to any of her organs besides the lung. Lena and everyone except Mike and Callie then go to see Stef. Jesus and Mariana talking. The episode once again cuts to another flashback when Stef met Jesus and Mariana at the police station. Stef gingerly walks by the twins as they sit quietly in the police station. She walks into her office and asks one of the officers in charge why they are sitting there. Stef, saddened by this, gets two lollipops and introduces herself to the twins. As Jesus speaks up and tells her their names, Stef gives Jesus a lollipop and tries to give one to Mariana. Mariana, shy and uncomfortable, does not accept the sweet until Jesus gives it to her. In real time, back at the house, Mariana is going through a box of old family possessions and Jesus comes in and comforts her. Upstairs, Brandon is going through the closet for clothes to bring to Lena, as she stayed the night at the hospital, when Callie comes into the room. She then tells him to try and be nicer and not to be such a jackass about the situation. Brandon immediately comes downstairs to assure Jesus and Mariana that he loves them as siblings and was just upset when he yelled at them. Afterwards, everyone goes to sleep and Jude wakes Callie up and tells her that this reminded him of their mother, to which Callie retorts that it is nothing like their mother as the Foster family is a lucky family and Stef will most certainly live. The next morning Callie is in the kitchen cooking comfort food for everyone when Brandon came into the kitchen. He, after listening in on their conversation the night before, then began to ask her about her mother and how they ended up in foster care. She explained her mother died in a car crash caused by her father drunk driving. Brandon talking to Callie. The accident took the life of her mother and several others who were in the other car. She explains that he was sent to jail for manslaughter and that her and Jude ended up in foster care due to having no other familial ties. Brandon comforts Callie by brushing her hair behind her ear. As they became closer, someone knocks on the door. Wyatt steps inside with a box of donuts, and stares suspiciously at the two as he noticed their closeness before he came inside. Brandon gets a call from the house phone from Lena and tells everyone that Stef is about to be sent into surgery. They all go to the hospital. Wyatt and Callie step outside to get some air while Mike goes to speak to his captain. She explained the investigation seemed to be going okay, and that he and Stef might get off with a suspension of only one or two days. She warns him to stop drinking after working as it is clearly affecting his work. He begins to get

defensive but understands and walks off to get coffee. She tells him that she has met someone new and that she is glad with her current lifestyle. Back in the current time, Mike is in his car outside the hospital, ignoring orders, he pours a bottle of alcohol into his coffee. Wyatt talking to Callie about Brandon. Wyatt and Callie are shown outside the hospital at a fountain. Wyatt tells Callie to go for Brandon and he knows that she likes him. He encourages her to be true to her heart and seize the love she feels for Brandon as life is short and she may never have the chance for it again, using Stef as an example. Callie kisses Wyatt on the cheek, leaves him and rushes back inside to tell Brandon how she feels. However, as she is getting close to Brandon, Tayla runs up to him and the two embrace. Callie quickly makes a turn away into the waiting room. Happy, the family hugs and comfort one another. As Brandon hugged his father, he smells the alcohol on his breath. He throws it out and storms off. The episode goes back to another flashback where Stef told Lena she really does love her and has finally accepted herself as a lesbian. Lena explains that she and Stef love Mariana and Jesus and that blood is not what makes a family, but love is, and that that is exactly why they are a family now. The captain sees to Mike outside as he gets a water. The captain said Ana was actually at the house climbing out the window when she heard the gunshots and that means that they now have an eye witness to help their alibi. The two agents from Internal Affairs are shown questioning Stef. She explains that they went in to sweep the house, and all she remembers is that she was shot, and then she was in the ambulance. IA then leaves, seeing that she is telling the truth and tell her to rest. Brandon confronts Mike about having alcohol in his coffee and tells him he is done with him until he cleans up his act. As the Fosters leave the hospital, the cops are bringing Ana in. Lena tells her to stay away from her family. Mike is finally able to see Stef. Mike says he wishes it was him and Stef jokingly says she does too. Stef stares at him. The episode ends with Stef having a flashback of her shooting, showing that she was in fact lying to IA earlier that day.

Chapter 5 : - NLM Catalog Result

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How to Survive the Waiting Room I believe the "vigil" saps families not only of their energy, but also their ability to make intelligent decisions. They may work for you. Contributors control their own work and posted freely to our site. If you need to flag this entry as abusive, send us an email. This morning, I was going through a stack of papers on my desk when I came across a wrinkled sheet from an old notepad. At the very top I had scribbled, "One hour in the hospital is like a full day anyplace else. For many years I have spoken with families camped out in the waiting rooms of hospitals, surrounded by blankets, empty drink containers, and a mixture of stale odors. At times it looks like a war zone. When it was my turn to reside in the ICU waiting room, I made the decision not do the "ICU vigil" nor to set up shop in the hospital, but to design a strategy that would allow me and my son to be fresh and alert enough to make the important decisions that could arise at any moment. The ICU Vigil A vigil is a ritual where the person keeps a watch, waiting expectantly for something to happen. I see it all the time: Families may do this for a variety of reasons. For some people, guilt bites at their heels, a son or daughter who has not spoken to their mother in seven years and needs their loved one to wake up. But the waiting room rarely feels like a peaceful environment and is never conducive to rest or reflection. And the noise level in a hospital, while not as bad as shopping at Abercrombie with my grandchildren, is still far too loud for anything relaxing. I believe that the "vigil" also saps families not only of their energy, but also their ability to make intelligent decisions. We negotiated a very reasonable rate with a local hotel and had a room with a sitting area, kitchenette, and lots of light. I was also surprised to learn that assisted living facilities frequently lease out unused apartments. Talk to the case manager at the hospital. He or she can give you a list of hotels and places that will offer you a reduced "hospital rate. Families always feel afraid that if they leave the hospital, something awful will happen when they are not there. If you are at the hospital, you need to come to peace with that possibility and take breaks. Give yourself permission to get out of the hospital. The first two days, my son and I ate all of our meals in the hospital, then decided that was enough. From then on, we ate out, and anticipated dessert as a highlight of every day. It worked out well, and we bought pies for the entire ICU staff. We went to a movie one afternoon and then found this fabulous sporting goods store, where we went to buy a single jacket and found ourselves at the checkout station with two shopping carts full of "essentials. When you look for a hotel, make sure it has a workout room or ask if the hospital has one. If that is not your cup of tea, then take walks. Exercise will give you time to work out some of your feelings and raise your endorphins, the feel-good chemicals. You also may feel better about the deserts. Intensive care units and hospitals have gotten much better about allowing families to stay in the room for extended periods of time. I found myself staring at all the squiggles on the monitors. Even though I knew what they meant, I was using it as mindless activity to pass the time. The visitors in the room end up having conversations that should take place elsewhere. If the patient is awake this can be very annoying and make it difficult for them to concentrate. I will say it again: Control the activity and the noise! I wrote an entire blog on this topic. Always interact with the person as if they understand everything. That includes side conversations going on in the room. If an aide or nurse keeps calling your loved one "honey," respectfully tell them to please call her by her name. Oh, and, "Dude wake up," is rarely an effective rallying cry for someone who is confused or very sick. In fact, it only makes it worse. Having a critically-ill loved one is like riding a roller coaster. One minute optimism fills the room, only to be sucked out by the inevitable bump in the road. After optimistic mornings, my wife would always feel worse in the evenings, until my son suggested that I stop visiting at night. He also told me, over and over, "Dad, you know too much. Ask the doctors what they believe are the realistic chances of recovery and what types of problems may lie ahead. The fewer surprises, the easier it is to deal with the illness. You will quickly find out that you cannot talk and communicate with everyone. First, establish who will communicate with the doctors. If you have a large family, designate one or two people who will be the "point people" to deal with the physicians. You can then decide how you will

disseminate information to friends and family. Some families decide to sign up for Caring Bridge , which allows you to post information and other people can leave messages. We felt that was a bit too "public" and divided the groups family, friends, and work we needed to communicate with amongst five of us and sent email updates to those we felt had a "need to know. I suggest that you should go ahead and flag this article or file in your personal file. You may not need it now, but almost no one escapes the stress of watching and waiting while a loved one struggles with a serious illness. For more by Richard C. For more on personal health, click here. Suggest a correction [MORE](#):

Chapter 6 : Inspirational story titled "The Room"-Fiction! - Truth or Fiction?

A vigil is a ritual where the person keeps a watch, waiting expectantly for something to happen. I see it all the time: exhausted families trying to sleep in small cramped chairs on hard, dirty.

Part of the busy interstate is shut down as emergency vehicles line the side of the road and two other lanes. Two of the victims - Lucas Krebbs and Emma Ryland - are loaded into one ambulance. The driver of the other car, the person who caused this tragedy, is a man in his forties, and he is loaded into the second ambulance. Both ambulances then speed away, lights flashing and sirens blaring loudly as they race toward the nearest hospital with the seriously injured victims. Bobby sits up in bed reading the evening paper when Ann crawls into bed next to him. But Bobby, she said she was gonna meet me here this afternoon so we could talk," Ann says. Ann looks at him. She reaches over to the nightstand and picks it up and looks at it. Forest Park Medical Center Down the hall, they find Harris and his mother Judith waiting. They rush down the hall to them, and Harris gets up to meet them. It was a pretty bad wreck. Surprised, Bobby walks over to them. He then looks back at Ann and Harris. Judith walks over to the group. Krebbs came by the house the other night to see Emma. Bobby looks at his wife. So I could talk to her about it. He approaches the group. He was in a lot of pain. He has a broken rib, a pretty bad concussion, and some other, less serious injuries. I have to get back. Reeves turns and walks away as Ann embraces Bobby, Ray and Jenna embrace, and Harris comforts his mother. Bobby brings Ann a cup of coffee as they continue to wait for word on Emma and Lucas in a small waiting room apart from the Krebbs and Rylands. He takes a seat beside her. She looks around, then spots Bobby and Ann, then walks into the waiting room to them. He gets up and walks down the hall to catch up to her as she stops at the vending machine. She turns to face him. Of thunder and lightning. That went on until he was about eleven or twelve. Lucas was about seven. Ray and I stayed up all night with him because he refused to go to sleep while it was still thundering and lightning outside. That noise is just God having a party in Heaven. He always believed everything Ray ever told him. Because of the accident? I never wanted him to know the truth. Jenna, you had to know that one day, the truth would come out. She walks a few feet away from Bobby, her back to him. Bobby follows "Have you been so angry with me all these years? But I was angry. You and I were supposed to be married, Bobby. But then you left me for Pam. And as much as I love Ray, and the life we made together, I never forgave you for that. And I probably never will! Bobby and Jenna are both unaware that the last part of their conversation was overheard Ray is standing in one doorway, and just down the hall, Ann and Sue Ellen. Ray looks at the women, then walks past them down the hall. Ann looks down the hall at Bobby, his back to them, still unaware of their presence, and she begins to cry. It is a brisk, cold morning, with overcast skies. On the second ring, he answers. Are they all right? She has some internal injuries. The doctors were talking about surgery, but they have to stabilize her condition first. Despite everything that had happened between him and Emma, he still cared for her, and after he rescued her from her kidnappers in Mexico recently, he and Emma were bonded in a special way. Harris walks into the waiting room and finds Ann alone. He walks over to her. Harris tilts his head. Lucas just found out. Before she has a chance to say anything, Bobby walks in. He pauses in the doorway. Harris glares angrily at Bobby as he walks past him and out of the room. Bobby walks over and puts his arms around her. No news is good news. Ann and Bobby quickly follow Harris into the hallway, where Dr. Reeves stands with Judith. Ewing I wish I had better news. Emma has lost a lot of blood," the doctor begins as Sue Ellen and John Ross join the others. But with both kidneys damaged, if both fail In addition to the kidney damage, Emma has the bad luck to have the rarest blood type, AB negative. Ewing, but unfortunately, Emma has a very rare RH factor in her blood. And in tests, we discovered she has very early signs of a rare genetic disorder called Neurofibromatosis. And this complicates things even more. I take it this comes a surprise to all of you? We need to do that ASAP, not only to determine if either of you are suitable blood donors for Emma, but also to find out which of you passed this on to Emma. Although rare, Neurofibromatosis can sometimes manifest itself later in life. Reeves down the hall to an elevator as the others watch. She brings with her a cup of coffee from the kitchen. She sits down on the sofa, grabs the TV remote and switches on the As she takes a sip of her coffee, her cell phone rings on the

coffee table. Pamela picks up the phone and looks at the caller ID. After a few rings, her voicemail picks up. She stares at the phone then turns up the volume on the television. The news has started, and the announcer is talking about an accident the night before on I A car driven by year-old Phillip Talbot of Highland Hills veered off the road and struck a guard rail, which sent the vehicle careening back onto the interstate. Talbot was taken to After being tested, Ann comes out of an examining room at Forest Park Medical Center a short time later, and sees Harris pacing frantically down the hall. Harris, our little girls needs Harris, if Emma has type AB negative, then she would have to have gotten that blood type from one of us. Harris, what is it? At least not my biological daughter. We hardly ever made love. I wanted a child so bad. An heir to carry on after I was gone. Then I married you. Never told a single soul. When you came up pregnant So I decided to punish you. I waited til Emma was two years old, then the perfect opportunity came when you turned your back on her at that fair. So I grabbed her.

Chapter 7 : Project MUSE - Make Room for Daddy

Since Deliesh was rushed to the hospital March 17, Candacy and her sister Nina, who had custody of the girl, had been keeping vigil at the hospital. From sunrise to sunrise, the aunts who were like mothers, an uncle who was like a father, and cousins who were brothers and sisters to the girl camped in the waiting room of the pediatric intensive.

Candacy Roberts, flanked by other family members, thanked the doctors and others who helped her niece, then turned her voice toward the alleged gang members who caused her death and issued an impassioned plea: No family deserves to stand here and feel like we feel -- not one mother, sister, uncle, aunt. From sunrise to sunrise, the aunts who were like mothers, an uncle who was like a father, and cousins who were brothers and sisters to the girl camped in the waiting room of the pediatric intensive care unit when not at her bedside, and hoped. From the start, the doctors told them Deliesh probably could not hear them, but Nina Roberts, 34, and Candacy Roberts, 43, hoped otherwise. They stroked her hands and whispered to Deliesh that she would be all right. And they prayed over her throughout the day. Everyone who joined them at her bedside was asked to prepare themselves first by reading a passage from the Book of Matthew: Grief has wrung her into a wisp of woman. She was so careful as a mother -- outrageously overprotective, even in her own eyes. She rose every day at 4: Then she would drive each child to school, go to her job as a hairdresser, then pick each child up from school. No one was allowed to walk home, and once there, she kept them within eyesight. In the evenings, she and her husband helped the kids with their homework. Whenever possible, Nina insisted the whole family dress alike. If I could, I would take any pain away from her. In a paper she wrote for a school assignment, she had three wishes in life. Her second wish was to see rapper Bow Wow live in concert. She is in a princess blue dress, and her date, looking handsome and proud, wears a white tux with matching blue trim. Now the sisters comfort each other. During their vigil earlier this week, Candacy Roberts stepped into the hall and reflected. Never, she said, did she imagine that her intensely private family would become the face of public tragedy. This crucible has ignited something in her that now must be let out, Candacy said. For just over a week, family and friends had prayed that Deliesh not suffer, that she find peace and respite from this tragedy. Friday morning, she said, their prayers were answered.

Chapter 8 : When a Loved One Is Critically Ill: How to Survive the Waiting Room | HuffPost Life

Scott Taylor is a photographer whose photographs have appeared in many local, state, regional, and national magazines, publications, and galleries; he works from his studio and gallery in historic Beaufort, North Carolina. Walzer Leavitt is Ruppel Bascom and Ruth Bleier Professor of Medical History and Women's Studies at the University of Wisconsin, Madison.

He stood in the shadows, watching and waiting to see how things turned out. She was joking and apparently in good spirits, but he could sense her fear. He knew her so well. It was different this time and he knew he had to be there for her. The professionals were excellent, putting her mind at rest. She listened attentively, asked questions and let them do what had to be done without making a fuss. He was so proud. Left alone, he spied the first tear, but kept to the shadows, not wanting to scare her. Her face was pale and she felt sick, so she asked for a glass of water. It was cooling on her lips and soothed her throat. She lay her head back, but the angle was uncomfortable, as was turning on her side, or shuffling up the bed. She sipped her water, closed her eyes, then popped them open again, trying to focus. He stepped back, unsure if she had seen him. Later, she was moved upstairs to another waiting area. She was eventually called and staggered into the consulting room. He listened and waited, continually watching. Back in the waiting room, she sat and rested her head on her hand, propping her elbow on the arm rest to keep it elevated. Twice she asked for more water, but her colour was returning. She slept, in and out of dreams, all the while him keeping watch and waiting. Hours passed until she was called again. This time, she was more steady on her feet, more coherent, more aware of her surroundings. He felt the crisis had passed and knew he was no longer needed. She sat and stared at the spot where he was standing. Her smile said it all. She knew he was there, and that they would meet again when her true time came. She slept, dreams of her Dad, the man she saw in the shadows keeping vigil.

Chapter 9 : Arvind Kejriwal, 3 ministers dig in for long vigil at LG's home | Delhi News - Times of India

"Using fathers' first-hand accounts from letters, journals, and personal interviews along with hospital records and medical literature, Judith Walzer Leavitt offers a new perspective on the changing role of expectant fathers from the 19th century to the present." [book cover].