

# Jordan Bauer's Birth

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Date: Mon, 27 Oct 1997 15:48:54 -0500 (EST)  
From: LynnDVan@aol.com  
To: hio@umich.edu  
Subject: Monday

Dear Aunt Honey,

Mary K and baby are home now, but what a home! You wouldn't believe the stuff that's been happening to them (I should write this down!):

One evening last week, at about 10:30 at night, the living room blinds fell right out of where they were attached in the ceiling. Mary K hated them anyway, so she asked Daryl to take them out to the trash. He ran out with them, no shoes & just shorts on, and managed to trip over a railroad tie and fall and cut his knee and smash his toes (they think some of them are broken). So he was really limping around after that. On Thursday, he had an appointment with a specialist about his tendonitis in his elbow (a problem he has had for months). The specialist put his arm in a full-length cast! Mary K was quite irritated, because he can't carry laundry baskets or even hold a new baby very well. Daryl is limping and gimping.

Friday morning, they're headed to the hospital for the C-section. Daryl notices some water coming up through the basement drain. He plunges it and puts some Liquid Plumber down it. They go to the hospital and have a beautiful baby boy (who looks alot like Jesse). Daryl comes home and finds the basement flooded with sewage water; the whole place stinks to high heaven. The carpet is ruined, as is anything that was on the floor (fortunately his business & computer stuff was on tables). The roto-rooter guy comes and snakes out the line, but really doesn't know why it backed up.

Daryl & his brother take the carpeting out to the garage and try and clean up a little (remember, Daryl has his arm in a cast!). The basement is still disgusting, but Jesse manages to get downstairs and play in puddles of water (Daryl apparently is not paying attention).

Mom & Dad arrive Sunday, visit Mary K and baby at the hospital, have dinner with Sonja and kids. Time for bed, except that Jesse, then Melanie, start throwing up (possibly from bacteria from the sewage water?). Everyone is up all night. Every sheet and towel in the house is dirty. Mom starts doing laundry at daybreak. Mary K and new baby come home to the smell of dirty basement and vomit. Dad is trying to put in the new toilet and sink in the 1/2 bathroom, but the new toilet doesn't have all the parts; Daryl makes a run to Home Depot. Mary K is trying to relax, but is putting away dishes from the dishwasher, because everyone else is busy with laundry and cleanup duties. Baby is sleeping and not making a peep. How will this saga end?

Tune in tomorrow for another episode of As The Stomach Turns.....

Aunt Lynn and Uncle Dave were going to visit today, but decided that another day might be better! Actually, I'll probably go over Wednesday with my bottle of Lysol and try and disinfect the basement....

I'm glad you didn't call Aunt Helen about a trip north. It looks like if I go, it will be a quick, two day trip. Also there might be a possibility that I would meet Dad in Standish or something. Can't believe that week is so chopped up with important things.

That's the news for now. Hope you have a good, non-political week at work.  
ha!

Love, Lynn

Date: Tue, 28 Oct 1997 16:01:41 -0500 (EST)  
From: LynnDVan@aol.com  
To: hio@umich.edu  
Subject: Tuesday

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Dear Aunt Honey,

I forgot one more part to my story of Mary K's week of hell. On Thursday evening, I called her to wish her luck in the morning (when she would have her c-section). She was grouchy and distressed because Daryl had his arm in a cast and there were nine loads of laundry to do, besides getting the kids ready for bed, and generally straightening up the house for the morrow. I was ready to jump in the car and head over to help her, but she insisted that I stay home and not worry about her. Now I wish I would've gone---this is what happened: After our conversation, she decided to give the kids a bath (hard for Daryl to do with his arm in a cast), and started getting their bathwater ready. In the meantime, the kids were racing around like maniacs and not behaving themselves. Jesse started playing with the vacuum cleaner, which he has been warned not to touch many times. Mary K told him to get away from it, so he defiantly grabs a piece of the vacuum hose and takes off, lickity split. As he's racing through the kitchen to get away from her, he slips and falls flat on his face and gets a bloody nose. Blood is all over the kitchen and all over him. Lots of screaming and crying. Mary K eventually gets him calmed down and cleaned up. Jesse insists on going downstairs to show his daddy his wounds (Daryl is working in the basement).

Totally unraveled by now, Mary K goes to her room and sits on the bed and cries. Then she hears Daryl bellowing in the basement, "What The Hell is Going On?" The bathtub, water still running for the kids' baths, has overflowed and is pouring into the basement (this is a separate incident from the sewage water flood the next day). Eventually, all is cleaned up, kids are bathed, and the events of Friday await.

Pretty good story, huh? Who needs soap operas or sit-coms when we have real-life family situations like this!

I spoke with Mary K briefly today, and all seems to be well. No more sick kids, anyway. I'll probably go over tomorrow to get my hands on my new nephew.

Did I tell you that Piggy died this past week? She stopped eating one day, and apparently died in her sleep overnight. She looked like her heart just stopped, as she was peacefully curled up in her house. Dave reached in her pet her as he was leaving for work, and discovered that she was gone. I buried her back in the "guinea pig cemetery." Yesterday, Dave & I took all her remaining food and wood chips, etc, to an elementary school nearby that has two guinea pigs in classrooms. We even gave them Piggy's little hairbrush. Somehow, that seemed sad.... I'm glad her last couple of months were fairly healthy after her problems of the summer. I'll miss her, but not enough to get another piggy!

I think it's great Annette and Paul are getting married before their trip.

I think a cruise is a really neat celebration/honeymoon. I agree that Uncle Peter singing a duet with his girlfriend is maybe not the best idea I've ever heard of. Girlfriend may want to reconsider the seriousness of her relationship after she sees ex-wives 1 & 2!

Until later, Lynn