

WELCOME NEW ADVERTISERS

- A Room With A View
- A-Team Home Healthcare, LLC
- Arizona Fashion Nails
- Berkshire Hathaway Home Services
- Charles Schwab & Co., Inc.
- Custom Saddlebag Liners
- Done Your Way Carpet Cleaning, LLC
- Foothills Mortgage Group, LLC
- Mortimer Farms
- Patagonia Fall Festival
- Release & Balance Wellness
- Sockfish Trading Co.
- Spirit Tree Inn B & B
- Sugar Skull Salon
- Tatum Ranch Storage Solutions
- Trees For Needs
- Un Jour en France, LLC
- Zen Dispensary

WELCOME BACK ADVERTISERS

- A Couple of Green Thumbs, LLC
- American Federal Rare Coin & Bullion
- Anthem RV
- Arizona Animal Hospital
- Barro's Pizza
- Bearnson & Caldwell
- Bella Vista Academy – Charter School
- Big Earl's Greasy Eats
- Black Mountain Fitness
- Brenda Schneider
- Carefree Crystal Clear Pools
- Carefree Floors
- Carefree Salons
- Carefree Shell
- Casa Redonda TV Service
- Cave Creek Cigars
- Cave Creek Guitar
- Cave Creek Museum
- Cave Creek Neuromuscular Therapy
- Cave Creek Olive Oil Company
- Cibo e Vino
- Cold Beer and Cheeseburgers
- Cuticles Nail Salon
- Dairy Queen
- Debra Ortega Traders
- Desert Foothills Theater
- Desert Storage
- Flair Gifts & Boutique
- Foothills Academy
- Foothills Food Bank
- Foothills Granite, LLC
- Fountain Hills Oktoberfest
- Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation
- Frazee Water Well Drilling, LLC
- Good Shepherd of the Hills Episcopal Church
- Green N Lush RV Park
- Gustafson and Associates, LLC
- Havana Cigars
- Heart & Soul Café
- Heber-Overgaard Chamber of Commerce
- HonorHealth
- Kathie Nohre, Realtor – Re/Max
- Law Office of Libby Banks, PLLC
- Lazy Lizard
- McDowell Village
- Noah S. Kendrick, Raymond James
- Out West Showroom
- Parkway Bank – Cave Creek Office
- Pet Food Depot
- Pieh Tool Company, Inc.
- Pink Cadillac Boutique
- PostNet AZ135 (at Summit)
- Rancho Mañana Golf Club
- Rare Earth Gallery
- Rebecca Niessink, Allstate Insurance
- Scottsdale Appliance Repair Man
- Sonoran Properties Associates
- Stagecoach Village
- Stagecoach Village Dental
- Standard Steel & Diesel
- Summit Healthcare Regional Medical Center
- Tech4Life Computers
- The Furniture Ranch
- The Horny Toad Restaurant
- The Psychic Shop
- Town of Cave Creek
- TRB Insurance
- Tryst Café
- Tyrol Insurance Agency
- Valerie's Furniture
- Vermillion Promotions
- Vernon Nolte and Son Custom Painting LLC
- Walmart
- We Rock AZ!
- Western Delights
- Wild West Mall
- Z's Asian Fusion

MUSINGS OF A DISTRACTIBLE MIND / BY HOPE H. OZER

Me (Friday afternoon phone call):
“Hi, darling! I just thought you'd like to know that everything is *fine*, but I almost killed your father.”

How many times has Courtney heard me say, “I'm going to kill your father”? I meant it figuratively. Of course.

Daughter: “O.K. What did he do *this* time?”

Me: “There's really *nothing* to worry about. We're at Mayo Hospital and the ER docs say that his vital signs are good.”

Daughter: “WHAT? I *thought* there was something wrong when nobody answered the home phone. I knew you were recuperating from your hand surgery and wouldn't be out running around. *What happened?????*”

Note: I'm six days post op from hand surgery and off oxycodone for three. LH has been in charge of transportation, cooking, washing the dishes and laundry. Not a bad gig from my perspective. All this togetherness would probably have made me *want* to kill him. That is not, however, *why* I tried to kill him.

Thursday afternoon: LH's lips start to swell. And they get bigger. And bigger. And still bigger. Said his lips felt funny. “Funny,” indeed. The Kardashians had nothing on him. Clearly an allergic reaction to something. But to what? So now I, Nurse Ratchet, am in charge. I am in medical expert mode. I give him Benadryl. That should fix it.

His tongue starts to swell. His breathing is *fine* and his throat is wide open. I know because I stuck a flashlight in his mouth and looked. Did anaphylactic shock enter my mind? Nope. Calling 911? Nope. He'll be *just fine*.

I put him to bed in his man cave. I'll bring him another Benadryl in four hours. Four hours pass. Lips still voluptuous. More Benadryl. Did the swelling subside? Nope. Didn't get worse. Didn't get better. Should I call 911 *now*? Absolutely. Did I? Nope. He *felt* fine. Just *looked* weird. Did I know that symptoms of anaphylactic shock are not limited to swelling of the mouth and tongue? I did not. I do *now*.

It's 1am. I hear him rummaging in the kitchen. Then a loud thud. I run in to find him on the floor. I help him up to standing. He immediately passes out hitting the back

of his head with such force that it made a cracking noise. He remained there. Motionless. No discernible movement. I couldn't tell if he was breathing. I'm on the floor with him. Shaking him. Screaming his name and feeling for a pulse. Even if I call the EMTs they won't be here in time. I have no training in CPR. It was something I had always *planned* to do “one of these days.” I was helpless. I thought he was dead. He came to. Eyes still closed. “Stop yelling. I hear you.” I sat cradling him on the floor.

“Now I know what death must be like,” he said. “Somebody pulled a grey shade down when I passed out. I heard you yelling my name. I couldn't respond.”

Friday: I put him back to bed (dumb move!) and sat watching him until morning when I called his internist. “Get him to the ER immediately. With a head injury you don't wait.”

Afterthought: My courtroom defense, “Your honor, I didn't think it was life threatening. Besides, my hair wasn't done and I had no makeup on.” A female judge would understand.

He stayed the night. It was diagnosed as “idiopathic anaphylaxis” which in English means “who knows?” An allergic reaction. To what? More tests at follow-up visit with the allergist.

We are instructed in the use of an EpiPen and are to practice regularly. LH *and* me. Oh goodie – more opportunity to inflict pain.

Now he carries it in his man bag. He can't carry it in his pocket lest Mae West ask, “Is that an EpiPen in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?” Until we figure this thing out, like his American Express card, he won't leave home without it.

If heaven forbid there is a next time, I *will* be prepared. We've signed up for a CPR course. If you don't know CPR, please do it now – *before* you ever may need it: <http://www.redcross.org/ux/take-a-class>.

Hope H. Ozer is founder and Publisher Emeritus of CITYSunTimes. Her monthly columns previously written as “Publisher's Pen” range from personal – some humorous, some poignant – to observations on life, and continue to be one of CST's most enduring features.

