

Don't Go Off and Leave Me!

by Alice Jean Wetmore

OUR SECOND YEAR AT NAZARENE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY WAS FINISHED. WE WERE PLANNING AN EXCITING TRIP BACK EAST. GORDON HAD A GOOD JOB WHICH ENABLED US TO BUY A NEW 1956 CHEVY.

In June, 1957, we drove to see family in Ohio and on to friends in New England. We traveled on to New Brunswick, Canada to visit Gordon's older brother, Jack, and his family. I had not met them.

My words to Gordon were, "Don't go off and leave me for days since I don't know your family."

The trip went well, even for our 23 month old, Gordon, Jr.

Jack was a timber surveyor, able to move like a deer through the forest. He and Gordon took off into the woods for a number of days.

Returning on Saturday Gordon was not feeling well. We knew he was exhausted from being a fulltime student, music director at Rainbow Boulevard Church of the Nazarene, and his job selling education courses for a business college in Kansas City.

Gordon would say, *Didn't sleep much last night. Pull the covers up, I'm cold. Take the covers off, I can't breath.* It was kind of like flu symptoms!

In the morning Gordon lifted his right arm to brush his teeth but his hand crashed down on the sink. The same happened as he tried to use the left arm! Breakfast time proved difficult for him trying to swallow food. Later we shared how each of us was thinking it might be polio, but didn't mention it to one another.

On Monday we went to the small hospital—totally French speaking, in Edmundston, New Brunswick. Gordon was admitted. It was July 16, 1957, just five days before little Gordie's second birthday. Thank God for the prayers of God's people which sustained us.

After a couple weeks without knowledgeable help, we checked Gordon out of the hospital. His brother Jack made a bed in a station wagon and drove us to the train station at Riviere de loup, Quebec, about 130 miles away.

When the news spread of a polio patient being on the train they quarantined the train. We changed trains at Toronto, Ontario. At the train station Gordon, mostly paralyzed, was put on a hospital bed in a special room. Some of his family came to see him there.

The next train took us to Youngstown, Ohio. An ambulance took him to the hospital where he was immediately placed in isolation. Therapy of many kinds was a daily routine until his release in October. Then it continued three times a week for another seven months. Returning to Kansas City with Gordon wearing braces has its stories.

The tapestry of our lives was being woven. God is good! ♡



A. J. Wetmore is wife, mother, grandmother and homemaker extraordinaire. She lives with her husband, Gordon, in Olathe, Kansas.

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