

SEE THE GLORY

by

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CHAPTER SIXTEEN

PAIN AND PLEASURE

March 8, 1945

Dearest Roberta:

The pain has been so severe this last week and a half that I was much afraid the tumor was coming back. I probably can't write for a while; but if I don't wire, I'll be O. K.

Heard the 41st landed in Palawan. Been praying. Hope you hear from Calvin soon.

Adelaide

* * *

Telegram to her grandmother.

March 14, 1945

Expect release from hospital today, the sixth day. Been having hot packs to relieve pain. Feeling fairly well, but right eye still weak from soreness of surrounding tissues. Probably can't write for a week or two. Please notify family.

Adelaide

* * *

March 20, 1945

Taking aspirin for pain which helps some.

Adelaide

Rochester, Minn.

March 21, 1945

This is a circular letter so will sound rather impersonal.

I am not able to use my eyes at present, that is, not for any length of time, so hit upon the idea of making a few typed carbon copies, which I can do with very little use of my eyes, if all of you can just read the finished product!

Spring has come at last to Minnesota, and with it I am suffering a bad attack of bicycle fever. I am now seriously shopping around for a place to store mine, and if I can find such, will be sending to Bacone for it: the bicycle, not the fever! Fortunately, my sight is quite efficient on large objects, so I think I could manage to get around the streets quite well, and it would be a fine way to spend some of the days. The "Little Green House" has been helping out a lot; this is their typewriter, in fact. They have occupational therapy for "the blind," so I am now engaged in weaving a white washable purse for summer, out of coarse jersey tubing, and after I finish that have been promised enough leather to weave a belt. Only "blind" people get that privilege, so you see, as always, there are advantages to even the worst conditions!

I was released from the hospital a week ago today, after having spent six days there for this last operation, which involved the removal of a bone from the nasal cavity. Nothing was done to my eye directly, but it was just offended at having such an uncomfortable job done in its near neighborhood! The doctor returns next week after a month's absence, and I will be glad to have his verdict. The other doctors seem to think everything is progressing fairly well.

I will try to write a better letter later when things clear up a little more.

Adelaide

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Rochester, Minn.
March 31, 1945

Circular Letter.

Only time to type one short letter before the "Green House" closes. I saw the surgeon today for the first time since his absence for four weeks; and he wasn't too optimistic about the progress I'm making, even though I have been feeling quite a bit better. Therefore, I'm to go back to the hospital tomorrow night, for a trip to surgery Monday for some biopsies, the result of which will determine whether or not I'm to have some more radium fairly soon.

I realize that it's not very satisfactory to send news like this when one doesn't know the outcome; but I thought I'd better write while I could, as if I have to send telegrams it isn't possible to say very much on them and you need a little background. I've been gaining weight and have had comparatively little pain lately, and so I am fairly optimistic about it all. Last night I slept the whole night through, for the first time in a month, without a bit of aspirin.

I'm so glad that I'll get to go to all the Easter services tomorrow at least . . .

“In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you” (I Thessalonian 5:18).

I’m not worrying and hope none of you will. This has come to me with renewed meaning this week:

“I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain or loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.”

Adelaide

* * *

Kohler Hospital
(Early April, 1945)

I can’t write much so will ask you to send this on . . . There was more tumor (or another one, I don’t know which) under the eye, which was probably the cause of the pain I’ve had the past five weeks . . . I’m resting in Romans 8:28: **“And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose!”**

I have felt all along that the Lord is dealing with others through me, and I just pray that I may have patience and strength to bear what He sends. I was reassured this morning by reading in Daily Light John 11:40: **“Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?”** (I manage to read that much and my mail each day and sometimes a little in my New Testament).

The doctor has “planted” radium “seeds” around the tumor, and I’m in the hospital for nine days or so with the eye bandaged awaiting developments. The pain is less severe than it was from that last operation.

Have been having company every day—one advantage of having been here so long and of having met so many nice friends at the First Baptist Church. The Easter services were lovely . . . I still have plenty of money . . . I am thankful for the Lord’s goodness in this respect.

Adelaide

* * *

April 14, 1945

President Riley from Bacone surprised me yesterday by dropping in just before noon and staying till nearly three. He was speaking in Minneapolis and Duluth and sandwiched a visit to Rochester between. It was surely good to see him. He brought pictures of students, letters, cookies, and a generous check, a gift from the Bacone College Church, which he said the students had suggested at the start. It was like a small Christmas party.

Adelaide

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Rochester, Minn.
April 19, 1945

I think this must be about Circular No. 5.

Its a great relief to be able to use the typewriter, and I'm glad that no one has objected to the fact that this is a sort of "factory method" of carrying on a correspondence.

I am fairly comfortable. I have slept well now for about five nights in a row, with the help of a little aspirin, which is a pretty good record for the past month.

The biggest piece of news for the week was the arrival of a very nice little radio. I'm letting a dear Christian friend whom I met in the hospital use it, as I can use Vivian's (the teacher whose room is next to mine). This friend has the same trouble as I have, only much worse, as she lost her eye and almost her life with the first operation. She was grateful for the radio and I was so happy to share it with her for the present. I felt sure you wouldn't mind, and she is taking very good care of it. We have had some wonderful times of prayer fellowship together.

Adelaide

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Rochester, Minn.
April 27, 1945

After two weeks of sewing a few seams a day, I've completed my summer housecoat of very pretty drapery material.

It is white with big bluish-gay stripes and huge clusters of pink and white flowers. I'd enclose samples of the material, but it would take half a yard to give you any idea of the pattern! Now I'm about to make some slippers to match; and I'm hoping that by the time I get them completed and am literally "all set" to go to the hospital again, there will be no need for them.

I've taken to wearing a good thick patch of Kleenex over my "radium eye" on bright sunny days (just when I'm outdoors), and it seems to relieve the strain a great deal. I hope eventually to be able to wear my glasses and dark lenses when necessary, but for the present my nose doesn't like the idea! Such a time keeping all members of the anatomy happy!

No bike as yet, but I'm looking for it any day now.

My girl friend accepted the Lord in the morning church service last Sunday.

Adelaide

May 21, 1945

I am not seeing the doctor for the present, as there has been so little change . . . It's no use for me to go up to his office and take up his time.

Meanwhile I've developed a new recreational hobby, that of feeding the squirrels that frequent Rochester streets. I buy unshelled peanuts for them; and they are not at all bashful about coming up to get them, often eating out of one's hand.

I'm still working at the "Little Green House," making things that take very little effort. However, if I continue to improve in health as I have in the past few days, I really think I might try a part-time job at least before too long.

Marian, my sister, arrived tonight. I was very happy to see her.

Adelaide

* * *

June 2, 1945

Marian left Tuesday night. We had a good visit, and I did the best I could to show her how exciting life can be in Rochester. . . . sitting in doctors' waiting rooms, eating, sleeping, and enjoying at least one good rainstorm a day! However, she didn't complain a bit.

I got a new series of treatments just after Marian arrived—X-ray this time . . . seven days in all. My appetite seems to be returning following a decline on account of the X-ray treatments. The pain seems to be diminishing somewhat. All of this is quite encouraging.

At present I'm especially enjoying the radio, as it makes a lot of company for me, with an empty room next to mine (Vivian's vacation has begun). There are some fine programs from the University of Minnesota and from St. Olaf's and Carleton Colleges, all of which are fairly close here.

Adelaide

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Rochester, Minn.
June 7, 1945

Every time I see people in wheel chairs, or hobbling along on crutches, I am very thankful that I am so well generally and able to take care of myself.

Adelaide

* * *

Rochester, Minn.
June 30, 1945

Well, this is the last day of June, and I've been a resident of Rochester for six months now . . .

For about a week or more I've kept busy going through the clinic again—after a fashion . . .

Most of you can remember some time or other when I've complained about my back . . .

Well, the same old trouble has given me a good deal of misery' (as the Texans up here all say), all these times I've been in the hospital this year. It has kept me from sleeping many nights . . .

After a lot of tests and what-not, they've decided to give me X-ray treatments which they have been finding quite successful in many cases of the same type. The result, Marian, is that my appetite is even worse than it was when you were here and the results of eating much more violent! However, I'm quite content to feel this way for a while, in the hope that the results will be good.

Adelaide

* * *

The Little Green House
July 5, 1945

First, I'm glad to announce that I've left the X-ray seasickness behind once more, though it was rather unpleasant at the time. It was a very effective reducing agent while it lasted. However, since my typical diet was about three glasses of ginger ale per day and a bowl of milk toast at night, that should have helped the War Food Administration!

Now, I'm sure all of you probably wondered how I spent the Fourth of July, as I wondered the same about you.

I remembered what a gala day it used to be at home on the ranch, with the flags and red, white, and blue paper up on all the trees, lots of ice cream (and company!), a trip to Dutch Flat in Daddy's old Buick for an ice-cream soda, and fireworks in the evening.

I hoped that perhaps Ruby and Esther with their picnic were falling heir to the spirit of the day as we used to feel it.

Anyway, in Rochester it turned out to be very enjoyable. Carol came by on her bike. We drank some ginger ale, then went downtown and bought some chicken and tomato sandwiches to take along on our trip. After biking out into the country for a little while, we turned back on the east side of Silver Lake and went out on a little point, where it was nice and shady, and started in on the sandwiches.

No sooner had we started to eat than a whole family of ducks came up out of the water to join us! I was sorry that they weren't squirrels because I had only peanuts in my sack. Carol said she thought the ducks would eat peanuts if I cracked them. Would you believe it? They gobbled them down like gluttons. The little ones tried to masticate them, but gave up so their mother got all that were thrown in their direction. I tried to divide the rest evenly between the other pair, a beautiful mallard and his mate, but had a hard time, because the female was an energetic and impolite bird and gave her hubby quite a chase for every bite he got, while he stood by every time and let her have her turn! We laughed and agreed that they had given us more entertainment than any floor show!

Our next stop was Carol's house back in town where we had Pepsi-Cola, fresh strawberries, and hot buttered toast. We really enjoyed that. Our last stop was the airport, where we watched a plane come in. It was met by an army ambulance, and a patient for the clinic was unloaded into the latter. I'm told that's quite a frequent occurrence, but I'd never seen it before. By that time it was 5:30, so we went home and got cleaned up for the fireworks in the evening.

It was quite the fanciest Fourth of July demonstration I had seen; and I kept wishing that I had Ruby and Esther, Paul, Bobby, Merry, and Margaret Ann along because all the small children around us were really delighted. The fireworks were all arranged on the opposite side of the lake from where we sat, and the reflection in the water gave the effect of doubling many of the features.

The most spectacular thing, I thought, was a huge waterfall, which started as a long string of red lights at the top of the trees, looking exactly like a huge, broad waterfall. The "water" continued to pour over the falls for several minutes, it seemed, while out on the lake in front, one could plainly see several children paddling canoes, just as if they were at the bottom of a real waterfall. It was a lot of fun to watch and I'm sure all of you would have enjoyed it.

Adelaide

* * *

Thus Adelaide regaled her family with every possible tidbit to lighten the burden that she knew her troubles brought to them.

She often put serious news in a whimsical way and almost always included some little feature story in her letters. It was not that she was like a starry-eyed child playing a “glad game.” She was, indeed, a very level-headed young woman resolutely wrestling with a hard situation.

Relying on power greater than her own, she refused to be downed by circumstances, and in the struggle she turned to encourage her family and friends lest they be overcome through their sympathy for her. Then, too, the common-sense practice of keeping herself pleasantly employed was no small part of the reason for Adelaide’s cheerful spirit.

~ end of chapter 16 ~

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