
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 22:57:47 GMT
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From: Hobbeth Sent: 9/22/2006 1:48 PM

The nurse and the Boy Scout assisting her approached Peter Valerian and his worried mother, after handling the other injuries. Peter had a bad cut on his forehead, and his right forearm appeared to be broken. His mother had carefully put it on the arm of his wheelchair, and immobilized it using her scarf. He was crying, and not looking at anyone.

"Hello, Mrs. Valerian," the nurse said. "I'm Lynne Feller. I'd like to check Peter out, if I may."

"Of course." Peter's mother knelt down at his side. "Honey, there's a nurse here to see if she can take away some of the pain. Please let her."

Peter looked listlessly over at his mother. He'd stopped crying, but was obviously in pain. The nurse efficiently began to check the head wound, then cleaned and bandaged it. "It isn't too bad. It'll heal up okay. And you've immobilized the arm properly, I see. So, just try to relax, and when we get out of here, someone will fix Peter right up. What about you? Are you injured?"

"Just some scrapes and bruises. I'll be fine."

"Well, I suspect that all of us will need to be checked out at a hospital or clinic. But we'll get through this. And Peter," she added, turning back to the boy, "just think; we're getting saved by International Rescue. Isn't that cool?"

Peter looked straight at the nurse, and a gleam showed up. His mother smiled. "He's been a big fan of that organization ever since he was old enough to understand about it. He used to draw pictures of what he thought their air vehicles looked like, and of their people rescuing others."

A sadness swept over her. "Then, fourteen months ago, a drunk driver T-boned our car. My husband and Peter were in it. Frank was killed instantly, and I thought I'd lose Peter as well. But he lived, although he's been in that wheelchair since he got out of the hospital. He hasn't spoken a word since. Today was the first time he participated in anything with others. I was hoping. . ." She broke down.

Lynne put a comforting arm around her. "I wish I could tell you that everything will be alright again. But I'm a nurse, not a fortune teller. All you can do is hope and pray, and work toward that end."

A shout drew the women's attention to the men moving the debris.

"We've uncovered him enough to move him, if you say it's okay, Miss Feller. Will you check him out now?"

It's about time! "Be right there." She looked at Mrs. Valerian and asked, "Will you be okay?"

"I think so. But there's something I'd like to ask you."

"What's that?"

"Are you any relation to the baseball player from the twentieth century, Bob Feller?"

The nurse grinned as she got to her feet. "He was my great-grandfather. And he passed his love of the game on to his kids, grandkids and great-grandkids."

She headed toward Michael Hart, the boy scout following, his eyes wide at what he just heard. Boy! Wait until I tell the rest of the guys!
