

Darlene Johnson

Fri 12/21/2012

Today is Friday, December 21st, 2012. It is the first day of Winter and the first day that Demetrius has been at Medical Center of Plano due to a Stroke he had yesterday evening. When I got home at 5:15 yesterday, he was fixing himself a plate. And it was just stacked w/food. That was the second thing that I noticed. The first was that he was looking at me really strangely and buck-eyedish (of that is a word). Well, no, maybe the first thing that I noticed was that the deadbolt lock was locked, and it is never like that unless he is gone somewhere. He had already been to the food box place; Joe took him and we had been talking just about all afternoon about him cooking. Well, when I got in, I saw him through the opening at the counter and he never looked around at me. I usually can catch him by surprise when he is in the kitchen like that. Well, I walked on in and dropped my keys on the kitchen floor, and this did not startle him at all (#1?). I said you had the top locked babe. He said I'm sorry. Did you say locked or unlocked? I said locked. His plate was on the counter (and just filled w/food). He went to the ice box and opened the door and just stood there looking from the door to the inside of ice box. I know we all sometimes just stand in front of it just looking; but this time he just looked and seemed like he wasn't quite sure what he was doing or looking for....just like in a daze. No. No No. the plate was in the microwave while he was looking in the ice box like that. When it "dinged" the microwave, he shut the icebox door...never getting nothing out of it. Then he got his plate, a towel from the drawer to put under it and his cane and stumbled into the living room to his chair. He was walking like it was hard to place his feet in front of each other. He sat down and started to eat. I took the trash out. (and the kitchen looked like something had hit it....I mean empty boxes and paper towel over bowls that were soaked with the juices in them, like he was confused cooking.). When I got back in from taking out the trash, I went into the kitchen to start picking up stuff and I noticed him motioning: asking for the tub, bucket: he was about to throw up. It was all red and chunky. I got him a wet towel and emptied the tub. The plate he sat on the arm of the sofa slid and food fell to the floor. I should have moved it in the first place because I could see that that was going to happen. He told me that he didn't want to worry/bother me but he needed to go to the emergency room. In the kitchen after I dropped my keys on the floor he told me that he could not focus his eyes on me. (I had asked him, when I noticed how his eyes were moving, what was wrong?) In the chair he said the room/he was spinning and his head was hurting really bad. He thought that his shunts were acting up. (Of all the things that Demetrius has been through....THIS SCARES ME THE MOST: HIS SHUNTS....He tried several times just to get up out of the chair and he kept falling back into it. Oh, and his pants were unzipped and opened and his sweater was hished up on his hip. His pants weren't pulled up like normal. He just looked like he had been out of it for a while. He threw up on the way to the ER, and of course we did not have the tub. So he just threw up all over himself and he kept saying I'm so sorry I threw up in your car. I didn't say anything. I couldn't say anything....because this is not Demetrius at all. I went over the speed limit through the college and ran the stop sign. I ran into the ER to get towels to wipe him off and I turned around and there he is walking into Registration with vomit just dripping off him. (And this lil gurl behind the desk gives me to small wash cloths -dry - to use. At that moment, I know that Jehovah put his Hand over my mouth). He tried several times to get up out of that chair and into the wheel chair and go directly to the room. After throwing up several times in there (including after Dr. (if I ever see you again) had him eat a sandwich and chips and drink a cup of water-saying if he kept that down he could go home "oh if I ever see you again")-this Dr. also saying that he could not give him a CAT Scan each time he comes into the ER. He has no neurological problems-then that black girl from Radiology comes in and says we're doing a CAT Scan. She comes back, lets up the bed rail on the other side and then this older Dr. comes in (I never saw Dr. if I ever see you again) and says that Demetrius has a brain bleed, he has blood in his brain/head. 1cm. Arranging for a transfer. Got to get him to a Neurologist. Don't have one at Navarro Regional Hospital. Don't want him to disintergrate. (I am sure-almost sure-that is the word the older Dr. used.). Demetrius was given 4 different medicines. Three for nausea and Dilantin(sp?) for his headache. (Dr. if I ever see you again said what he said to me about the CAT Scan after I mentioned to him about the two VP Shunts that Demetrius has in front and back of his head.). Demetrius left on a Ventilator and he was heavily sedated and wrapped up in the helicopter sheet? and strapped to the tote bed. I could not be in the room when they were getting him ready for the flight; not because I didn't want to be in there, the "nice" lady escorted me to the Consultation Room. While sitting in there, I heard the helicopted land and I went to where they had Demetrius in the room. I was standing in the doorway

and Nurse "India" closed it, so I went back into where I was. After a while, Nurse "Long PonyTail" came and got me saying the care flight folks wanted to talk to me. I signed the paper giving permission for them to take him to The Medical Center of Plano. It was then that I was told Demetrius has had a Stroke.