



Happy Father's Day. Worried Mother.

June 19, 2006 By [Shawn Decker](#)

I love my Dad. He is the best dad I've ever had. (Oh, I've had one if you're keeping score at home.)

Really, the man taught me how to curse, bowl, shoot pool and, most importantly, the art laughing at yourself. And today, on Father's Day no less, I rewarded his generous donation of time, as well as the sperm that started the mess that is now typing this blog, by taking him and my mom to go see Nacho Libre.

Before going to see Jack Black rockin' the unitard, my wife partner, Gwenn, and I took the parents out for some ice cream. As my Dad enjoyed his chocolate ice cream cone while my mother waited for her cup of coffee to cool, I cooled the mood by saying, "So Mom, I'm going to go back onto the week on, week off meds thing."

Stare.

I just wanted to keep her in the loop. If I'm blogging about something, I'd like to think I can share the info with her, since she was responsible for my health issues- no small feat with me- for the first twenty years of my existence. Still, I was taken aback by the stare, as it's hard to make Mom speechless, or stop her dead in her tracks. Though it was only about four seconds, in real time that's an eternity, and I knew what was going through her head as her mouth just sat ever-so-slightly agape.

"Are you worried?" I asked.

"Well, have you thought about this?" Then she said something about me being crazy.

Mom was thinking of my hospital stay and ITP scare after my two month drug holiday last year. I explained, "No, the week on week off worked really well. That was different." Warming to the idea, Mom shifted gears and said, "Yeah, the doctors are trying to jack your dad and I up on every new medicine that hits the market!"

Gwenn supports the decision to give it a try and keep tabs, but is she also scared more than she's letting on? The whole episode last year took us all by surprise, and I remember thinking as we were in the hospital. *"I really fucked up this time."*

I've conceded that, due to the side effects of the drugs, I'll never fully have my cognitive mind. And I do accept that trade-off for the longevity I've been blessed with due to the effectiveness of these drugs. But I also believe there is a middle ground, because I walked on it for over two years with no problems.

Still, no one remembers your ice skating greatness if the last memory is of you falling through the

ice on a lake, do they?
Shawn