

Emails From Douglass Ware

(April 7, 1956 - March 3, 2004)

EMAILS FROM DOUGLASS WARE	1
THURSDAY, JULY 10, 2003 2:49 PM - FROM DOUG	3
SUNDAY, JULY 13, 2003 4:34 PM - CHANGE OF SURGERY FROM FRIDAY TO MONDAY	3
SATURDAY, JULY 19, 2003 9:44 PM – DOUG	3
MONDAY, JULY 28, 2003 10:21 AM - HI HO FROM DOUG	4
TUESDAY, JULY 29, 2003 12:06 AM - HOME ALLREADY,,DOUG	4
TUESDAY, JULY 29, 2003 8:35 AM - GIVE GOD THE GLORY, FROM DOUG.....	4
FRIDAY, AUGUST 01, 2003 8:43 AM - UP DATE ON DOUG.....	5
SUNDAY, AUGUST 03, 2003 8:16 AM – DOUG	5
SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 2003 5:34 PM - SHOWERS OF BLESSINGS FROM STORMS OF ADVERSITY	6
.....	6
MONDAY, AUGUST 18, 2003 11:36 AM – DOUG.....	7
SUN 8/24/2003 9:50 AM - MISS YOU TODAY	7
WED 8/27/2003 8:07 AM – END OF SUMMER	8
SUN 8/31/2003 9:27 AM – DOUG	8
WED 9/3/2003 7:18 PM – ANOTHER DAY ANOTHER SCAN.....	9
TUE 9/9/2003 6:44 PM - PET SCAN RESULTS	9
WED 9/10/2003 10:50 PM - A CAT SCAN TOMORROW AND FULL MOON TONIGHT	9
FRI 9/19/2003 9:14 AM - LIVING ABOVE OUR CIRCUMSTANCES	10
FRI 9/19/2003 10:17 PM - A NEW PROBLEM ARISES	10
SAT 9/20/2003 11:07 AM – HEROES.....	11
WED 9/24/2003 8:02 PM – DOUG	12
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 2003 2:36 PM – ME	12
WED 10/1/2003 9:37 PM - A KALEIDOSCOPE OF DAYS AND NIGHTS	13
MON 10/6/2003 8:25 AM – FALL SEVEN TIMES, STAND UP EIGHT. JAPANESE PROVERB	13
TUE 10/7/2003 11:31 PM - LETS SEE WHERE THIS GOES.....	15
WED 10/8/2003 10:33 PM - WAITING IN THE HOSPITAL	16
MON 10/27/2003 2:38 PM - WHATS UP WITH DOUG?	17
FRI 11/14/2003 12:26 PM – LETTER FROM MICHELE	18
WED 11/19/2003 12:57 PM – TODAY AT THE HOSPITAL	18
SUN 11/23/2003 1:04 PM – UP AND ABOUT	18
MON 12/1/2003 9:10 AM - WHOSE IS IN CONTROL?	19
TUE 12/2/2003 3:14 PM - ROUND TWO HAS ARRIVED	19
TUE 12/2/2003 6:52 PM - THE STORY	19
TUE 12/2/2003 7:37 PM - CHECKED IN.....	20
WED 12/3/2003 10:34 AM - GOODMORNING FROM THE HOSPITAL.....	21
WED 12/3/2003 10:27 PM - WEDNESDAY EVENING	21
THU 12/4/2003 3:58 AM – EARLY MORNING IN RIVERSIDE KAISER.....	22
THU 12/4/2003 4:19 PM - ANOTHER DAY GONE	22
THU 12/4/2003 7:03 PM - A QUARTER TO SEVEN	22
FRI 12/5/2003 4:22 PM – I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE	23
MON 1/12/2004 7:01 PM – PROGRESS REPORT FROM DOUG	23
FRI 1/23/2004 11:17 AM - A SUNNY DAY IN CALIFORNIA, FROM DOUG.....	23
SAT 2/7/2004 12:10 PM - CLEANING HOUSE	24
SAT 2/7/2004 12:16 PM – WHEN LIFE HAPPENS	25
SAT 2/7/2004 5:54 PM – LIGHTERFARE, A TRUE SURF STORY OF DOUG'S	26

MON 2/16/2004 2:35 AM – A MALIBU NIGHT, FROM DOUG..... 27
MON 2/16/2004 3:57 AM – THANKSGIVING ON A ISLAND, FROM DOUG 27
THU 2/19/2004 12:38 PM – DOUG, OUR PRAISE TO GOD..... 30
SAT 2/21/2004 12:23 AM – DOUG,GOODNIGHT FOR FRIDAY 30
SAT 2/21/2004 4:29 AM – DOUG, GOOD MORNING FOR SATURDAY 30
TUE 2/24/2004 3:13 PM – DOUG WARE 31
SUN 2/29/2004 8:28 PM – DOUG WARE 31
MON 3/1/2004 11:53 AM – DOUG WARE 33
TUE 3/2/2004 3:45 PM - DOUG WARE 33
WED 3/3/2004 1:11 AM – DOUG WARE 34
WED 3/3/2004 8:28 AM - DOUG WARE 34
WED 3/3/2004 11:22 AM - SERVICE FOR DOUG WARE..... 35
WED 3/3/2004 2:59 PM - DOUG WARE..... 35

Thursday, July 10, 2003 2:49 PM - from doug

Making a grand attempt to take off with my girls and their friends to the beach to chill and take a swim. Monday everything went great and I pulled together the needed info, C.A.T. scans and other reports, to be shipped off to M.D.Anderson and John Wayne Clinic for opinions. As of now I am on the phone with M.D. Anderson searching out where the package ended up, so no info yet to what they think. Now the surgery date has been changed to Monday, and pre operation is tomorrow morning, so I have the weekend to enjoy with Melanie and Lillian. Of course your prayers are greatly appreciated and definitely felt as the date closes in to surgery. We have been busy and no worries weigh on us, this will go as God plans.

Having learned I am good at this, God has used my experience for encouragement to others, that the Lord truly is our strength and will see us on past this moment in time. I look forward to all His possibilities with a travelers excitement, kinda like what lies on the other side of the mountain.

Kaiser is planning to do on Monday whats called a Median Sternotomy, basically this is cutting my sternum,(breastplate) apart which gives access, and removing the growth which lies next to my heart and major arteries, I will have one more beautiful scar to add to my collection. With love and affection to you all, Doug

Sunday, July 13, 2003 4:34 PM - change of surgery from friday to Monday

Sorry this is a little late the computer cut off half the e-mails I think,

Making a grand attempt to take off with my girls and their friends to the beach to chill and take a swim. Monday everything went great and I pulled together the needed info, C.A.T. scans and other reports, to be shipped off to M.D.Anderson and John Wayne Clinic for opinions. As of now I am on the phone with M.D. Anderson searching out where the package ended up, so no info yet to what they think. Now the surgery date has been changed to Monday, and pre operation is tomorrow morning, so I have the weekend to enjoy with Melanie and Lillian. Of course your prayers are greatly appreciated and definitely felt as the date closes in to surgery. We have been busy and no worries weigh on us, this will go as God plans.

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Saturday, July 19, 2003 9:44 PM – doug

Dear Paul, I hope this finds you well and rested for tomorrow, I am doing unbelievably good, left the hospital on Thursday to a friends condo in Venice beach, I have Lillian with me and find it amazing that only this last Monday was the operation, alittle stiff, really no pain, although this coming Monday I speak to my surgeon of the final tumor that was seen on the pet scan, and now I feel it, its on my bum, and it will need to be operated on as soon as possible. With all that aside, again God has delivered me through another ordeal, I am healing great and continue to experience His power of strength by way of all those prayers being offered up for my benefit. Thanks for the visit on Tuesday and I will call on Monday, I am sorry to miss the service

Sunday, for travel is still a little tough on my body, yet you are to be in my prayers throughout the morning. Love Doug

Monday, July 28, 2003 10:21 AM - Hi Ho from doug

Hi ho, Hi ho, its off to surgery I go..... Thats all I could come up with this morning, Good morning to you all, after fixing everyone breakfast, they have no pity for me that I can not eat any thing, or drink for that matter, I am taking the kids boogie boarding one more time then on to Kaiser, arriving at 1pm, hopefully Dr.Fajolu will take pity on my bum and go easy. In a e-mail at another time I'll explain whats happening with the vaccine and all that goes together in the process after this surgery, I am actually taking the box with which to have shipped, the removed tumor to Hoag Hospital, Kaiser is not used to this and we have had to walk them through it. Hope you have all stayed somewhat cool and are doing well, please know, in relation to the situation I am in, all is going along great. I repeat myself when I say this but thanks so very much for the prayers and positive thoughts. Love Doug 😊

Tuesday, July 29, 2003 12:06 AM - home already,,,doug

Wow, I am home, Michele and I just returned from a walk down along the beach to watch and enjoy the lighting and easy rain, it is around eleven o'clock pm. I arrived at Kaiser exactly at one pm, went in for surgery at three thirty, was awoken from the anesthesia around five thirty, and left the hospital before seven thirty. A comment the head nurse said as I was being discharged, " that is the fastest recovery I have ever seen " .

A freak, what does that mean, different, not normal, I think I am a freak for sure, a blessed one at that. How can one not give thanks where thanks are due. Dr. Fajolu and all those while I am in there care have worked so hard for my benefit, on top of all that Kaiser even sent their own carrier to deliver the packed tumor to Hoag Hospital.

Once again your prayers and well wishing have overcome pain and difficulty. Of course by now you all know where my trust rests, that being in God's hands, I am truly a living example of His love and concern for each of us, our only effort, is to have the faith.

Sweet dreams to all my friends and family....love Doug

Tuesday, July 29, 2003 8:35 AM - give god the glory, from doug

This best represents how I believe, my only wish has stayed constant from last year, That His will be done, God has a plan for each of us who believe, but we must submit, both in our heart and life the working action of God. Paul was a good example, giving praise to God in the good times and the difficult trying times.

from Charles Stanley

Jesus' request as He looked to the Cross was that He might glorify His Father. ([John 17:1](#))

That is to be the desire of our hearts as well. When we wake each morning, as the day unfolds, as news of tragedy or success reaches us, our request is to be, "Father, glorify Yourself." In the simplest tasks and in the hardest ones, a Christian's longing should be that God is glorified.

When we pray for His glorification, we're asking, "God, do whatever will bring You the greatest honor and make You known." It means that we are also surrendering what we want the outcome to be. God in His sovereignty will choose what will bring honor to His name. And whatever happens, we are to believe He has done just that.

We live in a world that refuses to give the Lord the honor and praise due His name. People reject the Son and refuse to believe. But God's glory continues, for His glory is the perfection of His character, which never changes.

God calls us to praise His name. We cannot add to His glory, but we can proclaim it, and we can reveal it. We honor Him as we worship in our churches, as we testify to His work in our lives, and as we proclaim the truth of His holy Word in our communities.

By our attitudes, actions, and words, we have the privilege of revealing our loving Father to a world that, though hostile, desperately needs Him. Let us join together, united in love, to give Him the glory. -CW

Friday, August 01, 2003 8:43 AM - up date on doug

Hope all is going well for everyone, a quick up date, Dr.Fajolu confirmed the tumor removed tested positive for melanoma, and the margins around it clear. Meaning, he feels that all the cancer was in fact removed in total. Today I go and visit my oncologist, Dr Jancis to follow up on what to do next, this has nothing to do with the vaccine, only what Kaiser suggests. I continue to heal well from the two surgeries in two weeks time, the bum took a total of twenty stitches and again Dr Fajolu did his usual artistic job of perfection. Today Lillian goes off to spend a week on Lake Mead house boating, leaving Melanie and I to party together. Blessings to each and all,,Doug

Sunday, August 03, 2003 8:16 AM – doug

Good morning on this Lord's day Paul, thank you for your Sunday's message. This is all I know for now, Kaiser really does not know quite what to do with me as this cancer is so lethal few studies have been done to see what is best used to combat the advance of it. Nobody lives long enough to see any true results. So their plan is to give me a drug called interferon,one single high dose, it is a pretty rough drug with many nasty side effects of which I will explain later. I am going to pray for direction because it is my choice and of course, desire God's divine answer, could you pray that I hear the Spirit clearly and make the wise decision. A new course of battle unfolds and I only want God's will served. My joy grows only stronger, and am healing beyond all expectations, only by the grace of God. Thank you for our friendship and your love. This week I am with Melanie and will stay down here in Venice Beach, I look forward to reading todays message and will pray for you and our church through out the morning, ps have not forgotten the dove mural. Blessings to you Paul... Doug

Saturday, August 16, 2003 5:34 PM - showers of blessings from storms of adversity

The fisherman know that the sea is dangerous and the storm terrible but they have never found these dangers sufficient reasons for remaining ashore

Vincent Van Gogh

What a glorious morning and I pray this finds you well and enjoying summer life. Melanie, Lillian and I are in Venice Beach, what a blessing to be here as the valley has been hot.

I would like if I may share with you what the days are like living with cancer and dealing with the many choices presented. The doctor visits, the many calls to hospitals and decisions yet to be made, being very pro active in these plans, or things may pass by unnoticed, by that you are your best advocate and need to stay with it. I have found it interesting, the reading of medical reports, studies, educating myself to the pros and cons relating to the many avenues presented, their perspective mixed with my perspective becomes a direction, possibly not followed but at least known and understood.

Through this I have come to learn, a difficult battle lies ahead as the excerpts from various reports will show. We are all happy for Lance Armstrong yet he was fighting a cancer with a 90% survival rate, in contrast, one with metastatic malignant melanoma and reoccurrence such as mine, we belong to the 3% survival club. And there is no bitterness intended only the reality of it.

Although immunotherapy and biochemotherapy have shown promise, producing a subset of durable responses, for the majority of patients with metastatic melanoma the prognosis is still poor.

Melanoma is a neoplasm with an incidence in the US that is rising at a rate second only to lung cancer in women. Early stage melanoma is curable, but advanced metastatic melanoma is almost uniformly fatal, even in 2003.

Metastatic malignant melanoma remains a highly lethal disease with an incidence that continues to rise.

The prognosis of stage IV melanoma is unfavorable compared to the curative surgical results in early stage. The median survival amounts to 8-10 months and only 1-2% of the patients will not relapse.

These are opening statements in new reports and studies released this month, it is only the truth, and we do not want to fear what is true, rather learn.

The treatment of this cancer is first resection, removal of the tumor or tumors, that's it, beyond this action all else is speculative and guess work. New and on going studies are being reviewed constantly and what was used a year ago has become the past with a different approach today and hopefully a successful demonstration of survival on the horizon.

My choices as of today are four in number. One, become part of a new clinical study involving a vaccine called Cancer Vax, directed by John Wayne Hospital, Santa Monica. Second, they are now working on building a vaccine with my own tumor at Hoag Hospital, Newport Beach. Third, begin a treatment of Interferon 2 not F.D.A. approved for stage IV melanoma, at Kaiser Hospital, Woodland Hills. Forth, continue to eat better and see what happens.

Three of these options were not available last year and the cancer came back, the reports I have read predicted 8 months as the time of reoccurrence, I landed right at 8 months, fortunately with God's grace I am still here, with these last tumors being possible for removal, yet the reports also said once one recurrence has happened another should be expected.

Ok enough of the drama, as Lillian's one and only favorite song , Madonna sings, " I think I'll die another day it's not my time to go ", seems fit for me.

Today I go to see Dr. Jancis my oncologist to discuss options, tomorrow, traffic school, hey, life goes on right.

These weeks and months have become some of my most joyous, rarely if at all the opposite of that. Challenge ourselves to not avoid the difficult and embrace our trials, allowing change, in that we grow together .

I will finish this with one of Melanie's many favorite songs, from Good Charlotte , " the happiest day of my life, is the day that I die " now for one who's hope lies with Jesus, that is the truth.

May God who watches over us all bless you and keep you safe,, Love Doug

Monday, August 18, 2003 11:36 AM – doug

how was time off, pretty sweet is my guess, I have stayed down in Venice this whole time. enjoyed a local church yesterday, missed OUR church. The girls have been with me and we beach it for at least a couple hours most days. something you will probably do in a few years I do tomorrow a colonoscopy, one last place to look for the primary site, cat scan latter this week, busy weeks, they will slow down soon. Are things well with you Paul, and family, take care love Doug

Sun 8/24/2003 9:50 AM - miss you today

Good morning , I have discovered where Satan resides, in the space between a unsaved e-mail and send, there in wait to claim those foolish enough to attempt sending any thing not kept where he cannot reach out and take it, hey there maybe a morning message here. Hope and pray this is finding you all well as I know the summer heat has been intense yet hear some relief comes in the cool evenings. I am sorry to not being seeing you this perfect day with which to worship our Lord, I will again go to a small local church here in Venice with Melanie and Lillian as I have been left quite tired from this last week of tests. Next week hopefully will be alittle less difficult with the meeting of to separate doctors out of town. Lets praise God for His mighty love and continuing grace, abundantly given for we are all blessed . Doug

Wed 8/27/2003 8:07 AM – end of summer

As summer tumbles to a end, and fog overtakes the shore, Melanie readies for her first year of jr. high and Lillian, her first year of high school, that will be on Thursday, tonight they with great joy watch on dvd the Two Towers, Lord of the Rings.

This Thursday I go to Hoag Hospital and learn more of the vaccine, created from my own tumor, then Friday I see Dr. Dale Figgtree a nutritionist with possibly a very different approach back to health. So far no other doctor I have seen or spoke to sees any benefit in a no sugar, no coffee, no bread, no fruit diet which I have been on these last two months. Although easily tired I continue to recover and know this feeds my body in a much better way.

Last Friday I had another C.A.T. scan the results I assume good, not having heard anything to the negative. Coming this Wednesday a P.E.T. scan, then Friday Dr.Jancis once more to discuss options.

I did not bring it up in any other e-mails but on the 19th of August I had a colonoscopy, the last place to look for the primary to the melanoma, thinking it no big deal, that was not to be. Here is my description.

The colonoscopy was the worst, hurt like hell, the nurse for the I.V. used a large needle that was very painful so as I could receive the drugs quicker and for what, I felt each and every piece of pain, I was awake and watched the whole thing on the monitor screen. The stuff I drank the night before was just as much a nightmare, its over though and oddly enough I did not take the procedure and pray about it, so another lesson learned. The ironic thing is the major ones I fly through, the simple turned into a hassle , Nothing showed up.

On a good note, today Lillian and I went out into the ocean, she with a surfboard underarm, her first time, and succeeded twice in standing up. Another day seeing my many blessings before me.

I hope you have also had a great summer and continue to be thankful. Love Doug

We cannot all do great things,
but we can do small things with great love.
M. Teresa

Sun 8/31/2003 9:27 AM – doug

Good morning to my faithful friends and church family, I am once again going to stay put here in Venice, going to fellowship at the local church, missing you but in my heart, with you all the more. It has been a exhausting week of fact gathering and being receptive to where God is leading which may be no Interferon waiting for the vaccine but being more radical in diet and leaving my focus on God. I greatly would appreciate prayer in this area, there is no clear way medically and I want to make the right spirit led choice. I have enjoyed Paul's message via e-mail and thank you for your continued interest and prayer, blessings and joy , love Doug

Wed 9/3/2003 7:18 PM – another day another scan

Good morning, the September sun is shining bright and warm and it is only 7:30 in the am, having great empathy for those working in this heat, their day will be long.

Today is to be my third P.E.T scan (Positron Emission Tomography). This is a form of nuclear medicine scanning in which a small amount of radioactive glucose (sugar), is injected into my vein, and a scanner is used to make detailed, computerized pictures of areas inside my body where the glucose is used. Because cancer cells often use more glucose than normal cells, these pictures can be used to find cancer cells within my body.

So far, two out of the two P.E.T. scans that I ve had have revealed two tumors each time, lets pray there will be zero, this go around.

Thankful for what has been, and hope for what will be. Love Doug

Tue 9/9/2003 6:44 PM - pet scan results

Always fall in with what you re asked to accept.

Fall in with it
And turn it your way.

Robert Frost.

Today I learned that which always surprises me, results of the P.E.T.scan revealed six new sites. One in the neck area, three in the chest and the remaining two in the abdomen. Surgery will not seem possible. I am left with few choices, I will explain the vaccine process in tomorrows e-mail. My faith and strength remain steadfast with God, a new battle unfolds.

One day at a time to enjoy the moment we call life.

I love you all and continue to thank every one for their support and prayers. Blessings , Doug

Wed 9/10/2003 10:50 PM - a cat scan tomorrow and full moon tonight

The day is gone and I have not written anything about the vaccine, another attempt will be for tomorrow.

A C.A.T. scan or CT scan which X-rays the body from multiple angles is scheduled for tomorrow. How this works is the X-ray beams are detected by the scanner and analyzed by a computer. The computer reconstructs the data into a picture of the body area being scanned. Then these images are viewed on a monitor or reproduced as photographs. This is useful in identifying exactly where to look and see the tumors.

My friend Sherman is amazing at moving Kaiser along, making and getting this appointment, much faster than they are accustomed to (one day) and helping with all the preliminaries of setting me up with Hoag Hospital and the vaccine.

Life is interesting to say the least, with some of my perspectives quite funny, not to be morbid or anything, just letting you know I have certainly not lost my sense of humor, finding laughter still a good form of medicine and not letting this new information get me down, although it is still some what of a shock for the first few days.

Tonight is to be a full harvest moon and I hope some one sees it, have a good night and a restful sleep. Love Doug

Fri 9/19/2003 9:14 AM - living above our circumstances

Good morning, in a few minutes I head to Kaiser for what I hope to be my last two tests for awhile. On Monday of this week Michele drove me to Kaiser Riverside for a Cardiovascular test, (stress on my heart, of which I saw beating on the monitor) so I am still kicking and very much alive. Today a Pulmonary test which I think is to test the strength of my lungs. And finally another M.R.I. of my brain, they are keeping a eye on a few spots. All this said I will again thank those who pray and and think me well in their thoughts. And I will get to that vaccine e-mail, I am looking forward to a day of rest with Lillian and Melanie down here at the beach Saturday. I do pray this finds you all doing well in both body and spirit as I with God's strength move forward to live above my circumstances, giving all glory and honor to Him that is able to keep us safe.

Blessings, Joy and most of all Love, Doug

Fri 9/19/2003 10:17 PM - a new problem arises

A guy just can not catch a break, it is seven thirty in the evening having returned from a busy day at Kaiser Hospital. The cancer has made it to my brain, the left side, and this throws a kink into many things, Dr.Jancis wants to put me on a steroid so as to slow down the swelling, eliminating the possibility of a seizure. Then use radiation either over the whole brain or specifically the single tumor. The steroid drug has the ability to damage the immune system of the body of which mine already has enough problems, I do wish I could have had better news to share, but this is similar to last year, with the trials getting worst before their turn around, becoming more positive.

In July of last year, with the news that I had cancer I received the greatest comfort in my relationship with God, and have kept within two thoughts. Keep my eyes on Jesus and to not be afraid.

Please do not become upset, these things have a purpose and time will unravel all the mystery. I remain focused on the many blessings that surround my life. Love and Joy Doug

What lies before us and what lies behind us
Are small matters compared to
What lies within us.
And when we bring what is within

Out into the world, miracles happen

Henry David Thoreau

Sat 9/20/2003 11:07 AM – Heroes

Dear Family and Friends of Doug,

Heroes come in many forms.

Sometimes it is courage on the battlefields of war; sometimes in the face of dangerous situations; sometimes by risking your own needs for the sake of others or an idea, or because simply it is the right thing to do; or sometimes for just going on in the face of suffering or tragedy.

And sometimes life has a way of throwing obstacles in our path, and how we face them can also be a measure of a real hero. In this way I believe, there is no greater hero than my friend Doug Ware.

Most of you who are receiving this know that he is in a battle for his life against one of our most deadly enemies (if you haven't gotten the latest update I've included it below) . Most of you who know him also know the dignity, determination, and courage with which he is fighting this enemy. Whatever the outcome, and there can be no illusions about the possibilities, Doug has faced his enemy like a real Soldier going into battle with true courage in his heart, knowing he is going up against overwhelming odds and a merciless foe. Even as some people I have known seem to have died a long time ago though they still walk around pretending to be alive. Doug, on the other hand continues on with more life in a day than others have in a lifetime.

In the years I have known Doug and we worked together, I have gained a tremendous respect for his exceptional knowledge as a builder and the skill he brings to his work, and with that I have gained great confidence in his abilities. Of course, he is also a tremendously talented artist. And his involvement with his church, the strength of his faith, his work involving an orphanage, and his sense of humanity all have my admiration.

But what has most impressed me about him is the time and quality of being that he has always given to his two wonderful girls, Melanie and Lillian, who themselves are among the four greatest young ladies that I am fortunate to know. When all is said and done, time is the most valuable thing we have to give, especially to our children. Whether it's Doug teaching at their school, taking them on fabulous trips (and doing it for almost no money) to spectacular places for weeks on end, camping out beneath starry nights, surfing with them, or simply sharing time, there is nothing greater or more important that a Parent can give to their children than what Doug has provided them.

Perhaps most of all the opportunity for them to share this most difficult time with him, both the good and bad of it, as he fights his battle in such a courageous way gives Melanie and Lillian a legacy greater than all the money a parent can leave to a child, and something that they can never lose or have taken away from them as they continue on their way through life.

I am proud of Doug. I am proud of Melanie. I'm Proud of Lillian.

~

Sometimes even heroes need our help.

Doug needs our help so he can continue fighting his battle with the best chances of victory possible, and so that he can continue to give to Melanie and Lillian all that he has.

For that purpose I have decided to set up a fund for all their benefit with \$1,000.00.

If you would like to know more about Doug and his battle please call me.

Sherman Rattner

310 396.5474

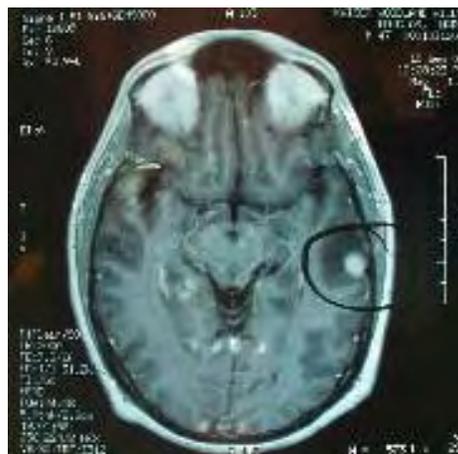
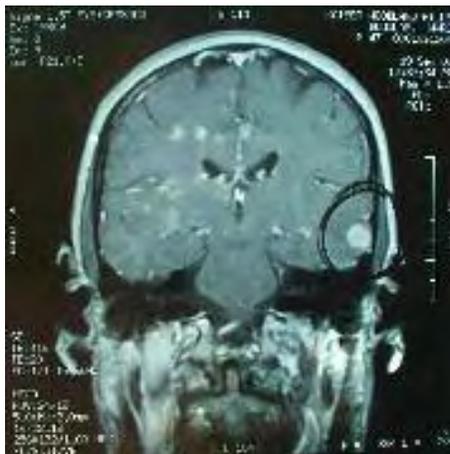
sirblue@ix.netcom.com

Wed 9/24/2003 8:02 PM – doug

I have not been so brave today, the doctors want to radiate my whole brain on Oct. 1 and does that freak me out, yes, with all the rest of the problems, along with the pills being given to reduce the swelling in my head which causes big emotional swings beyond normal. BUT! the moment I take my eyes off of the circumstances, repeat to myself " keep my eyes on Jesus ", knowing that is where my heart will also be, and to " not be afraid ". It all goes away, what a comforter He is to us. Katherine I do know marriage difficulties are very overwhelming, hopeful is good though. My girls are talking as I write this so my writing may seem a little fractured, let's continue this later, feel free to write anytime. The Lord will see us through all these trials, we must have trust and faith. love Doug

Tuesday, September 30, 2003 2:36 PM – me

Paul, a pretty white marble in my head, this place is referred to as the " eloquent area ", yesterday met with a neuro- surgeon at Kaiser, he wants to operate, a 10% chance of permanent damage to speech, thought and sight. I have canceled the full brain radiation for tomorrow, yet have scheduled brain surgery for next Wednesday. One more way exists, that being stereotactic radiosurgery (SRS) treating the brain disorder with a precise delivery of a single high dose of radiation, this procedure is not available to me at Kaiser. I laugh at the scenario, sitting in the surgeon's hospital room hearing how it's done and thinking " this is someone else's life or a movie " but you know I am rather sick and also think " will, what odd thing is coming next and how is God going to direct me through " curiosity and intrigue gets my attention every time. Do not pain for me I feel rather special to God right now, Love and joy Doug



Wed 10/1/2003 9:37 PM - A kaleidoscope of days and nights

It has been a kaleidoscope of days and nights since Sept 19, today being the first of the last two weeks having a clear thought, minus the drugs ideas of how I should feel and act. Much has happened, still much more needs to happen, and time is of the essence to act with confidence. Having set off searching out new options other than Kaiser's rather aggressive approach. A contractor to my own health and well being.



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Hour after hour, day after day, we moved forward and nothing changed; the desert met the empty sky always the same distant ahead of us. Time and space were one. Round us was a silence in which only the winds played, and a cleanness which was infinitely remote from the world of men.

From the book, *Arabian Sands*.

Mon 10/6/2003 8:25 AM – Fall seven times, stand up eight. Japanese Proverb

At midday we went on, passing high, pale-coloured dunes, and others that were golden, and in the evening we wasted an hour skirting a great mountain of red sand, probably 650 feet in height. Beyond it we traveled along a salt-flat, which formed a corridor through the Sands. Looking back I fancied the great, red dune was a door which was slowly, silently closing behind us. I watched the narrowing gap between it and the dune on the other side of the corridor, and imagined that once it was shut we could never go back, whatever happened.

Arabian Sands

A One Month Time Line of Events:

Sept. 9 Tuesday, Dr. Jancis delivers info of 6 new tumors over the phone.

Sept. 12 Friday, Kaiser Woodland Hills, Dr. Jancis and I discuss options, few good ones.

Sept. 15 Monday, Riverside Kaiser, Cardiovascular test for possible Bio Chemo. I resist the idea of Bio Chemo to treat the cancer.

Sept. 19 Friday, Kaiser Woodland Hills, Pulmonary test for the Bio Chemo., M.R.I. of the head, Dr. Jancis tells me of a new brain tumor, start steroids to reduce chance of problems and swelling around tumor.

Sept. 24 Wednesday, Kaiser Woodland Hills, Dr. Lodin Radiologist, full brain radiation recommended, no ifs ands or buts, could not get copies of M.R.I. scans. Much to think of.

Sept. 25 Thursday, Sherman secures a new appointment for the next day with Dr. Yu.

Sept. 26 Friday, Cedars Sinai, Dr. Yu, Neurosurgeon, Stereotactic radiosurgery (SRS) recommended, get scan copies, get off steroids.

Sept. 28 Sunday, worn out, end steroids.

Sept. 29 Monday, Kaiser Woodland Hills, Dr. Williams, Neurosurgeon, brain operation recommended, full brain radiation not useful.

Sept. 30 Tuesday, ship M.R.I. Scans to Hoag Hospital, e-mail scans to M.D. Anderson, Houston, Dr. Kim, cancel brain fry, Dr. Lodin defensive.

Oct. 1 Wednesday, Dr. Kim over phone says Stereotactic radiosurgery (SRS) recommended, see herbalist, speak to a nutritionalist, keep options open.

Oct. 2 Thursday, Hoag Hospital, Newport, Stereotactic radiosurgery (SRS) recommended, Dr. Jancis confused.

Oct. 3 Friday, appointment gained for Stereotactic radiosurgery (SRS) with Kaiser Los Angeles, Dr. Williams calls to apologize, canceled operation.

Weekend, enjoy it.

Oct. 7 Tuesday, Riverside Kaiser, Dr. Gailani will give his opinion as to Bio Chemo program, Kaiser Los Angeles, new M.R.I. for Wednesday.

Oct. 8 Wednesday new C.A.T. scan, then attach framework to my head for Stereotactic radiosurgery (SRS) work to be done and finished on same day.

Oct. 9 Thursday, rest.

The above is the outward work, inward work requires as much and I prefer more.

On Sept. 16, I wrote, to get up in the morning takes an act of faith, faith directed towards hope, hope of a purpose, and that of a future for the day. An interesting article was sent by a friend to me, I include it below.

NEW YORK (Reuters Health) - Seeking care at a specialized center, even if it means long-distance travel, is linked to prolonged survival of cancer patients, according to a new study. The finding seems to reflect the attitude of patients to their disease, rather than the quality of care they receive.

On average, they explain, patients who are able and willing to research their options, or have others research options for them, and who can find and use the resources necessary for such treatments "seem to fare better than those patients who end up at the closest place for care, even if their disease and treatments are apparently the same."

Intelligence is learned, and through effort we gain ability. I like what the artist Paul Gauguin said after attacked by a critic in regards to his style and approach to art I may have failed in the attempt, but do not fault me in trying . During our life we should and I hope all be able to say we gave it our best to whatever the endeavor.

I would have lost heart, unless I had believed that I would see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart: wait I say, on the Lord!

Psalm 27:13,14

Tue 10/7/2003 11:31 PM - lets see where this goes

He looked at me for a moment and then answered, "If we go well tonight we should reach them tomorrow." I said, "Reach what?" and he replied, "The Uruq al Shaiba", adding, "Did you think what we crossed today was the Uruq al Shaiba? That was only a dune. You will see them tomorrow." For a moment I thought he was joking, and then I realized that he was serious, that the worst of the journey which I had thought was behind us was still ahead.

Arabian Sands

This is what is recommend by todays doctors, the protocol is constantly changing, yet they remain both committed and positive this has a chance of halting the advancement of my cancer, 10 percent, of course this is only good if your of the ten percent. Dr. Gailani is well versed in how to administer either the Interleukin 2 or a combination of five drugs some being Chemo and Interleukin 2 with others, he calls the High Dose Interleukin 2, "the big guns". His nurse when pressed on how one fairs through this ordeal she says, "it's doable". Doable, reasonable, gettable, favorite words in the doctors lingo. If I go along with their ideas I would be admitted into Kaiser Riverside around the middle to end of November, into the intensive care unit for five days, where I am closely watched and monitored so not to have grave problems arise unnoticed. I will not address the difficulty represented in the treatment at this time, I am fully aware of the danger that is entailed but first must deal with tomorrow, Wednesday, this being the Radiostatic Stereosurgery. I just returned from another M.R.I. and have also returned to taking the steroid drug, a serious possibility exists with the swelling, this can result in a hemorrhage or stroke, even after the radiation treatment.

I seem to be walking in a field, a mine field, every action presents a possible reaction and they all have a consequence, few good, those are the ones I hope for, the good ones, God willing.

To quote the french guy from the Matrix Reloaded after his beautiful wife gave Neo the information as to where the keymaker was to be found. "Lets see where this goes". I agree, I believe in purpose, I have the patience, lets see if I have the faith to endure whats possibly coming, maintaining both peace and thankfulness, giving God the glory as He leads me through the mine field.

Good night, hope your week has gone as well as mine, love Doug

Wed 10/8/2003 10:33 PM - waiting in the hospital

Here I sit within a very tiny waiting room, a steel halo attached to my head, four pins screwed tightly into the skull, a local anesthesia numbed these points of attachment, I rather disliked the shots in those places (the eyebrow piercings a few years back were nothing) but they serve a purpose. A neuro surgeon Dr. Greathouse came from performing surgery to be the one that does the attachment work along with Tess his nurse, they said that women do best with this so I let my feminine side come out so as to be a good patient, which I was. then off to receive a C.A.T. scan where I am bolted into the platform by five technicians that is then set up with a computer in calibrating the radiation beams to precisely direct on the tumor, this lessens the chance of any radiation affecting any surrounding healthy tissue of the brain. I arrived at 9:30 am waited till noon to receive the halo finished at 1:00 pm and am to wait another 4 to 5 hours, that allows the computer work and others before me to receive treatment, this is no problem for the man in the iron mask, Michele patiently waits with me. I am still waiting, it's 5:30 pm the Doctors are very apologetic and will have accomplished four treatments today I being the last, I think they fit me in. My head slightly aches. It is now 6:30 pm and I move to the room where this disneylandish machine awaits my presence, I lay down, they bolt me in and off we go, half way through the possess the computers need to re- boot so they stop and leave me bolted in while they all attend the computers, even with a multi million dollar machine, a new one, problems occur, pretty much like with everything in life. I was all done at 7:30, the Doctor removed the metal collar and home I went with my head throbbing with pain from pins just removed. Now with today done it being 10:00 pm, the pain subsided I send off this e-mail with many thanks for all the prayers and caring thoughts directed this way. I say goodnight and leave you with yet another excerpt from Arabian Sands.

To have ridden alone through this appalling desolation was an incredible achievement. We were traveling through it now, but we carried our own world with us; a small world of five people, which yet provided each of us with companionship, with talk and laughter and the knowledge that others were there to share the hardship and the danger. I knew that if I traveled here alone the weight of this vast solitude would crush me utterly. I also knew that al Auf had used no figure of speech when he said that God was his companion. To these Bedu, God is a reality and the conviction of his presence gives them the courage to endure. For them to doubt his existence would be as inconceivable as for them to blaspheme.

Mon 10/27/2003 2:38 PM - whats up with doug?

Another weekend, time passing by with new episodes, efforts in all our lives to succeed each day and step into tomorrow. Heat, fog and fires welcome us to a Sunday morning, a hour earlier. The smoke which settles here at the beach gives a reminder that it was ten years ago November 2 a fire started in Topanga, ending in Malibu.

Thank you for all of the continued prayers, well wishes, loving thoughts and e-mails, forgive me that I have taken this long to reply, my excuse may be from the leftover results of the radiation done two and a half weeks ago leaving me a little tired and dizzy, the success of that ordeal is not known for another two weeks. I am off the steroids, those regulated my sleep to about two hours a night, still take Dilantin for anti seizures, keeping me from whacking out.

Maintaining life being a Dad, watching Lillian and Steven surf, Kristen (my always thought of adopted daughter) was here from Hawaii, she kept us all laughing, I still fix breakfast, lunch and dinner, changed a kitchen faucet, cleaned a shower drain and so forth. I did get a break in driving these past weeks, the few times I was on the road I described it as CC Driver, (crazy cancer driver) best I stay put for now.

All the medical stuff is coming soon, a M.R.I. a C.A.T.scan, P.E.T. scan, then checking into Riverside Kaiser to receive the I.L.2 treatment on November 17, for five days in the intensive care unit, this is what I least look forward to, it did not help that over a year ago Dr. Jancis said "I would never want to do that to any one", thanks. Michele will be my support team and stay there with me. Many possible problems, but hey! I am still here, the energizer boy rabbit.

I am down to the last medical options, having spoke to Dr. Fajlou on Tuesday about removing the tumor that grows between my neck and shoulder, I call it (Mini Me) don't freak out, you really can not see it that much if at all, I like the drama, he said and I agreed to wait till after the treatment, the risk being it may not be easy surgery then.

Something to think over, this being the last paragraph written by Hugh Prather.

Even when our hearts turn to God, and want only God, we still must deal with the world and make the best decisions we can. However, no longer will devotion be held within isolated compartments of our lives to be exercised only at certain times of the day and only under certain circumstances. All activities and decisions will become a spiritual practice, and the reward will be that we made the decision with God. Now all we could ever want, and certainly all we could ever receive, is just a closer walk with thee.

This is a photo of my pretty helmet, and the wonderful million dollar machine I was attached to, I am greatly blessed, having less difficulties than many, and everyone continuing to say "I sound good" and "I look good" that must be something?



Fri 11/14/2003 12:26 PM – letter from Michele

Hi everybody,

Monday begins a five day assault on the cancer cells that are raging in Doug's body. The problem is the battlefield IS Doug's body. The Dr. referred to this therapy as "the big guns" and we are steady-fast in our hope that this treatment will be effective in slowing the growth of the tumors (giving the vaccine time to complete) if not putting Doug into full remission. My prayer is that there will be no damage to Doug's system from the administration of the drugs. Also, that his body will accept the therapy and that he won't suffer with any complications or symptoms of rejection.

If you are so led or are inclined will you fast with me this Sunday 11/16/03 from sun up until sundown-remembering the week Doug is facing??

Believing in the power of assembled agreement!
Michele

Wed 11/19/2003 12:57 PM – today at the hospital

This is Wednesday at noon, I have received six treatments of IL2 and fared well so far, a few funny stories for later to tell. Again thank you so much for the prayers and concerned thoughts with well wishes. A great view I have and a single person room. Hoping you all have a good week and many blessings resting upon each of your lives. Love Doug ps I am spaced out so a morning write is best

Sun 11/23/2003 1:04 PM – up and about

A bright morning dawns on the west coast, tinting all the green with a golden hue of light. I was released Saturday afternoon feeling as good as one could, having been removed from the joy of breathing fresh brisk cool air and denied the evening stars, which last night seemed closer to the earth than previously remembered. The evening blessed me with entertaining dreams, in what little sleep I manage to wrestle away from the night. And today, Melanie and Lillian are nesting quietly and snug, when all are up and about, I assume decisions can then be made as to how this day is to be, a large plate of french toast and maple syrup to start with I assume. I have not forgotten to share the stories but another day is required, for the lingering effects still hang about in my head from the IL2 and other drugs making everything somewhat like being upon a choppy sea. Love Doug

Mon 12/1/2003 9:10 AM - whose is in control?

I have a Tiger on my back and see it as a kitten, I do not fear it nor control it, although killing me is its desire, there is absolute peace and joy with this tiger around, and it does not seem to be leaving soon. I have seen people with a kitten in their thoughts, and fear grips them, they battle the kitten with all the strength they provide to themselves, only to lose, and the imaginary kitten wins in stealing away their peace and joy.

What are we as followers of Christ fearing for, controlling so much, we have limited God's power to transform and change us into people of trust and faith.

I hear you say, "Oh but I must take control over this, and fear that, or I would not be a responsible person." I ask "who says so," the Word says give all over to me, the little worries and fears along with ALL your concerns. What right do we have in controlling so much of our perfect Christian lives, could it be we do not want to be disturbed.

I witnessed so much needless attempted control this week, along with a fear of what could happen, "do not say this," "do not do this," "I will take care of these," "you can stand there." We would do much better in prayer to God if we want things to go our possible way but remember our Lord's prayer, "your will be done," keep in mind, whose will are we seeking out to be done, ours or His.

Tue 12/2/2003 3:14 PM - round two has arrived

Round two, I wait at the hospital to be admitted for the week. In the last go around one of the funny stories was the flood, sometime on the third day water began pouring out from under the bathroom door, Michele ran to alert the nurses who came in amazement at the event of water bubbling out of the commode, sheets were draped over the floor and this happened in five of the I.C.U. rooms. I was moved to another room that was the complete opposite to the original, this made me dizzy and so later that day I moved back to the room I started in. I was thankful not to be the patient that had the ceiling cave in on him, see thankfulness abounds. With this e-mail I am going to send the first page of a true story that happened to me years ago, and as I continue to write it, another will follow. Hope all are well and rested, blessings and love Doug

Tue 12/2/2003 6:52 PM - the story

I give less alarm to the occurrence that I might be removed involuntarily, and more to the fact I am still here. A night in the latter days of November, Nineteen Eighty, having recently returned from a lengthy trip of Africa, I was asleep in the house of Viola Jacobson, my Grandmother, who had recently gone on to be with the Lord Almighty.

Awaken by the shadows now entering the room in which I lay alone, and being spoken to as the light was slipped on exposing the shadows to be of the two men, one leaning over me, a hand gun to my forehead, another, standing sentry above my feet, expressed his control with a knife. Speaking quickly and forcibly, the one overhead, placed his orders of questions, impatient for answers. In natural confusion, searching for logical reasons to their presence, in turn I asked questions, "who are you, cops?"

"Were here to rob, you," was the reply, and with that said much became clear, at least for the moment at hand. Each thereafter started to move about the room, the guardian of my feet, grabbed the phone, with one quick pull, its cord released from the wall and became the instrument of restraint about my feet, the other overtly excited young man, the least calm, greatly irritated man, who had the gun, walked around the foot of the bed to my left side with his focus directly onto one item, that would be my Remington automatic 12 gauge shotgun leaning into the corner of what has now become a much smaller room.

With the shotgun now in his possession he walks past the partner who is putting the finish touches on a fine job of securing my two feet with the phone cord. I noticed the hand gun in his waste band as he stopped, and in one movement slung the shotgun from a non aggressive possession to just the opposite, placing the destructive end directly into my exposed neck, a little to the right of center.

He asked almost quietly "is it loaded", I must of, or you would think I'd at least thought out my answer of "no" before it was said, maybe it was out of hope, I can not say, but he without hesitation pulled the trigger, at that exact moment I became acutely aware, life could have it's end tonight.

After having his partner tie my hands they set out to explore the house, turning on lights as they went, giving little care to the chance of being discovered. It was during the time they left my room that I gave some serious thought of escape, a window above my head, another to my left, though it was high and un-reachable. Would an attempt work, could I escape with my feet and hands tied, if I failed what wrath would incite in the two that show no regard for another. Questions alone with no answers, surprised at the calmness I felt, knowing it became an event out of my control. I remember thinking if only I had hidden the gun, or better yet, had hidden a hand gun, looking around I could see a few places that maybe would have worked this a bit to my advantage. I could hear them speaking in another room and realized to my amazement they had used names, their names I assumed, Jake and Willy.

Jake, had the guns, and was not very happy, he expressed this unhappiness in calling me names, racist names that did not apply. Willy on the other hand assured me they only wanted the stuff and then would leave, could I count on Willy to come to my defense in case things went wrong, what could go wrong beyond this, I was to learn much, in a lot, can go wrong.

Tue 12/2/2003 7:37 PM - checked in

Settling into the weeks routine, this photo shows the machine which allows the doctor, Dr. Chang, who by the way lived in Vietnam during the last three wars, since he was three, was in the South Vietnam Army as a doctor and is considered the best at what he does in Southern California. He is responsible for putting the In-Line into the major artery next to my heart starting at the neck. It is seven pm and I just received the first dose of I.L.2, which is Bio Therapy, stronger than Chemotherapy for reversing what I have, you do not lose your hair, but, it is dangerous and one is checked out before, to see if you can handle the drugs aggressive nature. I am going to close my eyes to rest. Doug

Wed 12/3/2003 10:34 AM - goodmorning from the hospital

The second dose of IL2 was skipped at 3am in the morning, I was way to sick, sometimes this happens, so back on track this day. I am including a photo of Waipi o Valley on the north part of Hawai'i, the girls and I were alone on this perfect black sand beach.doug



Wed 12/3/2003 10:27 PM - wednesday evening



10 pm Wednesday, having awoken from a sound sleep that lasted four hours, in that time I received another dose of IL2. Just before the sleeping period, Steven came by and I was not quite aware he was even here. It was his desire to be close and is staying in a motel near by. Hopefully this is a more successful track I am on, earlier when I stood up, I became clammy and tingly, sat down and became sick again, all in a days work. Hope all has gone well today for you all, thinking of you each through out the day. Blessings and love. Doug, the pic I send is Kristen under water on our dive with the girls

Thu 12/4/2003 3:58 AM – early morning in Riverside Kaiser

Sleep has been good, now it is 3am Thursday morning, waiting for the next dose of IL2, all is going fairly well. One becomes used to the beeps, and machines all around my bed that each have a individual sound. This one sends the IV fluids, another reads my heart rate, still a different unit delivers the IL2. When I take a walk around the ICU ward I stroll along with the whole contraption in tow, I am either tethered to it or it to me. Do you remember the arm wrap a nurse puts around your arm at the doctors office, I have one that is always on and periodically expands to measure my blood pressure. And as I type another attachment is wrapped on my right index finger with a little red light, measuring the oxygen in the body. Good night it is 3:40 am and I'll go to sleep. This picture of Steven is at least and year old or more, last week he turned 18. Love to everyone
doug



Thu 12/4/2003 4:19 PM - another day gone

Its been a quiet day, they skipped the last dose of IL2 because of a high fever and very high heart rate so 7pm is the next one. What kind of day has it been for you on the outside, I myself will have to get out there soon. enjoy the evening Doug

Thu 12/4/2003 7:03 PM - a quarter to seven

It has now become the hour to get my IL2, 16 hours have past since the last injection and I am ready. The same dinner came that was served last night, mashed potatoes and gravy with meatloaf, I passed. I could be a touch restless and ready to move forward. Later tonight I must have a ultrasound to be sure there is no blood clot in my right arm, its rather swollen, it is a safety thing. Be well and God bless your evening, goodnight Doug, ps.. the girls and I bought these lei's from Pete, a perfectly kind Hawaiian man who made them from his house overlooking the sea



Fri 12/5/2003 4:22 PM – I want to get out of here

Thursday night lets say midnight the doctors needed my beautiful single patient room, so up the hall to a double room, one to be shared with a man. I was required to stay in my bed, as they rolled me all around It was OK. Then at 3 am early morning Friday a gurney came to fetch me for that ultrasound, downstairs, all went great with that but boy was I dizzy again. Also at three I received one more IL2 shot. A little sickness, and then off to sleep. Upon awaking questions came to me by the nurses, I was telling them that I lost my pills in the grass? what grass, only white sheets was I laying on, now about this question, What are four quartets, my answer:" they are one " one dollar like 100. most of all I want to be free, no cooped up, breathe fresh air. At this moment my eyelids are drooping over the eyes.

Mon 1/12/2004 7:01 PM – progress report from doug

I send this e-mail out to those that have expressed a interest in just what has been happening with my progress, both with the results of the Interleukin 2 and the stuff in general. The Interleukin 2 did not work and no effect on my tumors was noticed, so no more IL 2 treatments, that is good because I did not enjoy the experience. The down side of that is it was really the only option of any worth offered. In general with relationship to my health I now have three times as many tumors lurking about my body as two months ago. There is a up side to all this and that would be none of them have developed on or within any of my vital organs. Tomorrow I meet with my Riverside Kaiser doctors to hear their new recommendations as to what we may pursue next, if anything. What will be next on my agenda is to have four tumors in particular dealt with either by surgery or radiation so as to relieve the ongoing pain they collectively cause. I am doing very well and no one would notice anything wrong with me if they already did not know, I know, and the challenge presented is to keep moving forward with a bright positive attitude, in my own personal truth I have lost some interest in this world and with excitement look ahead to the next. This last weekend was beautiful, I have read no new books but still retain a few quotes from Arabian Sands to be shared later, and no I have not written part two to my robbery story, but I promise to soon. A side thought, one reason this has happened (the cancer)could be wrapped up in a simple answer, to show that joy may be held onto and glory be give to God throughout all things that come to us in this life, and we grow up when adversity is accepted and learned from, being His grace is sufficient. I am greatly blessed from top to bottom, comfort and peace are generously given with a assurance I am loved by He who watches over us all. I can only hope and pray the new year has brought a new promise of peace to you all, my friends and family, life is good, we live as free people, lets be thankful, Love Doug

Fri 1/23/2004 11:17 AM - a sunny day in california, from doug

What weather we are having in California, sunny, breezy, warm, and clear. There is some new info on my progress which I will have to figure out how to convey in the attempt to share whats happening with my body, the cancer is making a grand try to back me into a corner and as before all the doctors lack any helpful answers instead they say " what would you like to do " that is nice and all but hey I am just a builder by trade. I see it as coming to cross trails in a dense forest and asking the local ranger who just happens to be there " what is the best way back home ", his answer is " I have no idea pick one ". O K, I must search out a higher source for the answer to my question and I thank God I have Him, so I listen to my heart where His Spirit resides and

walk in that direction, it becomes simple if I trust and have no doubts, and I have witnessed this work well in my life before so why not now. All this babble is to avoid trying to explain my many options and which ones I have chosen, forgive me and thank you for your patience and prayers, Blessings to you and Love, that in turn heals our many hurts, Doug

Sat 2/7/2004 12:10 PM - cleaning house

Cleaning house, that's what I have been doing, I would have not wanted to leave all this for anyone to dig through and decide what to keep, my art, writings and overall stuff. Along with the daily appointments of radiation and next week a trial of a different drug T something has kept me busy, then a Thursday meeting with Dr. Fajlu and discuss the idea of removing the four outside tumors on my skull, these you do not see, but I call myself marble head, cause when I wash my hair you have to maneuver all around them and they act up horribly when disturbed. Last week I told you I had met with the Radiologist at Sunset Kaiser, and went over options, these were presented to me, Full brain radiation with a effort to diminish the four tumors in my brain along with those present outside also, radiate the shoulder area, and we deemed the one on my bottom is in a very sensitive area in which to go with radiation so surgically removing that one is the thought. My response was that I know radiation has little effect on Melanoma tumors so what sort of reasoning was being used to low radiate my full brain and mess me up bad when a very minimal chance of this working existed, I said lets try the shoulder first at a high dose and see what happens. As Dr. Gulanie said weeks ago, Doug you have now become your own statistic

so I am now the director of my own health and survival, as best as I can, not believing I have the answers but they have all proven themselves wrong over and over and not really to straight forward in regards to what is next to happen with my health or lack there of. I will give a example, in asking Dr. Jancis, my Kaiser Oncologist, multiple times what may I expect with the encroaching cancer and tumors growth, he never answered and neither did Dr. Gulanie or any of the multitudes I have spoken with, but of course I am discovering personally what is happening and with simple logic putting together a scenario of possible upcoming events minus the time frame, but as the tumors gather strength, size and amounts one can easily see where it can and maybe will all lead. As for day to day life, each day is so much better that its predecessor, as the old saying goes, one should not strive to lengthen their days but rather see how they can better them . I look forward in small amounts, a week is far ahead for events, and plans change fast with the advancement of the cancer. A trip with Melanie and Lillian is always on my mind but close friends and time spent with them has become important, as with the wrapping up of a good life, so to leave behind whatever lessons I have gained and wisdom used to navigate the trials presented over the years. What is most important is that I have lived the life I believe.

Many friends insist and believe I carry the ability to direct my individual destiny and maintain a inward light freely of myself, I do not, I was offered a union with this life giving light, I can give freely of this light because it is God's, I direct sole responsibility to God in making this a possibility, and then there lies all my thankfulness, in Him and that He was trustworthy, all my choices left me void and disillusioned, frustrated with little accomplished, when I began to live outside myself and accept directions not necessarily of my own wants that always changed with circumstances and feelings, I began to experience a absolute peace, and this is the day to day peace I live now, do I want to live longer? will yes, if only to trip on the new life I live, so free and with out worry and distrust.

Samuel Johnson famously remarked that when a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it clarifies his mind wonderfully.

Another e-mail follows as a update, Love Doug

Sat 2/7/2004 12:16 PM – when life happens

I know more people that live in the fear and worry of becoming sick and not partaking of their health, eventually they could become sick, and the reality of this is far more imposing than only your fear of it happening.

Life happens and we become a part of it, liked or not, we are living, and this is all we know. When we go out and drive, we understand the possibility of a accident, killed by drunk drivers a year, maybe 70,000 blameless people lose their lives, but the action, the danger of death, is still only a possibility, right. With cancer you are in the accident, and slow or fast, how is it going to go, survival or not, and if not, what will be the process. One large side of who I am take s a great interest as to what is happening and where I can be useful, be that for the cause of the Lord, or others in anyway, and set some sort of example explaining how to do it, where the strength comes.

I could give a glimpse into the back lot of the unlighted areas in my mind, where fear can easily come into the cage of by body that holds me captive, allowing fear to freely will roam about, down little alleys of the what if s, or what difficulties lie ahead around some smooth corner in a attempt to rob some joy of living life with ease and grace, as someone with no decease or impending dome of slowly checking out could do with out the extra weight and challenge. Weeks, months, years or is it to surprise me, I am always generously surprised, At first being told of untreatable Cancer there is a sudden surprise, a certain amount of shock and you take on the challenge, educate yourself become at one with the idea your body houses a multiple of things that are trying to kill you, then have surgery and for the moment you are tumor free and the experience becomes that, a moments travel in your life. Then a reoccurrence, and the positive is instantly removed, a whole new drama and path begins to unfold overlapping the previous in similarities and circumstances, but is new in events and outcomes. Still to remain positive, to keep your eyes focused on the best possible resolve, that you will live. Then quickly on the heels of your last surgery, no lengthy time is available, a full out break of new tumors and this time not much of a chance to remove them all or any for that matter, now you are being pulled along , another reality to understand, prepare, and set to course, decisions as they are needed. Death s hand is always tapping on my window, it is I that can, at will, allow the disturbance in, sometimes if only to keep me completely awake throughout, taking not lightly the time I have today, which surely places a added pressure on my shoulders on how to handle it all.

A spiritual personality unfolds, grows and examines the self. As I cannot readily rely on the old strong physical nature of who I once was, moving with a forcefulness and arrogance of my own strength. I now rest to the fact I live as a different man, letting wisdom and truth dictate my actions, and setting about a purpose to my life.

I have discovered a black hole in Kaisers system. All these Doctors are thoroughly trained to give directions and set a strategy for the benefit of their patients welfare, I have landed in their panic of not being able to do so. On a long trip out to see Dr. Gulanie, their best and most

experienced Melanoma Doctor, we spoke mainly and agreed that no one knows when his or hers time is up, he presses me that we have to have a direction in which to pursue and I listen, we will order up a new M.R.I. in five weeks he says. Now this is not much of a pointed direction and watching what I cannot change only stresses me, so with four tumors growing in my brain I do the best I can to move along and be well. Yesterday a new surgery appointment was made, Feb. 16th to remove the tumor on my head and bottom, I will be put under, as I do not want to feel any more pain of the knife. They still express the desire to full brain radiate or go into each site and perform removal of the individual tumors spaced about my brain, I do not think so. I have completed the 2000 rads of radiation onto mini me, the tumor on my right shoulder, and I wait to see the results of that.

I greatly appreciate the loving thoughts and your prayers, I believe this is the best gift and action one can offer. Love Doug

Sat 2/7/2004 5:54 PM – lighterfare, a true surf story of doug's

Rocky Point, Matchian Bay, Nierite, Mexico. Summer month of nineteen seventy something. Dave and I surfed alone and traveled by ourselves to this central Mexican costal town of Sand Blas, A small fishing village resting next to the Pacific, embedded in the jungle. Surfing is why we sought out this piece of perfect paradise, of local people and place to stay and surf, unspoiled by others. A storm had been lurking out beyond the reaches of Rocky Point and there feeling protected, the evening came and we swam for the final waves. Dave finished and went in, I could not resist the energy coming by way of a lighting storm which now dropped white zig zag s into the sea. This remained far off and posed no danger in my un logically thing mind, I was for surf. Meanwhile Dave has sprinted to the V.W. bug we rented for this trip and quickly places his board on the racks, quickly because at this time of year the raining season, mosquitoes are by the millions, small, clustering types who gather on bare shoulders and rampage. Dark was fast becoming, and I squinted to see if and waves were coming in which I could catch a final surf to come in. Dave sat nervously in the bug sweating and anxious for two reasons, I was still out and it was lighting and as Dave opened the car door to climb in he heard, or thought he had heard a man with sinister ideas make a ha, ha ,ha , a deep and low sound and this freaked him out big, we are on a very isolated beach, supposedly alone. This I remember as if doing now, sizing up the incoming swell which was big, paddling towards it and further out, the wave I sought began to take shape beyond me and I turned the board to shore, glancing over my shoulder, timing the take off, I stepped up onto the board and began to drop onto and became apart of a moving thing with speed and power, being comfortable I had the entire face of the wave and it was this instant the lighting flashed and boomed exposing me to a view of rocks directly to the left of my breaking wave, I had placed myself to catch the best of all the wave offered, but also directly in line with these boys, all was good I maintained my place and moved with a rush past them and finished the ride. Dave sweltering in the locked car as I approached, motioned me to get in quickly, it begun to pour rain in buckets, there he told of seeing me appear out of the darkness whizzing past the rocks on this huge wave and that there was this scary guy about, and we should get out of here, pronto, I remember that night well.

Mon 2/16/2004 2:35 AM – a malibu night, from doug

I have prevailed to make it down to the beaches edge and plan to spend Wednesday night listening to the wave action, I am only as far as Malibu, twenty feet from the water, lounging in my bed. Only moments earlier did I slip on my spring wetsuit and wade out into the evenings sea to watch the sunset, trailing behind the Malibu hills, just above the pier.

I am still wondering as to why, recently a close friend would say to me "I am not living on the edge". Is it because I do not break down and cry, I do, but maybe not necessarily outward to others around. I stood and braced against the current, as waves pushed and pulled, thinking of the many evenings spent surfing here, late nights after working full days right out on third point, finding a freedom in the water alone as the sun set. And there were times if one was patient enough to find themselves in a perfect position, being the first to sample a new swell arriving from some distant ocean, and just maybe if there was enough light left, to setup and take one of the first of six foot waves, alone, all the way to the pier and step off onto the sand, the energy, what you take away and remember is that you were blessed and thankful, your patience and willingness to just be there paid off, I thought of that as this evenings sun lagged down behind the horizon. And I cried, do I think that the possibly exists I will not be here to answer the questions young girls would maybe ask their Father, I do and I cry. But these always are only that, possibilities. I live on the edge, seeing each moment for exactly what it is, Life is what I see and I have learned to love each moment, I have attempted to catch it, show it, reveal what I see through my art, be that photos, painting, sculpture or writing and express the Joy and love that should always be associated with life. Yes I cry, that it may all be winding down, and the time to show others what beauty I see may not be afforded to me anymore. The frigid water and evening chill surrounds me and keeps the reminding reality I am alive, its cold and brisk, my mind is focused and I remember, I am alive, this moment is gloriously wonderful. Maybe I do not cry allot, be it I am not sadden, but very happy with my many blessings and the rich life I have lived and still do, I am far to thankful to cry, I may becoming rather bumpy and more so each day but, I possess the Joy of knowing, where I am going, and am now, clearly coherently, aware to the coming and goings of each passing minute.

It is two fifteen in the A.M., Monday morning, and around eleven thirty today, I go in for surgery, Dr. Fajilu will be my surgeon and will remove some tumors, one on my head that is giving me some discomfort and another on my bum, making it hard to sit, I should be able to go home afterwards, I anticipate no problems, and continue to be thankful for all the love, support, and prayers directed my way, again thanks, blessings to you, love Doug

Mon 2/16/2004 3:57 AM – thanksgiving on a island, from doug

As I write I struggle greatly to maintain a breath, my body is giving me a hard time. This is the story of stepping into what is a abnormal thing to do, and the outcome of going ones own way, against the tide of the average. A full two years ago with Thanksgiving approaching, I mentioned to Melanie and Lillian the idea of spending the holiday out on Santa Cruz Island, off the coast from Ventura, we had spent some time there before, but now a complete week was afforded us. This would take some planning, as no water was available and one needed to bring all the supplies necessary to stay such a long time, and what responsible Father took two young girls out to a vacant island alone over the family holidays, I will. So the girls agreed, and I began to plan collect and organize, they would be required to miss some school and that I worked for them.

Arriving at the Channel Island Harbor at six a.m., we began to unload my truck of twenty gallons of the water we would need and all the food, tents and supplies I anticipated for the week stay. We purchased tickets and the girls were excited to be off. I took my Dramamine pills and hoped to stay well for the trip across the channel,, this is a very unusual time of year to travel there, for the ocean was at times quite troublesome during the crossing, and the channel unpredictable. No problem we were on a new adventure and boarded the little fishing boat that we would be making the crossing in. It took about two hours, as the boat was old and slow, a cute old fashion wooden craft that had seen many days at sea, worthy I was sure. Lillian and I stood, front ship as we pulled out of the harbor into the oncoming swells, and instantly we began to rise and fall with each oncoming wave, this Lillian loved and with each rise came a huge fall into the trough and a roller coaster ride it was. I went back to hang with Melanie, where it was a bit more stable. One hour and a half later Mel and I were barely hanging on, not feeling so well, it is at this time our little craft encountered the full force of the channel, with the island in clear sight, the boat chugged up a wave and teetered at the top, then fell down the other side. We hung on, sitting along the side of the boat we watched the others come from the deck above, sick and making quite a mess of themselves, along with their children, no details do I give only imagine if you will. As I held on to Mel who had fallen asleep, I glanced over my right shoulder and saw such a wave approaching as if to capsize us, but the little boat road up sideways the face of the wave so steep as to launch Melanie out of my arms and down onto the deck, when the boat reached the crest of each wave the captain turned down the power of the engine so as not to spin the prop off, which came out of the water when we bobbed before slipping down the other side, I relate it to a toy tug boat in a kids bathtub when they splash and make bathtub waves. We survived and pulled into the protected harbor, Scorpion Harbor, and quickly the captain positioned us alongside the concrete dock. Our stuff was unloaded and we disembarked only to meet the Island Ranger just as he was leaving the island that morning for his Thanksgiving on the mainland, we were informed how to use the radio in case of a emergency and that we were alone aside from three other campers who were also arriving that day, cool, a island all to ourselves, almost. This is where the work begins, moving our supplies a mile inland to the first campground, a eucalyptus tree area that had beautiful shade and flat areas for a tent. The other three people moved farther inland to the second more remote campground, since we were alone we stayed in the first. And proceeded to pitch out tent and bring all our supplies to camp from the dock, this takes up the rest of our day and the girls moved all the water with a branch, carried on their shoulders. They are always a great help setting up camp. I myself as darkness approached began to tire, looking forward to laying down after fixing dinner for the three of us. As night fell so came the wind, a strong one at that, and as I drifted into sleep, thoughts began to form in my head of a branch, a huge branch, falling onto our tent, we had set the tent under a big tree for future shade, but the danger existed of the powerful wind dropping a branch or the whole tree onto us, visions on a tragedy persisted to roam about my drearily sleepy brain, and a move of the tent was necessary for my piece of mind, so in the wind storm we moved the tent to a safer place in the open with little chance of a falling tree to strike us, at this point I checked out, passing deep asleep, leaving the girls wide awake to fend for themselves a way to fall asleep. It was over the next few days I was to hear of their unhappiness with me and that all the sounds the wind made brought about wild images of things clawing at the tent by the noise outside created by the blowing wind, I slept sound and was exhausted from the crossing, packing and leftover effect the Dramamine pills had left me in. Awaking to a perfect quiet the next morning I was fresh and excited to be here, the girls had already awoken and were out of the tent exploring the empty solitude of the island, as I picked up the insides of the tent, organizing sleeping bags and such, I noticed Lillian's journal laying there open and saw the words "I hate my Dad" I was shocked and hurt, not intentionally looking but there it was in pen and ink. Wow what had I done to have such written of me? the day passed as I thought on this and was perplexed. Both girls seemed very

happy and had created their own space, separate from each other they enjoyed the day with Melanie remarking how "naturable it was", and with the winds calm and the birds out, it definitely was, but I was being nagged by my conscience as to the written wrath I saw, and in the course of the day asked Lillian how she felt, "we should have been together with family for Thanksgiving, not alone on a island", I appreciated her honesty and knew I had taken her out of her comfort zone. I took a risk to be different and bring them along, now what lesson could we learn from this experience. I suggested that we invite the other three campers over for a Thanksgiving dinner and that the girls could make invitation cards, take them into the upper campground inviting them over. They liked that idea and began on their cards, which they delivered, I had come prepared for a Thanksgiving dinner by purchasing cooked turkey and gravy from Gleason's and had plenty of instant mashed potatoes for whoever showed up, We opened up small cans of mandarin oranges for desert and made candle holders out of them, with holes punched around the can to create designs, hanging them from the tree branches with little candles in them above our dinner table. With the table cloth spread out and the candles lit I must say it all looked inviting and cozy. The mother daughter team showed up first, they were here to kayak the rocky shores, next coming from the beach area was the single man, who had hiked the island all day and had not been back to his camp and find the invitation, so he was invited right then and there, he wanted to change his clothes, that's OK so we waited for his return and together we all sat down to our evenings Thanksgiving dinner. Over dinner he explained as to why he was alone here on the island, that his son had died recently, who was a marine biologist and each holiday he wanted to go where maybe his son maybe would have been. Being with us had greatly lighten the load of missing his son and he expressed how thankful he was that we were all together, as the mother daughter team also did. There was plenty for everyone, with the evening becoming a blessing for us all. The next day Lillian told me she now understood now a greater meaning of sharing and being thankful for what we have and the lesson of sharing it with others, ones you do not even really know. A success and triumph, I thought to myself and the week went on with absolutely beautiful weather. On the final day I sat sketching the boat that had come to pick us up, one of the deck hands from our trip over remembered me, and in passing mentioned, was I not the one who arrived a week ago with my daughters, I replied "yes", at this time he remarks "you are a rich man", in my mind think on that quickly and begin to respond just how inexpensive it is here with campground coasts being two dollars and fifty cents a night, then ah! I realized exactly what he meant, with out verbally responding back, I truly realized I was, a very rich man. The opportunity of a week spent in peace, the love and acceptance of my daughters. Their trust and willingness to follow me to a isolated island filled my heart with a richness unfound by ordinary means

Thu 2/19/2004 12:38 PM – doug, our praise to God

If you want to be blessed today, listen to Charles Stanley's message, www.intouch.org today's radio message only confirmed once again what I have personally experienced, While laying Monday, in the hospital room, with the IV in my hand, I quietly had closed my eyes and thought only on God, reflected on Him, and Him alone, not the place I was in nor the circumstance, or the waiting, I became so at peace, so tranquil, neither did I fall asleep or speak. To praise God in this way, ministers to our spirit, soul and quiets our thoughts and the body relaxes. We are given a clearer vision of Him. It all becomes good and beautiful, this was my experience prior to being wheeled into the operating room. Reading Psalms before bed and sleep, also places us in a praise before God, 150 or 145 which ever you chose, gives us the peace to endure the hardships and disappointments in life, and we awaken to new thoughts filled with His light. What a glorious blessing to have a close personal relationship with our living Father who loves us. So today, why not partake of such a relationship and love Him back. I realize some of you do this and understand, I encourage those that do not, to go there, see that His promises are true and He is faithful.

Sat 2/21/2004 12:23 AM – doug,goodnight for Friday

Well I am up already, went to sleep at 9pm so three hours is good , the pain became to much, I have had the docs, prescribe a stronger drug, but was unable to go get it. Thanks Dad so much to pick up the girls and take them to Michele, they showed up just in time for dinner, I made a homemade spaghetti for them all. and then Mel crashed to sleep, as with Lillian and I afterward, then the whole house. I think everyone is worn out watching me struggle, and what a mess I look to be, I shuffle around and as much as I attempt to look sharp, one cannot hide the truth, I live in a constant hurt, I will rebound, it is only going to take some time. This weekend holds only rest for Lillian and I, I will feed the kids and Mel heads off to a overnight sleepover tomorrow, then on to Knotts Berry Farm on Sunday with her friends. My main attempt lately is to not fall over, that would seriously complicate matters and we do not need that right now. You all know where and who my eyes are focused on. Hope the weekend holds some sort of enjoyment and rest for each of you. Goodnight and thank you for the continued prayers, Love Doug

Sat 2/21/2004 4:29 AM – doug, good morning for Saturday

As you can see I sleep here and there, trying to maintain with the pills and steroids, everyone else is fast asleep, that is good, I am sure many have a busy day ahead, be well and it may rain? so drive carefully, love Doug

Tue 2/24/2004 3:13 PM – Doug Ware

-----Original Message-----

From: Paul Clairville

Sent: Tuesday, February 24, 2004 3:13 PM

To: paul@westpresburbank.org

Subject: Doug Ware

Doug is in the hospital, Kaiser Woodland Hills, room 5313. He was brought in due to controllable pain yesterday AM, Monday February 23, 2004. He is now resting comfortably and for the most part out of pain.

This is in all likelihood, the beginning of the end. The doctor has told Michelle that he probably will not make it through the night. But as we all know that's in God's hands.

Doug is Doug right now. Faithful, trusting, joking, caring. As I left his room his ex-wife Rhonda was there as were his two girls, Lillian and Meline, his brother and sister, Stephen and Michelle. He is in and out of sleep and surrounded by love.

I am sending with this two of Doug's e-mails I hadn't had time to get to you from Thursday and Saturday.

Blessings.

Paul

<Copy From Thursday February 19, 2004>

<Copy From Saturday February 21, 2004>

Sun 2/29/2004 8:28 PM – Doug Ware

-----Original Message-----

From: Sherman [mailto:sirblue@ix.netcom.com]

Sent: Sunday, February 29, 2004 8:28 PM

To: puzzled21@aol.com; rondalilmel@yahoo.com; sirblue@ix.netcom.com; davetam93@adelphi.net; KatherineCahill@earthlink.net; Connie-j@charter.net; follower71@yahoo.com; w5818@aol.com; bigdog581@yahoo.com; jbartnicki@hotmail.com

Subject: Doug Ware

Dear Friends and Family of doug,

Thank you all for coming this morning, and thank you for helping to bring comfort to Doug during this difficult time.

Attached is the contact list and schedule from this morning as well as some other info.

As of this morning I gave instructions to the staff that he is not to get any medicine other than the morphine. It seems that anything he takes causes him more discomfort than benefit even small amounts of food or liquid. I have tried to encourage him to take as much morphine as makes him comfortable, but like the real fighter that he has been throughout this time he keeps wanting to hang tough. My hat is off to him but I want him to be as comfortable as possible.

Thank you all so much.

Sherman

February 28, 2004

Dear Family and Friends of Doug,

As most of you know I have medical power of attorney for Doug's care. Michelle has the alternate power of attorney in the event I am not available

During the past two years Michelle and I have been closely involved in many aspects of Doug's treatment, including numerous conversations with his healthcare providers and most importantly with Doug himself. Michelle, has been especially involved with almost every aspect of his treatment during the many procedures and day to day matters that have accompanied his illness. We have had many conversations with each other about Doug's care, especially during the most recent events, and also with many members of his closest family during this present time.

Doug was diagnosed with malignant melanoma two years ago which has now metastasized throughout his body including to his brain where there are a number of tumors. He has undergone a number of surgeries, chemo-therapy and radiation therapy. Unfortunately the cancer has not responded to these treatments and at this point none of his various doctors feel there is any further treatment they can offer that is likely to be of any benefit.

Last week Doug had a surgery to remove several lumps that were causing him increasing discomfort. This was done not with the expectation of curing him but only to provide some measure of comfort.

Unfortunately he began to experience severe headaches and nausea shortly after the surgery and we eventually had to have him taken to the emergency room to help deal with the pain. A cat scan revealed that a tumor in his head had grown quite substantial and was putting pressure both on his brain and preventing the normal drainage of fluids from the brain thereby also creating pressure. .Based on the extensive nature of neuro-surgery that would have been necessary to remove the tumor or to allow drainage of fluids from the brain and the likely after effects of such surgery, Doug decided not to have the surgery and to essentially proceed only with palliative care to minimize pain and otherwise make him comfortable. This was also the stated or implied recommendation of several of his doctors Based on his overall condition, and my conversation with him (both at the time and in the past), and discussion with his doctors and with his closest family members and friends, and the prognosis I concurred with his decision.

During the period he was in the Hospital it required a high dose of Morphine, steroids and other medicine before his pain could be brought under control. Given the amount of medicine he was taking I believe that he could not be considered completely capable of making a clear decision, but given all the circumstances I believe it was the absolutely the correct decision.

Doug is now in Tarzana Nursing Home as an acute care patient. The expectation is that the tumor in his brain will continue to grow, perhaps quite rapidly, as well as a continued build up of fluid that is requiring increasing amounts of morphine to stem the rise in pain. He also suffers from considerable nausea caused by his condition and by some of his medicines.

Doug has been extraordinarily heroic throughout his battle. As much as he has known in recent weeks where it would eventually end, there has been a certain suddenness to these recent events that now makes the end far more imminent than Doug or any of us might have expected. Even now he does not completely understand or is willing to accept that the battle is coming to an end so very, very soon and at times talks about leaving to go home. I have made the decision in discussion with other family members that at this time that it would serve no purpose to convince him otherwise.

It is extremely unlikely that he will be going home.

The Medical staff at the nursing home are instructed not to take any action to artificially extend Dougs life or to perform any extraordinary life saving techniques. Our sole concern is to make Doug as pain free and comfortable as possible.

In this regard, while I believe the facility provides excellent care overall for what it is, in order to help achieve the most pain free and comfortable circumstances for him it is critical that some one be there as much as possible, to help meet his needs in various ways, and simply to keep him company. Thank you for sharing in this important effort.

You should be aware that Doug has become increasingly agitated. This is not something he has any control over and is a direct result of the effect of his brain tumors. You may find that at times he may even say things that appear hurtful, and please you must not take this personal in anyway, but instead think only about taking care of Doug during this most difficult of times.

s

Mon 3/1/2004 11:53 AM – Doug Ware

-----Original Message-----

From: Connie J. Estrada [mailto:connie-j@charter.net]

Sent: Monday, March 01, 2004 11:53 AM

To: Sherman; puzzled21@aol.com; davetam93@adelphia.net; KatherineCahill@earthlink.net; follower71@yahoo.com; w5818@aol.com; jbartnicki@hotmail.com; rhondalilmel@yahoo.com; bigdogs81@yahoo.com; tmaruhnich@prodigy.net

Subject: Re: Doug Ware

2-29-04 10:30-3am 3-1-04

Doug was very uncomfortable when I was with him last night, but he was able to sit up, stand and lay down again in bed after much pain. I had to get the nurse to administer the meds because he couldn't. When I get back tonight I would like someone to show me how to do that. The nursing staff is very busy and tried hard to be with us as much as they could. I will see you later Katherine. By 3am he had been able to lay down and fall asleep again, I hope that lasted awhile.

Love, Connie

Sherman, I was with Doug from 10:30 to 3 am last night, Steve came at that time. Doug was awake and very uncomfortable. Ice helps the head pain some, nurses came twice to help with med, but Doug was not able to do it himself. He was up in a chair and standing for a long time. He was back in bed and finally asleep by 3am. I found a good chair for us at that time, hope we can keep it in the room!

Tue 3/2/2004 3:45 PM - Doug Ware

-----Original Message-----

From: Paul Clairville [mailto:paul@westpresburbank.org]

Sent: Tuesday, March 02, 2004 3:45 PM

To: paul@westpresburbank.org

Subject: Doug Ware

I just received word from Katherine Cahill that due to increased pain they are going to place Doug in a coma which he will not come out of this side of heaven. Please pray for his family as they begin this part of the journey. It is a hard, hard road they are walking.

Paul

Wed 3/3/2004 1:11 AM – Doug Ware

-----Original Message-----

From: Sherman [mailto:sirblue@ix.netcom.com]

Sent: Wednesday, March 03, 2004 1:11 AM

To: All

Subject: Doug Ware

Douglass Ware

April 7, 1956 - March 3, 2004



Doug quietly passed away in the early morning after an heroic battle against a terrible foe. We are thankful that he is free of his pain and we know he is now in a far better place looking
over
Melanie and Lillian
his two beloved daughters.

Wed 3/3/2004 8:28 AM - Doug Ware

At 12:20 AM Wednesday March 3, 2004 our dear friend Doug went home to be with the Lord. It was very peaceful. He had been suffering so. The pain was getting intolerable even with very a very strong dose of morphine. Connie Estrada was with him at the end. He was not bereft of human contact.

There will be a service at West Pres. I will be sending out more information as I receive it.

Thank you for all your prayers. Please continue to do so for his family and kids.

Paul

Wed 3/3/2004 11:22 AM - Service for Doug Ware

The service of witness to the resurrection for Doug Ware will be at Westminster on Saturday March 6, 2004 at 11:00 a.m. Several of you have asked if there is anything you can do. I don't yet know, because all the pieces are not yet put together. As soon as I know anything I will let you know. One thing that would probably be helpful would be to let anyone in the church know whom you know not to have e-mail, or who doesn't check it regularly.

Thanks again

Paul

Wed 3/3/2004 2:59 PM - Doug Ware

Dear members of the church. As you know Doug Ware went home to surf the oceans of heaven this morning at 12:20 a.m. Connie Estrada was with him as was a cloud of witnesses and all of you in your prayers.

The service of celebration will be Saturday March 6, 2004 at 11:00 a.m. Michelle and the family have asked two things about the service . . .

1. Instead of followers or gifts please make donations to Westminster Pres
2. Please come to the service dressed CAUSALLY Doug wouldn't have it any other way.

We anticipate this service will be quite full. Anything any of you can do to make our visitors welcome and comfortable would be greatly appreciated. If you would like to help with ushering please e-mail Marcy Bucy.

Connie Rinicker and Linda Dinwoody are coordinating a fellowship hour after the service. If you would like to help with this you may call Connie at work, or call or e-mail Linda Dinwoody.

I thank God for each and everyone of you.

Paul