

TRIBAL MEMBER NEWS



Staff Sgt. Morgan and First Lt. Ryan T. King

King Returns from Iraq

First Lt. Ryan T. King, USMC, graduate of Virginia Military Institute, grandson of Mary Johnson Grabert, and son of Judy Grabert King, returned from deployment to Fallujah, Iraq, at the end of September.

He is attached to the 1st Battalion 10th Marines, Alpha Battery and is stationed at Camp Lejeune, N.C. The picture shows Ryan (right) with Staff Sgt. Morgan on the morning of Ryan's return from Iraq.

Our family is thankful for his safe return.

My Son, John – His Birth

by Mark Pullam

In the course of events, when one remembers the real important ones, one can always find the humor in any situation. I have told this story many times and for my son's 11th birthday, I promised him I would write it down and submit it so he could see it in print.

My wife had been in labor for more than 20 hours and was having trouble delivering our son. He was such a healthy baby, but he got stuck and the doctor had to do an emergency C-section to remove my son and save him and my wife's life.

I had to make the hardest decision of my young life when I was asked by the doctor if he had to save only one, which person would he save – my wife or my son. I had discussed this with my wife previously and we had decided that if there was a choice to be made, my son would be the one to save.

Our pediatrician, Dr. Wikes, was the best there was, so he assured me he would try to save both of them. With fear in my voice, I said to him, "Save my son. My wife and I already decided that."

So he nodded and off went my wife to the operating room with nurses and doctors scrambling to get it ready. I was ushered into a room where a scrub nurse tossed a set of scrubs my way and told me to get ready. I was going to have to wear them in the operating room.

Much to my chagrin, they were about two sizes too small. I am a large man and the scrubs were for a man half my size! Well, by some miracle I got the bottom half on, but could not fit into the shirt at all. The disgusted nurse then gave me a long surgical robe to wear instead and I

was ushered into the operating room post-haste. I saw my wife on a board that looked like a big T and she was firmly secured and had been given a spinal tap to numb her.

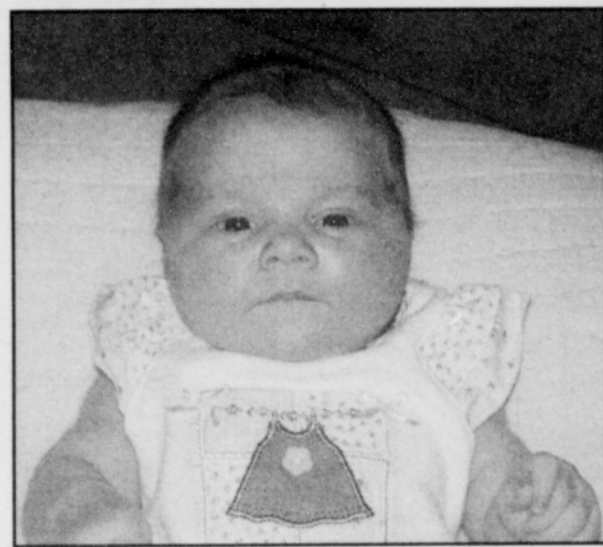
The operating room was full of doctors and nurses and also a group of medical students that was there to observe the operation. I was standing by my wife's head, providing comfort and support. The nurse monitoring my wife's vitals was near me and stated to the doctor in a cute southern drawl, "Doctor, why don't this man have a mask on?"

Dr. Wikes immediately started to swear at the nurses and told them to find me a hat and surgical mask right now! Dr. Wikes also had an attending physician, Dr. Balderson, as an assistant. He was a young doctor on his surgical rotation.

As Dr. Wikes started the procedure, he had a screen put up so Tammy and I would not have to look if we did not want to. Being a chicken when it comes to blood, I was grateful for the screen and the ability to just listen to the doctor.

As Dr. Wikes started his first cut, my wife's monitor went flat line and the alarm went off! Dr. Wikes started to scramble and as he started to yell instructions to his team, Dr. Balderson said to him, "Doctor, how can she be dead? She is still talking?"

The monitor sensor had fallen off her finger as she lay on the operating table. Dr. Wikes then berated the staff about shoddy work and went back to the operation. He started his incision and I heard a loud "thump" over by the medical students. One of them had passed out and no one was helping him at all. They just stepped over him!



Ainsley Raye Kahler

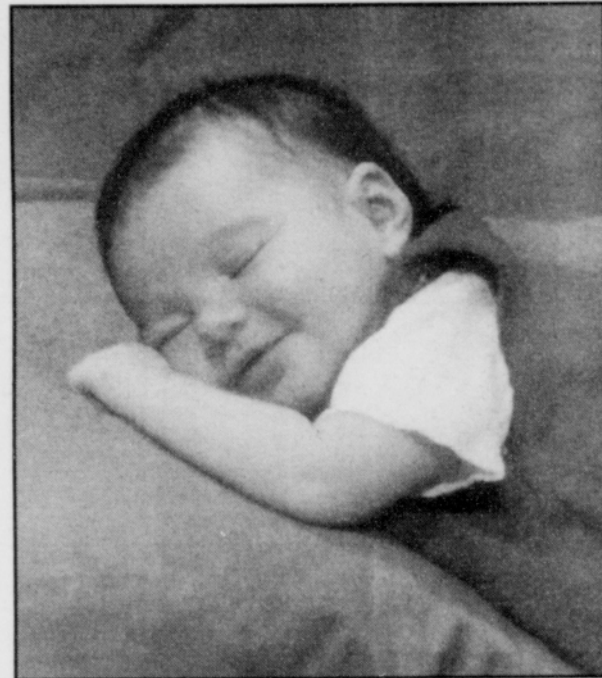
by Mommy, Daddy, and big sister Bailey

Ainsley Raye Kahler was born Sept. 6, 2005, at 4:30 p.m.

She weighed 9 pounds, 8 ounces, and was 20½ inches long.

Ainsley is the granddaughter of Susie Leppert and great-granddaughter of Illa Hoiness.

We love you!



Natalee Marie Solis

Natalee Marie Solis was born July 18, 2005. She weighed 8 pounds, 2 ounces, and was 20½ inches long.

Her parents are Kimberly Taylor Solis and Raymond Solis of Eureka, Calif. Her great-grandfather is Keith Taylor of McKinleyville, Calif., and she is the beautiful great-great-granddaughter of Agnes Baker Pilgrim of Grants Pass, Ore.

Agnes is so honored that her Creator allowed her to live to see her fifth to enter her world. She says she is so blessed.

As I started to turn and leave, my pants fell completely off and were around my ankles! I looked over at Dr. Balderson and said to him, "I can't do this." He tried to assure me it was natural for new fathers to be anxious about new babies, but the bonding process was necessary.

I then informed him that I was not having problems with bonding, but to look down. He was confused and I more urgently asked him to **look down**. He did and had trouble stifling a laugh as he saw my scrubs pants down around my ankles! Dr. Balderson took my son and I pulled up my pants and we headed to the nursery.

As we were on our way with Dr. Balderson holding my newborn son, we passed the nurses' station. The nurses started to tease Dr. Balderson about how good he looked holding a baby. It seemed that the young doctor was a very eligible bachelor.

Well, one nurse in particular seemed to be very interested in young Dr. Balderson. She looked at him like an eagle looks like when it spots a field mouse – total concentration and the field mouse has no chance of escape. I saw that look in her eyes and the doctor was toast.

When we got my son to the nursery, I informed young Dr. Balderson that he was doomed (a year later we got an invitation to his wedding).

When I got back to see my son that night, I thanked the Creator for giving me a son so perfect. He was asleep and I took him out into the hallway and as I looked into the stars outside the window, I lifted him up and introduced him to my ancestors as my son, John.