

PERSONAL TESTIMONY ABOUT MY MOTHER'S LIFE

by Ken Wright

My mother, Marie Alice (Nesladek) Wright had to suffer significant pain and tragedy in her life. On August 30, 1950, my older brother Harold Edwin Wright III was born in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. My mother, who at a height of only 5 feet, 2 inches, was a rather petite woman. My mother was having significant difficulty during her labor for giving birth to her first child – Harold Edwin Wright III. The doctor, assisting with the birth, used forceps to take hold of the baby's head. A newborn baby does not have a fully developed skull at birth. The forceps penetrated the soft portion of the baby's head resulting in Harold being born severely mentally handicapped. My parents waited 6 years to have another child which turned out to be me, born on February 15, 1956, at Children's Hospital in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Had Harold been born without brain damage, I may not have ever been born. Only the Lord God knows the answer to that. My mother gave birth to my younger brother John Scott Wright on November 29, 1957, and to my sister Sandra Lynn (Wright) McCann on December 9, 1961. In September 1962 when I was 6 1/2 years old, I became ill with the mumps, spinal meningitis, and encephalitis and was hospitalized for a week. I had a fever over 105°F and was placed in ice baths to cool me down. I was not expected to live. The Lord God had other plans for my life and I survived.

Beginning on the Weekend of the 4th of July, my family drove from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to Sanford Lake, near Sanford, Michigan, to camp for the week on vacation with my father's family - the families of my father's brothers and sisters. On Monday, July 5, tragedy struck our family. My brother and I were fishing off the pier on Sanford Lake. My parents took off back to my Uncle Floyd Wright's house trailer. Something happened that I have no memory of - what I may have witnessed was so horrible that my brain just blocked it out. My brother Jon Scott apparently tripped over a chair on the pier and fell into the lake. My parents came back and asked me where my brother went. I had no clue. We spent much time looking all over for him. One of my cousins dove into the water to search for him. He found my brother's lifeless body in three feet of water. My family tried to revive him, but he was pronounced dead at Midland

Emergency Hospital in Midland, Michigan. It has to be the hardest thing for a parent to lose a child. For a few years after my brother Jon Scott drowned, my mother refused to go on vacations because she was so afraid something bad would happen to another family member. My mother had a hard time finding much joy in her life.

My sister Sandra Lynn (Sandy) and I accepted Jesus Christ as our Savior and Lord on August 25, 1974. From that time on both of us were able to be a spiritual influence on my mother. I believe she slowly started focusing on the Lord God because she would tell both my sister and me that she was praying for us and our families. In the twilight of her life, my mother fully accepted Jesus Christ as our Savior and Lord and attended worship service with my sister's family regularly. In 2008, my mother was still living at the house where I grew up as a child and adolescent on Lorene Avenue in Milwaukee. She was living there alone because my father had begun his eternal life with the Lord Jesus Christ four years ago in 2004. My mother suffered from a minor stroke that caused her to collapse on the floor of the kitchen. It was several hours before my sister had found her after trying to call her on the telephone with no response. The stroke left my mother with some difficulty walking. It was no longer a good idea for my mother to live at her house alone.

My sister Sandy arranged to have her moved to an Assisted Living Home in Menomonee Falls, Wisconsin. In February, 2010, my mother fell and broke her hip. She was in significant pain and had to remain in bed. At that point she lost her will to live and was taken care of by a Hospice group. I was living and working in Southern California at the time, so I flew back to Wisconsin to be with her during her last days just as I did with my father in April of 2004. It was February 21, 2010, my parents' Wedding Anniversary. They would have been married 65 years on that day. I told my mother that father was waiting for her and today is her anniversary. It was time to go home to be with him again. However, my mother was a bit stubborn and held out for one more day. At about 0600 Central Standard Time on February 22, 2010, my mother began to start breathing hard. I believe her heart was stopping. As she gasped her last breath, her eyes opened. A tear came from her right eye. I believe I could see the reflection in her eye of the family members in the heavenly realm calling for her. I believe she was seeing my father, her mother, and my brother Jon Scott. After that, her eyes closed and she was in peace. The medical doctor at the Assisted Living Facility pronounced her dead. My mother went to be with

the Lord Jesus on Monday, February 22, 2010. I believe my mother had to keep my father waiting one more day because she was going to him on her time and terms, not his. My father always called my mother the boss.