

DRBAGLEY



THE
KILLER
STRAWBERRY
MILKSHAKE

A true story

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THE KILLER STRAWBERRY MILK SHAKE

A True Story

I was ready to celebrate! I had just transferred my edited version of the 22 chapters of my book to my co-author. A life long goal had been accomplished. Linda's story and our relationship now documented and handed off to the different categories of professionals for the final editing, designing and cover work.

As I sat with Michael Ashley, my co-author, looking at the lunch menu at IHop the strawberry milk shake just seemed like the appropriate beverage to honor this occasion, no champagne on the menu, so a milk shake would be the substitute beverage. Salute!

Drinking the whole strawberry milk shake increased the pleasure I felt. It seemed to have been the perfect way to mark

this milestone.

I dropped Michael off at John Wayne Airport for his flight home to Idaho and pointed my car in the direction of my home in Irvine.

My landlord, Sue was on a nine day trip with her family and my other housemate had left for the weekend. I liked the idea of a quiet three or four days to myself. I settled in.

I am not sure when I lost my glasses and my medication box. I may have missed taking my meds for a few days.

Sometime on Saturday I thought a energy pick-me-up would be a good idea so I picked up a smoothy. I felt weaker than normal.

My asthma kicked in and I started coughing up more phlegm than usual.

I think I spent the entire day on Sunday sleeping. I was getting weaker and more confused.

On Monday I had one task on my to do list, have a fasting blood test at Quest. I picked up another smoothy on the way home. The icy cold smoothy was aggravating my asthma but I was fixated on it boosting my energy.

At this point I hadn't interacted with anyone since Friday except for the Quest staff. Pretty much just down to business and I was how of there.

Tuesday morning at 1:00 AM I was woken up by my doctor

calling me. Dr. Muhammad Ali was highly concerned... my results from the fasting blood test were back, 515. He was telling me to call 911. In my mental fog and still half asleep I remember I suggested I could go to his office first thing in the morning. I think he ended the call by saying, "You are in trouble and you need to take action."

3 hours later I found myself still sitting on the side of the bed. I was so confused and weak I hadn't moved. When I realized it was 4:00 AM I decided I had to do something so I drove myself to the hospital ER.

I think I was the only patient when I walked into the ER at the hospital. They put me on monitors, gave me a fast acting shot to bring my blood sugar down and started working up a treatment plan from my diagnosis.

Initially I told the staff I lived by myself and that set off all kinds of alarms. When my daughter Stefani arrived she was able to help me explain to the staff I had housemates but that weekend everyone was gone.

While the hospital case manager was talking to me about my support system Dr. Ali called me on my cell to check if I had gotten to the hospital. We had a quick three way conversation. I was to go to his office as soon as he had received all my case files.

It seemed like everyone I needed showed up. Jenn Gaskin had been focused on praying for me since she and John had seen me weeks earlier. Jim and Laura Seiler asked me to stay with them in their guest room a few days. Mark Waren keep checking on me. Denny Spruce ordered a humidifier and had

it delivered to my house. When Sue arrived back home we sat down and planned how to change the food purchasing, meal planning and preparation.

One and half weeks later the new behaviors brought my blood sugar down to 125. 120 is the target number. I am guessing a bit, but I probably was somewhere between 200 to 250 when my mind flipped upside down and the brain fog settled in. At 500+ people go into a sugar comma with the out come death.

If the Lord had not reminded me to go do the fasting blood test on Monday and I had remained by myself another 24 to 48 hours this story would have had a completely different ending.

Friends would have asked, "How did he die?"

“He went in to a sugar comma and died. He over did it when he had that killer strawberry milk shake.”

Going through this crisis has taught me the following lessons.

- 1. I could have died in a diabetic comma.*
- 2. Personal care and concern for me by Dr. Ali saved my life*
- 3. This family crisis could have been avoided. I need to do better for my family and friends... I put them through hell.*

Questions I am learning to ask...

I didn't talk about being diabetic with my closest friends.

I have met with my Power of 4 group for eighteen years but they had not heard me talk about being a diabetic... why?

I have traveled cross the world with Jim Seiler. We have lunch or dinner once a week... he had no idea I was diabetic... why?

Michael, my co-author had 250 pages of notes about my life with Linda and I never spoke about being diabetic... why?

What ever the reasons were the behavior has to change. I am going to find a way to protect myself, my family and my friends. I view it as childish and selfish on my part in avoiding the responsibility for my health. I need and will be accountable for my diabetes.

I accomplished a major life goal, only to be taken out by a

strawberry milk shake Isn't the way I want to be remembered. I will do better.

My life motto has been "Finish well, together". As never before, I now see how much I need and depend on my network of people that surround me. My silents and my lack of prioritizing my health will change.

Circle of Care

One of the actions I have taken was to make a list of people I call my Circle of Care and provide them with each other's contact info and empower them to talk to each other.

I did this when I was living with my 96 year old mother and the it paid off. When my mother fell and broke her

hip one of her Circle of Care women went looking for her, found her and called the paramedics. If I face another crisis I believe my network will spring into act and come find me.

Often we think the family members will fill the role of a Circle of Care, but when age or illness separates a senior citizen from the daily routine of their younger members of their family others will need to be added to the Circle of Care. In my mothers case those from her neighborhood and church.

Steve Bagley's Circle of Care

A Circle of Care is a network of people who interact with different parts of a senior citizen's life. This collection of caring people are then empowered to become connected to

each other to create an observational safety net that can alert others of critical changes as they are discovered in the life of the senior.

My recent diabetic crisis made me aware that I already have such a network around me, but the communication information was missing. This is my attempt to create the connections between my network of friends and family. Hopefully, by preparing for changes as I age fear about my health will be reduced, concerns will be shared between those who pray and I will be blessed to live in an atmosphere of spiritual accountability.