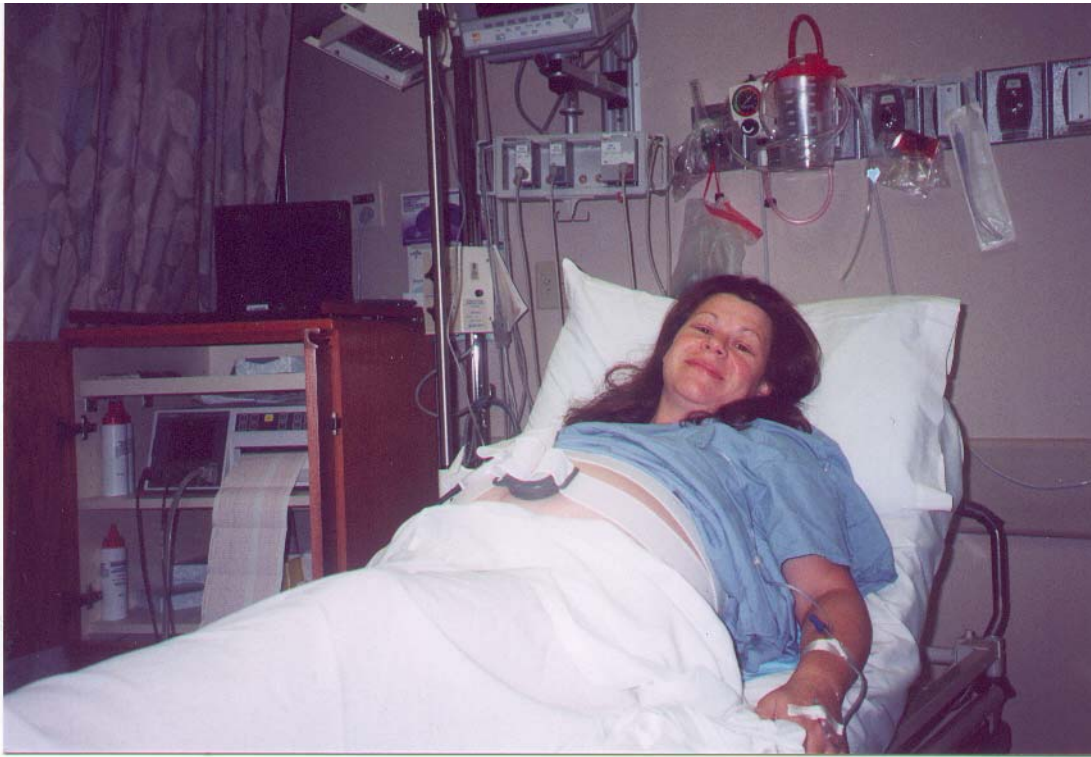


Michael Commins Prendeville

July 17, 2002 started at 5:30am with a pull on my toe from Dawn who had been up most of the night. I had opted to try to get some sleep and apparently was somewhat successful. I had strict instructions from Dawn that she was to be delivered unhurried and fresh to labor and delivery at Lehigh Valley Hospital no later than 0700. Check in occurred at 0710, slightly behind schedule. Since Dawn was first in the queue, the medical staff immediately went to work rigging her with a myriad of wires, hoses, clamps, and switches. The production efficiency was remarkable. Dawn and the nurses began discussions of what I would consider far too personal a nature for me to listen to so I opted for a cup of coffee in the lobby.



On my immediate return, I was presented with a set of OR scrubs and provided instructions for wearing them. (I love nurses, they take NOTHING for granted) After dressing the part of a surgeon, I was told to sit in a lonely chair outside the entrance to the OR and wait for my invitation to the OR. At 0820 I was summoned to appear in the OR, which was only 70 minutes since we arrived. My walk of only 30 feet was surreal, sort of like a "dead man walking" syndrome, but the ultimate contradiction to it. This was going too fast, my coffee was still hot.

The OR was full of people named Michael, the doctor, anesthetist, myself, and my son were all Michael. The vibe was indeed good. I sat next to Dawn and stroked her arm. At 0825, the anesthetist invited me to stand and peek over the surgical curtain separating me from Dawn's internal workings. At 0825 I saw my son for the first time as he made his way into the world. As predicted, tears of joy impeded my initial view. I stayed with Michael for the next 4 hours. He tipped the scales at 7.5lbs and had reddish blond hair.

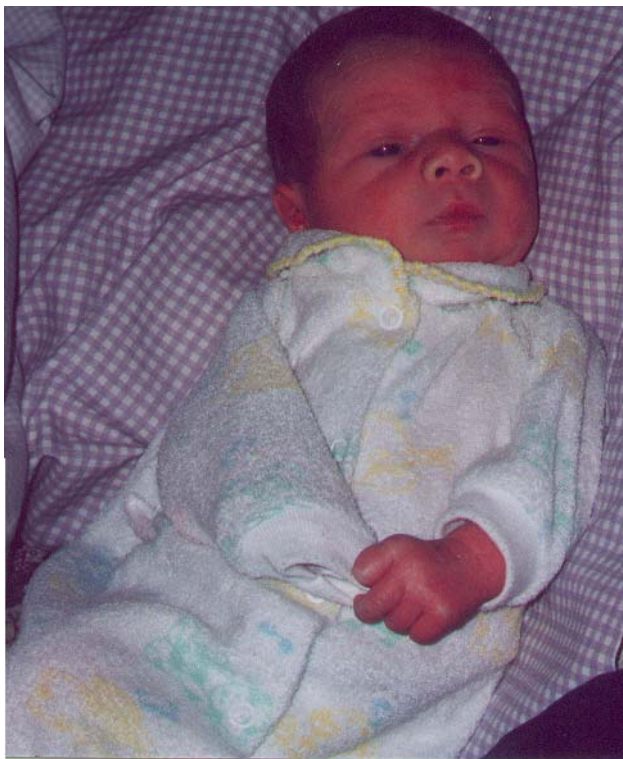
Undoubtedly, there are numerous stories to share however if I write anymore I would be giving you the impression

that I have extra time on my hands. Since I do not, I will temporarily stop here. Rather than jumping right into a web page, I think I am going to report this experience through a journal and periodically provide updates to the journal. I will piece the entire journal together on the web.

And now, my son, Michael Commins Prendeville.









To be continued.....