

All in the Family

Giving Blood Can Be Fun

By Sarah Child



The girl who lines up the bloodmobile workers in our town called yesterday and wanted to know if I'd "do" our street again.

"It'll be short work," she assured me. "Out of 40 possibles, there are only five of you that give."

Having recruited donors on and off for the last six years or so I am aware that some people listed on the bloodmobile's donor cards as chronically ill are actually chronically ill. They can't give blood now and possibly never will be able to.

I am also aware that for every disabled person, there are many who are scared to death of the process. They may tell you that they don't like what the Red Cross did in World War II or they don't like the idea of their blood going to someone else's veins or that they are flying to Antarctica on the day the bloodmobile is due here.

But, underneath it all, they are scared witless of having enough brood drawn from their arm to fill a pint plastic bag.

I can sympathize for I am a coward myself. I am afraid of heights, whether in an airplane or a 19-story building. I am afraid of chickens—from Rhode Island Reds to Banty roosters. That's just for starters.

But giving blood I am not afraid of. And the reason is simple.

The bloodmobile is my friend. Oh, I don't mean that it will help me should I require blood. That, too, I hope.

But twice a year I look forward to a solid hour of bliss at the bloodmobile.

I suppose you have to have three pre-schoolers to appreciate the logic, but hold on and I'll try to draw the picture for you.

I usually make my appointment for 1 in the afternoon. That's when I hit my midday slump—if I haven't been slumping all day anyway.

At 12:55 I drive to the church where the bloodmobile is stationed and take my three youngsters up to a nursery setting

that is bright, cheery and staffed with more toys than they've seen in a while. There are usually two, sometimes three women to take care of six to eight kids.

I go downstairs, usually accompanied by a friend and we give pertinent information, have our temps taken and our ear lobes pricked.

Then somebody hands us an orange drink and then we stretch out on comfortable, green tables and most of the time I do not feel the needle going in the arm.

Then in a few minutes somebody says, "Gee, you're a fast giver but don't move yet" and then in a few more minutes somebody says I can sit up.

Then a man comes and helps me over to the coffee table, one hand under my elbow. Helps me! Me who can pick up both son and tricycle and lug them up the driveway when they refuse to part company.

My friend is already at the coffee table and having downed some water is starting to fix herself some cheese spread and crackers. I eye the tray of coffee the coffee aides are beginning to stare a little and so we thank everybody politely and I go to pick up my kids. By now the women sitters have left and a handful of teenage girls are in charge. My kids don't want to leave and I'm tempted to go back and see if I can't go through again.

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'Population' Meeting Topic

Population will be the topic at a meeting sponsored by the Nazareth College Alumnae Association at 8:15 p.m. Friday in the Sacred Heart Cathedral rectory hall.

Father Albert Bartlett, rector of McQuaid, will be the speaker. The meeting is open to the public, but reservations should be made with Mrs. Francis Ferris, 352-4218. Admission is \$1.

50th Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. Harold E. Bayer of Culver Parkway will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary Sunday, March 28.

Father Leonard A. Kelly will celebrate Mass for them at 3 p.m. in St. Ambrose Church, and their nephew, the Rev. Mr. Peter Bayer, will preach the homily. Afterward, their sons and daughters-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harold C. Bayer and Mr. and Mrs. Donald A. Bayer, will give a dinner at the Hospitality House.

The Bayers have 16 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.