

Dear Dr. Windsor:

I want you to know how great – and grateful – I am feeling.

Forgive me for not writing to you sooner. This has been an unexpected emotional journey, and I haven't had the words to express what I need to say to you. But today for the first time, I walked a mile in 30 minutes on the treadmill (yeah, me!) and I am feeling fine, so it's time for me to try to say some of these things in my heart.

Dr. Windsor, not a day goes by that I don't think of you. Not a day goes by that I don't marvel over living pain-free. Not day goes by that I don't appreciate doing all those mommy things with my boys, like reading bedtime stories, that I avoided because those activities worsened the pain and left me completely exhausted.

And each and every day, I pray to God that others like me find their way to your door. (I have been telling everyone about you and asking that they mention your name to others in the hopes that even one more person who needs you can find you.)

I can't find the words to completely express my thanks to you. I started hundreds of letters to you in my head and on paper, but the words alone are far too inadequate. I tried to think of a gift to send you that would represent my gratitude, but short of offering you one of my kidneys, nothing suffices. So I have donated to numerous local, national and international charities in your honor, threw myself into volunteering for several causes, sent care packages to lonely and needy soldiers (AnySoldier.com) all in an effort to celebrate my rebirth and spread the love. Yet it still doesn't feel like enough. You didn't just give me my life back, you changed my children's childhoods from one where Mommy was never quite there and had scary sick times to one where I can be there to do all those wonderful Mommy things for them that will make them happier adults with many wonderful childhood memories to cherish.

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I spent the day playing with Ryan at a working farm/play land until he dropped from exhaustion—without stopping for codeine! I cheered Michael through a soccer game for the first time without retiring to the car to sit it out and pop Advil! I took Matthew to two evening school events—just the two of us, and had so much fun together when I use to have to stay home from those! We took all three boys to a pro ice hockey game, sat behind the goal and pounded on the glass when the players slammed up and had a blast, even rode the metro! None of this was possible before. All those years, all that pain, all those drugs – no exaggeration when I say I could taste those meds throughout my entire body, and now I am always aware of this sensation of clean throughout my entire system to be rid of them, all those appointments, all that bad medical advice. You saved me from all of that, too.

Thank you, Dr. Windsor. I will continue to think of you and pray for you. With each day that comes, I truly hope that you and your family are surrounded by a protective force field of goodness, peace, love, good health and happiness.

Sincerely,

Sue Fox