

Katherine Lassiter Shores

Born July 1, 1925 – Died November 21, 2004

Many times I have often heard my parents and grandparents speak of my sickness during my early childhood. Even the old family doctor, the late Dr. S. A. Saunders didn't expect me to live when I was nine months old. I was a breast baby, but I could not even have my mother's milk. I was fed through my stomach with a needle by our old family doctor. This was a solution of water that had been boiled mixed with sugar one time and salt the next time. When the doctor inserted the needle into my stomach, my mother begged him not to do it because "it might hurt my baby". Then he explained, "No, this will help her". I had a breathing problem, and was so frail. This feeding through my stomach gave me enough strength after a long term, to start on my mother's breast milk. It was then that everyone seem to have hope that I might live. This was a battle for my mother and father, for it took a lot love and care. I was very tiny and pale, but our Heavenly Father came on the scene.

As time went on, I was always subject to taking colds so easy. I always had a cough. When I started to school, I had to walk for miles in the cold along with my two older sisters. I was always behind them, because I was coughing so much and out of breath. Sometimes our father would take us to school on a mule and cart. No school bus at all for this little country school. I attended this school in the first grade. After this I started going to a school in Ahoskie, N. C. in the second and third grade. There was a school bus to travel on then. Leaving Ahoskie school after the third grade, I entered Aulander school in the fourth grade. Still coughing and trying to stay in school with the help of cough drops. Many times my mother would give me some sugar in my hand to go to bed with when I didn't have cough drops. One of my younger sisters next to my age and I shared a bed together. She would take an old stool chair and put quilts or pillows on it so I could sit straight up in bed so I could breathe better. Many times my parents would take me to our old family doctor, the late Dr. S. A. Saunders and he would do a fluoroscope (a type of x-ray) and said my lungs looked like clouds. I had bronchitis, and pneumonia, so many times. At the age of 13, I started hemorrhaging from my lungs. It was then that everyone thought I might have tuberculosis. I was determined that I would fight on. By the help and grace of God graduated in May of 1944.

Legal On July 10th of this same year, my husband Henry Irvin Shores and I were united in marriage. It seem that my sickness didn't stop our love for each other. Although I have always had to take a lot of medications and go through a lot of test, our marriage has been a happy life. During my pregnancy I was very sick. I was always loosing weight and couldn't even keep my medicine or food on my stomach. At about the sixth month, the doctor told my husband and parents that I could not breathe for two because I was too weak. I had to take a lot of penicillin. I was still determined that I wanted to try to make it by God's help. With tears in my eyes, the doctor said, "alright, we will try". It was tough but I made it. Thank the Lord, we had a eight pound precious baby boy. He was just as fat and healthy. I had pneumonia after our baby was born. He was born at home, but again I pulled through. He was also a breast baby. When he was about three years old I started coughing up blood again. This put me back in bed again just as I had to do at the sixth month of pregnancy with our first child.

My doctor contacted other doctors in Wilson, N. C. to have more test done. This is the way I have lived. I thank our Heavenly Father for standing by me through all the dark hours. When our first child was six years old and started to school, I got a job and started to work with Planters Peanut Company in Aulander. I was on medication for asthma all the time, also shots

to help my breathing. I worked like this until our son graduated in 1965. My cough was getting worse and I was getting so weak and tired all the time. At this point is when my doctor said I could not work, not very much housework. I took him at his word and stopped. It was during this time our second child came along, a darling baby girl. This was another one of God's wonderful blessings.

I was called to Chapel Hill, N. C. in my early fifties to be tested for Cystic Fibrosis. All the test showed that I did have Cystic Fibrosis with Pseudomonas germ. When my family doctors got the reports, they were astonished. They couldn't believe it. They knew I had Asthma. So the CF staffs did all the test over again to be sure. Yes, it was for real. According to history, I am the oldest patient to be diagnosed, and the oldest still living with the disease in the United States. Praise our wonderful Lord. He has stood by me when the road was so rough and it seem that there was no future for me. He knew I could not make it by myself. The way I take care of myself is depending on my Savior, obeying my doctors orders, taking my medications, getting regular check-ups, be hospitalized for IV's and staying away from people who smoke or other things that upset my breathing. I say lets fight on together, look for a brighter tomorrow, and maybe with our will power and our trust in God, this battle can be won.

(Mother has now gone blind in her left eye and is now on more medications daily to protect her from going all the way blind in her right eye. Mother is now very weak. Please remember my mother in your prayers. God Bless.)

Katherine L. Shores