

TACY IRONS BRACKEN

THE FOLLOWING IS A PRINTED COPY OF A HANDWRITTEN HISTORY OF TACY IRONS BRACKEN BY HERSELF. IT IS NOT A COMPLETE HISTORY.

THE HANDWRITTEN COPY WAS DISCOVERED IN JANUARY 1997 AT THE HOME OF MARY BRACKEN STEELE, A DAUGHTER.

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"In my minds eye I can see a bed surrounded by several people, members of the household, the Nurse and housekeeper and a special friend of mt father's, on their knees praying for the recovery of the teenage girl, occupant of the bed, seriously ill with Typhoid Fever. A massive hemorrhage had caused her to slip into unconsciousness; unable to swallow anything she lay there listless and pale unmindful of anything around her. For ten days she had laid there without and visible change in her condition. Then, ever so slowly change came and recovery seemed possible". (As related to me by my mother)

I was that girl (Tacy Irons) and as I regained consciousness of how seriously ill I had been, and that a miracle had happened in our home.

We lived on a farm about two miles from town; our family then consisted of five girls and one boy with father and mother, eight in all. Our house was large and to keep it warm was a job father assumed and it kept him busy building fires.

The holiday season of the year 1909 has just past, the winter was unusually cold with an abundance of snow.

During the night I had slipped out of bed in a delirium of fever and wandered about the house until I was cold and exhausted. When I came too I was too ill to get up. My four sisters and brother were ill too. The family doctor was there busy trying to determine the nature of the trouble. Mother and Father were worried and upset by the turn of events. A nurse and housekeeper had been summoned to assist with the work.

Before long the doctor pronounced it Typhoid Fever and in the same breath gave the order that none of us should have anything to eat.

Mother having nursed father through a siege of Typhoid Fever some years before had seen him lose pounds and pounds of wight and most of his beautiful curly hair, protested vigorously, insisting that there must be something they could have. Six patients to care for and all young people and all begging for something to eat.

"Well they must have something" and her firm stand caused the doctor some serious reflections. As he couldn't think of anything off hand he said "He would have to consider it carefully." He thought by the next morning she would have reconsidered and had decided to follow Doctor's orders, but she hadn't. "They must have something to eat!"

So the doctor allowed them to have fruit juice and soda crackers, nothing else. Within a week three of the girls were up and about the house. Our brother had pneumonia along with the Typhoid Fever. Sister had a blood clot in her leg and I unconscious from a massive hemorrhage.

The doctor being a very dedicated man spent a lot of time in our home and nothing was neglected that he thought might help.

Relatives and neighbors were so good to bring in fruit juices when our usual plentiful supply dwindled beside helping whenever needed.

Slowly changes took place and complete recovery was only a matter of time. All six patients recovered.

How wonderful it was for me to take just a step or two on my own. I had to learn to walk all over again.

Our brother was walking again too and he was so thin. Dr. Bennett said that he had never before seen a person as thin as he was and live. Sister was doing fine but the nature of her trouble kept her off her feet much longer.

A faithful doctor marveled at the recovery without any bad effects and often expressed his strong belief that a higher power than his had aided the recovery, and that this experience might be the turning point in the treatment of Typhoid Fever thereafter.