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## Poetry

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An early morning dander with Darren on his trike, quickly turned into an emotional sprint home, of which the child had never seen the like.

My simple text asking dad if he needed a lift to church, resulted in him confessing chest pain, which left my husband in the lurch.

The first “Super Sunday” was 6 August 2017, when calls to “out of hours” became part of our Sunday routine.

Even though dad wore a very brave face, we knew the pain was grim, when he asked for an ambulance to transport him up to Antrim.

After multiple stints in A&E, the surgeons offered a hernia op, but the anaesthetist refused in case his blood pressure would drop.

Super Sundays became manic Mondays or just any day of the week, when one of dad's health conditions made life seem very bleak.

The final Super Sunday was the 10 March 2019, when the “out of hours” doctor said a trip to the hospital was the only way to intervene.

The ambulance crew carried dad out, due to his hernia and sciatica pain. An X-ray confirmed a chest infection, which only added confusion to his brain.

He came home that night in the sleet and snow, and miraculously climbed the stairs. Little did we know that 36 h later, God would take him, in answer to his prayers.