

## ABBY

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### Chapter 40 - Patience About Patients

True to their word the four Navaho young women, their Anglo friend Nati, and their dog Ginger all returned in a few days. The dog took to me quickly and proved I could not wear the fur off of her tummy no matter how long she let me rub her. She licked my face from ear to ear with repeated attention. Dog hair exploded all over me, my clothes, and their sofa.

One of the women let it slip that all four were the sister-wives of Nati. They hadn't been able to figure out which of them would marry him. They discovered the Navajo Nation and the State of Arizona honored Utah polygamous marriages. So they did that. Watching a video of them in a line dance at their wedding ceremony solved who had the first dance with him. All four of them had that first dance all at the same time as a traditional Navajo line dance. They had dressed him for their wedding in an adorable doeskin dress complete with fur trimmed hems.

Envy of him erupted in me.

They introduced me to their coach Dr. Cindy Johnson by a computer connection to a ship somewhere at sea. Up close she appeared as drop dead gorgeous as before. She wore a pleated dark pink skirt and a blazing white blouse with ruffles with her long blond hair pulled over her right shoulder. I let my hair grow, dyed it blond, and adopted that appearance. She broadcast from a chair sitting in front of and to the side of a huge electronic screen in a conference room.

I quickly realized she had airbrushed makeup as I did for this occasion.

The four young women called themselves Acolyte healers. They spent four or five minutes on a rapid fire summary to Cindy of the Mansion House without missing any important part of what they knew.

Cindy's brows furrowed. "You sure? This is Sunrise Service time."

"Yes, Cindy." Julia responded. "These people need you bad, and we can learn by listening in."

Cindy relaxed into a gentle smile. "OK; show me around. Let me see what you are all about."

I readied a protest to a tour thinking of inside the residential area, but Julia cut me off. "Start by pivoting the computer camera around this bright and cheery restaurant. Tell the kitchen to bake a batch of spoonbread. I have been savoring having it again every day. We'll trade a few of our special restaurant recipes for that recipe."

One of their recipes they shared was a traditional Navajo preparation of corn and spices that made their hamburgers delicious. We called it Navajo Burger. Customers would return and order it again and again.

She halted the computer turning when it pointed at where the gas station would be, and explained that. She made that explanation better than I would have.

The next halt in pivoting the computer around showed the church across the highway, and the motel being constructed near the church. The construction of that motel kept running into difficulties that stalled progress. The Committee smelled a rat and retaliated by having everything that could be damaged in a flood elevated above the ground floor.

Cindy's face and voice gave away her surprise. "You started a church! What denomination? What's a typical Sunday attendance?"

I answered. "Congregational. Oh, perhaps one hundred fifty adults, plus kids."

She asked. "Started from dead scratch?"

I continued. "Yes, ma'am."

Her response bordered on priceless. "FAN-tas-tic."

Linda pointed out that their church in Arizona chose Congregational and that Cindy followed the Congregational United Church of Christ Book of Worship when she led services on her ship. We talked our Pastors Lucy and Stephanie into a Wednesday evening meeting showing video repeats of Cindy's on board services, or others she admired. Her ship had Saturday evening singing performances by her and another woman named Katie, musical performances, or variety shows. We video repeated those on Saturday evenings. Attendance at our repeats wasn't all that great at first from the general population. Our Mansion House residents quickly enjoyed it. Their talking about it at hospitality after the Sunday service drew in more people who brought their friends.

Cindy's version of on-board faith services seemed different. Not a little different; a lot different. Not so sure how I did this when I had our Pastors Lucy, Stephanie, and Cindy in a deeply spiritual discussion. Lucy and Stephanie had brought multiple copies with them for lending to us of two books of *Saving Jesus From The Church* and *Wisdom Jesus*. I had been surprised reading that learned Ph.D. pastors had put into words what had bothered me about organized religion.

I became more than surprised, shocked even, to hear from Cindy how much she liked those two books, too.

Lucy made a quick glance at Stephanie before asking an open ended question with Cindy on the computer connection. "Is Abby ready for the Gospel of Thomas?"

I had never known anything about a Gospel of Thomas. Not even that it existed. Lucy printed a fifteen page version and handed it to me.

As warned by those Acolytes, Cindy cut no slack. "Talk to Abby about the Gospel of Mary Magdalene, too. People may know that is the Disciple Jesus loved the most, but few know that is the original name of the German born actress Marlene Dietrich."

My stomach felt sick right then. I didn't dare dribble in my diaper which had remained mostly dry. My breasts ached from wanting to express their milk with a pumping.

My sister-wives made more copies of the Gospel of Thomas. We all read it at the same time. The next day all six of us plus Tara and Christina were in Lucy's office.

Our discussion descended from disoriented to very confused. Lucy stayed with us as she kept asking questions. Stephanie arrived from visiting a hospital. She focused all of us on Number Fourteen. The Gospel of Thomas is in numbered quotes of Jesus. Number Fourteen stated:

Jesus said to them, "If you fast, you will bring sin upon yourselves, and if you pray, you will be condemned, and if you give to charity, you will harm your spirit. When you go into any region and walk about in the countryside, when people take you in, eat what they serve you and heal the sick among them. After all, what goes into your mouth won't defile you; what comes out of your mouth will."

All of us other than the Pastors were upset, and especially so by the comment on "give to charity, you will harm your spirit". At that time we had a special Task Force investigating a charitable campaign to buy an ambulance for our medical office to hurry patients to the nearest hospital. Their thinking centered on accident and other emergency cases from the nearby Interstate highway. They had even bigger dreams. This 'harm your spirit' business seemed awfully bad news for our project.

My heart sank. The room became very silent. I heard equipment outside. "I got it. When people give to a charity, they think they control their gift. They do not know that in the language they hear in their head, but buried deep inside that is what they think. What can we do about that?"

Lucy, Stephanie, and Cindy all wanted us to take up that question in a profound way.

Our answer became to include at civic group speeches and put into our literature that we had an Advisory Board in addition to a Board of Directors. Anyone who donated a thousand dollars or more would be invited to the Advisory Board. Donations plummeted, before rising again slowly.

We almost bought a used ambulance before hearing the Acolytes' Uncle Joe at their little town in Arizona had one and did the driving for emergencies. Instead the bank made us another loan for a spiffy new one. That became a separate accounting hassle for billing the state for Medicaid reimbursements.

Our little medical office grew into a bigger space in the shopping center to become an emergency medical facility. Later with a funny loan from the bank called a Community Reinvestment Act, or informally called a community development loan, with our Northside Church partnering with our Mansion House, we had a genuine modern hospital next to the shopping mall. Modern meant well equipped which meant big in my eyes. To us, that partnering idea seemed forced with Mansion House having a majority of the seats on the Church Council governing body, but that's the way they wanted it. The word "they" meant the bank and the local county government.

Cindy surprised me in our next coaching phone call. "When I had my surgery for changing my appearance for fleeing from a drug gang, we had a resident psychologist.

That is in the hospital where I lived. She told me she would never recommend that surgery although my body changed to appearing convincingly feminine. That is, until I opened my mouth when using masculine thinking ruined the effect. She told me something else I feel I should share with Abby. She told me I occupied two different worlds of one masculine and one feminine. That maybe I could explain all the gender differences when no one else could. I get it from *Wisdom Jesus* how I am a unitary person in both worlds at the same time. That can't be explained to others who don't have at least an inkling already of what that means. So, my charge to Abby is to take this all to heart and be both masculine and feminine at the same time. Maybe you can explain it so others can take it in."

Back at an earlier stage of becoming an emergency medical facility, Christina returned from the nearest hospital with a supply of sedatives and hormone treatments. They had introduced her to patients who had failed an extended drug treatment program. Instead of being sent to prison for drug violations they were being kept in diapers and restrained in chains. They had asked her if we would take them.

My sister-wives told me 'no'. First Kitty, then the others backed away from that adamant rejection. I visited each of the Committees and Task Forces on our expanding building plans for the gas station, auto and truck repair, trucker's store, retail strip mall shops, the motel across the highway, and whatever else they were thinking of among themselves. Christina brought in the medical doctor from our little medical facility.

With the help of the bank, again, we expanded the Mansion House sideways which required wrecking a pair of the retail stores. The open air patio at the top floor became a sun lit, cheerful, restful place enclosed in large clear windows for air and noise pollution control.

The lower two floors of the expansion were made into offices and meeting rooms for all of our committees, task forces, therapy groups, and a growing accounting department. The middle floor became our own medical care clinic for ourselves. The top two floors were behind a locked door as if those levels were a psychiatric unit.

The arrival of the first patients caused great distress among our residents. The patients' ankles were in bands connected by a chain. The ankle chain had been held off the floor with another chain rising up under their skirt. They were handcuffed together in pairs. They were silenced with pacifiers held in their mouths with a band around their head.

The great distress came from how much their chains matched our erotic fantasies. Our diaper changing station had to deal with red spots from being rubbed too much in damp or wet diapers for orgasms.

The first patients had been chained in two pairs of two each. The next batch of four more had been chained the same way. All this made the erotic fantasies more rampant.

Christina and Tara talked with the drug treatment staff. What they reported back sounded even worse. All eight women patients had been running a secret prostitution ring in their hospital in exchange for the drugs they were in treatment for giving up. The erotic fantasies among our residents became more vibrant.

I called a Mansion House meeting. The new Dining Hall had become our meeting room. We had to do something about all of the erotic fantasies before those

disrupted us too much and our growing plans.

Christina's ABDL (adult baby diaper lover fetish) husband Misty proposed a very different answer from discussions in a group about the book *Wisdom Jesus*. They came up with *let those thoughts roll. Thank them for coming, and then send them on their way*. If all those fantasies keep coming, allow yourself more fun time in your diapers. You don't have to embarrass yourself by telling anyone. His punch line became 'orgasms prevent heart attacks'. No one disagreed.

He didn't stop there. Invite them to our dining hall. Keep the chains on their ankles and have them handcuffed in pairs. He made a slogan from our sign at the changing and pumping station. "No modesty; no privacy; no drugs." He added, "then we can hold our own counseling sessions over what this means to us."

We did, except we insisted the chains be removed and replaced with monitoring belts out of sight under their clothes. Misty added new software to our security system for continuously tracking where each of the patients were located. At first the patients kept to themselves in the Dining Hall demonstrating they felt they were not welcome.

The hospital didn't like what we did, but they didn't close down this special ward, which counted for they relented. Actually, our contract with them would not have let them withdraw without paying a huge financial penalty. That provision had been derived from the expense of building the new space for them.

Those patients came up with something they could do instead of being scorned wall flowers in monitoring belts and wet diapers. They volunteered for duty in the changing and pumping section. That had always been yucky work our people were glad to be out of, and we had lots of other projects for them and their talents. Our women residents strongly preferred being changed by other women. Our men enjoyed their fantasies of remembering those volunteers in ankle chains. Our self-esteem soared.

Christina, Tara, and their student counselors became suspicious. Christina had the professional credentials to pursue their suspicions. She had our medical doctor join her. The psych unit staff were slipping drugs to their patients in reduced dosages, but never reached zero. They paid us more for rent and our support than they cost us in utilities and the dining hall. The whole thing smelled, and reminded me a little too much of our struggles against the mob of organized crime. No better answer ever developed. More patients were sent to us. For a while they had us hooked on their money.

Cindy wanted, demanded, a tour of our main building which I didn't like thinking of the strict privacy we maintained for ourselves. The answer became for Misty to walk around with a security camera while telling our residents he needed to check our security system. During a call by computer Cindy burst out crying when she saw the sign at our changing and pumping station:

No privacy  
No modesty  
No suicides.

Those women patients brought our gender ratio close to being in a perfect balance. I had heard *if you want to be married, hire a married psychotherapist*. Our psychologist Christina had married Misty before they arrived with us. Our home grown counselor Tara had long established relationships with her sex toys Barbie-Doll and Pat. Within a short time most of our residents were in relationships. Those remaining uncommitted had to eat in the dining hall in their two small groups by their original

gender hidden in their diapers. They felt embarrassed about being singled out that way.

Cindy in a coaching call pushed with how could we reject applications to join. I felt trapped and didn't want to be the Chair anymore.

My sister-wives talked with the Pastors and told me to hold an election. I had been the Chair of the Mansion House organization for too long. They made me angry. They scheduled it anyway.

Tara ran a secret campaign for me to win. Her sex buddies Barbie-Doll and Pat counted the ballots. My doubts about the integrity of the counting were never resolved.

I won on the first ballot by a bare majority of the votes. The other three candidates for Chair received twenty four percent, thirteen percent, and eleven percent of the ballots. Each of them became members of our Board of Directors, the Boards of subsidiary organizations, and chairs of important task forces and study groups.

The bank liked our having an election. They approved an SBA loan for our gas station, another for our truck stop, and another for a major expansion of the stock in our Garden Shop.

Those loans required a business name.

While we were perplexed by that name question, a secretly ABDL lawyer who hadn't been financially successful applied to live with us. He loved being in diapers full time, and he and Misty became good friends. He easily changed his first name and his appearance from Dan to Danielle.

Others with our fetish from the wider community applied to join us. After Danielle joined us we found saying no more difficult.

Cindy told us to run a background check on each applicant. She wanted us to be wary of an infiltration. We told a few of the applicants they could not join us after those checks. The FBI arrested one of those applicants. We rearranged our main building for more private rooms. We expanded the dining hall, and the changing station. We asked the old committee for building the new Mansion House to re-examine the plans for the question of could the structure of our main building support adding floors on top.

The new diapered people brought new skills. One of them named Jacques had been a chef at an expensive premier restaurant in a big city. We worried about a clash with our long standing chef Marsha. Marsha surprised us telling us he had grown tired of the seven days a week three meals a day drag of a routine job. He welcomed some relief. He took a week off reading thrillers and faith books in the glass enclosed patio. They arranged a schedule where each had a day or two off duty each week. Jacques took on coaching our public restaurant kitchen which brought more customers. It needed more space, but the access lanes to the gas station had crowded in. Ultimately we built the additional restaurant space for both the kitchen and for serving customers as an elevated wing over the access lanes.

The lawyer Danielle quickly decided our geographical area could be called Northside after the name of the church across the highway. Our business trade with the Interstate highway could hardly have cared less about our business name. The deep fat fried racists living nearby who could be offended by any reference to the north side of the Civil War didn't have to do business with us. We had plenty without them, and if

they ever found out who we really were, they probably would not have liked us anyway. Or worse, they could bring violence against us.

Jacques grew fonder of the cross-dressing aspect of growing feminine sized breasts. He gave himself a nickname of Jackie. He pushed us to buy and operate pasteurizing equipment for our human milk production. With that in place he rode with our daily delivery of milk to the restaurants who bought our cow lactose free milk from us. On the third trip he returned with lobsters, shrimp, fresh fish, and a few oysters. I told him that it would be unfair, elitist even, for me to enjoy those foods. We had to give all our residents a fair chance. I later found lobster and shellfish were too rich for my stomach.

He put up a dry erase board in the dining hall and divided it into columns. At the top the columns were the quantities that day of those specialty foods. Residents would sign up on the board. He bought ever increasing quantities. He taught our public restaurant how to prepare those foods in an upscale gourmet way. Where we were borrowing dirt for making more dry land we dug a little deeper making our own pond for clam farming which he named as scallops on the menu. A wrought iron fence went up around that pond for keeping alligators out. Residents would take a peaceful break by walking the long docks we had built across the pond. They would throw clam food across the water. The clams fattened. Our restaurant customers became fatter.

Jackie caused a hostile reaction to his idea of changing our public restaurant's name. The Mansion House restaurant logo of an old haunted house on a hill with a dilapidated fence didn't match our bright and cheery restaurant with big windows. He kept at it, and found an artistic group of residents. They created a logo for a Cap'n Jackie's restaurant of a woman pirate dressed in blue, with a scabbard and fancy sword hilt at her left hip, and a red scarf blowing in the wind. Her head had turned for watching the viewer over her left shoulder which gave a maximum effect to her left breast bulging against her blouse. We liked it.

Cap'n Jackie's became a locally famous American gourmet and Seafood restaurant. Customers would flood in around 5pm for when the sign up board there posted the quantities available that evening. We outbid others for fresh seafood, and a supplier sent a truck to us every afternoon. We no longer needed the sign up board.

Barbie-Doll had served many tours of duty at the restaurant cash register. She raised the menu prices. She added things to sell. Original signed art work and prints of fictitious seascapes and Howard Pyle style pirates sold rapidly. Plastic and craft models for sale of shrimp boats, sailing boats and ships, warships, and World War II Liberty cargo ships with paint and glue were stacked on shelves behind the cash register. So were music recordings, and the New Standard Revised Bible and the faith books we liked including one we created, plus a popular few with the religious conservatives.

The Mansion House never had been a place for children. Jackie discovered the Saturday children's sessions at the church across the highway. He had those kids provide their signatures of only their first name. He had those made into a plastic glossy quality bookmarks with a Cap'n Jackie's logo at the top and a 'thank you' with a signature of a kid with disabilities at the bottom. Barbie-Doll raised the prices again and put up a sign about helping those kids. She went further with the waitress and waiter order pads had that same motif. Those pads were for sale, too, with her staff of cashiers asking every paying customer if they wanted one. Those sold like hot cakes at a hefty markup of a dollar each that cost us twenty cents when purchased in bulk lots.

Cap'n Jackie's made us money. The bank sent an armored truck instead of our carrying the money to the bank. The restaurant required more space and another build-out across the access lanes to the gas station. The parking lot needed expanding.

The jail work release program provided a steady supply of twenty-four hour a day maintenance crews. They kept the place spiffy sparkling clean, and constantly emptied the trash receptacles. On their release they came to us for service jobs in the gas station, trucker's store, and later the motel. The original restaurant partially became fast food with a short self-service line of burgers, sub-sandwiches, and salads.

The staff ganged up on me putting me into a Cap'n Jackie's outfit for walking the restaurant during the evening rush. I pushed back for our music group to sing. They did. We had other groups come in emphasizing pop-country music. With my act crossing the restaurant with the scabbard banging chair legs, it all fit for their singing a favorite song Cindy and Katie had created. The classic song *Stand By Your Man* became *Stand By Your Trans*. The crowds loved it. The expensive drinks flowed.

The police frequently parked nearby had a new reason to be attentive to us for drunken customers who sometimes had to call a taxi to take them home. One of the restaurant task force asked the police, and we let them take drunks to the locked psych ward. It had a hefty overnight charge in lieu of a real jail with an arrest record. If they didn't like the charge, they could always be taken to the magistrate and have to return for a court appearance. They paid. A few commented we had the nicest, cleanest, drunk tank they had ever experienced. That comment didn't go on the website.

I couldn't keep it up every night, and neither could the kitchen staff. They hired outside help, and Tara, Misty, and others could play Cap'n Jackie as well as I could. A team of guys with an acting flair took over that role allowing me to return my focus to my functions as the Chair of the organization. One of a series of women violin players would follow the Cap'n Jackie character around the restaurant. The customers loved it.

The same space of the restaurant would be family American and seafood in the early evening and more of a music bar in the late evening. We provided coloring paper place mats of sailing ships and pirates with crayons for the kids. We tried giving those place mats away for free. We tried charging a buck each. In the end we found the kids were happier coloring away and stayed around long enough for the parents as the paying customers to have an or another expensive mixed drink. The markup on the additional drink averaged out as bringing in more money than the place mat cost.

Friday and Saturday late evenings drew crowds who paid well for expensive roast beef, steaks, and seafood in ever increasing quantities. We sent early and late daily buses up into Cajun country for outside staff, and sent them home every evening with left over roast beef for their homeless shelter. The restaurant kitchen provided a mid-night meal for our own residents who worked there which grew into any of us could join in. Twenty-four hour a day operations for the interstate customers drove us to sending several bus trips a day for outside staff. With the Cap'n Jackie's restaurant the Mansion House organization had a solid income for the first time.

An intense desire hit me to change my name to Cindy, but who could I talk to about that?