

# Lola Dietrichson: “Lola vs. Phyllis”

Fiction by Angela Bauer  
As told to her

Lola Elizabeth Dietrichson was born into a comfortable, sweet life. She enjoyed good health. Her affluent parents Barbara and Tom loved her so much they did not spoil her.

Then, Barbara was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer in September 2009, three months before Lola turned twelve. At first Barbara was treated at Huntington Hospital in Pasadena, California. Every form of therapy was used on Barbara.

Sadly there still is no cure for pancreatic cancer. When Barbara was no longer willing to continue invasive hopeless treatment, Tom and her medical team accepted that Barbara was terminal.

The Dietrichson home is on the west bank of the Arroyo Seco, surrounded by equally impressive estates. Barbara did not want to die in an institution. She was proud of their home. Everyone agreed Barbara should be moved there. A stair-lift was installed. Tom continued to start each night sleeping in the master bedroom to keep Barbara company. When Barbara required care during the night Tom slept in a guest room.

Phyllis Urner, RN, was hired as Barbara’s private hospice nurse. She moved into a guest room between the master bedroom and the guest room Tom was using.

Before dawn on 22 December 2009, Lola’s actual twelfth birthday, Barbara was found unresponsive, her eyes fixed and dilated, when Phyllis checked her. Pasadena Fire Department paramedics responded, but Barbara was beyond medical help.

Barbara's attending oncologist Peter Dunn, MD, arrived while the paramedics were still on scene. He pronounced Barbara dead. Because her physician signed a death certificate the Los Angeles County Coroner allowed a Pasadena funeral home to claim the body.

The funeral ceremony was delayed until 26 December due to Christmas. Lola attended and wept most of the time.

Tom knew Barbara would want Lola to feel both confident and mature. That summer Barbara decided to enroll Lola in a pre-teen confidence course offered by a modeling school owned by a few former Tournament of Roses Queens and Princesses. Although at the time Lola was only eleven she was taught how to tastefully and appropriately apply cosmetics and to walk like a lady in high heels.

Lola told her father she would be most confident during the funeral wearing sandals with two-inch "Kitten" stiletto high heels and dark pink lipstick. The dress Lola selected she had not yet worn, but was similar to her dresses for church.

Tom's only sister had died during infancy. In his opinion the women his brothers married were silly and immature. During Barbara's illness they discussed who should become the mature woman in Lola's life. Barbara agreed that none of her sisters-in-law were suitable.

Barbara had a sister only a year younger who seemed an ideal mother. They shared the same vision about child rearing. Unfortunately that sister and her family lived two thousand miles away. She could not move to Pasadena and Tom could not move there. Barbara thought about Lola's future far more than her own deteriorating medical condition.

Huntington Hospital had introduced Barbara and Tom to several experienced hospice nurses. She felt the best connection with Phyllis Urner.

Many times when they were alone Barbara urged Tom to include Phyllis in planning Lola's future: "You know, Old Boy, after I am gone you and Lola could have a future with Phyllis."

Remembering those conversations Tom asked Phyllis about letting Lola select her funeral dress and if it would be proper for her to wear Kitten heel sandals and lipstick. Phyllis suggested since it was late December closed-toe pumps would be more appropriate than sandals. Lola had a pair of Kitten heel beige pumps which coordinated with her dress.

That was how Lola dressed for the funeral. It was a fine plan and she felt confident. Unfortunately, for the first time she could remember, Lola wet her panties.

She was still at the church. Phyllis simply took Lola to a ladies' room. There from a large purse she produced a GoodNites for Girls L/XL. Lola did not whine or protest as her wet panties were replaced with the GoodNites.

Phyllis gave the girl an affectionate cuddle: "Today while you were getting dressed I noticed a bag of those on a shelf in your closet. I thought they might be helpful."

"Yes, Nurse Urner, ever since I can remember my Mom always kept a bag of my size disposable diapers on hand. She said if I got really sick I might need those. When I got bigger Mom also kept a bag of Pull-Ups. As I outgrew one size Mom would buy the next larger size and donate the smaller ones to the Sunday school.

"Honestly, this is the first time I have needed a Pull-Up. Long ago when I had the flu and could not control my poop I remember Mom did diaper me. I did mess those diapers, but not my bed.

"Right now I can still fit into a Size 7 Pampers. Just a few weeks ago Mom asked me to borrow one from Sunday school so I could try it at home. There is still a waterproof sheet on my bed, just in case I need it and spares are in my closet," Lola explained without embarrassment.

At the cemetery before the limo drove them home Lola whispered to Phyllis, "Nurse Urner, I sure hope you brought another GoodNites. I wet this one and I have read GoodNites do not have much capacity."

In that ladies' room there was a fold-down Koala-brand changing table. While Lola did not need it, Phyllis made good use of the available baby wipes and powder to keep her comfortable for the drive home in a fresh GoodNites.

Outside while Lola was being consoled by family friends, Phyllis used her cell phone to reach Frank Bracket at the Just-for-Tots infant-to-incontinence store. She explained that during the funeral Lola had wet, twice.

Frank promised that a bag each of: Attends Youth/Small disposable pull-on underwear; Attends Youth tape-on poly plastic briefs; and Attends

Breathable Small cloth-like briefs would be discreetly delivered to the Dietrichson home ASAP that afternoon.

The first time after they all returned home that Phyllis had a chance to do so she directed a middle-age maid named Miriam Garrison to make sure Lola's bed was made-up using a waterproof sheet.

Miriam said, "Mrs. Dietrichson never wanted to embarrass Lola, but she also never kept any of that a secret from the staff. On a shelf in Mrs. Dietrichson's closet there is an old diaper bag stocked with new baby wipes, powder and lotion. She always replaced those every few months."

The bags of Attends were delivered to the service door near the kitchen while those invited to a post-funeral buffet collation were in the living and family rooms. When Miriam could do so discreetly, she informed Phyllis about the Just-for-Tots delivery.

Phyllis walked with Miriam to an even more private spot: "Miriam, I really hate to impose on you, but Mr. Dietrichson asked me to serve as hostess. I should not leave our guests.

"Could you do us a huge favor? Please make sure the new diapers are discreetly taken to Lola's bedroom. Bring the diaper bag there.

"Then will you double-check the GoodNites Lola is wearing? She says those do not hold much and have a reputation for leaking. Use your good judgment; if it is wet help her clean up and put on an Attends Underwear.

"Probably Lola should change to a clean dress; the one she's wearing must be starting to smell."

"Sure thing, Miss Uner; I've changed a million diapers. In my younger days I worked as a nanny for several families. Should you and Mr. Dietrichson decide Lola needs a nanny, please keep me in mind. Lola has always acted as if she likes and trusts me."

Phyllis promised to ask Miriam first if it became necessary for Lola to have a nanny.

Together they walked through the guests until they found Lola. Phyllis explained: "Lola, You know Mrs. Garrison; she will help you change your disposable underwear and your dress so that you will be more comfortable.

“Because you are worried about the capacity of GoodNites, I ordered some Attends disposable products which will fit you better and more effectively. I hope you will have managed to control your bladder. Attends Underwear slide up and down as easily as GoodNites, according to an expert I consulted this afternoon.”

“Nurse Urner, I have faith in all experts who admit GoodNites hold very little and leak at the most embarrassing times,” Lola said confidently.

“Oh, Lola, I previously asked Mrs. Garrison to be sure there is a waterproof sheet on your bed,” Phyllis said.

“Nurse Urner, I have been making my own bed for years and I already told you my bed always has a waterproof sheet; I would not think about trying to sleep tonight without one,” Lola said calmly.

“However, it makes me sad that you did not believe me about the waterproof sheet and felt it necessary to order more diapers for me today during the funeral of my mother. Mom taught me how to put a waterproof sheet on my bed. Mom was confident that GoodNites and Size 7 Cruisers were all the protection I need so long as I have a waterproof sheet protecting my mattress.”

In reply Phyllis said, “I am disappointed you feel that way, Lola. I am even more disappointed you would express such thoughts when I am doing my best to help you.

“Instead of returning downstairs please remain in your room, wearing the Attends Underwear, until I can come upstairs to talk to you. Prior to doing so I will discuss the whole situation with your father!”

As they walked together upstairs to her bedroom, Lola assured Miriam, “Mrs. Garrison, I don’t blame you. You were following instructions. I did not mean to offend Nurse Urner, but my Dad has not told me he put her in charge of me.

“She did think well enough to bring some GoodNites with her today. Without those I would have been so embarrassed. My wetting would have left stains and ruined my new dress. Was I really such a spoiled brat?”

“Miss Dietrichson, that is hardly my place to say. I loved and served your late mother for several years. She knew I had been a nanny for many years before I married and raised my daughter and son,” Miriam began. “Often your late mother shared her views on parenting with me.

“Generally speaking we agreed, especially about teaching decent values. Neither of us wanted to raise spoiled children. Do you think your mother was overly strict with you, Miss Dietrichson?”

“Well, Mrs. Garrison, most of my friends either never were spanked or at least not since they were in first grade. Mom never spanked me without a very good reason. I always admitted to her I probably deserved spankings for being naughty when she was not around. I doubt that Mom spanked me as many as twenty-five times. She did not fool around, so all those spankings hurt enough I cried.

“Do you think I should ask Nurse Urner to give me a spanking tonight after the guests leave?” Lola asked shyly.

“Again, Miss Dietrichson, that is hardly my place to say,” Miriam eventually answered after they were in Lola’s bedroom with the hall door closed. “My suggestion is that after we get you changed you should talk about this with your father. He is a kind and sensible man.

“Nurse Urner wants you to stay in your room. Would you like me to discreetly tell your father you need to talk with him?”

“Yes Mrs. Garrison that would be kind. Please help me make sure I am clean and that the Attends Underwear fits me effectively. If you can spare the time, I want to take a warm shower to ensure I am really clean.

“On the other hand, after my shower what I need is a nap. So for that I should wear at least a Pampers Cruiser which I can unfasten and refasten a few times. I assume the same is true of the Attends diapers.

“Mrs. Garrison, while I take a quick shower would you study the instructions on the Attends diapers? At least one must be designed so the tabs can be refastened and repositioned like a Pampers Cruiser?”

“Miss Dietrichson, I already know because my daughter wore the Attends Breathable. Those tabs work very much like a modern Pampers. Maybe those tabs can’t be repositioned as many times. I suggest you wear the Attends Breathable,” Miriam answered with certainty.

Lola kept her word and did not linger in her shower. She surprised Miriam by taking one of the Breathable from its bag and fluffing it. Then Lola held it with the back/tab end up and behind her. She back up until the diaper was trapped between her derrière and a wall.

With the wall serving her well as a ‘third hand’, Lola could experiment with the position just as she did when putting on a Cruiser. The difference being that the Attends Breathable has two tabs per side. Lola knew it was more important that the leg holes fit correctly than that the top of the back align with the top of the front.

When she felt the leg holes fit was good, she gently set those tabs. Then she let the legs hold the diaper temporarily so she could pull the crotch snug. Only then did she set the top tabs.

Finally after she was reclining on her back on her bed Lola perfected the tension of the lower leg tabs so they were not over-stretched.

Miriam had never before observed anyone self-diapering. She was amazed how quickly the process went and also that Lola had such understanding of diapering.

While Lola put on a pajama top and pajama shorts, Miriam slipped out of the room to discreetly summon Tom Dietrichson. She knew his talk with Lola would be of vital importance.

It did not take any persuasion to convince Tom to immediately talk to Lola. Until she admitted the fact, Tom was unaware she had wet even once that day. He agreed the wetting was well handled.

Tom listened carefully while Lola made it clear she deserved a spanking for telling Phyllis she should not have disrespected the memory of Barbara by ordering diapers during the funeral. She wanted to ask Phyllis for a real sound spanking: “Daddy, I deserved the hairbrush this time!”

Her loving father did listen: “Lola, I completely disagree that Nurse Urner in any way disrespected the memory of your mother. Far from disrespect, I know my wife/your mother would be more concerned that you be comfortable. To her you having the most appropriate absorbent clothing would be far more important than protocol at her funeral.

“Mrs. Garrison, would you please find Nurse Urner. Then discreetly tell her I need to talk to her in Lola’s room just as soon as she can join us.”

As soon as Miriam had left, closing the hall door behind her, Tom turned to Lola: “Lola Elizabeth Dietrichson, I am disappointed that you were so rude to Nurse Urner. As I already told you I am sure to a moral certainty that if it were possible your mother would have ordered better diapers for your comfort.

“So, as soon as Nurse Urner joins us I am going to have you take off your pajama shorts and your containment garment. Then I will put you over my lap to spank some better sense into you. It will hurt and you will cry.

“After you finish crying you will fetch the hairbrush your Mommy used to spank you. You will hand that to Nurse Urner and plead with her to spank even more good sense into you.

“I will make it crystal clear that Nurse Urner and any babysitter or nanny I designate has authority to spank you hard and long enough that you sob and learn a lesson, using a hairbrush on your bare bottom.

“Do you understand me, Lola Elizabeth?”

“Yes, indeed, Daddy; I deserve those spankings. I was rude and inconsiderate,” Lola freely admitted.

Her father had never previously even scolded her, never mind spanked her.

When Phyllis and Miriam entered the bedroom and closed the door, Tom explained the need for both spankings: “Nurse Urner I want my naughty daughter to fully realize her late mother and I always were in agreement about spanking. The thing is I have never found a hairbrush that fits my hand. However, I dare say my palm can administer a hard spanking.

“Since Lola was so rude to you, Nurse Urner, I know it is absolutely vital that you spank her very hard with the hairbrush.

“Mrs. Garrison, will you please stay during these spankings because if you are willing to do so, I am designating and authorizing you to also spank Lola when you believe that will improve her deportment.”

From her position beside her bed, Lola spoke up: “Daddy, Mommy always sat in the armless chair to spank me. Because I sometimes dribbled when being spanked Mommy always spread a towel to protect her lap. Since I wet so much today, maybe there should be one of my waterproof sheets under the towel?”

Tom nodded to Miriam who brought out a folded waterproof sheet from Lola’s closet.

The spanking from Tom did not last very long. He waited for the effect of every spank to sink-in. He only spanked Lola twenty-five times, but they were so stingy and hard she jumped and wriggled as the pain of every spank sank in. She cried her eyes out.

Lola got up so that Phyllis could sit on the 'Spanking Chair'. Lola had dribbled more than a little so there was a pause while Miriam brought dry towels from another bedroom.

Phyllis scolded Lola as severely as had Tom. She applied fifty full-force hairbrush spanks all aimed at the *Gluteo-Femoral Folds* on both sides where Lola's lower buttocks meets her upper thighs. Where did Lola find so many honest tears?

After she was returned to her feet, Lola hugged and kissed her loving Daddy, Nurse Urner and Mrs. Miriam Garrison. However, Lola did not have it together enough to self-diaper for bed. Miriam handled that diapering with skill.

Lola was tucked into bed. Her Daddy, Phyllis and Miriam all kissed the contrite child goodnight.

Tom and Phyllis returned to the solemn collation after they spanked Lola. It was explained to those who asked that Lola was emotionally exhausted by the funeral.

Mrs. Betty Flowers had been a cook for Tom's parents before he married Barbara. Mrs. Nettie Farrington had been an assistant housekeeper for Barbara's parents long before she married Tom. Working together Betty and Nettie assembled a service staff to handle the collation. The same temporary staff did the clean-up and packing of rented plates, glasses and eating utensils.

Thus after Lola got her spankings Miriam was free to go home for a well deserved night's rest.

At 3:00 A.M. Phyllis got up to check the status of Lola's Attends Breathable diaper. It was wet, if not soaked.

Lacking a proper changing pad, Phyllis made-do using a waterproof sheet on top of the bed clothes, with the smooth flexible plastic side facing upward. She eased Lola from her sleeping position onto the jury-rigged changing pad. There the girl was carefully cleaned and re-diapered for what remained of the night.

At 7:00 A.M. Phyllis again checked Lola's diaper. It was soaked and had leaked slightly. Very soon that diaper was replaced with a dry one.

Phyllis was worried that in less than twenty-four hours Lola went from having marvelous bladder control night and day to being no more continent than an infant.

All Lola needed was childish clothing in her size (which was petite) and such baby paraphernalia as bibs, pacifiers and baby nursing bottles to be a pre-teen baby.

Just-for-Tots opens at 12 Noon on Sundays, but they have an answering service for emergencies. Phyllis placed such a call for Frank Bracket.

She made a management decision that the fastest way to restore Lola's bladder control was to have her wear traditional pinned washable gauze diapers most of the time. With cloth diapers Lola would need vinyl pull-on panties and support garments such as Onesies in her size.

Even if Lola's bladder control returned in two or three months, that would mean changing, washing and drying a whole lot of diapers, some messy with fecal material. It was Phyllis' assumption that the cost of diapers would be less ordering DyDee Service compared to buying enough diapers at retail and then hiring an extra maid to wash, dry and fold all of those diapers.

Certainly Frank Bracket would know. Phyllis had seen that Just-for-Tots stocked adult waterproof pants and Onesies.

Having an over-sized changing table with steps so Lola could climb onto the changing surface on her own would be very handy until her bladder control returned. Then a decision could be made about storing it for future use, or donating it to the Sunday school nursery and taking the tax deduction.

The challenge would be overcoming Lola's objections. Phyllis figured a few very hard spankings would ensure her cooperation.

It was an open secret that a mega-wealthy San Marino matron named Victoria Callaway Wagner had indulged her bedwetting eighteen year-old granddaughter Carole Ann Turpin by providing her with a luxury nursery and several nannies. The upshot was the formation of an agency connecting people who needed nannies and other care givers experienced in dealing with teen and adult babies with qualified professionals.

Frank Bracket would know how to reach that agency. Vaguely Phyllis remembered something about a sudden return to diapers causing constipation. Perhaps Lola needed to be put on a diet which would reduce constipation.

Perhaps his name should be changed to reflect his dedication. Although it was not yet 8 A.M. on a Sunday, Phyllis' call was patched through to Frank "*Service*" Bracket.

Immediately he provided phone numbers for 'Super Nanny' Kirsten Bodding, who heads the Victoria C. Wagner Child Care Providers Agency.

Next he assured Phyllis that everything she needed for Lola's nursery was good in stock and could be installed before Lola needed to be put to bed. He would meet her at his store at 11:30 A.M.

Kirsten Bodding answered her phone by the third ring. She promised to personally meet Phyllis at Just-for-Tots. She suggested bringing Lola with her so that soft vinyl pull-on panties could be fitted over a set of DyDee diapers. Then she asked Phyllis to have the Dietrichson's cook Betty Flowers join the conversation.

Over the phone Kirsten explained why Lola needed to immediately start eating a bowl of nourishing high-fiber Pablum mixed with Metamucil. That combination for breakfast prevents constipation of people suddenly returned to wearing diapers.

Betty asked what to do if the bland taste of the Pablum mixture caused Lola to refuse to eat it. Kirsten answered, "You can add fresh fruit chopped fine to the mixture after it has cooked. You can sprinkle a small amount of non-processed brown sugar on the mixture in its bowl.

"I'm famous as 'the nanny least likely to spank', but I make an exception to my personal creed when faced with refusal to finish the daily breakfast bowl. Trust me, in no time Lola will gobble down her Pablum!"

Betty had fresh strawberries and Honey Dew melon on hand. She knew the huge Pavilions up-scale supermarket on California Boulevard just across the Arroyo Seco had all the ingredients. She left preparing the family breakfast to personally make that shopping trip.

After Phyllis explained the purpose of eating the Pablum mixture, Lola did not need a spanking to cooperate. By the end of her first bowl she was enjoying the mixture.

After Lola finished eating and drinking a glass of milk, Phyllis told her that Just-for-Tots was opening early just for her. Kirsten Bodding would meet them at the store.

“Oh Nurse Urner, I have been reading about Nanny Bodding ever since she led the team taking care of Carole Ann Turpin,” Lola gushed. “Since I do not want to play like a baby in diapers, may I dress as an adult over my diapers?”

“Of course you may dress to suit yourself. Wear stiletto sandals or even sling-backs. Wear your most mature lipstick. At Just-for-Tots you will be trying on clothing in addition to pinned cotton diapers and plastic panties. You should consider a dress with a full skirt which is not overly short to disguise your diaper. But all of that is up to you,” Phyllis promised, sealing the bargain with a kiss on both of Lola’s cheeks, leaving red lipstick traces.

Instead of using her personal car, Phyllis drove the Bentley which had been Barbara’s. Lola thought that was tacky, but held her tongue. Obviously her Daddy had approved.

They arrived at the Just-for-Tots customer parking lot off South Pasadena Avenue, at the south side of the large store, a few minutes early. Kirsten Bodding had already parked her Cadillac Escalade and was standing next to the entrance beside a slightly younger and equally attractive woman.

Frank Bracket casually walked out of the entrance as Phyllis was parking. They knew one another. He introduced the younger woman as Morgan Susan Evans, his junior business partner.

Next he introduced Kirsten Bodding. She was beautiful when she started nanny training several years before. The influence of her mentor Victoria Callaway Wagner was evident. Kirsten is stunning; how many nannies wear designer dresses and Christen Louboutin tall stiletto heel pumps in the parking lot of an infant store on a Sunday morning?

Kirsten glided to where Lola had stopped in her tracks. She reached out to embrace the girl, bending way down to kiss her cheeks: “You must be Lola! I am thrilled to meet you. Your shoes and makeup are exquisite.

“I hope the vital breakfast mixture did not make you gag. It is for your own good, My Precious Darling. We are going to be such good friends.

“My condolences over the loss of your mother; Barbara was such a loyal friend to Victoria Wagner.

“Now how about we let the one and only Frank Bracket and Morgan Evans show you the latest and greatest furniture and accessories to ease your loss of bladder control?”

“I’ve wanted to meet you ever so long, Nanny Boddington. Thank you for telling our cook Betty Flowers how to make the special breakfast mixture. I love the way it makes me feel,” Lola said warmly, craning her neck to kiss Kirsten on both cheeks. Then Lola gave Morgan and Frank hugs and cheek kisses.

For a petite barely-twelve year-old girl who minutes before loudly proclaimed she did not want to “play baby games in diapers” and “I want my bladder control back ASAP!” Lola sure gave an Oscar-worthy performance as a big baby in rapture the second her eyes adjusted to the subdued lighting inside Just-for-Tots. It was like Lola was seeing Fantasyland come to life.

Lola has no memory of her first nursery life. At her Sunday school’s pre-Kindergarten classroom Lola had seen a robust changing table. In the Just-for-Tots fitting room she fell in love with a beautiful imported Italian changing table. Those came in several lengths. That particular one could easily accommodate a person over 6 feet tall.

Ms. Morgan Evans politely broke into Lola’s reverie to ask her to remove her shoes and dress as the first step to being fitted for washable diapers and soft stretchy vinyl pull-on pants. Removing her dress revealed that her Attends Underwear, which she had only been wearing slightly over an hour, had little capacity left.

“Look on the bright side, Lola Precious,” Kirsten commented, “had you been wearing a GoodNites now you would be leaking all over the place!”

Morgan carefully removed the wet Attends and placed it in the “Disposable” trash pail. She steadied Lola as she used the steps to climb onto the changing surface. The outer layer was soft thick vinyl. Under that was comfy foam padding.

“Lola, I’m going to demonstrate something,” Morgan announced. She leaned over and removed a Pampers Sensitive baby wipe from a tub on a shelf at the wall side of the table. Morgan used that to wipe Lola’s left side.

“Now, compare the difference!” From a drawer just under the changing surface, Morgan removed another Pampers Sensitive baby wipe, which was used to clean Lola’s right side as Morgan leaned across the petite girl.

“Ohh, Ms. Evans, I love that second wipe. Why does it feel so much nicer?” Lola naïvely asked.

“They are both Sensitive wipes, from packages in the same carton. The difference is that in the drawer is a wipe warmer, so there is no clammy cold jolt when you need to be cleaned. No worries, warming wipes in this way does not reduce their storage life,” Morgan announced.

After Lola rolled over onto her little tummy, Morgan used an ordinary wipe on the left side and a warmed one on the right. “Please, Nurse Unger, may I have a wipe warmer?” Lola pleaded.

All clean Morgan reached beyond Lola to a fabric diaper hanging stacker. She brought out a DyDee flat 4-ply 30” square gauze diaper. That she kite folded. Onto the folded gauze diaper Morgan placed two DyDee Birdseye infant prefolds as soakers.

With Lola reclining on the diaper set, Morgan pulled it snug. She pinned the back top to the narrow folded front top on the left and right sides. Then she took another pair of ordinary baby-size diaper pins to snugly form the leg holes with the heads of the pins in a natural crevice formed by the hip bones.

It had only taken Morgan a few seconds to snug and pin that diaper. She could have done so even faster if she had not slowed down so Lola and Phyllis could follow the action. For Lola’s benefit there was a mirror letting her see what was happening.

“How do you like that soft cotton washable diaper?” Morgan asked.

“Ohh, Ms. Evans, I love it!” Lola answered.

“Then hold on, because here comes the most important part,” Morgan explained.

She used a fabric dress-maker’s tape to measure Lola’s thighs, waist and hips over the diaper. Based upon the measurements Morgan pulled a pair of vinyl pants from the selected drawer.

Lola lifted her legs and rolled back upon request so that the vinyl panties could slide down the legs and into position encasing the diaper: “How does that feel?” Morgan asked Lola.

“I love the feel of the diaper and I don’t notice the panties,” Lola replied.

“That’s the way washable diapers are supposed to feel!” Morgan answered.

“Nurse Urner, that is a medium capacity two-soaker diaper set. For many juvenile and petite adolescent girls this could be a night diaper.

“Now Lola, lift up again so I can remove that pair of panties and the diaper. You’re going to try a three-soaker diaper set,” Morgan explained.

To assemble the three-soaker set Morgan started with a DyDee flat 4-ply 36” square gauze diaper. Details of the kite fold were slightly different. Centered on the kite-folded diaper were three prefolds as soakers.

The snugging and pinning were performed in the same way. This time the next larger size of vinyl panties was used.

When asked, Lola responded, “This diaper is stiffer, so not as comfy. Because I wet a lot maybe I need three soakers?”

Morgan answered, “Normally a three or even four-soaker diaper is only worn in bed, so it doesn’t matter that those are less supple than a two-soaker diaper. Besides as cotton diapers absorb urine they feel softer and more flexible.”

With Lola happy wearing a three-soaker night diaper, Morgan took a few more measurements. She left the fitting room to gather the appropriate sizes of a few special garments.

Kirsten moved close to Lola: “So, you are confused because suddenly you lost your bladder control. Are you thinking it will be like toilet training all over again?”

“Something like that, Nanny Boddin.”

“Lola, I hate to burst any bubbles. There is no evidence that toilet training can happen a second time. Usually a sudden loss of bladder control is a result of a medical issue. The tricky thing is the problem could

be simple and minor, or life threatening. There is no getting around the fact that you will need a comprehensive medical work-up,” Kirsten began to explain.

“In the Holiday Season, getting appointments with the right specialized physicians will be impossible. Bite the bullet; you’re going to miss at least a couple of weeks of school.

“You’ll make up the lost time easily. Don’t worry! Today I am going to follow you back to your home. We will talk more about the best ways to help you.”

Morgan returned to the fitting room pushing a rolling clothes rack with several garments on hangers. Those were squished together: “Lola, all of these items should fit you, but we cannot be sure until you try them on.”

She lifted the hanger at the end closest to her off of the rack and turned it so Lola and Phyllis could see that garment. It was an adult version of what in the USA is called a classic Gerber Onesies, sometimes known as body suit.

“Lola, I respect that you are far more mature than an infant or toddler. Just try to keep an open mind, Okay?” Morgan requested. She put the hanger on a peg attached to the rack’s bar, so the Onesies was parallel to the bar, giving a chance to study the garment.

“In your case, Lola, think of this as a basic garment intended to hold your diaper snugly against your crotch so it will absorb your urine most effectively. Remember this particular Onesies is made to fit people your size that need diapers.

“You are hardly a baby. You are an exceptionally intelligent well educated young lady in Seventh Grade at an elite university preparatory school. Certainly you are not a baby: you move exquisitely in heels; your makeup is tasteful.

“Please let me show you the design features of this garment.”

“Yes, please Ms. Evans, you have my full attention,” Lola said without taking her eyes off of the Onesies. “Since I am standing here only wearing a diaper and translucent vinyl pants, and do not find this weird, I welcome your suggestions. Before I started wetting I never thought about garments for babies.”

Kirsten and Morgan glanced at each other and smiled. They knew Lola was paying attention. Phyllis seemed interested but they were less certain about her motives or even her role in Lola's life.

“Decades ago Gerber expanded from just selling baby food to also selling garments. Their first unique garment they called Onesies. It is like a tee-shirt long enough the front and back tails of the shirt can be snapped together so as to support the weight of a damp diaper.

“Designers working with us have improved the functionality of the original Onesies. We have moved the snaps from the bottom of the crotch to higher in the front. This feature allows the Onesies wearer to work the snaps unassisted. It also makes it far less intrusive when a care giver needs to work the snaps.

“The Onesies fabric is supple so after the snaps are released the flap and shirt tails can be ruched up the body to provide easy access for diaper checking and changing. Dexterous people needing diapers can thus change those unassisted, or a care provider can change the diaper.”

Lola held up her right hand: “I really like what you are sharing, Ms. Evans. Right now I think my diaper is still dry, but it will get heavier and sag when I wet.

“Could I try on the Onesies before I wet?”

“Of course you may try on this Onesies. If it is not the best size, I brought smaller and larger Onesies. One will fit you best,” Morgan promised.

She unsnapped the flap of the Onesies she was displaying. Removing it from the hanger she gathered it so it could be put over Lola's head as easily as if it were an ordinary tee-shirt.

“Please notice, Lola, the Onesies did not muss-up your lovely hair.”

With gentle tugs the sides of the Onesies were drawn down Lola's body. She was modest enough she appreciated that she was no longer topless.

Morgan had no trouble reaching the flap and pulling it forward between Lola's thighs. Easily the flap was snapped to the Onesies' front shirt tail which did not extend to the crotch.

“Now I get it!” Lola exclaimed with enthusiasm. “Is it naughty for me to admit I can’t wait to wet so I can feel the support?”

“No, of course not Lola,” Kirsten answered, “I am sure you temporarily have poor bladder control. You wet when your bladder fills. That is not your fault. You are not being naughty because you wet. Wetting just happens to good people.”

While Kirsten was talking, Morgan turned toward a wash basin along the wall at the foot end of the changing table. She filled a plastic measuring cup with warm water. From a cabinet she produced an ordinary turkey baster, which she filled from the cup.

Morgan released just the left most snap so she could reach the top of the vinyl panties inside the Onesies. She slid the nozzle of the baster inside the panties and the pinned diaper.

“See, Lola, you do not need to wait!” Morgan said as she gave the baster’s bulb a squeeze.

That only released several milliliters of warm water, the weight of which Lola would not have felt. But as Morgan re-fastened the snap Lola did wet her diaper.

Lola’s smile was positively beatific.

Kirsten and Morgan exchanged knowing grins, almost smirks. Clearly Lola was a youngster who loved diapers, even without admitting this to herself.

Perhaps Lola was not an infantilist with a diaper affectation, but the smart bet was that Lola already was attracted to wetting and all the associated garments and paraphernalia.

Phyllis clearly was enjoying Lola’s love of wetting.

When Morgan removed a skirt from a hanger and fastened it around Lola’s waist she seemed happy; so much for that twelve-year-old girl being far too sophisticated to dress in childish clothing!

As Lola continued wetting Morgan removed the skirt so she could pull a soft thin dress over the girl’s head. Often that is called a *sunnysuit*.

Since they were in Southern California where in a few days the Tournament of Roses would march down Colorado Boulevard past the

show windows of Just-for-Tots, it was warm enough even outside Lola would be very comfortable in her new sunnysuit.

Unnoticed Morgan again slipped out of the fitting room. She whispered to Frank Bracket, “Lola is totally into babyhood!” as she walked past him to bring Lola a pair of flat Mary Janes and adorable pink socks.

When Lola emerged from the fitting room as happy as a clam, a sales associate gathered Lola’s own big girl clothing and put all of that in Just-for-Tots garment bags for the drive home.

As they walked Kirsten used a Kleenex tissue to remove Lola’s residual lipstick. Lola did not resist as her hair was re-styled in loose pig tails.

Ordering a five and a half foot changing table with a wipe warmer was just a formality. Steps so Lola could climb onto it were included.

Until she reverted to wetting, Lola had been happy with her queen-size bed. But as she walked past a twin extra-long youth bed with half-length folding safety rails, she squealed in delight. Of course that mattress was waterproof!

The companion waterproof sheets for the youth bed were simply larger crib pads, and very effective.

Phyllis smiled approval as Lola selected a sliding nursery upholstered safety rocker and a bedside cabinet with a clownie lamp which also served as a nightlight. Completing the furniture order was a low padded bench which would be placed at the foot end of the youth bed.

The changing table has drawers and cabinets with doors. At the head end under some shallow drawers there is an open bottom shelf. The display changing table had a ginormous diaper bag on that shelf.

How convenient that across the aisle from the changing tables was the counter displaying the ginormous diaper bags in a wide range of colors from ostentatious bubble-gum pink to classic shiny black leather.

Those ginormous bags had available companion clutch purses, just large enough to hold a couple of disposable baby diapers and such adult things as smart phones, keys, wallet and cosmetics. Kirsten whispered to Phyllis, “My clutch is sea foam green.”

Phyllis ordered a pink ginormous diaper bag with a black clutch.

Then Kirsten led Lola to the toy room so that Frank and Morgan could sit at a desk with Phyllis to finalize the order.

Just-for-Tots have an inventory of DyDee Service diapers. They handled that order for Phyllis since it was a Sunday. An actual DyDee first delivery would be on Monday. Lola would have both 30" and 36" square flat gauze diapers, but ordinary infant-size prefolds would serve as the soakers.

DyDee has underpads which are waterproof on one side. They are so versatile. With the plastic upward they are marvelous over-size changing pads. With the soft absorbent side up they can protect chairs, cover a damp spot on a bed or cover a lap when needed. Phyllis added those to the DyDee order.

She hesitated deciding about thick cotton training pants for Lola. Frank suggested that the DyDee service manager for the Dietrichson's neighborhood, Alexis Imbree, meet at the house with Phyllis on Monday afternoon.

The last item for the order was the nursery audio/video surveillance system with a portable monitor so Lola could be observed as she slept. Phyllis positively was giddy with delight seeing the portable monitor displaying the store security images. Frank and Morgan assured Phyllis that most intelligent parents wanted baby security monitors.

Before Lola and Phyllis left the store a DyDee diaper pail and enough of the underpads and diapers to last a few days were stowed in the trunk of the Bentley, as were several sets of bedding for the youth bed. Those sheets needed to be washed and dried immediately so that Lola could sleep that evening.

Kirsten would follow in her Escalade. Phyllis had told her that Miriam Garrison wanted to be considered as nanny. Phyllis phoned the house to be sure Miriam had arrived for work.

The plan was to leave Lola's bedroom intact, with her vanity, desk and computer. The guest room next to it was furnished, but it would be cleared and turned into a nursery.

The staff at Just-for-Tots had been through this situation before. Almost always when an older child, or a teenager, reverts to wetting a nursery needs to be established immediately. Parents hold out hope for a

quick period of re-toilet-training, but the reality is any return of bladder control takes a long time.

Because of such frequent nursery emergencies, Frank Bracket keeps qualified movers on speed-dial. It was pointless to send the delivery truck with the installation crew until the previous furniture had been removed. This time Phyllis and Lola had only been home, talking with Kirsten Bodding and Miriam, when a team of three movers arrived with their truck.

Phyllis and Miriam showed the movers what was to go into storage and what could be moved to a different room. Meanwhile Kirsten took Lola to her bedroom to change her wet thick diaper to a two-soaker day diaper with the smaller vinyl pants.

As soon as the movers were ready to leave for the storage facility, Phyllis phoned Just-for-Tots to let them know the coast was clear to install the new nursery.

While all of the moving was happening, Kirsten formally interviewed Miriam for the new nanny position. Phyllis made it clear Tom Dietrichson agreed about promoting Miriam and he also wanted to limit bringing strangers into the home. Kirsten felt that under the circumstances it would be pointless to recruit other candidates for the nanny position.

Phyllis was still living in the guest room she used while caring for Barbara, but Tom no longer used the guest room where he sometimes slept while Barbara was sick. That was close enough to the new nursery. On Monday Miriam would move into that room.

Nettie Farrington led two maids giving the new nursery room a proper cleaning between it being cleared and the new furniture arriving. Then they cleaned what would become the Nanny Room.

Before the delivery truck was unloaded the lead installer conferred with Phyllis and Kirsten. He brought with him full-size paper templates of the changing table, youth bed and nursery rocking chair. Those were spread-out on the floor and moved about until Phyllis was pleased with the arrangement.

While two crew members began to carry the furniture upstairs, the lead installer attached the hanging fabric diaper stackers to the wall behind the changing table. It was a lot easier to put those up without needing to climb over the changing table!

Once the furniture was in place the crew began to install the video cameras and microphones of the nursery surveillance system. They were very good at placing the equipment where it was hard to find. A casual visitor would never notice the cameras.

Lola was overjoyed with her new room! Her big girl clothing was left in her bedroom's closet and bureaus, as were the cartons of Attends disposables. All of the new childish clothing was arranged in the nursery closet.

The wipe warmer was plugged in and filled with Pampers Sensitive baby wipes. The other changing supplies, such as diaper pins and lotion, were put in the deep left side (the foot end) drawer so they would be conveniently available during changes. Below that drawer was a cabinet with shelves for additional diapers and the underpads.

The right (the head end) had three drawers: the top for the smaller vinyl panties; the next for the larger panties and the lowest drawer left empty. Below the drawers was the open compartment for the ginormous diaper bag.

Lola ran around in delight when she was shown her nursery. The only change she made was to dash to her bedroom and carry her punishment hairbrush from its bedside drawer there to the top of the nursery bedside table under the clownie lamp.

After Kirsten and Miriam had eaten dinner with Lola, Phyllis and Tom, they returned to their own homes. Phyllis was confident that she could pin on Lola's night three-soaker diapers while remembering to use the larger panties!

After Tom had said goodnight to Lola before she was diapered and dressed for bed, Lola asked Phyllis how naughty she needed to be to receive a spanking.

"Lola, I will spank you to end a tantrum!"

Immediately Lola pitched a tantrum that would make a two-year-old envious. Phyllis let the tantrum continue while she retrieved the hairbrush and an underpad. Then she removed Lola's damp diaper and other clothing. That was a short but intense spanking reducing the child to sobs.

Phyllis was merciful to administer the spanking before bathing Lola, so the warm water and bubbles took away much of the sting. Lola slept like a contented baby. At 3:00 A.M. Phyllis entered the room. From the

monitor she was sure Lola had wet. She lowered the safety rail on one side of the bed, spread an underpad with the plastic upward and used that to change Lola's diaper without fully awakening the child. There was no residual redness from the spanking.

Before Kirsten departed the Dietrichson's home Sunday evening she left a message with the answering service of Lola's pediatrician Jennifer Sherquest, MD. She explained that Lola had suddenly reverted to wetting night and day. As a personal favor she hoped Dr. Sherquest could work Lola into her schedule on Monday. That happened.

As soon as Jennifer reached her office she had her receptionist/office manager phone Phyllis asking that Lola be at their office at 11:00 A.M. Since blood tests would be needed Lola should not have breakfast or anything to drink except water.

Because Miriam Garrison was on duty as nanny and she had known Jennifer for many years, Phyllis decided Miriam should take Lola to the doctor. Besides the Bentleys driven by Tom and Beverly (and now by Phyllis) they owned an SUV used by the staff to run errands. Miriam drove that with Lola.

Dr. Sherquest was very much surprised to find that Lola was wearing a pinned gauze diaper. Based on the phone conversation with Kirsten she was expecting GoodNites. Yet removing the diaper revealed it was wet enough it would need to be changed. Miriam had the pink ginormous bag.

Lola was able to pee into a bedpan so a glucose test strip could be used. That indicated borderline diabetes. Miriam was asked to have Lola fast Monday evening and go to the Pasadena Clinical Laboratory on North Madison Avenue when they opened at 8:00 A.M. on Tuesday morning. Blood and urine would be collected then for sophisticated diabetes tests.

For the doctor visit Lola wore one of her own dresses, Kitten heels and peach-coral sheer lipstick. After returning home she was dressed in diapers, Onesies and a romper skirt with flat sandals. The rest of the day Miriam pinned Lola into a dry diaper every three hours; or sooner, if a diaper was soaked. Phyllis changed Lola for bed and again at 3:00 A.M.

On New Year's Morning, before the Rose Parade started, Miriam was opening her hall door to check on Lola when she saw Phyllis skulking out of Tom's room.

She was deeply kissing Tom. That was a shocking revelation! However, Miriam told nobody, immediately.

During the first two weeks of January 2010 Lola's day bladder control improved so much she wore GoodNites while at home so she could use a toilet the second she needed to pee. Alexis Imbree of DyDee had provided Lola with the best size cotton training pants. She was learning to use those (sometimes covered by vinyl pull-on panties) as well as Attends Disposable Underwear when away from home.

Since the rules at the elite Polytechnic Prep School Lola attended required that all students with daytime bladder problems wear disposable diapers, Tom and Phyllis decided to keep Lola out of school until she could get through the day wearing big girl panties.

Tom hired Mrs. Virginia Loring as tutor four hours every school day so that Lola would not fall behind.

After the Rose Parade was finished, the streets swept and the bleachers removed, as Lola re-gained daytime control, Phyllis had less and less daily contact with the girl.

Once hired as nanny, Miriam concentrated on teaching Lola to remove her night diaper in the morning. Just as she had done for years Lola would take a shower or bath before dressing to face the day. Breakfast consisted of a bowl of the Pablum/Metamucil mixture.

Miriam adopted a schedule such that she would be on duty by the time the tutor Virginia Loring left the house at 2:00 P.M. The goal was for Lola to be as self-reliant as possible, taking a maximum of responsibility for managing her toileting and daytime diapers.

Miriam became increasingly aware that Lola really loved being diapered, especially in the afternoons and in bed. She did not want to learn to pin on her cotton diapers. Being diapered was part of Lola's affectation. At least once Lola was tucked into bed before 9:00 P.M. Miriam could nap until the 3:00 A.M. diaper change. Both Lola and Miriam were getting enough rest.

Lola and Miriam reached an unspoken agreement: so long as Lola was serious about bladder control during the day so that she could return to school wearing regulation uniform panties, Miriam would indulge big baby play from late afternoon until bedtime.

When Lola was in the mood to be spanked, she would deliberately misbehave where only Miriam could see. Spankings would be on Lola's bare derrière and hard enough she had red spank spots while crying. In her

big baby mood Lola could act as childishly as she wanted with Lola and resume acting her real age with Tom and Phyllis.

As January wore on Miriam could not help wondering why Phyllis had not moved onto another hospice nursing assignment.

Coincidentally on 9 January 2010 Kirsten was invited to lunch with Lola and Miriam at the Sizzler Restaurant on S. Arroyo Parkway.

Kirsten was delighted that Lola was so confidently dressed as a mature teenager, wearing lipstick and heels, as she had when they first met at Just-for-Tots. Lola would get up and use the ladies' room by herself. She said that she was wearing Attends Underwear but could function in just training pants or even big girl panties if absolutely necessary.

What caught Kirsten's attention was Lola mentioning that Phyllis was still living in the house and continued to drive the Bentley. While Lola was in the ladies' room Kirsten asked Miriam what was going on. Reluctantly Miriam blurted: "I am trying to forget seeing Phyllis leaving Mr. Dietrichson's room as she was kissing him early on New Year's morning."

Kirsten asked nothing more about Tom and Phyllis during the lunch. After lunch, before leaving the Sizzler parking lot Kirsten phoned her mentor and employer Victoria Callaway Wagner, who always thought of herself as a mentor to the late Barbara Dietrichson.

Victoria smelled a rat. Discreetly she spoke to managers of several upscale Pasadena stores which Barbara had frequented. Since New Year's Eve Phyllis had been making significant purchases charged to an American Express card in her name but with the Dietrichson's address.

She remained so loyal to the memory of Barbara, and felt so protective of Lola, that Victoria phoned Cole and Butterfield Investigations, the detective agency her husband always used. She requested a deep background check on Phyllis Urner. By Sunday morning on 10 January the first background reports were most disturbing.

In 1965 a registered nurse named Phyllis Urner, who was born in Bakersfield, California in 1934, disappeared from her job as an ICU nurse in Seattle, Washington. There has been no trace of that nurse since then and the current records search was the first since 2008.

The "Phyllis Urner" who took care of Barbara was clearly no older than 39. Someone did have a California driver's license in that name, but

nobody with that name had a California license as a nurse. Yet Huntington Hospital included a “Phyllis Urner” on a list of recommended hospice care nurses provided to Tom Dietrichson.

Victoria and detective Gordon Cole agreed that it was unlikely “Phyllis” was using her real name. The detective suggested that Victoria invite herself to lunch with “Phyllis”, Lola and Miriam ASAP. During the lunch she was to steal something with Phyllis’ finger prints and also something with her DNA.

Kirsten took charge of briefing Miriam. She managed to switch a water glass used by Phyllis at dinner the previous evening, so the lunch was more about Victoria sizing-up Phyllis.

There were no useable prints on the glass; all were smeared. It took a week for the DNA results: DNA had not been discovered in 1965 so there was no way to match to the nurse in Seattle; the USA national criminal database showed several people with different names and ages all matching the DNA profile from Phyllis’ water glass; none of those matches had been convicted of a felony; two absconded from bail while under investigation for grand theft using false identity; one of those cases involved the suspicion of murder and was still open.

Detectives Gordon Cole and his business partner Ron Butterfield are respectively retired FBI and Secret Service supervisors. They were well connected so they could conduct sensitive investigations. What worried them was the fact nobody at Huntington Hospital had checked Phyllis’ credentials; to them that strongly suggested an accomplice at the hospital.

Another suspicious circumstance was that although pancreatic cancer is always fatal, there was no indication that Barbara was likely to die so suddenly. They wanted to find any link between “Phyllis” and Dr. Peter Dunn, the oncologist who signed the death certificate. It was slight consolation that Barbara’s remains were buried and not cremated.

Ron and Gordon realized that “Phyllis” was a cunning, experienced criminal who had committed crimes in many states. Federal law enforcement needed to become involved right away. They also believed that the Los Angeles County District Attorney needed to investigate the death of Barbara, since Pasadena is within Los Angeles County. Reaching out to their many contacts, a meeting was arranged at the FBI’s Los Angeles office, which would involve the US Marshall Service, since the DNA profile of “Phyllis” matched a wanted felony suspect who absconded from New York and was currently in California.

During the meeting it became clear that although the results of Victoria's DNA test constituted probable cause to suspect "Phyllis", because no search warrant had been obtained and there was only amateur chain of custody, it would never be accepted as evidence in court. Therefore in some way a law enforcement professional acting under a search warrant needed to obtain another DNA sample from "Phyllis".

Victoria had not discussed the results of the tests even with Kirsten and certainly not with Miriam. What Victoria and Kirsten did not know was that Tom had proposed to Phyllis.

They had told Lola at dinner on 9 January and Lola was overjoyed. She really liked and respected Phyllis. To Lola if her beloved Daddy loved a woman, that was good enough for her. That was a Saturday meal, after Lola no longer needed assistance until bedtime, so Miriam was off duty. Lola was asked to keep the engagement a secret. However, Miriam found out simultaneously with the detective's big meeting. Miriam told Kirsten who told Victoria who told Gordon and Ron.

That actually worked in favor of law enforcement, since the engagement would be a logical reason for Victoria to have a friendly lunch at her mansion in San Marino with Phyllis. Tom and Loia would be welcome. Since none knew any of Victoria's servants by sight a senior US Marshall named Mary Shannon would be acting as a maid during the lunch.

The lunch went perfectly. Phyllis was not wearing gloves and freely ate and drank what she was offered. Marshall Mary Shannon cleared Phyllis' used plates and utensils, bagging and tagging them as evidence.

Case files and paperwork from all over the USA arrived at the FBI office. In some cases there were mug shots, all of which resembled "Phyllis". It did not appear that Phyllis realized she was under suspicion despite the fact another search warrant allowed the FBI to place a GPS tracking device on her Bentley. She was also under discreet surveillance and her cell phone was being monitored.

On 18 January 2010 an FBI car began following Phyllis in her Bentley at a discreet distance since they had her GPS location on their computer.

Nobody is sure what happened. Perhaps somehow Phyllis learned of the investigation? Possibly she was such an experienced criminal she sensed she was being followed? Maybe in this case she was innocent and truly loved Tom and Lola?

The thing is that after driving north on S. San Rafael Avenue from the Dietrichson home, “Phyllis” turned right on E. Colorado Boulevard to use the winding narrow bridge instead of entering the 134 Freeway to go east into Pasadena.

There is a traffic light at the east end of the bridge at S. Orange Grove Boulevard. The trailing FBI agents saw the light was red and traffic was moving fast on Orange Grove.

Phyllis never slowed down for the light. Her Bentley was hit by several vehicles. The FBI agents used their radio and cell phones to summon help. They turned on their flashing red light and siren. A Pasadena rescue paramedic ambulance and two fire engines reached the accident within four minutes.

The jaws of life were used to extricate “Phyllis” from the mangled Bentley. She was rushed the couple of miles to the major trauma department of Huntington Hospital. “Phyllis Uerner” was pronounced dead upon arrival. That was how she was listed in the hospital, fire department, police department and paramedic reports.

As far as the Pasadena investigators knew the FBI car was simply coincidentally going in the same direction as the Bentley and a few cars behind it.

There was an autopsy. No alcohol or drugs of any kind were found in the body. She was in good health. Before the Coroner’s report was finalized the US Marshall Service shared that the true identity of the deceased was in question. Therefore “Phyllis Uerner” is listed on her death certificate as “Jane Doe #20101027.

DNA test results from the body matched the test from the glass Miriam had stolen and the glass US Marshall Mary Shannon had obtained under a search warrant. The cause of death was multiple blunt force traumas. There being no evidence proving suicide, the mode of death was reported as accidental.

That death certificate closed case files in many places. The Los Angeles County Coroner and Medical Examiner Office saw no reason to review the death of Barbara.

Tom was gently told about the identity questions. He made it clear that he was still in love with the woman he knew as Phyllis Uerner. Lola was never told about the multiple identities. She has nothing but good memories of the few weeks she knew Phyllis.

All of the funeral expenses were paid by Tom. The service was held at the same mortuary as handled Barbara. Many of Tom's friends attended the service, as did Lola and their servants. Victoria and her husband James Wagner attended along with Kirsten Bodding.

Nobody will ever know the true identity of "Jane Doe #20101027".  
What does it matter?

A month after the funeral of "Phyllis", Lola returned to school able to stay dry wearing regulation uniform panties. In bed Lola still needs pinned DyDee cotton gauze diapers and soft vinyl panties. By Spring Break 2010 Lola had learned to pin on her own diapers. She was so proud of that.

Miriam continued as her loving nanny.