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Subj: Tough News  
Date: 96-08-16 15:12:13 EDT  
From: [klo...@trend1.com](mailto:klo...@trend1.com) (Kevin Lohse)  
To: [KLo...@trend1.com](mailto:KLo...@trend1.com)

Hi OBCers,

This is a short but not pleasant update concerning my health. I went into the doc's office yesterday (Thursday) to discuss the results of a catscan I had gotten on Monday. I had been having severe back pain and we needed to find out if it was related to my cancer. They told me that my back problem was an emergency situation and that I wasn't going home from the hospital till the next day. I began radiation treatments that afternoon. My back pain was definitely caused by a tumor which was pressing on my spinal column and even starting to go through part of the bone in my vertebra. There is also a tumor in my left hip bone, which didn't surprise me because I felt pain there and had asked them to look closely at that area on the catscan films.

I had two radiation treatments so far, one yesterday and one today. They don't give radiation over the weekends, so I came home about an hour ago and will go back to Fox Chase Cancer Center as an outpatient for the next 8 weekdays starting on Monday.

The good news in the short term at least is that the docs say that there is about a 90 % chance that the radiation will work well enough to relieve my backpain. I will have the area in my hip radiated at the same time.

The docs are doing a literature search to see if there are any experimental protocols which may prove helpful for the cancer which is still in my lungs and liver.

I was greatly cheered up when I came home to find "The Great American Baseball Card, Flipping, Trading and Bubble Gum Book" in my mailbox, sent by the Olde Friar. Thanks, I needed that!!

Kevin

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Gentlemen...

Most of you have probably read the mail already about the problems Kevin is experiencing now. I've been thinking about this since I got his mail-- And of course, the OBC has always found a way of easing the pain.

Well here's the idea I came up with. I would like to flood Kevin's mailbox-- But-- here's the angle...

If we are all in agreement (and this idea is subject to change)-- I'd like us all to send 1 card to Kevin, to be mailed the same day, so within a 2 or 3 day span he gets them.

Now here's the catch-- We have all experienced the "Healing Power of Cardboard". I'd like to put this in effect. The card that everyone picks should be of someone who has made that OBC member feel good. The value could be as little as a .10 card. As long as the guy pictured made you feel good at one

time or another. For example, Bud Harrelson used to make me feel good. A skinny little SS who was the glue of the Met infield. I used to pattern my SS play after him.

The idea being that we pass on this good feeling the player gave us on to Kevin.

We would write on the back of the envelope "THE HEALING POWER OF CARDBOARD". Return address "STAN HACK". (I know the illusionary Stan won't mind). Maybe inside we could write something as to why this guy made us feel good.

Guru, if you would be so kind as to check my address book for missing persons and forward this to them.

OK boys, is this a good idea? Can we carry this out?

E-mail me with ideas suggestions and we'll set up a target date. I'd like to have everyone on the same page so we mail at the same time.

Remember-- it's about the card, not a wantlist or value-- Just like Christmas!  
Let's prove the "Healing Power of Cardboard"!

SAL

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Subj: Where Do I Begin????  
Date: Mon, Aug 26, 1996 9:06 PM EDT  
From: [klo...@trend1.com](mailto:klo...@trend1.com)  
X-From: [klo...@trend1.com](mailto:klo...@trend1.com) (Kevin Lohse)  
To: [KLo...@trend1.com](mailto:KLo...@trend1.com)

My Dear OBC Friends,

It is very obvious that today was to be a very special day for me which you all have been planning for quite a while! I had absolutely no clue of what I was about to experience when I went to the post office today.

Let me try to share this experience with you. I have been making it a habit to stop and pick up the mail at the post office while on my way to the Fox Chase Cancer Institute for my daily radiation treatments and look over any interesting (in other words, OBC) mail I may have gotten while I'm waiting for them to treat me (usually an hour wait). Today I also happened to be forwarding the famous baseball card, flipping, bubble gum, etc. book to Keith Lenhart as well as a couple of packages of cards to other OBCers.

As I started to unlock my mailbox, I quickly noticed that something was very different about my box. The box was so crammed with mail that (with the book and packages I hadn't yet mailed still in my hands) I couldn't even take anything out without getting on my hands and knees and taking out little by little and setting everything on the floor. I glanced at some of the larger packages as I piled them on the floor. STAN HACK....STAN HACK.....STAN HACK.....STAN HACK... Envelopes of all sizes and shapes. Stan Hack #33, Stan Hack 22, Stan Hack mail postmarked from seemingly every section of the country. And a stack of yellow cards telling me that the post office had mail for me which couldn't fit into my box.

I glanced down at a smaller envelope which had something handwritten on the back: The healing power of cardboard!!

Yes, the healing power of cardboard! I'm not sure if there was anyone else

getting mail in the foyer at the time, I started to get a bit overwhelmed with emotion at this point. I knew that there were lots and lots and lots of cards in those packages, but the thing that really got to me was all you people telling me that you care about me, that my life and how I feel are important to you in some way. It seemed like hundreds of different thoughts flashed by me during the time I was in the post office. By the time the postmaster collected the remaining packages which wouldn't fit into the mailbox, I was carrying a grocery bag sized container full to the very top with mail.

By chance, I had decided to bring my 11 year old son (who I am co-collecting the '75 Topps sets with) to the treatments with me today. You couldn't even imagine the conversations that took place as he and I opened package after package as my father-in-law drove us to the hospital! And in the waiting room. And on the way back we stopped and picked up a binder and pages so we could get started compiling them right away.

And the cards. Looks like I may have gotten them all!! Brett rookie. Carter rookie. Yount rookie. Schmidt, Ryan, Jackson, Carew. All the key cards seem to be here, though it's all so overwhelming I don't know for sure. And judging by sheer volume it looks like I have enough for a couple sets!

Please tell me this. How could you get all those packages sent from all over the country to converge on the Worcester post office on a single day?

I think that I better stop here. So to all you many, many Stan Hacks out there, God bless you and thanks so much for showing that you care.

Kevin

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Subj: Some Thoughts  
Date: Sat, Sep 7, 1996 3:20 AM EDT  
From: [klo...@trend1.com](mailto:klo...@trend1.com)  
X-From: [klo...@trend1.com](mailto:klo...@trend1.com) (Kevin Lohse)  
To: [KLo...@trend1.com](mailto:KLo...@trend1.com)

Hi, my friends!

It's the middle of the night as I write this, but I was awake in bed with good thoughts which I don't want to wait to share with you.

Just in case someone just joined the group or vacationed under a rock for the last month, I'll mention that a few weeks ago I had some pretty bad news concerning my cancer. I found out that some severe back pain I had been having for several weeks was caused by a tumor which had grown through part of my spinal column and was, as the saying goes, "really hitting a nerve". In addition, the tumors in my liver and lungs were increasing in size and

number. Except for a few OBCers whom I had personally gotten to know, I had pretty much refrained from talking about my cancer in OBC messages. With this latest news, however I felt the need to share my thoughts and fears with the whole group.

Over the last couple of weeks I have undergone daily radiation treatments which have successfully eased the pain in my back. The treatments make me feel absolutely exhausted, but I'm feeling stronger each day now that they're over and my main problem is swallowing due to the fact that the radiation ruined my esophagus temporarily, though in a week or two it should return to normal.

I had mentioned in a previous email my reaction to that memorable day when my son Nathan and I opened package after package of '75 Topps and how we put together the entire set, Brett and Yount rookie cards and all. That project not only took my mind off of my treatments, it helped focus my attention to Nathan, who was having a lot of anxiety over my health. The healing power of cardboard!

But then came last Monday (and actually every day since then!). This time the mail wasn't boxes, puffies, etc. stuffed with cards. Instead, usually a single card with a personal note or letter. Of course, being a true blooded OBCer, I would check out the card first before reading the letter and more often than not be absolutely blown away by who was on the card. Then I would slowly read the letter or note, and realize that the card was chosen just for me because it had a very special meaning to the sender (always Stan Hack). It was what was said in the letters that really got to me. The sharing of similar experiences, of support, prayers and of hope.

Now if you talk to my docs, they'll tell you that my type of cancer is not a good one to have. And I'll be the first to admit that the cardboard you have given me may not actually get rid of my cancer (though we could get into the good effects of stimulating the immune system, positive attitudes, etc., etc.). BUT, let me explain what you have already done for me.

I was very depressed a couple of weeks ago, kinda hard to even face the world in the morning, even harder to see something positive in my life. Your letters, notes, and cards have had an unbelievable accumulative effect on my outlook on life. Because of what you've done I feel like my world is full of loving, caring people. I actually lie in bed awake tonight not because I was depressed, but because I couldn't stop thinking about how many people care about me and are concerned about how I feel. Well, I feel great! And when I think about it, having a feeling that the world is good and being able to lie awake in bed with a big smile is the most important thing I need right now. And I do indeed have a smile as I write this!

Now to turn for a minute to that greedy, glutenous, cardthirsty side that is also an intrical part of every real OBCer: I'll list SOME of the booty you guys sent me, most of which is already in my binders or trophy case. Many treasured '65 Topps from my wantlist, a '34 Goudey of Chick Hafey - I love

it!, #1 Harridge '56 which I never could locate at shows, Carlton Fisk Topps allstar rookie card - great picture of him, a great old Ralph Kiner card, a 50's Duke Snyder card (the only other card of his I own is the '64 Topps which must be one of the ugliest cards printed), some guy named Mantle, the bum he replaced in center field - Joe D. (I thought I was dreaming!). A beautiful limited edition set of 8 prints of 19th century HOFers! Love those colors. Many players which were special heroes to the sender like Larry Bird, Bud Harrelson, Joe Morgan, Paul Minner (of obs significance), Joe Carter, Al (big smiles) McBeam, Cardinals Team, comedy cards, historic cards, and even a mystery card (Lou Clinton is the H.P. of C.?). Got to think about that one.

I hope you now have a better picture of what you guys have done for me.

Kevin