

# *"Born to Coach"*

Jack Moore ~ Biography



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I know I was born to be a sports coach. At least sports were just about the only thing I would ever think of as a kid!

Let's start from the beginning. I was born at 11:52 PM on March 16, 1937 at St. Mary's, the most popular hospital in the Kensington/Fishtown area of Philadelphia. Oh yes, this being a Catholic Irish hospital, if I would have been born at 12:00 AM or right after the clock reached midnight, I would have been born on Saint Patrick's Day, my name would have been "Patrick", and my Mother would not have had to pay the \$25.00 (cost at that time to have a baby). I would have been a "free-bee".

Little did I know that hospitals would become a very big part of my life. At about three years old someone noticed my right leg was somewhat shorter, and that I was walking with a limp! The story goes that I was left with my grandmother during the day because my mother would work at, where else but, St Mary's hospital. One day I was slightly injured after rolling off of the couch, and after several more instances of losing my balance, after almost a year, my Mother took me to St. Christopher's Children's Hospital. After many tests it was found I had *osteomyelitis*, a disease that attacks and destroys the bone. As of today about 95% of my right hip is gone. As an aside, I ended up spending nine of my first 12 Christmas Days in St. Christopher's Hospital, and ever since I was about ten or eleven years old my right leg has been almost three and a half inches shorter than my left leg.

We were a very poor family; I can even remember living in a home on Susquehanna Avenue, at about 13 or 14 years of age, with no electricity! The house had nothing but gas, and a big pot belly stove right in the middle of the front room. It always felt like it was over 100 degrees in that house; it was for sure we were never cold.

We used gas for light and cooking. Can you imagine living like this? To top it off, when you had to use the bathroom, we had an "outhouse" in the backyard! It didn't matter if it was January, and the temperature was at 10 or lower, if you needed the bathroom, you just put on a coat and went outside! During my life we lived in three houses on Susquehanna Avenue, and they were all almost just as bad!

My family lived day-to-day, getting whatever food and household supplies we needed from Novack's store at Susquehanna & Girard Avenue. Every Friday my Mother would send me to the store to get a total of how much we owed that week. She then paid that bill, and the next day things would start all over again.

Over many years, my brothers, sisters, and I would stand at a neighbor's front window at night to see what TV was all about. As you can probably guess, we were the last family on the block to get a TV. That TV came from Paul's on Girard Avenue, a place that exists to this day. I will never forget, it was a 12" black and white screen, and it cost us almost \$500. It came with a great big glass screen that you placed in front of the set to magnify the picture to make it look like a 17" screen!

After I turned 14 years old, I began to sell Easter flowers and Christmas trees at Novack's store. Eddie Novack, the owner, knew how poor we were and he tried doing things for me and the family until he died in a tractor accident in the early 70's; he was a kind-hearted good man.

My family needed financial help, so when I was 16 years old I started working making .75 cents an hour! It wasn't much, but it helped out a little. While going to work was a big step, it was quickly followed by a startling development! Don't ask me why, but at age 16 my hair started turning grey. One day I read about this movie star, and he was saying that this trait was in the genes in his family, and that every male in his family was grey by the age of 16 or 17 years old. I did not like what I read. Some of my friends that I hung out with noticed, but did not say anything to me about it. One day one of my friends (I will not name him) told me that he had been dying his hair since he was 15 years old, and he urged me to go for it. I did not like the thought of dying my hair, but I did not want to be grey by the time I was 17. That is the reason why I have always had dark brown hair to this day, even now when I'm 68 years old. I think all of my family and most people I know recognize this, but out of respect don't ask me about it. It seems to me, that it has gotten to a point now, that there are so many people dying their hair that it is just an everyday thing, and no one thinks a thing of it one way or the other.

Growing up in Fishtown back in the 1950's & 60's was good! A group of us were always together playing sports. Like I mentioned, I always loved sports, and I could play a little basketball and baseball. When teams were picked, I am proud to say that I was not the last pick! I enjoyed passing to open players and just getting us on the board. We loved playing basketball so much we often would shovel the snow off of the Chandler School basketball court to play. And play we did; we would play from day light to dark on Saturday and Sundays, and there was always another group of five guys waiting to play the winners.

In baseball I started out playing in the outfield, but I had no speed so I decided that, if I was going to continue playing, I had to move into the infield, most likely first base. But being only 5'5" normally, and a whopping 5'7" if I stood on my longer single leg, I was still short for first base. Never the less, I gave it a try. I figured all I had to do was practice!

I forget who it was, but I asked someone to hit me ground balls until his hands hurt. When we got done that day I had black and blue marks all over my legs where I had missed the ball and gotten hit. I played one year at first base, and then quit playing! I was never a good hitter, but I can remember two no hitters I broke up. One was in the seventh inning with one out when I lined a hit over second base. The center fielder was playing way in because everyone knew I was just not a fast runner. He came in and took the ball on one hop, and I knew he would try throwing me out at first! I was running as fast as I could, and I remember seeing the ball headed to the first baseman. With a desperate lunge, I tripped and fell over the base just beating the ball but we had a hit!

I will never forget the day I hit a home run! On this particular day the centerfielder was playing in close to the infield, he was "cheating-in" in an attempt to throw me out at first, should I get something through the infield. I caught a fast ball right down middle of the plate and lined it over his head. I knew I had a shot at a triple, but the ball hit the center field wall at Newt's and took a good bounce. By the time I reached third I was really tired, and when I saw the coach waving me home I told him as I went around the base "I will never make it! Somehow, someway I reached home and remember the catcher tagging me as I fell on the plate; then the umpire called me safe! I think it took half of the team to carry me to the bench, and it must have taken me 20 minutes to catch my breath.

Standing on the side lines one Sunday watching my friends play football I thought, "I'd like to coach football, and this could be my first team". I approached my friends and asked them if they would like a coach. When they said yes, my football coaching career was underway; the first game of the season was only a week away, and it was an away game!

The fans were really up-beat for this game, we were a new team, and they were ready to show us what it would be like to play their three time champions, the Bantams. We lost the flip and had to kick off to them, thus giving them the first shot with the ball. We stopped them cold on three plays. They would now have to punt the ball to us. Now it was our turn to run our first play ever! The punt was caught and returned by John Hanna about 35 yards. Two plays later we were into the Bantams end zone. That was just the beginning. The final score that day was 44 to 0! Following that first win, there was no question this team was for real. The next time we played, a home game, we won 33 to 6, and on we rolled. We had very little trouble that first season, went 8 and 0, and won our first championship in our first season! During that amazing year we scored 310 points while giving up just 33 points all season long. I went on to coach 9 seasons of football and won 9 championships over those 9 seasons. I guess that's not a bad record! Not a bad team those Holy Name Ramrods and Butler Bears.

Some have asked me why I never married. Well, that almost happened back in the mid 1960's I was engaged to a girl by the name of Sandy Beck, we had the rings, a down payment on a home, and new furniture that I was paying off weekly. I was working at Stetson Hat, and had a decent job there. But, about a year before the wedding date something happened, and our engagement was over. Like a fool she took the ring off of her finger and threw it at me. I felt the ring hit me in the back, but I was too proud to turn around and pick it up. Well for being stupid I continued to make payments for almost two years paying for that ring. We tried patching our relationship up a number of times, but we could never make it work. Looking back, I guess part of the problem was that I was very tied up coaching my football teams, and I had begun coaching baseball with the Fishtown Athletic Club; each year I would go from the baseball season right into the football season. I never took much time just for myself. Sometimes I think I was wrong to never marry and have someone to live out my life with.

Working with Fishtown A.C., and now the FAC Alumni, I have given more than 47 years of my life working with and for children. Along the way I have never had much luck gambling, or at winning anything outside of sports. Everything that was good came to me through coaching.

Back when I was a kid we didn't do drugs like a lot of the kids do today. It is something that will take your life away. We would hang on the corner and maybe have a beer or two on a Friday night, then maybe go the Holy Name dance. I did not start drinking even a beer until I was almost 20 years old. That's primarily because I had a Father who was a drunk, and he put my poor Mom through hell! Back then there were no laws for beating up your wife, a good thing for him I guess! One Christmas Eve that I was not in the hospital, I think I was about ten, I helped my Mother put up a tree, and then we waited for him to come home. After he had lost his pay check and Christmas bonus playing cards like he did every year, he walked in drunk and started right away on my

Mom, cursing at her and hitting her. Following that display, he picked up the tree, lights and all, and threw it right through our third floor onto Frankford Ave! That Christmas tantrum is something I would never forget, or forgive him for as long as I lived. I had hatred in my heart for drinking when I did start drinking, but I never over did it; hell after I had one or two beers I was ready for bed!

I feel I was picked out and given a very special gift by God. That gift enabled me to go out and provide leadership in teaching children the right way to conduct themselves growing up, starting with respect for others above everything else. I feel each day that I was put here on earth in order to do something for another person. I try very hard to pick up someone else, even if I am not feeling too good that day; why ruin the day for someone else? I'd like to think that just about every kid I worked with over the years went away feeling about the time we spent together.

I am always asked if I had my life to live over again would I do it the same way? The answer is yes! I feel I have been given so much more than I could ever give. I have had so many great kids in my life. Why was I the one given the opportunity to have all of these outstanding young people in my life and to play for me? They feel the same way about me as I do for them. I have always felt in my heart that the teams and the players that have played for me have been my family. We are family, I've even had a few even call me Dad. When you walk down the street, or you are out to dinner and you hear "Hi Coach", it means so much to you that you walk around with your chest popped out the rest of the night. Would I live my life again the same way; yes that one is easy; I would do it again and again. Along with my real family, and as a result of all of the experiences gained through my extended family, I have so many great memories it would take 100 life times to tell all of the stories that have made my life so very special.

I have been given so many awards, and while they do mean a lot to me, the kids mean much more. I guess the award that really gave me the chance to thank them all was the night I was inducted into the Pennsylvania Sports Hall of Fame. But there is a story to tell leading up to that moment. When I first was told of the award I felt in my heart **why me**; I really was not going to go to the induction ceremony. But as I sat back for a few weeks thinking about this prestigious award, I knew I had to go! The night of the induction dinner turned out to be the night I was waiting for all of my life. On that night I was given the stage to finally tell everyone about my teams, and all of the outstanding kids that ever played for me.

When the night finally came, I was ready to give back to all of players that, year in and year out, gave so much of their heart and soul playing for me. Yes I was the coach, and there is no coach alive that could win anything "**without his players**". I went to the dinner that evening for one reason, and one reason only; that was to give back to every player and every team I have ever coached; thanking them all, right there in front of everyone at that induction celebration. I will always cherish that night, primarily because I could accept the award in the name of every kid that was any part of me in sports. Each and every one of them would be remembered on this night

So many old friends came up and wished me well that night. When it was my turn at the mike, I started by telling almost 500 people about the gift I felt I had been given by God. I stated that my special gift was to coach, and that I gave each person that ever walked on a field to play for me everything that I could to make them the best human being possible. Master of Ceremonies that evening, Vince Papale, whispered into my ear as I ended my short speech. He said, "Those kids were really lucky to have you as their coach. You did a great job up here tonight, Thank You".

I pray from my heart that I have never let any of them down, and I know every one of them knew what respect to others meant as they became adults!

Connie Mack Coach of the old Philadelphia A's baseball team said it right when he said **"If you can't say something good about a person, don't say anything at all"** Personally, I do believe the world would be a lot better place if we all felt this way down deep.

*It was on January 11, 2006 when I returned to live out my day's right where I was born, the old St. Mary's hospital, currently Neumann North. I live in apartment #505, on the same floor where I was born! How many people do you know return to live where they were born? It is almost unbelievable, and Mom I know you're happy for me. This place is a great place to live, and you don't have to run out to the yard when you have to go to the "bathroom".*

### ***The fall that changed my life***

On a warm July afternoon I stopped over to see the new "Spirit newspaper office. The paper is owned by Tom and MaryAnn Milligan. I had been asked to stop by and see the new place. As I entered the front door Markie my Godson, was with me and walking behind me. There was a step that dropped down almost 12 inches. I did not see it, and I took the worst fall of my life, landing flat on my face. I felt that by luck I was not hurt seriously, even though my left arm and left leg were a little sore. But the most important thing was that my right leg seemed to be unhurt. 24 hours later,, however, I knew I was wrong. I had hurt my leg seriously, and I knew that it would not get better. That right leg was always very tender, and somehow I always felt that if I ever had a fall that hurt that leg, I was in real trouble! It is now many months later and I almost every night I still have pain in that leg.

Along the way I know I was given something very special from the man upstairs; that was to do good, and coach the kids. I proved that I could win in any sport. But I could never win at gambling casinos, not even at flipping baseball cards or a coin. I remember a football game that went six quarters. I lost the flip at the start of the game again at half time then lost each of the flips for the two sudden death periods. BUT we won the game.

To the judge and Mrs. Lederer there is no way to ever properly say thank you all you can do is to try. In my heart you both will always be.

I have been asked many times, "What the best team that you have ever coached"? Wow what a question! That just maybe the hardest question I have ever been asked. I have been truly blessed coaching so many outstanding young athletes and teams in my life that to pick just one team is almost impossible. However, if I really had to choose one team it would be my first Ramrod Jr's football team in 1960. Not that all of my other championship teams did not mean the world to me, but that team was so very special! It really hurts in my heart to have to pick just one team over all of those other great teams that gave me so much happiness and pride, but those '60 Ramrods were my first one, and I'll never forget those kids. In thinking about all of the teams I coached over the years, I thank God everyday that I had sports and sports coaching in my life.

### ***GOD BLESSED ME***

On Thursday April 6, 2006 at Dugan's Restaurant in Philadelphia I stood in front of almost 500 people to be inducted into the "Pennsylvania Sports Hall Of Fame". While this was to be a great honor for sure, as I stood at the podium I thought, why I am here? You see, in my mind I thought, "there have been so many kids that deserved to be standing there right along with me"; they are the real reason I was there! Yes it is true, I have won a lot of Championships in baseball and football over the years, but the truth is, how many would I have won with-out those kids? God blessed me with the ability to coach, sent me so many really wonderful athletes to work with, and with that combination it was all easy.

In my heart today they are all my family! My players added so many great memories, and no man could ever be more grateful to have had them in his life. I accepted that award, and dedicate it to every kid that has ever played on every team I have ever coached. Thank you for getting me into the Hall Of Fame. I love you all! You will be in my heart forever.

***As of today August 23, 2007*** ~ I know I have a serious foot problem from my diabetes. We are prone to many foot problems, often because of two complications of diabetes: ***nerve damage (neuropathy) and poor blood circulation.*** Neuropathy causes loss of feeling in your feet, taking away your ability to feel pain and discomfort, so you may not detect an injury or irritation. Poor circulation in your feet reduces your ability to heal, making it hard for even a tiny cut to resist infection. As days go by my left foot feels numbness. I get these tingling sensations in my toes and bottom of that foot.

I will keep going to my foot doctor Dave Rosenthal. Within the last few weeks my left foot is turning to a light pink color, and my toes are a little red in spots and sore. I hope and pray that the doctor will be able to help me. But I am starting to lose some feeling in my left leg and foot it seems this is happening very fast. I have been doing a lot of reading about ***Peripheral Arterial Disease – PAD***.

More than 20% of people over 70 years of age in this country have PAD

As many as 30-40 million Americans may be affected by this potentially crippling disease in the years to come!

- PAD blocks circulation to vital arteries.
- PAD is called "peripheral" because it most often affects the legs and feet. PAD is associated with high blood pressure, diabetes, heart disease and stroke. Early on, PAD may only cause difficulty walking but in its most severe forms, PAD can cause painful foot ulcers, infections, or even gangrene that results in amputation!

I know that I have got to start getting help to save my foot and leg A.S.A.P. So I will see Dr. Dave Rosenthal on Thursday August 30, 2007 and go from there. After visiting the Doctor he assured me that I did have good pulse in my feet, and that if he felt I needed to see a specialist if it worsen he would send me without hesitation.

Well things did not get better, and on October 11, 2007 Dr. Rosenthal asked me to have a Doppler test done at the Northeastern Hospital for poor blood circulation in my feet. The findings were not good and things continued to get worse. Starting on December 20, 2008 I started getting what felt like shocks in the top of my left foot. These sensations would occur off and on all night keeping me awake!

My left leg has been the only good leg that I have had all of my life, and if I were to lose this part of my body I pray that God would take me as I would have nothing else to live for any longer.

I have a lot of people in my life to thank; none more than my grandson Mark. Of his 17 years he has spent a few hours with me almost every day since he has been about three years old. Mark realizes that I am not able to do very much anymore, and he has taken it upon himself to try and do everything for me every day that he has the time. Mark has been the love of my life along with his brother Anthony and his sister Christine. These kids and their Mom, Donna are really great. I appreciate all they have done for me.

When I moved into Neumann North it was one of the happiest days of my life, and with Mark be able to come over each day it was fun. Now Markie is trying to get his GED with the hope of eventually working with the Job Corps. He has to find his way in life! Mark did poorly in school, so getting his GED will not be easy, but he seems to know that if he is going to someday get a good job, he has got to do his best. Mark's dream is to get a job in the art field. He has been a very good doing artist since he was seven or eight years old, and he gets better every day!

Being 69 years old, things are changing big time for me with my body; even walking a short way takes a lot out of me. My feet started hurting me a year or two ago and I do everything I can for them each day using hand cream and generally taking very good care of them. The question will be asked many times why I did not go to see my Doctor about my feet or have a blood test for more then a year now (October 10, 2007) well I really don't know!

I have often been asked if I had the chance to start all over would I do anything different. Well I'm not 100% sure if I would, but as time goes by you find something missing from your life and that is having your own family. I had a life time meeting and enjoying so many people over my many years in sports. And family, no man has ever had a bigger family then me; in fact I guess I've had more children than any other man I know! Overall, I have really enjoyed my life!

I have tried to teach every kid that played for me to give back. Play really hard but always play clean and with respect. I get up every day and try to do something good for someone else. Never take it out on some one else if you are not feeling good that day; you don't need to ruin another person's day because you don't feel good.

Spangler's Envelope Company:

I only worked in a few places. Spangler's was a company at 1237 North Howard Street in Philadelphia. This is where I worked for 25 years of my life. It seemed that every one that lived in Fishtown was working there. It was a good place to work, but almost anything crazy that you might imagine, did happen at Spangler's! It is best that not much is said about those things to insure that no names are mentioned.

### **My rules for life**

- 1. Get up every morning and try to do something good for others.**
- 2. Never take out how you're feeling on another person and ruin their day.**
- 3. Always be ready to help another person at anytime.**
- 4. Respect others.**
- 5. Always keep your promises because **your word** is the most importune thing in life.**
- 6. Never take anything that is not yours no matter how small.**
- 7. Never lend or barrow money, you lose too many good friends.**
- 8. Never lie about anything for any reason no matter what the outcome may bring.**
- 9. Always give advice from your heart so that people know where it is coming from.**

To have a **best friend** is to have a person that you know will be there for you all of your life; a person that you can always depend on no matter what! I have many very good friends in my life. People like my Brother Butch who I know would be there for me if I called; he has a big heart. But the best friend I have ever had is Denny Reid. Here is a kid that just came out for my Fishtown AC team, and never left me the rest of my life. A best friend is a member of your family like blood. I would do anything for him, and I am sure he would do the same for me if at all possible. Thank you Den for always being there for me!

I love my three grandchildren, Markie, Christie, and Anthony with all of my heart. But Markie was a very special little boy and from the day he was about three years old we were inseparable. I took him with me everywhere I went. As he grew he helped me every day; in fact he would take care of me like I did when he was young watching out for me. What a great and wonderful kid! I wish I could be here with them as they go through life. But I know God will watch over them.

I think I said earlier I just want to be remembered as “**Coach**”; a guy that was always giving with all of his heart in order to make every day a better day for someone else.

I am not even going to try to thank everyone by name because that would be impossible, so I will just say I love you all with all of my heart. Thank you for being a very big part of my life; you meant so much to me!

February 15, 2009

### **A TURN THAT WOULD ALMOST TAKE MY LIFE**

It all started on the 11<sup>th</sup>. of February I started losing sleep and today, four days later I just cannot sleep day or night. My breathing slows down to almost nothing, and even stops as I'm ready to fall to sleep. I jump up wide awake, and this situation really scares me to death! I thought that I had heavy phlegm in my chest, and I truly hoped that during my scheduled visit on Monday February 16, 2009 with Dr. Thatch he could prescribe something that would clear this up, and give me rest and a good night's sleep.

After leaving the doctor's office I felt no better, and when I went to CVS to fill the prescription, I was told that I had better not take it because in combination with what I was already taking a severe reaction might occur! I then asked for cough syrup but I was told the doctor had not ordered any. I immediately called his office only to be told he had left for the night and to get back to him the next day!

The next day I changed back to my old doctor, Richard Scheuermann, and within one day I was in the Northeastern Hospital.

### **Heart Attack**

I was sent to the Northeastern Hospital where I was told after two days of tests that I had had a heart attack and my blood sugar was sky rocketing. How could all of this be possible? I have always had a good heart; at least that is what the doctors always told me. Unfortunately, this was no joke none at all!

As a result of the attack, I had built up fluid in my chest and legs, and after just two days of treatment, I lost more than nine pounds of this fluid. This was a scary time for me since it was the first time I was back in a hospital since I was a kid of about ten years of age.

What the hell was going on? Well three days later when I was sent home I had a total of 17 new pills to take every day, and had to take my blood sugar every day 3 times. But before I left the hospital I was told that I now have a “weak heart”, to be very careful, and do absolutely everything I was told by my doctor. The only thing that turned out good for me was that I was given a sleeping pill that really worked; I got a good night’s sleep!

### **THIS IS NOT A BILL BUT**

On Friday March 20, 2009 I opened an envelope from Bravo, my insurance company, and the first thing I read was, **“the services received were not authorized, and are not payable by the plan”**. Further, it indicated the total bill amounted to \$21,678.60, and that I might be billed **\$11,190.00**. I thought, this has to be some kind of joke because the reason I was in the hospital in the first place was because I received a call from my doctor Dr. Richard Scheuermann telling me that I was to go to the hospital right away. Well, \$11,190.00 is more money than I think I have had ever had in my life time. I called Representative Mike O’ Brien’s office immediately, and was told not to worry about this and that they would look into the matter and get back to me. This will worry me sick until this is all worked out and closed. It eventually was taken care of; Thank Goodness!

## **Updates On My Foot Condition - April 6, 2009**

I can only feel my small toe on my left foot now, and I am hoping that when the sore on my big toe heals that the feeling will return. The sore I am talking about is one I found on January 1, 2009; it is still there, and not too much better!

## **First Appointment - April 28, 2009**

Today was black Tuesday to me! Dr. Dave sent me to a new doctor downtown at 221 N. Broad St. with **Dr. Michael S. Weingarten, MD.**

I was picked up about 10:15am, and was in the doctor's office by 10:40. He is known as one of the best doctors in the City. Well about 11:40 am the doctor made his way into the room where I was waiting. I told him all about my right leg, the fact just 5% of my hip was left, and that my knee in my right leg was so weak that it could just about hold my body. I then told him how much I needed my left foot just to live!

He started to check out my toe, and he took out what looked like a small stick, and pushed it into the sore. The stick went into my toe, and hit the bone; it hurt like hell! The doctor said this should not happen, and that when it does it means that the bone is, almost 90% of the time, infected. All that the doctor said was "we don't want this"! The doctor changed the medicated cream I was using, and explained that he needed to find out what the bone looked like. This meant that I needed an MRI and an x-ray, along with a blood test at the Northeastern Hospital.

I have to get all of this done before I see the doctor again on Thursday May 7, 2009. On that date I am afraid that I may hear the news that could end my life the way I know it!

## **May 6, 2009**

The MRI and an x-ray will be done today at 8:30am at the Northeastern Hospital. Then on Thursday May 7, 2009 most likely the Doctor will let me know the outcome. I only know that sleeping at night has been very hard. You lay there wide awake thinking about some of the worst things that could happen, and you know that there is no way you can make it in life. Without the use of my left foot I fear I could not even get up and walk! I feel there really could be no use of living any longer! I know that if this happens I will be letting some people down, but please listen and try to understand. You now have no legs to stand on, and no way to get around any longer; I'll need help every day with everything I do. ***Would you want to live that way?***

## ***A Date I Will Always Remember For The Rest Of My Life***

### **2<sup>nd</sup> Appointment May 7, 2009**

10:00am – really great news! The MRI and X-rays taken at Northeastern Hospital on May 6, 2009 showed that there was no disease in my left foot bones. Further, the lady doctor called me aside after we left the room, and told me that a week ago, when she first saw my foot, she believed the foot had disease in the bone. She followed up by saying that someone up there was with me! I do know this to be true!! I will never forget all of the people that did pray for me. So many good people. O God, thank you for giving me another chance to live a little longer. I will give you my word to work harder to do good things for others every day I live.

### **3<sup>rd</sup> Appointment May 14, 2009**

I must be at the hospital by 7:30am for a dye test that will take place at the top of my left leg artery. The dye will find any blockage of blood in my leg. The test will take about 45 minutes but I must stay for six hours after the procedure before I can get up on my feet and go home. In the end it took eight hours and 50 minutes before I was sent home.

If a blockage is found, the Doctor told me that there are many ways that the vein can be opened, but he feels if necessary, he will use a balloon. He also told me that his ability to treat me, and to help me get well again, he needs to conduct this test. I told him that I would do anything he needs!

**May 15, 2009**

Aneurysms are discovered in my leg! The outcome is to remove two veins with a by-pass in my left leg within a week or so. I am told that this will save my foot and after the operation the blood flow will bring back my foot to health, both doctors (Dave & Weingarten) explained that, without this operation, I could lose my foot. Doctor Weingarten has tells me that the day after the operation I will be up on my feet, but I will be in the hospital for three days. Being alone now, I worry about me getting around and getting things done by myself! Is all of this going to be possible?

**May 21, 2009**

Surgery put on hold! It seems that after the stress test was taken on May 22, 2009 something showed up about my heart. I must see my heart doctor, Dr. Mac Donald at the Northeastern Hospital on Tuesday May 26, 2009 at 11:00am. As far as my foot goes the feeling is about the same; sore and hard to walk! I keep thinking, how am I even going to put my shoe on each day, how long will it be before I can drive my car, how am I going to get around each day by myself? Everyone always tells me don't worry, everything will work out. I only hope and pray they are right!

**May 27, 2009**

Stress test results show more serious problems with my heart. The doctor, Dr. Mac Donald tells me that my heart is not working the way it should, and that there is likely a blockage somewhere in there. I am asked to go to Temple hospital on Friday May 29, 2009 to see if they can open up the blockage! I will do this with a lot of hope, and I pray to God that the doctors will find the blockage, and be able to open it! If this works I will be able to have my foot taken care of, however, if this procedure cannot do the job, ***I have made up my mind; I will not have open heart surgery for no reason!***

***Friday May 29, 2009***

Dr. Riyaz Bashir would be doing what I felt was my last chance; he would go into my chest and make every *effort to find and open anything blocked. Before he started I asked him to please help me, and give me a chance to get my left leg well again. He said he would do his best, and the test started. I guess it took almost 40 minutes. After he was all finished, he came over to me and gave me the worst news of my life!*

He told me that that the heart attack that I had took a great toll, and that my heart was very weakened, and worse yet, three of my arteries had bad blockages; there was no way he could open them! The Doctor again asked me for the second time that day if I would consider heart surgery. I told him yet again that open heart surgery was out! I knew by telling him this that I most likely was taking away any chance of getting blood into my foot, and helping it get better!

A little while later, Dr. Bashir came up to me and asked “Mr. Moore, I understand that you were told that your leg could not be opened with the use of the balloon or stent”. I answered that that is what I was told by Dr. Weingarten. Further, I told him that Dr. Weingarten indicated that since he felt the balloon treatment would not work, he could not do the by-pass surgery if my heart could not take the five and a half hour operation. Therefore, my only options to get fresh blood into my foot seemed to be ruled out.

***Dr. Bashir, out of a clear blue sky, then asked me get the x-rays from Hanneman Hospital and bring them to him on June 3, 2009 in order that he might reassess the situation!***

With the little hope I had left, I felt my heart skipping for joy; I had just a little ray of hope again! Could this doctor find away to save my leg and maybe my life at the same time? Can this be possible? I thought, it is in God’s hands now!

***“I’m caught in the middle with nowhere to turn!”***

With my heart being very weak, and three valves almost 100% closed, I do know that something is happening because I have numbness that runs down both arms and into my fingers; they are always cold and I have never experienced anything like this before the heart attack. I will not have any surgery on my heart for any reason; even if I did there is a good possibility I would not live through it! Now where do I stand? Doctor Dr. Michael S. Weingarten has told me there is no chance of surgery on my leg without surgery on my heart.

The only hope that I now have is the meeting with the x-rays of my leg when I see Dr. Brasher on June 3, 2009. I constantly worry about my foot because I know that the sore is getting worse every day.

Without my foot I feel I have no life left anyway! Let’s put it this way, I would not want to live without my foot, and not be able to get up and walk. I have always had trouble walking, but to not walk at all; I would rather be off the face of the earth!

No I really don’t want to die. But could you live without being able to get up and do things for yourself?

***“Never in my life time have I had no fighting chance at all! This one I am sure I cannot win.....”***

**June 3, 2009**

Down to my last hope!

Dr. Riyaz Bashir walked into the room. I had only waited about 15 minutes, but it seemed like forever. The doctor started asking me a lot of questions. Then said to me ***“I’m going to get you into the hospital on Tuesday June 9, 2009, and we are going to get some blood into your foot”*** I just looked at him; I could not believe what I had just heard! I remember saying, “you’re going to be able to do this for me”? “You’re going to be able to open up my leg without surgery”? He said yes! I just broke down like a little kid; I was crying! The next thing I know I was hugging the doctor, and he was hugging me back. I can’t remember ever being more happy! I had a chance to have my foot back and the best thing

was that my foot sores had a chance to get better. This was the first happy day I have had in a very long time! The phone did not stop ringing all the rest of that day. I sat back and realized just how many friends I have, and I thanked them all for their prayers. But from a guy with a very poor weak heart, I will never forget all of you for your love and caring.

### **June 9, 2009-June 11, 2009**

Dr. Bashir walked into the room where I laid on my back waiting and praying for a miracle to happen! The procedure took almost three hours. When it was all over the doctor walked into room #704, this was the hospital room I was given for this the most imported day of my life, and he started telling me just how and what he had done. He worked his way down from my belly and went all of the way to my ankle inside of a main *artery*, and began “scraping off plack”, and clearing the inside for fresh blood to get down into my foot maybe for the first time in a year! The morning after the procedure, they did a Doppler test on my foot; there was no blood flow sound at all! Here I go again!

They said they would do another test the next day. Next morning I was again sent to have the Doppler test, and this time we had a good blood flow into the foot, and it was warm! The doctor was happy and told me that now the sore will start to heal. He then gave me the OK to go home!

*I could again start to think a little about life!*

### **It is now June 21, 2009 ~ 12 days since I got blood in my foot.....**

I have days when I think that the sore on my foot looks a little bit better, and then there are days when I think there is no healing! I still ask myself, “Will this ulcer heal”? If so, how much longer will it take? Remember it started on January 1, 2009

### **June 22, 2009**

Today, for the first time, I found a little hole under the nail on my left toe. I cut the nail, and tried to clean out the black stuff. The toe did bleed a little, and, to me, it doesn't look good! The toe is dry with very little feeling!

## **One month has gone by, it is now July 7, 2009**

This is the day of my next appointment with Dr. Bashir. The doctor started by asking me a lot of questions about my foot since the procedure on June 10. He then explained to me that there are three veins that go into my foot, and that he opened the one that was 80% blocked. He then told me that the other two are 100% blocked, and if my foot doesn't start to heal, he would try going into my leg again to open another vein. He further explained that there is only a 50-50 chance that this procedure will work, and that this may still not bring the blood needed to heal my foot even if it does! The real possibility of me losing my toe is becoming a reality!

The Doctor said that he would like to see me in about one month and we would go from there.....

## **July 12, 2009**

Yesterday I discovered a black spot under my left toe; it is about 1/8" round. This really scares me. I was just to see Dr. Dave on July 9 and he did not say anything at all about it. I will watch this very closely and may go back to see him again this week.

## **The Doctors That Are Giving Me A Chance**

### ***Dr. Riyaz Bashir - Temple Hospital***

Dr. Michael S. Weingarten, MD - Hahnemann Hospital

Heart doctor James Mac Donald - Northeastern Hospital

Richard Scheuermann - Family Doctor

Dr. Dave Rosenthal – My Foot Doctor

Dr. Dave has done everything in his power for more than a year to help me! I love him more than anything I can say for all his caring and friendship!

Well what a way to end a story!.....

Yes, it is almost unbelievable to be back where it all started for me; where I live today, and where I was born, the old St. Mary's Hospital. 1937 seems so long ago. By earth time it is just a blink of the eye, but for a man now 72, those years have provided me with a lifetime of memories. You almost believe you have been on earth forever!

Thanks Mom for giving me a chance to give something back! I hope I did a decent job! I know I always did my best, only time will tell!

*Jack Moore* March 16, 1937 ~

*"A WINNER NEVER QUILTS, A QUITTER NEVER WINS"* ~ September 14, 2005

### *Epilogue*

***As the summer of 2009 moved into August and September, Jack's foot and heart problems continued. He underwent several additional medical procedures, and eventually had part of his foot surgically removed. During the fall, Jack's medical problems got progressively worse. As he vowed, Jack never gave in to open heart surgery! However, in early December, Jack agreed to further surgery on his deteriorating foot. One day after his last surgery, on December 9, 2009, Jack died!***

***On that December day, those of us who knew Jack lost a good friend! Further, on December 9, 2009 the Fishtown Community, and the Youth of Fishtown lost something very important as well, they lost "THEIR COACH"!***

