



When Evelyn returned to the hospital, David was still asleep in his bed. The sheets were drawn up to his chin. All she could see was a big white bandage and a tuft of brown hair sticking out of the top of it.

For an hour she sat by his bedside. At last he stirred. She put her hand on his arm to make sure he would know she was there. He moved his head from side to side slowly, then suddenly his whole body started to tremble.

"Mom," he almost shouted. "I can't see. I CAN'T SEE!"

She held his arm tightly, and said softly: "Darling, you're in the hospital. You've had your operation. I'm

here and everything's going to be all right. How do you feel?"

The tension eased in David's body but not all the conflict in his mind. "It's so dark, Mom," he moaned. "I can't . . . I can't move my eyes."

Evelyn sat there for several hours with him, chatting when he was awake, watching him when he drifted off into sleep again.

The next three days were agony for David: agony of the mind as well as physical pain. His eyes throbbed relentlessly. After six days he was allowed to leave hospital. He lay on a couch in the living room at home with

the blinds down to exclude all sunlight.

Nine days after the operation, Evelyn took David to Dr. Cogan's surgery for the 'great unveiling' as they called it.

"It was like a movie," Evelyn says. "I sat there watching the doctor slowly unwrapping David in this dark room. As he did so he told David how it would be at first. He warned him that he wouldn't be able to open his eyes straight off. The first thing he'd feel would be a sense of light. The impact of the first light waves would be a bit painful, but he wasn't to worry."