

Our Yakima Trip

By Fran and Amy

Amy and I were having a wonderful weekend, a get-away for the two of us. The kids were at home more or less sleeping at the neighbors but with little hands-on supervision. Amy and I had never been to Yakima, WA but it is an agricultural area where they are growing a lot of grapes and making more and more wine.

We stopped a couple wineries in the early afternoon on Friday, and then went to stay at a B&B. We had a reservation at a steakhouse in Yakima. Both of us were excited to go to a steak house after watching some a couple recent shows on the Food channel that celebrate the local beef industry.

We had a great meal. Good wine. Amy had Kobe beef prime rib. I had a New York strip. It was a lovely evening. The meal was winding down. Amy took one final bite and then the unthinkable happened. She took a sip of water and it all came back up through her nose.

"Are you okay?"

Nothing. Not a sound. She just pointed to her throat.

"For real?" She stood up and nodded. I reached around her waist and started giving the Heimlich maneuver. After about five thrusts I stopped. "Did that work?" No. She shook her head.

Then everything got real slow, and reality sort of retreated from my consciousness. HOLY SHIT!! I again reach around her and really wailed on her. My mind was racing a million miles an hour. I'm literally lifting her off the ground and squeezing in burst as hard as I can. "Did that work?"

I hear nothing but it feels surreal that no one is doing anything in this whole f'ing place. I felt really alone, in a way. I'm thinking I'm throwing a grown woman around in the middle of dining room and it ain't working. What do I do? Well, I can't stop.

Then Amy grabs my right hand and raises it about 4 inches. I don't remember exactly what I did. She might have balled my fist and placed it or simple moved my hand. I thrust again. I'm thinking I'm going to really hurt her because I am exerting a lot of force. She feels like a little kid to me. I could have tossed her in the air. After another three or four thrusts, I hear a faint wheeze and pause. "Did that work?" She stands up and takes her weight back under her control.

"Yes," she squeaks.

I feel like I was just in a fight. I am ready to go another round. I am the only one standing in the middle of this dining room. Gradually the voices come up and the sounds fade in. I can't believe what just happened.

Amy later said that she never panicked. Well, I sure as hell did. I really didn't know what to do. A manager comes over and says, "Is everything okay? Can I get you some water or something?" I remember thinking, "Don't be an asshole to this guy. What's he supposed to say? You are smirking right now." My real inner voice was saying something, "Yes. Bring us some water because of all the things in the world you could offer me, right now, water is the best. Yes. Water would make this perfect!"

Amy handled it with grace. At that moment, she was more embarrassed than anything. She said something, "I'm fine. Thanks."

I didn't know what to do. So once I was certain that Amy was okay, I just walked to the bathroom. I didn't have to go, but I just couldn't keep standing there.

Amy can fill in blank for what happened while I was away.

Later was actually worse as the reality of what happened set in. Neither one of us slept very well that night. Amy had flashbacks. I actually looked up the Heimlich maneuver on my phone so I could become better at it. I was running through when/if I should have said someone call 911. What if Amy had passed out? What would I have done then?

The whole thing was crazy. Fortunately, the next night was easier and we ate nothing but soup. (Just kidding on that.)