

Tanner & Dave with walkers.

Tanner and friends touring Muscat, Oman.

Great Fort of Nizwa, Oman.



Feliz navidad y próspero año nuevo Christmas 2020

“All changed, changed utterly; / A terrible beauty is born.” These lines from a poem by W.B. Yeats seem to fit everyone, as all of us have experienced change in some way this year. Last winter 2020, Dave and I found our lives “changing utterly” by medical crises. For those who don’t know, I apologize for not reaching everyone sooner. In a nutshell: Dave had fallen several times since late autumn 2019 and his doctor did not know why. On February 6, 2020., we were to fly to MI for a family gathering -- but after Dave fell and broke his collarbone, we ended up in the hospital instead. When Dave was examined as to why he was falling, the doctors discovered a slowly growing, nonmalignant brain tumor that may have started growing when he was a child. Dave has had **three** operations now, the second and third each lasting 8 hours. He spent a total of more than 100 days in the hospital. Since then, Dave has been recuperating slowly but positively, and he has shown great courage throughout his ordeal. (I could not visit Dave after his third surgery, due to pandemic restrictions then.)

As for me, I was visiting Dave each day after his second operation; one day I fell in his room and was taken to the ER. Then I was also admitted to the hospital after tests showed that I have “a-fib” (atrial fibrillation) and that I had had a mild stroke. The only good thing about this: Dave and I got to share a room, both in hospital and rehab! Since then I’ve had two more hospital stays as a result of several falls too boring to relate. ... Currently we are both using walkers and often joke about our “traffic jams of walkers” in narrow spaces in our house. Neither of us is driving yet, and I just might retire from driving altogether. We of course need some help, and we have a caregiver for a few hours each day from the group Visiting Angels. Dear friends and family have been wonderful. We remain as cheerful as possible. Though big trips (for me at least) are a thing of the past, I feel happy and grateful for all of life’s blessings. These song lyrics say it all: “How do I know my youth is all spent / My get-up-and-go has got up and went. / In spite of it all, I’m able to grin / when I think of the places my get-up has been.”

Merry Christmas!!! Stay safe, everyone. With blessings and love,