

wish to miss Mom's last days, but I also don't want Mort handling the boat alone. I am very torn. This in some part could account for my shakiness.

* This account is being completed on July 16, 1989.

I finally reached Marvin at 7:00 A.M. on May 1st. (Things are very poor with Mom.) He wanted me home, it was obvious. By 8:00 A.M. I was back on Pan Am to Philadelphia via Miami & New York, leaving at 1:00 from Freeport. The decision was for Mort to stay with the boat, have the shaft repaired, hire someone to make the trip back to Marathon with him and then for him to join me.

We called Boot Key Maria (I insisted on knowing that he actually had someone to make the trip with him.) and it was arranged that Charlie would join him - at our expense, of course - by Tuesday evening.

We also reached a mechanic - Bones is his name - and he arrived at 9:00 A.M. to see if he could help us. - By noon he had it repaired and only charged us \$95.00.

I also called Jim & Carol and they insisted they pick me up at the airport since they didn't want me going into a closed up locked up house alone after midnight.

They are the best friends - great people. It was comforting to know I would not be alone that first night. (They said they would spend the night).

I packed, hurriedly, for me, & for Mort, since he asked that I also gather what he needed in the way of clothes, so he could jump off fast when he arrived at Boot Key Marina.

My flight home was grueling and nerve wracking, since I thought Mom was dying. I had ~~to~~ never left Mort to run the boat without me, I'd never been totally alone in the house - No Mort - no kids - no dog - and the plane between Miami & New York had to make an emergency landing due to a loss of hydraulic - and I had no idea how long it would be before Mort could join me, and I was worried about the condition of his crossing.

To summarize - Mom lived - Thank God - I survived until Mort returned and,

after getting Mom moved into a retirement -
minimum care facility, selling her home,
selling her furniture, packing + storing her
personal possessions, we returned to
Boat Key Marina on June 12, 1989 to
once again take up our life.

WEDNESDAY MAY 3RD, '89 - ALTHOUGH
WEATHER FOR GULF STREAM
WATER WAS 10 KNOT FROM THE
NORTH. EVERYONE IN MARINA
JUMPED OFF. BEING ROCK HAPPY
& ANXIOUS TO GET HOME
ELECTED TO DO LIKEWISE.
FOUND GULF STREAM SLIGHTLY
SWELLY, BUT NO REAL PROBLEM
OR DISCOMFORT. NAVIGATION
TRACK KEPT CARRYING US
NORTH & HAD TO ADJUST.
MADE LAKE WORTH ENTRANCE
BY ZEROING IN ON TWO
CANDY STRIPED STACKS. WHICH
CHARLEY HAD REMEMBER.
LAKE WORTH IS A GOOD INLET
WIDE, VISIBLE, SOME CURRENT
BUT LOTS OF WATER. LEFT
JACK TIE AT 0730 MADE
SAILFISH MARINA (AN EXCELLENT
FACILITY WITH CUSTOMS HOTLINE)
BY 0430± WAS ABLE TO
CLEAR CUSTOMS IN 10 MINUTES.