

Thursday, September 17, 1992

Marathon

Mort worked on harding aft door frame. Stanley cleaned the bottom of the boat using his compressor, and I went off to Anthony's to check out their sale. I made an appointment for a much needed body perm, and brought a sub home for Mort's lunch.

I spoke to Dr. Park re: sending our blood samples to him for study.

In the afternoon I did the early preparations for our dinner tomorrow. Dan + Elvior are our guests then.

(I'm not feeling sharp today. Maybe it's the devil. I'm going to stop it.)

Jim & Linda stopped by. Mort picked up the frozen blood & feet & had it by 4:00. After showers we had a cocktail and then went to dinner at the Chinese restaurant. Mort had pork & black mushrooms, and I had Crispy Duck. Very Good. Then, we went to Chicque's for Ice Cream + Cookie Cones.

It was a good day, but Mort overworked.

Friday, September 18, 1992

Marathon*

It rained again last night. This is the 8th night in a row. We still have a little leak. Mort, I hope, is going to fill more Jovy Jug and give us more weight on the aft Port Quarter of the boat.

Dan + Elvior are coming for dinner. It will be Cornish Hen, Rice, Tomatoe Salad and Fruit Salad for ~~dessert~~ dessert.

Dinner was a great success and we enjoyed Dan & Elvior's company very much.

A good, but exhausting day.

Saturday, September 19, 1992

Marathon

We are still watching the Tropical Weather reports diligently, even though we are on the down side of the peak hurricane season. Everyone in the Keys are nervous and watchful.

Today we did the usual. (We Laundry & cleaning, not varnish.)

We went to "City fish" before lunch and bought the makings for a Buillabaisse, Lobster Clams, Oysters, scallops & Shrimp. We will haul out one of Louis' last sourdough breads.

Spot opened the clams after lunch, and I peeled shrimp & Lobster.

We played one game of Gin, of course I lost.

At cocktail time we took a cruise on the Whaler. Stopped to have a brief chat with Linda & Jim, and a long chat with Connie & Barry Myers.

They had a rough time in the Bahamas. B.V. was so busy fishing that he wouldn't even come over to say hello, the little stinker.

After we showered I threw together the Buillabaisse. It was preumptuous. We gorged ourselves. What I thought would be two meals, was Dinner, and a lunch for one.

A very good day!

Note: Called Nat & Ruth to check in, and they invited us for Rock Washuna dinner next Sunday night.

Sunday, September 20, 1992

Marathon

We awoke to a still harbour. No breeze, "No See Ums", no way we were going to open up the boat today. So the air conditioning will run today.

This is supposed to be a rest day. The Eagles are being televised in their 3rd game; they are 2-0 going in, at 1:00 P.M.

Mort wrote letters while I made the bed & did my daily load of cloths. (Love the new washer & dryer.)

Lunch was the last of the Sox we got at Costco. The day after we have dinner with Nat & Ruth, and while we are already near Saunderville, we will stop in at Costco to make a large order.

Then the game. The Eagles played brilliantly (sp?). At the end of the 3rd quarter they were ahead 20-0. Then the station switched to another game. This absolutely ruined the afternoon for Mort. But, we showered and took our cocktails on an early evening spin in the whaler.

It saved the day.

Dinner was Apalachicola Oysters w/ cocktail sauce and the best of the Tequila.

I spoke to Carol in the evening. All is not well with her. She will be seeing the Dr. on Tuesday. I am so upset.

Other than ^{and until,} the news from Carol it was a great day.

Monday, September 21, 1992

Marathon*

All night long I dreamed of Carol and her predicament. I think the condition she had for several years was misdiagnosed. I pray I am wrong. I love her so much, I can't bare the thought of her suffering either physically or emotionally. I am very heavy hearted.

It's a pretty morning, although, it is once again very still.

Tonight Jim & Linda will be over to play Pummy Tiles and have dinner. Actually, bring dinner. Jim is making stuffed shells, I am making a ~~great~~ great salad and garlic bread. I've cut up a pineapple for dessert.

The games were not the most interesting since we were teaching them. It was not our greatest evening ever. Most was on my case with Jabo & Digo, and I responded with hostility and anger. Once we were alone we didn't speak at all.

The shells were good though.

Tuesday, September 22, 1992

Marathon

The first day of Fall. It rained all morning and half of the afternoon. Of course we leaked on the new sofa. I caught it right away and I don't think it stained. Water however, is not the best thing for fabrics with cotton in them.

Most and I are quiet, but agreeable this a.m. I'll forgive & he'll forget. Our new SSD, All Band, Ham radio arrived today. Most worked on it most of the day.

Tonight will be Pork Chops for Dinner.

I finally got everything stowed in the forward port stateroom. Everything will probably have to be moved when we stock for the cruise to the Bahamas, but, that is another day.

The forward cabins are fit for guests now we had the left over Boiled base for dinner tonight. We had a nice day, and have made amends.

Wednesday, Sept. 23, 1992

Marathon

Mort is still working on installing the A. A. B. radio. I did normal chores and went to Beauty Supermarket for a permanent. (Carla is back).

It is still raining so Mort to get the last varnish on the door. He did a great job. I'm gonna love the new body in my hair.

I helped Mort with certain aspects of the installation, and then shopped in the few things I need for tomorrow Friday's dinner for Laurel & Dave.

Tonight we had the Pork Chops. Best Pork we've had in ages.

I'm still very worried about Carol. She sees the surgeon on Monday.

I have a call into Paula but she hasn't called back yet. It is so frustrating not being able to run this by her.