

Friday, November 27, 1992

Marathon

Today the kids took the whaler again (They had gone out to Awesome yesterday before lunch) while Mom + I did the dreaded Blue Cross and Blue Shield applications. We mailed the Transfer Application today certified mail.

We played Rummy Tiles all afternoon and after dinner.

We pigged out on Oysters and Stone crabs, potatoe salad + Cole slaw.

Rick + Connie really enjoyed.

Saturday, November 28, 1992

Marathon

Today we are going to take the tour at the DRC. Rick + Connie will love the Oysters.

We plan to have dinner at Porkies.

Note: My foot felt better Wed, Thur + Friday. It is very tender today, and front (cold) came through during the night. (Maybe this is affected by weather changes. I'll have to watch.) still taking Advil.

The visit to the DRC went very well.

Porkies was very good. We played Rummy Tiles all afternoon. We each won one game.

Sunday, November 29, 1992

Marathon

We took the kids to Key West very early. Their plane left at 9:20 A.M.

We, Mort & I, felt very heavy hearted for, and about, Richard.

We/I always tried to give <sup>our</sup> my kids confidence. I felt I lacked that quality, in particular. I said that I could never teach confidence to them, (it had to be installed) but that I could teach ~~the~~, at least, the pretense of modesty. Well I failed. Richard has very low self esteem, and this manifests itself <sup>right</sup> by making him appear self absorbed and conceited. ~~It is so~~ <sup>He is so</sup> bright, charming and good to be around when he relaxes and doesn't press, but when he comes on too strong the charm and pleasure of his company disappears.

From things he and Connie say, this is affecting his life. What can I do? When I try to gently, or less gently, clue him in, it only makes matters worse.

Part of the problem, I think, is that he is so much younger than the girls. He watched us interact and communicate with them, all the time - I fear - feeling left out and less worthy.

Enough!

We stopped at Winn Dixie in Big Pine and bought the ingredients for me to make a big 'veggie/Beef soup. This seems the perfect day for that (Two football games on T.V. and a cold front here.)

Note: My right knee is more tender than it had been in a while. <sup>The soup</sup> It was delicious - or should I say is delicious. I have made a pot of soup big enough for an Army.

Monday, November 30, 1992

Marathon

It is freezing this A.M. - low to mid fifties. I have been up since 4:00. The pain in my left foot woke me. I tried a hot water bottle and took more Advil. I'm afraid I have to see a doctor about it.

I tried to get an appointment with the orthopedic man. We figured he could look at my knee too, which has been tender off and on since we returned to Boot Key. They said there is a three week wait for an appointment so I made an apptment. with the podiatrist for Thursday. I'll ask him about my foot pain and heel pain. Frankly all this joint, foot and eye pain has been a real pain in the ass.

Mort's efforts to install the Datas Chartplotter have been stymied by the fact that Fran from Rich Electronics never told Datas that we would be using a printer. Mort had to box the plotter up and send it back for re-wiring.

Got a call early, from Elinor & Dan. Cocktails and friends at their place tonight.

As I was showering, or preparing to shower I got a real jolt.

I stepped into the tub and as I put my weight on my right foot ~~thaw~~ it 'popped' like a champagne cork. Accompanying the pop was an excruciating pain in my knee + leg. I gave Marv a call and he put me on a short regimen of Cortesone, - 3-3-3-2-2-2-1-1-1-1-1, with the understanding that I have the podiatrist order an x-ray or have copies mailed to Marv. What a buster and Mort is less than sympathetic

It is almost as if he feels this has happened to him. Well it has in some sense, but it is not the end of the world. Mont, lately, has a very low frustration level & low boiling point, <sup>he</sup> seems to have lost the ability to roll with the punches. If everything isn't perfect it is no good at all. We can't live like this when I life is so wonderful and easy. I don't know of anyone who would not trade places with us. Our problems are really so small.

Today for cocktails we are having Dan & Elvira & their houseguest Cousin Norman. He wants a tour.

I have to really give this knee a work out today to get the place in order from the kids. Their entire compartment needs an overhaul.

I'll do my best.

I'll probably do patty's, and salsa & Chigo - Maybe sweet & sour hot dogs. Lamb Chops maejee (actually, did say)

Tuesday, December 1, 1992

Marathon

Seas came to fix Washer today. Caught up with Laundry from kids. Saw last of the Mobilians tonight. Beautifully rendered. Not a bad day.

Wednesday, ~~November~~ December 2, 1992

Marathon

Mont catching up on many jobs. My knee is some better, but I cannot bare weight doing stairs.

Called Dr. Terzel re: eye. He will call back Monday.

Dinner was Lamb Chops

Thursday, December 3, 1992

Marathon

Saw Dr. Murry, the podiatrist. He knew nothing from nothing, but he was able to order spray! He promised Marvin.

By noon I was at Fisherman's Hospital getting spray. The report said I had a degenerative condition of my right knee with a piece of bone floating around near!!!!

We went to the Quay for dinner. It was a pretty good day in spite of everything.

Friday, December 4, 1992

Marathon

Mort got saddle done today, and the weather is gorgeous.

My work went slowly, but I accomplished a great deal. The knee is improving slowly.

Dinner was Cornish Hen, pecan rice & tomato salad.

Note: Max prescribed leg braces and Advil when the Cortisone is done.

Saturday, December 5, 1992

Marathon

Mort is disgusted with everything including me. He has no tolerance with my impairment. He wears his disgust all over him. God knows what he will be like if I am ever