

14 -- CARE CENTER WEST

July 12, 1990 -- what a most wonderful day! Thanks to my two, dear sons I (and we) had our wonderful Pappy with us for the noon dinner and until almost 4:00 P.M. Sweet Rita made a most delicious casserole and tossed salad. Ted enjoyed his meal and being able to join Jan, Bob, Skip, Dan, Rita, little Lisa and me at the table.

After dinner the boys escorted Ted to the bathroom. He later relaxed and slept for an hour on the sunroom couch.

After a dish of ice cream he glanced out of the living room window and asked if the apples were ready to pick. Skip informed him that they weren't ready as yet.

A short, relaxing rest in his favorite living room chair reminded Ted of the horses -- June and Prince.

The two boys rode Ted around the yard in my wheel chair where he could view those two pets that have meant so much to him at this ranch. Ted mentioned about going after some bales of hay for the horses.

He readily accepted the ride back to the Care Center where supper was waiting. The boys then drove to the vets to pick up little Kelly dog where we had taken her that A.M. to have an embedded, abscessed foxtail removed from her right, hind leg.

It was indeed a most joyous message to me when Bob informed me that he and Skip were planning to bring Ted to visit the ranch and the family again the following week.

I called the Care Center the night before asking them not to give Ted his exercises that morning as that would tire him too greatly. Also I asked them to please have Ted ready for a trip home at 11:00 A.M. What I failed to mention was to eliminate his relaxing pill.

I was so, so happy when the three of them drove into our yard. The two boys helped Ted into my wheel chair and little Kelly rushed out to meet her master.

Dear, little Janet prepared a most delicious, chicken casserole for our noon meal and dear Rita tossed a good green salad together to accompany it. Oh, how our Ted relished the casserole and salad as well as some fresh, green beans well cooked to meet his diet. However, today he was not as alert and less attentive than last week. Too, his hearing was somewhat less.

To me, I felt that his general condition had somewhat deteriorated since his happy day at home just a week ago.

While sitting at the table Skip mentioned something about his medication. Oh, goodness! I then realized that I had not asked the nurse to withhold his A.M. medication. Although it was sad not to see my sweetheart more alert, I was greatly relieved to know the reason.

Ted enjoyed his meal and soon was ready to relax on the sunroom couch. He soon was sound asleep with little Kelly at his side and her head resting on Ted's tummy. I sat on a chair at his side making sure he wouldn't turn over on the narrow couch and fall to the floor -- Kelly, too.

There Ted and Kelly remained for two hours, sleeping soundly. Danny had gone to work but I think Skip and Bob were somewhat restless, thinking of things they should be doing and places to go. I truly was happy to be able to spend those two precious hours so close to my loved one.

After a trip to the bathroom and a little dish of ice cream the boys again got Ted settled in Skip's car and on the way to the Care Center. By the time they arrived there it was time for Ted's supper.

For the last three months it seems as though I am living in a dream world. My darling husband seems so close and yet so far away. He is in my thoughts and prayers day and night. I know that God watches over him. He will always be just a prayer away.

We have been bringing Ted home to Green Valley practically once each week. The last two times, April fifteen and April twenty-seventh, he has asked to return home to the Care Center after his big noonday meal at the ranch.

For three weeks we have not been putting Ted down for a nap after eating. He seems to enjoy his magazines.

As the old year of 1990 comes to an end, I can't help but wonder where those twelve months have gone. Yet, so much has taken place during the 365 days.

The first part of January I came down with the flu. Before I recuperated Ted also got the flu bug. Unfortunately, his developed into pneumonia.

After a month of antibiotics and tender loving car (T.L.C.) the x-rays showed that his lungs had completely cleared up. At my request, Dr. Deetz gave Ted a pneumonia shot which immunized him for the rest of his life. Dr. Deetz felt that would be very beneficial. In fact, I even considered getting one myself but I did not.

Ted had had some angina pains off and on for some time past. They now became frequent. I've often wondered if the reaction of that shot could have had a bearing on Ted's stroke which occurred several weeks later.

During the months of February and March 1990 seem like a dream to me. Ted was in and out of emergency for tests, etc. at which time the doctor discovered, not only was my darling husband too weak to take the treadmill test but they also discovered a very large malignant tumor in his stomach.

It was at this point that I had to make the hardest and most difficult decision in my 80+ years of life. The doctor asked me to choose one of three alternative to hopefully help extend Ted's life.

No. 1: The tumor which had already involved one-half to two-thirds of Ted's stomach could be removed by surgery. There was a definite possibility that being so weak, he would not be able to survive the operation. If he did, he would require special feedings every two hours.

No. 2: If Ted had radiation treatments daily for five weeks, the effects of such could cause further troubles. Dr. Deetz felt that the results were questionable.

No. 3: To do nothing other than keep Ted comfortable and let him live out the rest of his life as naturally as possible

As I sat at our kitchen table with my two sons, Skip and Bob, it had to be my decision as to which of the three steps to take. Skip nor Bob would offer any suggestions. They had previously discussed this earlier with the doctor.

I sat there for which seemed like hours (15 to 20 minutes) with my heart pounding in my breast and finally tears rolling down my cheeks as I gave them my decision.

Ted and I had confided in each other in the past regarding care and treatment in our final days. As I chose No. 3, I felt that that is the way Ted would want it. Both of our boys reached across the table and held my hands as they said, "That, too, was the decision we would make, Mom."

At that time, Ted was released from the hospital to spend time at home. I was so very happy to have "our Pappy" home with us again. However, after a couple of weeks our plans were altered.

When Ted got out of bed one night to go to the bathroom, he fell to the floor. Trying as hard as I could and praying for help, I could not get him up. At that point I was becoming frantic. Skip was at his Arroyo Seco cabin and Bob was at home in Santa Clara.

I told my darling that I was going to call Salsipuedas Fire Department for help. He said not to do so. I explained to him that it was absolutely necessary. I put a pillow under Ted's head and covered him with a warm blanket before I called 911 on the phone. I did not have the telephone number of the fire department. I could have saved time had I called it as the operator on 911 asked so many questions which to me seemed irrelevant. Could it be that they already were on their way and she was trying to keep me calm?

The firemen were here shortly. As soon as they saw Ted they told me that we needed an ambulance. I told them that I would call but they were already out to their truck summoning the ambulance. Everything happened so fast.

I immediately called Bob in Santa Clara. He lost no time in getting here. We knew that Ted was getting attention so Bob called Skip at Arroyo Seco before he took me to see Ted at the hospital. Ted was in the emergency room waiting for Dr. Deetz but being administered to by others.

As I walked into the emergency room where my darling was lying in bed, he looked at me as much as to say, "Why did you send me here?"

Ted was immediately admitted to Critical Care Unit (C.C.U.) where he remained for a week (on the fourth floor). He then was moved to the therapy unit on the third floor.

The therapists concluded that they could not help Ted due to his lack of memory and ability to cooperate. However, he now was successfully trying to feed himself.

Due to the fact that the hospital could no longer help or benefit Ted physically we were informed that it would be necessary to admit him to a convalescent hospital where he possible could get some sort of therapy. Too, his medical help was diminishing and he soon would be on long-term Medical.

My boys and I sat and pondered over some way that we could care for our precious Ted at home. We definitely could not give him the necessary care that he now required. It almost tore my heart out that I was not able to care for him at his home that he loved so dearly. I am now satisfied that if it were God's will we would have had Ted at home. (I'm still hoping.) There were "no stones unturned" as our two darling boys and I covered all possibilities to care for "our Pappy" in our Green Valley home.

Dr. Deetz and a nurse recommended Watsonville Care Center as the best home for Ted where he would receive very good care and attention. This unit had recently changed ownership and has made a most excellent reputation for the care of their residents.

Bob, Jan and I took a tour of the east building and also the west side. I had previously asked for the east building but after our tour decided on the west. However, they both were very clean but somehow we preferred the west.

As soon as a bed became available Ted was transported by Medi-van to Watsonville Care West. His bed was "A" in a three-bed room. When admitting Ted I asked for a bed next to the window. In a few days they informed me that one was now available -- Room 12, Bed C. Ted has now (to this date) occupied that bed for almost ten months.

My darling was kept in a regular wheel chair for several months. When he first

entered the Care Center he could barely feed himself. In the hospital he had to have much help in doing so.

From the time Ted entered the Care Center the upper part of his body became very strong. The doctor ordered a vest (Paddy) restraint around him, both in wheel chair and in bed at night in order to keep him from falling and breaking a hip or other bones. He was very clever in untying it and consequently did take some tumbles. Each time the nurse was required to phone me and the doctor. Fortunately, so far no breaks, just bruises. I became very nervous whenever the phone would ring about 10:00 A.M. reporting a fall. They always assured me that they examined him and there were no injuries. Nevertheless, I'm sure that each tumble must cause him some discomfort from the shock, as I know from my own experience. I can feel the results for a couple of days.

Today is the start of a New Year, my darling. I do hope and pray that it will hold more happiness than the year "Old Father Time" just ended -- not only for us and our loved ones but for this mixed up world in which we are living. It is full of heartaches! However, as Grandma Aldridge used to say, "God is still on the throne." In spite of our own personal troubles we have so much for which to be thankful.

It took Ted several months to become accustomed to his new surroundings. All the personnel were so kind to him. In fact, the supervising nurse told me that he got a lot of special attention. Some of the nurses call him "Sweetie and Dearie."

I visit Ted practically daily since he left our home. For this I must depend on some of my loved ones to transport me.

For the last five or six months we have been bringing Ted home for a day at our Green Valley home. Two people have to be here to bring the wheel chair up and down the steps. Bob comes over and usually Dan or Skip assist him. Sometimes Jan helps as well as bringing a luscious dinner with her for us all.

Ted really enjoys these outings and usually is wheeled around the yard to see the horses, the orchard and all his past memories.

If only he could realize that he cannot walk alone. It would be so much easier. He got so strong and so ambitious at the Care Center that they had to transfer him to a Jerry chair, a soft, padded reclining chair with a tray.

I have noticed a big improvement in Ted's speech and mental condition these last four months. If it weren't for the medication that he is required to take I'm sure his mental capacity would be the same as it was before he had his stroke -- only the short memory retention. That keeps him from realizing that he cannot walk.

Several months ago Jill Hanson, our great niece (Norma's daughter and my brother Jim's granddaughter) took over the duties of dietary supervisor at the Car Center. She tells me that this Home is the most efficient, caring and all-around wonderful place that she has had the privilege in which to work. Several of the nurses have told me the same. Jill does not work in the kitchen but has several cooks under her and has charge of foods ordered, quality, quantity and such for the residents. The foods are superior.

As time passes month after month, our loving family devotes much time to their dear father and grandfather. I, too visit him almost daily taking him various treats which he looks forward to and relishes. One big thing in Ted's favor is his good appetite. However, if I could drive, see better and walk better I would be with Ted for longer periods of time. As is, my loved ones drive me to and from, including Norma and Sharon.

I do phone the Care Center twice daily to inquire as to Ted's welfare. The nurses are

very sweet and cooperative. They tell me that Ted gets an extra lot of attention. I'm sure they all recognize a "perfect gentleman." Even his table manners excels.

On January 29, 1991 the doctor visited Ted and prescribed antibiotics for chest congestion.

On Valentines' day Joan Rice phone about 10:00 A.M. to inform me that Ted had a fall in the lavatory. She said that he fell on his face when getting up from the toilet, got a bruised and bloody nose and cut his upper lip inside and out. She stated that she called the doctor and he ordered my sweetheart to be taken to the hospital emergency by ambulance -- board underneath him in case of spinal injury.

When I asked her if an Aide was with him she said, "No." At this point I was getting mad as well as upset. I understood that someone should be with Ted at all times when on the toilet. She agreed. I told Joan Rice that this was the third fall that he had there trough negligence.

I said, "This not only caused a hurt to Ted but also a hurt to me as well as hurting the reputation of Watsonville Care Center West. She agreed. I told her, "What a hell of a Valentines greeting for me." She said, "Yes."

Joan said that this fall happened about 9:30 A.M. and the ambulance took Ted to the hospital about 35 minutes earlier.

Bob was on his way over to our house so I didn't phone him. As soon as Bob arrived he and I left for the hospital emergency room. Bob went inside to check if Ted was still there. He then came out to get me in the wheel chair. Bless him!

Ted was still on the gurney with the board under him and blanket covering him. As soon as he saw us he said, "What am I doing her?"

The nurse told us that they had taken x-rays of Ted's neck and spine to make sure there were no injuries to the vertabrae.

Dr. Benedict wanted Ted to remain there for another hour to keep a check on his blood pressure. It was good they took a blood count (32.8) and told us that he didn't need any units of blood at that count.

About 12:30 P.M. Ted was released and able to ride back to the Center in Bob's car. Bob returned for me soon. We came home and ate lunch. Then we went to the Care Center to be with Ted. He ate quite well in spite of his cut lip. The doctor found it unnecessary to take a stitch it. I'm sure that Ted felt the shock of the fall for several days but didn't complain.

Jill called me to say that Nancy, the Supervisor of Nurses, wanted to talk with me. What she wanted when I talked to her on the phone was to make sure I wouldn't file a complaint against the Center.

I told her what I told Joan about the negligence. Nancy said that another patient was calling for assistance. Well, was that any reason to leave my darling alone to fall? The aide had to be away from Ted for too long a time for him to get himself off the toilet and start walking. I can't help but wonder how long he was on that floor. It must have been a surprise and shock to whomever found him.

Nancy and Joan both assured me that he wouldn't be left alone or neglected again while in the lavatory. My poor darling.

On February 19, 1991 Skip called me at 9:30 A.M. to tell me that Joan had tried to contact me by phone at 9:30 P.M. the night before to tell me that Ted was running a temperature of 103 degrees rectal (102 orally). I had retired at 8:30 P.M.

Joan contacted a doctor (at the hospital, presumably) who ordered an antibiotic for

Ted. They surmised he had a bladder infection but couldn't get him to cooperate for a urinalysis (wouldn't urinate). His temperature was normal the following morning -- nineteenth -- and has been to this date -- twentieth in the A.M. He is eating well and taking plenty of fluids.

I informed Joan that he still has a cough since his chest congestion.

Ted was taken to the hospital at 8:00 A.M. on March 11, 1991 for "follow up" stomach x-rays and back at the Center by 10:30 A.M.

I was quite upset as neither the doctor or nurse had told me about this until nurse Mary mention it the night before. She, too was surprised that I didn't know.

The phone rang shortly after I got up at 8:00 A.M. It was Mary, the nurse, at the Care Center. She informed me that Ted had loosened his restraints and got his bedrail down. They found him on the floor at 7:15. He had a B.M. The nurses heard him call.

They called Dr. Deetz and me as they are required to do after such incidents. Ted had cut his elbow, a bruise on the side of his eye (which gave him a black) and a little cut above his eyebrow. The doctor ordered ice packs.

Needless to say these unnecessary falls really upset me. They could be avoided if closer supervision were enacted. The only reason Ted tries to get out of bed is when he has to go to the toilet. To lay in a puddle of urine is terrible and certainly can be avoided if the aide were more alert and more of them. Often times it takes 20 minutes before they respond to the light signals. I'm telling about the needs of other patients also.

On March 17, 1991 I called the Care Center about 10:00 A.M. to check on Ted and inquire as to what kind of night he had spent. I was informed by Mary, the head nurse, that he had again fallen out of bed. As always, the Center called Dr. Deetz and tried to contact me at 6:30. The doctor had requested that Ted be taken to the hospital emergency by ambulance for x-rays of his hip and elbow as he had a cut on his elbow and had other abrasions. My poor darling.

The Center tells me that Marlene (nurse) had checked on Ted about 10 minutes previously and he was O.K. This timing is difficult for me to believe as Ted untied his mittens, untied the restraints and on sides of the bed, worked his way out of posey-vest, worked the side rails down, slid out of bed and somehow walked to the bathroom where they found him on the floor. I do not know how long he had been there or had tried to get up but I do know that all the above could not have happened within 10 minutes.

When Mary could not contact me she called Skip. He immediately left for the emergency room to with Ted.

I then contacted the emergency room and talked to Skip. By then, Ted was sitting in a wheel chair wrapped in a blanket from which he left the Care Center.

My prayers were answered as Dan and Skip informed me that the x-rays showed no broken bones -- just battered up from falling twice in two days.

Skip took Ted back to the Center in his car. Dan assisted in getting Ted in the car. I had called Dan and he went to the emergency to be with Skip.

I wonder what Dr. Deetz thinks now? He was so concerned about Ted falling out of a chair but how about the bed?

I fully believe that all of Ted's falls are caused from neglect on the part of nurses and aides. I do realize that they are greatly understaffed but why should their patients have to suffer? From the last two days falls Ted is quite bruised, cut and battered up just because the help cannot get him to the bathroom toilet in time. He very much dislikes to wet the bed (or otherwise) or to lay in a puddle of urine. After many months of treatment his urine rash is now

somewhat healed.

Skip and I visited Ted. They gave him an early Irish dinner as he had no breakfast. Ted was somewhat quiet and very sore from the falls he had taken in two days..

"Home-sweet-home to most folks is a place for which they long.
Home sweet home don't mean a thing.
To me it's just a song."

How true! How true! Without my sweetheart, Ted, here to share it with me, it's just a place to eat and sleep. Ted is so near and yet so far--only six miles to the Care Center. There are times that I feel as though I am living in a shell and caught up in a vacuum. However, I am grateful for the telephone. The messages from the kind nurses help to make me feel somewhat closer to my darling husband.

My loving family and dear friends have been so caring and helpful. I do thank each and everyone for their concern.

I just returned from Watsonville Care Center West. My heart is heavy and my eyes are wet with tears.

Again, this morning we were informed that Ted, my darling husband, had untied the stiff mittens that were put on him at bedtime and managed to untie the ties of his posey vest that secure him to his bed. They are tied behind the bed but somehow he managed to release them. After sliding out of bed he walked to the door by bracing himself on the wall. Then he proceeded to walk two rooms down the big hall by the help of the side wall. At that point the strength in his legs gave out and he fell to the cold floor.

All this procedure took place around 2:00 A.M. Please tell me where the nurse on duty and the aides were. They were supposed to check on patients regularly. To attain his freedom it must have taken much time. Consequently, the doctor had to be called. He ordered Ted to be taken to the hospital by ambulance as Ted complained of his hip hurting. There, x-rays were taken. Thank God, no bones were broken. When returned to the Center he was kept in bed for awhile. He was very emotionally upset and so was I as Skip and I stayed by his bed.

This is the third time Ted has freed himself and in two weeks and fallen to the floor. What's up?

Dan and I visited Ted late in the afternoon. He was in the Jerry-chair. He seemed very happy to see us and ate three little Reeses chocolate candies. He complained of being very tired. Danny stood him on his feet for a few minutes, then let Ted sit in a straight-back chair before putting him back into the Jerry chair. Danny is so good to Ted. Ted and I had a little glass of port wine together--first time for sixteen months. Ted often has his at 4:00 or 4:30 P.M. before dinner.

Needless to say, "These falls are very traumatic experiences for Ted and I, too, suffer greatly.

How often one hears the remark, "It is so wonderful that people can now live to a ripe, old age." Millions of seniors are now living long enough to attain the age of eighty to ninety and some past the century mark.

What people do not realize is just how many of these seniors are not mobile. Strokes, heart trouble, arthritis along with many other crippling diseases, as well as blindness plagues the elderly and takes the joy out of longevity.

Alzheimer's disease alone has filled rest homes, convalescent hospitals and care centers. Other occupants of these so-called skilled centers have to be tied into their chairs (wheel chairs) and beds. Very, very few are not medicated to the point that they are still able to face reality.

Yes,! A ripe, old age. Anything that is ripe doesn't last long and it soon becomes too old.

We can be grateful that we have these institutions for the dear souls that cannot or refuse to be cared for at home. Nevertheless, practically every one of these occupants cry and beg to be taken back home. It's where their roots and memories are.

In these days -- July 26, 1991 it will be fifteen months since my sweetheart entered the Care Center. To me, it seems like fifteen years. I am sure that Ted feels the same. He must.

The nurses and aides have been so wonderful to me. The days that I can't visit Ted I call them on the phone morning and evenings. Most of the time they take the time to discuss or tell me about Ted's activities and behavior pattern.

The names of some of these sweet nurses are Marlene, Sherry, Mary, Rosemary, Lou (a sweet, little Filipino nurse), Cindy and Joan Rice are O.K., too. I must not forget Jeff and Miguel. who are so supportive in their conversations. I am sure that these overworked "angels" are exceptionally kind to Ted. I hope so.

There is our great niece, Jill, dietary supervisor, Kathy (in charge of lost articles), Ginger, assistant therapist, and last but not least Bonnie -- now recreational director. Also, the sweet assistant gardener, Barbara. Nancy's is supervisor of nurses. Re is director of nurses and Lynda is secretary. I probably forgot some. Thanks to all.

For the best part of Ted's confinement we have tried to bring him home to his beloved, little ranch home. He seems to make himself right at home, opening mail, looking through his gardening magazines and old albums.

Our two boys, Bob and Skip, our daughter Janet and grandson Danny have been so wonderful alternating to help get the wheel chair up and down the steps as Ted cannot master such. However, since he has been using a wheel chair for most part of the day at the Center he has gained much strength in his arms.

Prior to three months ago the doctor insisted on him being in the big Jerry chair. In that chair he could only push himself backwards a short distance. A new ruling went into effect at that time which over-rode the doctors' orders in regard to wheel chairs restraints, bed restraints, mittens, etc. The omnibus people have been very supportive to me particularly Betty Waller. She goes to bat for me as an advocate in my desires, etc.

I am sad that Ted's weight has dropped to 145-1/2 during the last six months. They tell me that his appetite was not too good in June but better now in July. I hope I can believe them.

It is now July 18, 1991. Last Thursday Bob and I took Ted to Pinto Lake Park for a little picnic. He seemed to enjoy it -- particularly feeding popcorn to the ducks. Unfortunately, our summer fog hung over the valley most of the day so the weather wasn't in our favor.

We had to take Ted back to the Care Center about 2:00 P.M. Bob was in hopes he could wheel Ted around the park but it was too cold. The table where we parked and ate was more-or-less secluded by a semi-slat fence. It was enjoyable anyway. Better luck next time. Skip and Donna were in Yellowstone Park and Jan, Teri and kiddies in South Dakota. Bob held down the fort.

It is now Thanksgiving -- November 28, 1991 and baby Jerry's birthday -- 1931.

I know of no one that "HOME" could have meant more to than it did to Ted. I could barely get him away from our little ranch in the earlier years but after we moved back to Green Valley in 1970 Ted's heart has buried in his love for his 5-1/2 acres and old ranch house.

As of today, I realize the longing more than ever that he experienced at the Care Center the last year and a half that he was separated from his beloved Green Valley home. During those months our precious family (Skip, Donna, Bob, Jan, Danny and Rita brought Ted home to me for part of the day. I'm sure he loved being here but it was not the same as he could not do the things that he wanted to do as in the past.

During our married life I very seldom saw Ted cry except on very sad occasions. Neither did I cry when around him. However, during his confinement at the Center his precious tears that he had been hoarding flowed fluently. It tore my heart out and there was nothing I could do.

Those beautiful words, "Take me home, take me home." echo in my ears and always will. My pillow is wet with tears each night. If only we could have communicated a little better. But it was not to be that way. The few times that Ted smiled or laughed filled my heart with joy.

From day to day, I wonder why? Why couldn't God have taken me instead of my dear husband? I am trying so hard not to be a burden on my loving family. They are so good to me, but our Ted had so much to live for. He was so strong and devoted. Everybody loved him and all miss him.

Today is our baby Jerry's birthday. Had he lived, he would be 60 years old. I like to think that you, Ted, my darling, are with our baby, your dear Mother and Sis, Nana, your Dad and all you loved ones. It's a wonderful experience we all will have ahead of us. No more tears, no more sorrow, heartaches or pain.

Kelly;

During the time that Ted was in the Care Center I took Kelly to visit him. The nurses fell in love with her and asked to take her around to visit the other patients or residents as they were often referred to. Kelly loved the attention as well as the little tidbits that were given her. She was invited to return again soon.

Somehow, I felt that Ted wasn't as happy to see her as I had anticipated. Possibly, it made him homesich or jealous of the attention that others were giving her. Kelly lay at the side of his wheel chair in the sunny open patio. When Ted came home to visit for a day they both were very happy to see each other.

Kelly was a very dear and affectionate pooch. However, she developed a very bad habit of running out on the road to meet the city transit bus, the mail carrier and the paper carrier. They, as well as I, were so afraid she would be struck by a passing car or by the other vehicles when chasing them. Consequently, I tried to keep her on a long chain or in the house during the hourly bus time and delivery hours. She never hesitated to be on her chain. She usually lay on our side porch. Often times I would sit out there with her.

She is such a dear. She never tried to jump up on my lap but lay her little head on my knees for love pats and attention.

If only I could communicate with her and tell her that the road was taboo. Kelly, being a Sheltie, had fur covering her little body and also had hair. Consequently I had to have her clipped about every three or four months and a good flea bath.

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