

X -- MOVING TO SANTA CLARA

My darling husband, Ted, when he was first stricken with his illness both Janet and Bob made the remark that if my eyesight ever came to the point where I was not able to take care of myself or do my work they wanted me to go to Santa Clara and live with them.

At that time in 1991 I dismissed this idea as I never thought I would reach the point where I could not take care of myself. They brought the subject up several times in the following months and I still dismissed the thought.

However, after Ted's death and two major emergency surgeries both within a period of two months my eyesight became somewhat worse. My darling kiddies, Skip and Donna, thought it was a wonderful gesture on Bob and Janet's part to offer their home to me and care for me. No, I never wanted to impose or tie my family down with that. Well, we never know what's in the future, do we? Maybe it's a good thing.

I was doing very nicely at home when one day I reached down to pick up something off the floor, holding onto the side of my walker I leaned against what I thought was the wall. The wall wasn't there--it was a swinging door. The door flew open and I flew open with it, the walker falling on top of me.

Oh, my dear God, what happened! I had just previously taken off my Lifeline chain. I managed to scoot around on the kitchen floor trying to find the table in order to reach for the telephone. I could not find the phone but I did locate myself being in front of my little desk in the kitchen. From there I scooted into the sunroom. When I got in front of the warm heater I got my bearings and knew where I was. I scooted on my bottom over to the couch because my other telephone was on the couch next to the window. Lo and behold, my cane wasn't there! I couldn't reach the phone. I pulled and yanked on the couch cover but it wouldn't budge.

At least I had my wits about me so I backed myself up to the little stand along side of the couch where I knew I had a cane. Getting back to the couch I reached for the telephone with my cane and after much effort I got over to where I could use it. I also used the cane to reach for a woolen throw that was on the end of the couch and I pulled down a pillow from the head of the bed.

After making myself fairly comfortable on the floor I called Skip. He came right over. I told him not to rush because I was okay. I had a cover and a pillow there and I'd wait for him. What else could I do?

Bless his heart. He was there in no time at all. He kept saying, "Don't move, Mom. Don't move, Mom." He went to the kitchen to call 911 but I had already picked up the receiver in the sunroom and called Dr. Bradbury, my orthopedic surgeon. He said that if I could get into the car to come right into the emergency room and he would meet me there. I told him I didn't think I was able to get into the car so Skip called the ambulance.

After taking x-ray pictures of my leg Dr. Bradbury decided to take care of it that night. I had already told him on the phone that I did not want any more surgery so he put a brace on my leg. My femur bone was broken alongside the long metal rod that he had put in from my hip nearly down to my knee when he put in my hip implant. It had been nearly a year

since I had my hip replacement. I had hardly any pain at all with my hip replacement but this broken femur gave me great pain.

I wore this brace on my leg for all the time I was in the hospital which was thirty days--from September the 30th to October the 30th. However, I was able to do without it at night the last week in the hospital.

Bob and Jan, bless their hearts, picked me up at the hospital on October the 30th and took me right up to Santa Clara. They had a lovely room all fixed up for me with a hospital bed and all the necessities.

The recliner was located in the sunroom which is a nice, bright, cheerful room. Skip helped them with everything. He put in electrical equipment for them and did so many things and Danny had his hand in it, too. He helped move things. My necessary belongings were brought up here and it was just like home. Was I grateful for my two boys and their loving wives and my dear grandson, Danny.

Jan proved to be such a wonderful nurse -- very, very efficient and Bob is as well--efficient in many, many ways. They worked together beautifully.

As time went on I became stronger and the brace was removed after seven weeks. Skip and Donna, bless their hearts, both of them at least Skip came over each week and brought many dishes of goodies which served us for at least two days and sometimes three. This was a great help toward the cooking.

After this last surgery my eyesight was almost completely gone. I could see some shadows if the light was just right. The children insisted that I was to remain here and make it my home. However, I just couldn't say good-bye to my Green Valley home. I had so many memories and so much love there to think about.

My little dog Kelly, a little Sheltie, bless her little heart missed me terribly. Bob and Janet brought her up here so I could have her with me. That was so thoughtful and kind of them.

We all looked forward to seeing Skip with all those wonderful goodies each week and Donna when she could. I don't mean that we looked forward to just the goodies. We looked forward to seeing my children.

In February, last month Bob and Janet went down to the cabin at Arroyo Seco and spent four days. Skip stayed with me at the ranch all the time they were gone. We accomplished a few little things but more yet to do. It was so good to be home and yet good to be back home here in Santa Clara.

We left Kelly in Green Valley at the ranch with Danny and Rita and the two little ones at least for the time being. I miss my little dog. She stood up on her hind legs and kissed me on the chin when I came back from town. We had been gone only a few hours.

I now feel that I could probably look after myself for awhile again in my own little home. However, it probably would be difficult to bath. I thank God for my two boys and their dear wives. They are so,so wonderful.I am also grateful to my dear Dr. Bradbury. As busy as he is he stopped in every morning before breakfast to see me and would ask, "Well, how is my friend today?" When it became unnecessary to have an examination daily he would still come in. He only missed two days -- one Sunday when he took off and took his children to a football game and one other day when he was away.

The nurses at the hospital knew how busy a man he was and could hardly believe it when I told them how often he visited me.

I had to give up my writing when my eyes came to the point when I could no longer

see well enough to follow the heavy lines that Bob had made for me on my writing tablet.

Now I am trying to tape my stories. They are not as interesting and I do not do a very good job of it but I do the best I can. Maybe with time I'll be able to express myself a little better. At least I never get lonesome here. I have so many wonderful grandchildren and great grandchildren. Someone stops in to say hello and each time they visit I get a big kiss when they come and another one when they leave. God bless them.

I do realize how fortunate I am and also God bless the cook. She really does a good job. I really mean that, Jan dear. And God bless my two boys that truly make my life worthwhile. There are so many lonely people in this world. I only wish I could share some of my love and kindness with them. I pray that just a little bit will rub off onto them.

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