



This morning arrived along with my second day of a headache. Try as I might to eliminate it, it wasn't going anywhere fast so I gobbled two more Advil and did my best to ignore it. We had planned to go to the [Sooke Potholes Provincial Park](#), but that wasn't going to happen today. The deeper I got into the day, the less I wanted to do. I refer to the type of headache that I am experiencing as a functional one because even though I am in great pain, I can still accomplish things. I wrote yesterday's entry in the middle of my headache, made lunch and cooked supper. The only thing I risk is that I won't have any memory of the stuff I did.

That happens sometimes and when it does, it is most alarming. Sometimes I just go to bed and when I emerge, I feel better and remember everything up to the time I fell asleep. But when I have a "memory stealer", it's like being robbed of time. To the casual observer, I seem fine but at the end of it I don't recall most of what I did over the course of the headache. I have lost days with these things and short of having the entire time on videotape, there is no way to relive it. Right now the worst part of the whole episode is that we are winding down our time here and we have a lot to do before we go.

Fortunately, Rick is kind and sympathetic and has managed to keep himself busy helping other campers at the park, taking pictures of the motorhome and organizing the storage area below. Perhaps this has happened to remind me that sometimes I need to take it easy. It has forced me to rest, drink plenty of fluids and do little else. If we don't see the things we wanted to see, it will force us to return and when we do, we'll have lots to do. It also makes me think about how lucky I am that I don't have to go to a conventional job and I can take the time I need to get well.