

A Day in My Life

Written by
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My days are long.... I mean really long. I wake up from a drug induced sleep, have my breakfast prepared for me, answer the phone if it rings, nap, play on the computer and try to watch a little TV in our air-conditioned motorhome. It's 32C (89.6F) outside, the sun is shining brightly and nothing would be better than lazing around the pool diving in whenever I felt like it. My brain is too foggy to read and absorb any of the information so books are out of the question. Heck, I am playing little kid video games on the computer and can't retain a damned thing so yes, reading is just not a possibility.

Thanks to my sweet husband, Saint Rick, getting ready for the day takes a little over an hour each morning. While I crouch over the kitchen sink, he gently washes my hair and then I gingerly give myself a sponge bath, in the bathroom (strict orders from Dr.J....NO MORE SHOWERS until at least all the stitches have been removed and the scars are no longer leaking "nasties".) NO STANDING UP STRAIGHT!! Another half an hour and I actually look pretty good, well put together and clean. The problem is then I am exhausted and spend the rest of the day being a lump in the Euro lounge.

At least every other day, there is something to look forward to as Rick drives me over to my doctor's office to have my incisions cleansed and to have an occasional suture removed. Other than that, I am living a pretty boring existence but I consider myself to be the luckiest person in the world because I am so loved and well cared for. Prior to all this, I was finding less and less free time to myself so I suppose this is our Creators way of making me take some time to appreciate my life.

Today after the appointment at the Doctor's I asked Rick to drive me up to the back of park so I could see how deserted it is and as you can see, the park is pretty empty.