
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Thu, 26 Jul 2012 01:03:41 GMT
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From: Hobbeth Sent: 3/18/2007 4:55 PM

Thursday, August 16, 9 PM; College Park, Maryland (1 PM August 17 on Tracy Island)

Lena sat in the lounge chair in her room at Matthew and Amelia's house, her laptop on her thighs. I tink I should email Dianne first ting. I might not otterwise have a chance to before Amelia checks in on me. She opened her computer. In minutes she was typing one-handed.

Dear Dianne,

I'm sorry I haven't been in contact with you before now, but -- as you well know -- it's difficult to get anything done when you have watchdogs keeping an eye on you to make sure you are following doctor's orders. Plus it isn't easy to type one-handed.

I was so sorry to hear about your accident, and I hope you are well on the way to recovering completely. I heard through channels that your uncle was one of the doctors who worked on you in the operating room. Nice having family who can be there to help, isn't it?

I'm currently staying with my son and daughter-in-law, since the doctor feels I can't handle day-to-day chores on my own just yet, due to the concussion I received in the crash. They have been wonderful to me, but I miss my home and my privacy (among other things). It's very frustrating, not being able to do what I want when I want, for as long as I want. I'm beginning to get antsy. But you probably know the feeling, too. So we can commiserate with each other.

When you are able, please give me a holler and let me know how you're doing. Maybe we should make a bet: whoever is declared by her doctor to be fully recovered, the other one buys lunch for both of them, the next time you are in the states on the East Coast. How about it? Are you game?

Give my love to everyone, and keep plenty for yourself.

Lena.
