
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 20:14:26 GMT
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From: Hobbeth Sent: 5/19/2007 8:09 PM

August 24, 1:30 PM; Silver Spring, Md. (5:30 AM Aug. 25 on Tracy Island)

Amelia pulled into the driveway of Lena's home and they both got out of the car. While her daughter-in-law got her bag out of the trunk, Lena unlocked the door and went inside to disarm the alarm. Then she returned to hold the screen door open.

"Are you sure I can't help carry something in, Amelia? I'm not dat incapacitated, you know."

"Lena, you heard what the doctor said as well as I did. No heavy lifting for another week."

"My bag isn't dat heavy. Neiter are de grocery bags," Lena replied, somewhat frustrated.

Amelia relented a little. "Well, okay. There are a couple of bags that shouldn't strain your shoulder, especially if you leave your left arm in the sling and bring those bags in one at a time. Come on."

Together the two women got the groceries inside and put away quickly. "How about staying for some lunch?"

"Lena, why do you think I bought that pasta salad we both like so much?" was the laughing reply.

Chuckling, Lena and Amelia quickly set out the necessary items. Adding rolls and iced tea ("Good ting tea doesn't spoil," the older woman remarked with a grin), and sat down to feast. "Lena, are you sure you're ready to be on your own again? I know the doctor said you could if you took it easy, but I worry about you. And you know you're welcome to stay with us as long as you want to."

"Amelia, we've been over dis. Like I said before, you've been wonderful to me while I stayed wit you and Mattew, but dis is my home. As much as I enjoyed being wit you two, I'm more comfortable here. I promise not to overexert myself, and if I need any heavy lifting, or work done, I'll call your husband, or Tom."

"As long as it isn't something that needs repairing," Amelia said with a laugh. "Handy isn't one of the words I'd use to describe my husband."

Lena chuckled. "He takes after his fadder dat way. Mark couldn't tell one end of a hammer from de otter."

They soon finished up the salad and rolls, then Amelia helped her mother-in-law unpack and get settled. Finally she said she had to leave. "But I'll call to check on you from time to time, and so will Matthew, I'm sure."

"Ah, wit all my family living fairly close by, I'm sure I'll be hearing from you all at least once a week

each. Now don't worry. I'll enjoy your calls, but I promise to be good and follow de doctor's orders."

"Okay, Lena. I'll try not to be too anxious." Amelia kissed her, then got into her car. She pulled out of the driveway and, waving, headed down the road.
