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Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is  
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 21:22:58 GMT  
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From: Tikatu Sent: 9/2/2006 11:58 AM

Tuesday, July 31, 2068, 8:30 a.m., Tracy Island

"Dr. Tracy?"

"Yes, Kyrano?"

"You have a phone call. It is Dr. Carmichael."

Dianne glanced up at the retainer and smiled. "Thanks, Kyrano. I'll take it in the lounge."

Kyrano smiled back, refilled her coffee, and moved away. Jeff gave his wife a quizzical look. "I thought you were going to call him yesterday."

"I did," she said as she rose, taking up her cup and saucer. "He was out of town. I guess this is the first time he's had available to call." She glanced at her watch. "It must be half past one there... yesterday afternoon."

"Ah, okay." Jeff nodded. "Tell him 'hello' for me."

"For me, too," said Lisa from further down the table.

"I will." Dianne leaned over to give Jeff a kiss, then went off to take her call.

She put her cup and saucer down on Jeff's desk, then answered the light but insistent chimes of the vidphone. Drew Carmichael's face came into view, and Dianne winced to see how tired he looked.

"Hey, Uncle Drew," she said. "You look whipped."

He snorted. "And a good morning to you, too, Dianne. I should look whipped. I just got home from Kyrgyzstan as part of my Doctors Without Borders responsibilities. It was a long trip, and I'm ready to hit the hay. But I figured I should answer your call. What's up?"

"Oh, Uncle Drew," Dianne said in sympathy. "I didn't know about the trip. How'd it go?"

"Pretty well, actually, once we got the translation problems licked. We sent a team out to visit the clinics in several small villages, providing transportation and assistance to the local doctors. They were having trouble getting to the more remote places."

Dianne smiled. "Sounds exhausting. My problem can wait."

Drew sighed. "It was exhausting, but if I can do something for you, I'd rather do it now. I'm here; I'm fairly coherent, and I'd sleep better knowing that I'd at least listened to your problem and set things in motion if possible. So, tell me all."

"Well..." Dianne told him about her concern over the number of counseling patients she had recently taken on, giving him only general details on the specific patients involved, telling him what she wanted in a counselor, and winding up with, "...it's just not my field, Drew, and I'm feel like I'm not providing the level of care needed."

"Hmm." Drew looked thoughtful. "I can see your point. I can think of a few people off the top of my head, and it probably would be better if I emailed you their information. How far afield are you willing to go?"

Dianne thought for a moment. "Sydney is probably as far as we should go, though if I can find someone in New Zealand, that would be far better in terms of travel time."

He nodded. "All right. I've got a list of names which I'll pass on to my secretary, and she'll email you the details today so you can get started. Then, I am going to have a good meal and hit the hay." He yawned widely. "If none of the names I suggest work out, let me know."

"I will."

He paused, then added seriously, "Maggie says she got a call from Garrett. He was looking for me at first, then he asked if he could have your number. Maggie didn't give it to him. She tried to call Lisa to warn her, and didn't find her home." He frowned. "What's going on there, Di?"

Dianne sighed. "Garrett's back in Greenville. He's... he says he's trying to make amends. He started with Dougie, and seems to have made some inroads there, but he's also been watching Mom's house, calling her... stalking is the word I'd use. He even confronted her in the grocery store when she was with my kids."

She shook her head. "I don't know what to think. But she's here right now, and safe. What happens when Dougie moves is anyone's guess."

"Doug is moving?" Drew sounded surprised.

"Yeah. He got a promotion, and a transfer. Mom has already said she's not going with him, but with Garrett sniffing around, she may not want to stay in Greenville, either."

"Tell her she's welcome here at any time," Drew said stoutly.

Dianne smiled. "She knows that. We're waiting to hear what the Tracy Industries security people find out about Garrett -- see if this whole 'amends' business is legit or if he's got some ulterior motive. Then Mom can make a more informed decision."

"Good move." Drew yawned again, but Dianne could hear the tapping of computer keys in the background. "Tell her I'll call her later... when I'm more awake. I hope you find someone from this list. You've got some pretty stiff qualifications here."

"I'll pass on the message, and I'll let you know. And thank Maggie for me. I appreciate her discretion."

"I will, but don't be a stranger, either. Give her a call. You know that she'd love to just chew the fat with you for a while."

"I'll call her soon; I promise. Hopefully I can get some phone interviews done and set up some face-to-face ones for the 2nd. I've got to make a trip then to Christchurch to talk with our pharmaceuticals provider."

"All right. You'll be hearing from my secretary soon. I'll talk to you later, Di."

"Talk to you soon, Uncle Drew. Get some sleep... and thanks."

"I will. Give my regards to Jeff."

"He sends his to you. Oh, and Mom sends her love."

Drew smiled wearily. "Give her mine right back."

"I will. Bye, Uncle Drew."

"Goodbye."

The call disconnected, and Dianne sat back, sipping her now cold coffee. "Well, just have to wait for the email, then get on the horn to some of these people. At least they'll be in a more convenient time zone."