
Subject: Re: Growing as a Team
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 17:24:50 GMT
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Monday, March 12th, 8PM; Tracy Island

That night, before Grandma Tracy went to bed, she pulled out her journal and wrote:

Well, we're finally home. And what a relief it is to be back in my own room again. New York is very cold this time of year, and always noisy. I prefer the peace and warmth of the island, now that I'm getting on up in years. I don't mind visiting cold weather places - briefly - but I've had my fill of living there. Jeff's island isn't so far south that the temperature varies much during the year.

When Jeff was declared well enough to travel, we all came home with him. But I'm worried about him. His body seems to be healing, and he put up a good front when he arrived, but his mental and emotional state isn't what it should be, as far as I'm concerned.

I think Dianne is worried, too. If he doesn't snap out of it in a few days, I'm going to have a talk with her. Maybe the two of us can put our heads together and come up with a way to cheer him up. Maybe we can find something he can do that won't tire him too much, but make him feel useful again.

I know he doesn't like being in that wheelchair. His father was the same way. Any time he injured himself and had to use some support device, be it crutches, a cane, whatever, his mood darkened considerably. I've said this before, and I'll say it again: Jeff is so much like his father.

Post by Hobbeth on 16/09/200
