

June 28,2004

Dear Lil.,

Welcome to the old age club. I've been there for a while now and I know what you mean. I have been lazy ever since I stopped working. I t seems all my health problems started then.

The chemo at first was not bad but now it's getting me down. The Dr. said it will make me feel very tired and I will have to live with it for a year.

That minor surgery I had while ago was'nt bad, but what I had to go through before the surgery was all but minor. I first had to go to my Dr. for a complete physical exam. including an EKG and x-ray. Then I had to go to the hospital a week later for the exact same physical. A few days after that I had to go back to the hospital for the surgery.

The name of the hospital is Mercy hospital and is a Catholic hospital. After I was admitted and in the bed waiting to be wheeled into the operating room, a black priest came over to my bed and started talking with his head bowed and a bible in his hand. I did'nt know if he was saying a prayer for me or giving me last rites. With my bad hearing I could'nt make out a word he word he was saying. When he was finished I said thank you father. He looked at me and smiled and then walked a way.

Finally someone came to wheel my bed to the operating room. I was pushed through the doorway into a long hall and then through another doorway and into another long hall. Then into the elevator. I don't know if we went up or down, and then into another long hall and finally into the operating room. For a minute there I thought they were taking me on a tour of the hospital.

In the operating room I counted six people beside the surgeon. Someone on the electronic equipment, someone on x-ray equipment. Two nurses sorting out the surgical instruments and one person just standing there watching. I don't know what the other person was there for. The person behind me was telling me what he was going to do so I wont feel anything and how he was going to do it. The next

thing I remembered was waking up in the recovery room with Jackie and Scott standing next to my bed. I went home two hours later. Now I have a small lump in the upper left side of my chest. That is wear the the chemo will be injected.

Lots of luck on your new computer. I may have to buy a new one also. The one I have is over six years old and needs updating badly.

I have been trying to remember some of the places I have been in the South Pacific and things of interest that I can tell you about, but my memory is failing me. When I do remember I will write it down so I can tell you about it the next time I write to you.

That was a funny storey about David not writing to his mommy. I got a laugh out of that.

Thanks for those old pictures. One of them was of Irving and me. The picture of the head hunter was not taken by me. I would not want get that close to the guy.

Well thats about it for now. Regards to Bob and the boys. Jackie sends her regards also.

I love you

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Paul", with a horizontal line underneath.