

THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER

VOL V NO 4 MAY 20-27 '87

"Your voice is like bells over roofs at dawn
When a bird flies
and the sky changes to a fresher color..." -Amy Lowell (found in a notebook of poems Grandma copied
out in her youth.)



SPECIAL EDITION! EXTRA!

GRANDMA DIDN'T BOUNCE

Beloit Not this time -- She's taken many a tumble, alone, or in domino effect with Group, & they've never broken a thing. We've always attributed it to all that calcium-rich Danquet Milk that they've both swilled down for so many years, & that's certainly been a factor in their long history. But this time, abt 2 A.M. Weds. May 20, Gram got out of bed to go to the bathroom, and either fell between her bed & Group's, & broke her hip, or else she stood up, the hip fractured, & she fell. She had surgery at 6 PM; a young Dr. Klein put in a plate & a pin. Grandpa, Joan, Karl and Jackie were there. Gram came through with flying colors, and

CRAIG ON AMTRAK; LAST TO HEAR Oregon Craig left Beloit, after a week at the farm, on May 19, noon. He was on AMTRAK till the night of the 21st and was therefore the last to know about Gram's accident. Jackie had left the farm around 4 PM May 19, heard abt Gram at 7:30 the next morning, got her grades in, and drove back up to Wisconsin that afternoon, arriving in time for Gram's surgery.

"WHAT A BIRTHDAY GIFT" LAMENTS VWD Beloit Grandma lamented that she greeted RAD's 85th birthday morn with a broken hip.

"I DO NOT LIKE THEE, DR. FELL!" -VWD

Beloit That's what Grandma spit out to the cluster of nurses working on her (bath, IV, temp, bl. pressure, etc.) morning of May 24. Gram's had some confusion of mind (normal under these circumstances, the Drs. say) and she doesn't understand the necessity of the procedures. She wants to go home, & we can't really wish she could.

as of this writing (at hosp. late eve May 22) she is recuperating with astonishing rapidity. She is on strong pain killers and is somewhat disoriented especially in the evenings, something the medical profession call "Sun downing." Jackie & Joan have stayed at the hospital the nights of May 20, 21 & 22, spelling each other; Ellie Jackson is coming from Chicago to help, May 23. Other Kids & grand Kids have wished they could come, and are standing by. RAD takes the day shifts. Jackie will reserve the rest of this page for updates on Gram's condition. The doctors are filled with admiration at Gram's spunk & toughness. They expect a quick & full (i.e. ambulatory) recovery.

Sunday May 24. A set back: the hip bone is soft (osteoporosis) and the pin has shifted, and Grandma is having too much pain. The Dr. can't operate again, (with any improvement) so Gram is in traction, will have to continue total bed rest till the pain abates and bone begins to mend.

Tues May 26 Well, now they're pondering what to do: in bed w/ traction for many, many weeks -- which will be very bad for Gram's physical & mental health. Ok, another operation, not a pin, but a cemented replacement. She'd have no pain & be up & walking -- BUT -- they have to get her strong enough. She's getting blood, & IV "hyperalimentation" (spelling?) but eating by mouth very poorly. We try to shove it in but she's bulky. I'm now back in SpH for a few days, will get print this issue of ENL tomorrow, the 27th (over late June)

LET'S HAVE A WHOLE LOT OF PRAYERS FOR GRAM'S RECOVERY!



YES, HE'S ON THE CRITICAL LIST --- CRITICAL OF THE FOOD, CRITICAL OF THE NURSES, CRITICAL OF THE SERVICE...

This joke was published too late for Groupa's hospitalization BUT will do nicely for Grandma's. She is by no means docile.

Springtime

A robin is perched overhead,
 Today is today - I love it!
 And "springtime" sings my heart
 Over and over -
 Earth's green, sky's blue above it
 There's crocus and there's clover.
 The future's far away, the past is past;
 It's present now, and spring has
 come at last;
 Wild songs are ringing and ringing
 within me
 Wild thoughts are flashing and flashing
 within me -
 The earth's born anew, and there is
 no sorrow,
 So come, let us dance, and not
 think of Tomorrow!

V.

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SOME GRANDMA POEMS

Chez Nous Jackie has found lots of
 Gram's poems, and is reproducing some
 here. On the left is one written when
 she was 18; I used the first few lines on
 the masthead of Vol V No. 3. "Know-
 ledge" was, I think, a love poem
 written to R.A.D. Here's one signed
 "VW," so it must be from her unmar-
 ried days:

The earth is good, with growing
 things to touch;
 A freshly opened leaf, a fragrant
 flower;
 Pungent loam upon my hands; - so
 much
 These draw upon my heart this
 lonely hour, -

I would this were a garden and
 that I
 Could kneel in gratitude for soil
 and sun;
 Could hold this changing beauty
 till I die,
 And know that earth and God
 and growth are one.

Beloit Hospital Many, many thanks
 to Ellie for coming Memorial Day week
 end + Grandma sitting on the night
 shift with such tenderness. (Better
 luck next time on your Battleships
 game!)

LATEST NEWS!

9AM May 22: Mom's mind has cleared almost entirely in the last 24 hours! No
 today there's no talk of another operation. So we wait & see.
 MORE LATE NEWS: Ms Muffet Jackson at her yearly checkup this AM weighed in 2 lbs
 overweight. This is no doubt due to all the goodies Margaret at Chez Nous plies on her!

Knowledge.

I did not know my arms were made
 To hold you in their warm embrace;
 I did not know these eyes of mine
 Were purposed just to see your face;
 I did not know that this my heart
 Was given life to thrill with thine;
 I did not know that all of me
 Was yours and nothing mine!

I cannot understand, love,
 The why, or yet the how -
 But knowledge lies within my
 breast.

I did not know, - till now!
 - V.W.

Beloit Hospital Many ENNL
 readers will be interested to
 know that Dr. Pamela Wolfe
 was the nutrition consultant
 when they were setting up a
 hyper-alimentation program
 (IV nourishment) for Mom.

PUBLISHES ARTICLE

Beloit Mom has another "I
 Remember When" article in
 the latest Music Clubs Mag
azine, but ENNL won't re-
 produce this one, since it's
 of limited interest, mostly
 a review of a book about
 the Basques & their music,
 only a little about Mom &
 her music club adventures.