

Change of plans

5 Sept2020

We had plans for this three-day weekend. We are at the start of another moving project (Our last ever? Please?!?!?) and this weekend was all planned out with the chores attendant to getting ready.

Then Bjorn got sick. And when I say sick, what I really mean is deathly ill. Ol' Bjorn is a hard-headed Norwegian with the constitution of a draft horse so by the time he admits to a sore gut, he's been hurting for a while.

Susan has been beside herself with worry as her husband was first sent home by one doc only to have things worsen to the point that there was no question even in Bjorn's thick skull and he hauled himself to the emergency room. I won't share his personals with you; suffice to say by the time a second set of docs figured out the problem, he was facing a seven hour surgery and two month recovery.

Through all this, Susan tried her best to hang on. Being blind, she was dependent on friends to make hospital visits and such. And then, in the middle of the chaos and worry, fate threw her another curveball in the form of a leaking kitchen sink. So, Susan, already beside herself about Bjorn, found herself trying to stop a leak she couldn't see. (Did I mention Susan is blind?)

Long story short, as soon as everyone is awake and lucid this morning Mary and I will be heading an hour north so I can do a plumbing job while Mary spends time with her friend.

Everyone has problems these days. Mine is a minor change in plans to take a drive and crawl under a kitchen counter with my wrenches. Susan's involve the near death of her soulmate and an uncertain future while he recovers.

Which would you choose?

Life has been good to Mary and me. And sometimes we're slapped in the face with the realization of how much worse things could be.

I hope this finds you all well.