

AHS63 August 2022 Newsletter

Walking the Talk Edition

Northern Outpost, August 4th, 86°, tall ships in the harbor, people standing in line, must be tourist season in vacationland. You are probably unaware that Whiskeysit is a national mecca for lobster rolls—a whole lobster stuffed into a bread pocket, served with clarified butter for drizzling. Legendary Red's Eats on Main Street has a line all the way around the corner this time of year, and folks arrive early just like they do at Franklin's in Austin. I bring this up because it's a bet that even a queen in a wheelchair couldn't get a cut in line for a Red's Eats lobster roll these days—after all, this is a pilgrimage for thousands of tourists. And nobody messes with pilgrims. It's their privilege is to stand in line for two hours to pay \$42 for the holy grail of lobster. No matter—locals don't stand in line anyway. We call Debbie and tell her when we can be at the side door if she's got a minmit. (But it's still \$42 :)

Not sure how many of y'all have experienced life in a wheelchair, but it's humbling. And odd. People tend to look past you in the grocery aisle, as if you're invisible. What's up with that? Some kind of weird embarrassment about encountering infirmity? or thinking we're slackers? Harrumph! We're all just PEOPLE here! Probably several of us have had the experience by now. It's actually kind of fun driving the electric scooter grocery cart ... but I almost took out the tuna cans in a corner display, and the Polar Springs guy kept his eye on me alllll the way down the fizzy water and soft drinks aisle. What? did I have a bushy tail or sumpthin? If I coulda wiggled the back end of my scootercart I woulda. Honestly.

Several of you wrote in after the last newsletter about my disastrous fall, and thank you so much for those notes. I wish we could all know what goes on with us out there in '63 Maroon land *so we could write notes to each other when*

stuff happens. It's just a lovely thing to do for each other. At the end the broken ankle saga, I wrote that there was a moral to my story—that you never know how important your friends are until you go through a traumatic life experience. And so many of you out there *proved that to a faretheewell* with your many kind words and commiserations and offers to be up for a call in the middle of the night when the pain meds wore off ... all were such a lift to the heart. Turns out, we all need each other, you know? Thanks for being there for me this last month. I would love to be there for each of you just like that.

Years ago, when my sisters and I were at the beach with our youngsters ranging from 4 to 7, 5-year-old Travis suddenly took off into the surf ... and then immediately came running back screaming at the top of his voice "I did it! I did it! *And I didn't even die!*" It became the family line for every amazing accomplishment, large and small. Monday of this week the doctor said I could start putting weight on this ankle that's been put back together with screws and bailing wire. Which was frightening beyond words, actually—what? You mean walk on it? Yikes. And *then* he gave me this little new-fashioned lightweight fabric lace-up boot with wrap-around velcro straps. What's this? Not exactly heavy armor against the slings and arrows of daily living, and the black lab that bangs around and knocks over all the tea trays on the porch. But finally, yesterday, the PT—the enforcer!—shows up and said time's up, "we're" going to take a step. Egad. Deep breath. Almost 7 weeks to the day, with my foot in a mostly nothing boot, and holding on tight to the walker ... I think my whole life flashed in front of me all over again. And I did it anyway. It'll be another month before I can drive, and I'll still be a threat in a scootercart at Shaw's ... *but I did it*, 'took a very ginger step, and then a few more, and it felt a little crunchy and very stiff and it'll be swollen for a long time, but to my genuine surprise, that ankle worked just fine ... *and I didn't even die.* —Terry



August Birthday Kids

04 Mina Hawkins Doshier (45)

07 Michael Pendley (45)

08 John Calhoun Miller (45)

15 Carl Beck (46)

18 Bob Schoen (45)

22 Roxanne McCown Keel (45)

23 Nancy Douglas Moore (45)

23 Jo Ann Johnson Weston (45)

25 Bonnie Isaac (45)

28 Mary Jo Culp Parker (45)

30 Georgia Lochridge (45)

30 Kathy Shive Matthews (45)

And y'all, just a word about this birthday list—we don't make it up, but if you don't remember your birthdate just drop us a line and we'll be happy to fill in the blanks! It's a new service for seniors who would rather be part of the fun but aren't sure how to do it. You like that? OTHERWISE, hit reply and send us your birthday/year and you'll make the big time right here. Guaranteed. Queenie.



LOYAL FOREVER Y'ALL

***AND
Loyal Forever
means
LOYAL FOREVER!***

You are on this list because you are brilliant & still drink from the fountain of youth known as Loyal Forever
- the AHS Class of 63

Our mailing address is:

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