

AHS63 September 2022 Newsletter

They Don't Call it Fall Fer Nuthin Edition

Northern Outpost, September 1st, 62° ... wait wait ... where did summer go?
Oh. Right. June was pretty much a long pop fly to left field—which pretty much closed out the whole season for me up here. I heard from so many of you after my ankle disaster, and even more of you wrote in after catching up last month with the wheelchair episode. Several of you ... GM Ziller, Russ Sparenberg, Malone Hill, Bonnie Carroll ... had stories even more harrowing than mine. The resilience of people in this class is flat amazing. GM fell from a 100' ladder (okay, maybe 14') that completely took out the left side of his body (a two-year recovery odyssey), Russ miraculously came back after months of being in a coma (!!!), Bonnie is just now recovering from open heart surgery, and Malone had a long recovery but at least he was alive after crashing a small plane. Unbelievable stuff. And there was a pile-up in my inbox with wonderful notes from y'all who simply showed up as friends to cheer me on ... that loyal forever thing is alive and well in this class. And y'all are somethin' rare fine.

So on we go with the continuing saga of recovery in Whiskeysit (how a Texan would naturally pronounce Wiscasset, for those who have not been keeping up). A Maine-sorta version of Lake Wobegon. This month's episode features your intrepid ersatz editor/newsletter queen making the lurch from wheelchair to walker ... just in time to get into trouble. The occasion was last weekend's [Schoonerfest](#). I was somehow credentialed "Co-Admiral" for this event ... rather a comedown for any monarch but we bore up with regal humility ... *noblesse oblige* and all that. Came the moment when we got our walker across the pier to

the top of the gangway, and gazed down to the floating dock where our "fleet"—two schooners—was waiting. Clearly, even if we survived the trip down the *gangway*, there was the matter of the *stairs* up the side of the boat to get *on* the damn thing. Captain Seth of the *When & If* appeared at my side saying not to worry—he'd carried Ethel Kennedy up and over the side. Considering my middle-age girth, I straightened up to achieve maximum queenly cool, "*You mean all 80 pounds of her?*" AS IF!!

It's not like I was unprepared for this adventure. I had been working on transitioning from wheelchair to walker for a whole two or three weeks. And during that time, the Physical Therapist Nazi had tricked me into trying out a few stairs—a whole *one time*—with a crutch on one side and holding on to the handrail for dear life on the other. Looking at those three stairs up to the ship's railing totally threw me into palpitations—wild jungle drums were pulsing and readying every nerve ending to take flight. Foreboding does not begin to cover it. What was going on behind our most serene queenie-co-admiral smile was not unlike the sheer terror that must've flashed through Malone's mind as he nosedived in a small plane. This could not end well. Yet, off we went down the gangway at a stately pace with our intrepid walker—*not unlike walking the plank*, we thought ... *but without the mercy of a blindfold*. At the dreaded stairs on the dock, where the situation couldn't get more dire, it did. We now spied the wee gap ... oh, maybe two, three feet or so—wide as a freaking mile ... between the top of the stairs and the boat railing. WHOSE IDEA WAS THAT? I might as well do another flying wallenda, I thought—this time off the pier. Maybe break the other ankle on the way down into the briny drink below. Glub, glub. A thousand angels would not be saving me this time. I was gonna die. So, right on cue, the walker was suddenly whisked away. Four pairs of ropy arms appeared out of nowhere on each side to "walk" me up those stairs and over the

side to the deck. Still not sure how that plan was even going to happen. But. Somehow they just flew me over the railing. That's my story, I'm stickin' to it. I'm pretty sure my feet didn't touch those stairs. For a few seconds, life was totally suspended ... then boom— "*here ya go!*"—the walker reappears on deck and two 12-yr-old crew members competently usher me to a cushioned bench. Then they rush off to grab up ropes and hoist giant flapping sails and chanties are sung to the rhythm of the work.

Hafta say, it was as fine a sunset sail as ever there was. *And I didn't even die.*

A Note from Ted Parrish ...

on the subject of my unfortunate ankle.

Terry: Given that most of us have faced these adversities earlier in life, you're taking this on a little later and have to show resilience during our golden years, which is more demanding than the resilience of our youth.

I'm reminded of the final lines of Tennyson's *Ulysses* from our mutual lit class at Austin High (or was it at Pease Park?). [*Rascal!*—Q]

Ted

Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'

We are not now that strength which in old days

Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;

One equal temper of heroic hearts,

Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

PunFunnery from Malone

Terry: You wanted some newsletter fodder. Having prior lessons in biology and a punny sense of humor, I have always enjoyed this story about New England:

Years ago, there was a virtual epidemic of deaths of *crows* along the highways in New England. So many were found dead along the roadside that a formal investigation was begun. Ornithologists and infection experts found that no diseases were the cause.

Theories ranged and debate raged. Then external examinations showed that there were paint markings on the birds, indicating that they were hit by highway vehicles. Further analysis showed that the paints on the crows were apparently those found on *trucks* only, not by any passenger cars.

Further discussion amongst academics seemed to lead nowhere, until an amateur bird watcher entered the scene. Finally, the analysis derived the following:

Crows are very careful and watchful, always even posting a guard when nesting or eating, giving warnings when danger is near. And although they are adept at saying "caw, caw," they are unable to voice the sound "truck, truck."

Mystery solved. *[Haaaa... I ain't telling this one up here! Q.]*

Loyal Forever—Malone



Fall Fun Birthday Kids

01 Marcy Howard (46)

03 Charles Beadle (44)

03 John Vinson (44)

03 Jim Kruger (45)

06 Sharon Mullins Culp (45)

09 Linda Joiner Reeder (45)

10 Vickie Astran Lopez (44)

10 Judy Snyder-Abreu (45)

11 Elizabeth "Liz" Bernal (44)

12 Larry Magruder (45)

19 Carol Ann Foyt Shepherd (45)

20 Susan Roberts (45)

21 Ed LaTouf (45)

22 John Moss (44)

24 Joan Black Light (44)

24 John Jeffery (44)

25 Peggy Carter Scott (45)

26 Jimmy Raup (45)

26 Ingrid Thurman Simmons (45)

27 Kathy Lewis Steele (45)

29 James D. "Jim" Smith (44)

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. Q.



LOYAL FOREVER Y'ALL

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

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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

