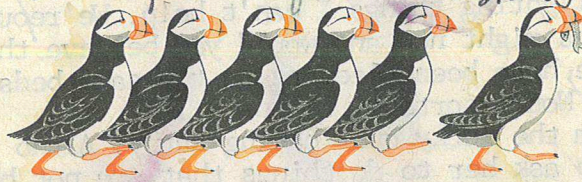


P. found out Mae has been admitted to hospital  
since Monday. So far don't know why



Urinary  
tract  
infection!

4/13/92

Dear Jessie,

This is probably a bad time to write you since I break into tears now and then, but better for me to get into someone else's life than to focus on my own. The reason for the tears (hopefully unnecessarily) is that my sister, who calls me promptly 10:30 every Sunday morning, has not called me today. Kathy and I have tried everyone who could know where she and Pat are, but nothing but machines and no answers at Mae's house. At this point, I think Pete is on his way over there and may get the police too. The thing is, if something has happened with Pat, I think Mae would have managed to call me at some time. But, if it isn't Pat, the alternative is impossible to imagine and I'm just not up for it right now. By the time I finish this, maybe I'll know.

I was sorry to hear that you weren't able to hold down your job - I thought from the beginning that it would be too much for you. I hope you are remembering the Serenity prayer and recognizing the difference between what you can and cannot change! Wouldn't it be possible for you to find something that you can do for a couple of hours a day that would pay a little money, and then use the rest of your time for what you really want to do? You have wonderful telephone skills, an organized mind, an inviting personality; perhaps you have to take it easy on your physical problems and not stretch them beyond what they can do?

For example, I hate to think of you running up and down the stairs at night to go to the bathroom. Kathy also goes at least twice a night because she drinks so much tea, but she takes a "p" jar up with her and empties it in the morning. OR, how about changing rooms with Anya. As long as there's some kind of alarm or entry hindrance up there, that should work better for you?

Also, perhaps someone else could do marketing for you - either your nice friend (I hear he's nice) or perhaps Pete would help with that. And if it's physical work like room changing maybe Ann and Al could come down for 2 days to help?

I've stopped fighting things I can't help. We're out of cleaning ladies right now and would you believe that I, Miriam B. Rose, have been sleeping on the same bedsheets for 4 weeks? Not important.

Of course, I'm the lucky one- having Kathy. Altho I've learned not to ask her to do things that are not here area- like housekeeping- that we can live without. I'm unhappy that just when I could be of help to people - with Anya, with Pete, with you, with Eileen Rogot (who just had a successful hip replacement), with Kathy (who needs my fundraising experience but my head isn't set for it), I'm not much good to anyone. Also, I've been reading LIFE AFTER LIFE, and Eliz. Kobler-Ross, and proudly proclaimed that I missed some of the 5 stages including the one on anger. But now I am angry- at being useless, and because with all my basic problems, now I can't really walk because I have some muscular problem with my left thigh (going for massage tomorrow). But when I think how much I have going for me; good friends, Kathy, Pete, Kats, birds, ability to pay for my needs, how can I really complain? Money seems to be at the root of most problems and I wish I could just take a pile and give it to the people who need, but if I did, I could end up being a burden to them in the end.

Oncologist says my cancer is stable; reason for continuing problems with talking, breathing, is that the phrenic nerve which controls the right diaphragm has something wrong with it and keeps that diaphragm non-functional. Could be from so much treatment, or from nasty cells hanging on- who knows. Anyway, here comes Spring; here comes laughing Anya; you have a happy dog hanging around and you have to rethink your life realistically and not go on as if you are still 30 yrs old. I hope this is helpful in some way. I know you can't expect much help from Bobby - but how about your mother- and I hope you talk to Ann frequently, and the nieces. Kathy told me everything would be great after last WEdnesday because Mercury would turn around, but everything seems to be worse since then; Kathy was turned down for grant, my hip flared up; and now whatever is happening to my sister. We don't eat as rigidly health as we used to; people bring us casseroles and you know what? We eat 'em! Well Jess, you prob ably wish I hadn't written, but I'm glad I did. Think over your situation and make lists- maybe something will come ~~wkth~~ of it. When my kids ;(including 'ex's) aren't happy, neither am I.

Best,

*Mickie*