

Fantastic Mini Reunion! May 24, 2014

Reunions.....I love them!



Molly and Helene, who with Dale, created our lovely mini-reunion



Dale and her very successful watercolor

Two gals in our Brown University class, Dale and Helene, recently conjured up a magical mini reunion and invited all the women in our class. Also co chaired with classmate Val, and in fact, held at Val's lovely home, the mini reunion was amazing.

Oh, I know what you're thinking....doesn't Brown University hold reunions every five years like most colleges? Of course they do. But at the last "biggie" Helene and Dale realized that every five years may not be often enough. Not only were college friendships renewed at these reunions, but new friendships were formed with people you did not get to know back in

undergraduate days. Tempus fugit (my mom always used to say that) and friends are so important....so if possible, why not meet more often?

Dale and Helene organized the first mini in 2013 in Florida....I'm in New Jersey and with my watercolor teaching I couldn't get the time to go down there. But this mini reunion was held in New York State. And....my freshman and sophomore year roommate, Letha, asked me if I wanted to go, if I would like to room with her; her note mentioned that we would get more time to talk, as so much goes on at the official reunions there isn't always enough time. ***And that is one of the reasons Helene and Dale "invented" our mini reunions. To have this time. No official functions...just impromptu camaraderie with time to talk.***



Peg, Dee (my nickname in college), and Letha



Letha at our house (See Wally Goldfish in the tank behind her? He's white)

Letha drove up from Virginia to New Jersey Friday. We had a lovely dinner, talked, and watched my African video (of my trip to Kenya and Tanzania). Saturday we drove up to Connecticut and checked into the excellent Danbury Hilton Garden Inn (although we were hardly there so didn't take advantage of all their amenities) Then off to Val's home in New York. Some of the women

had been there since Thursday eve or Friday (when it began); they had visited a famous church with Chagall windows as well as a local museum before we arrived. When we came a fun discussion of “Five Things You Don’t Know about Me” was going on in the living room. Our tales of the “unknown” were frankly, hilarious as well as interesting.



Susan, Joan, and Peg

I use the word living room loosely—each charming room in Val’s house is meant for living and the outside with lovely trees and bushes in spring bloom is great for experiencing nature. Val was amazing; we figured out over 200 meals were served during the weekend, and although the dinners were catered, there were the brunches and all the set-up and clean-up. We all did a little bit; but let’s face it....Val, Helene, Dale, Cobi, and Peg did the lionesses’ share. The food was great—dinners and elaborate brunches and snacks. O, the salmon! O, the vegetarian lasagna! O, the Kentucky Derby pie (courtesy of Carol). O, the cheesecakes and the shrimp and the.....imagine it yourselves.



Peg, Carol, Val, Gerda, and Letha chatting in the kitchen



Cobi and Dale prepping brunch

Twenty-five women attended all, most, or part of the gathering. So I missed seeing Barbara and Marty, who were there earlier, but since Letha and I stayed until 3ish Monday afternoon, we got to have brunch with Roz and Jane, who were also in our freshman year house at Pembroke/Brown. In fact, out of the women attending, ten were from King House.



Peg, Letha, Gerda King House pals



King House—a photo from the regular Brown reunion

Although not used anymore by Brown, King House has been lovingly restored; it is a beautiful late 19th century house with all sorts of nooks and crannies and interestingly shaped rooms. I should say that when we attended Brown, although all our classes were on the Brown campus, all our teachers were of course Brown, and our degrees are from Brown, the Pembroke campus for women existed. We also had our own newspaper, year book, and separate phys ed facilities. There were large dorms for upper class women; but the freshmen lived in small houses pretty much off campus. King House was the farthest away. It didn't matter much; we got a lot of exercise, and extra time with friends, planning our walks late at night from the libraries so we didn't travel alone.

Reunions...aside from the obvious facts that you are renewing friendships with women you went to school with, dreamed with, worked with, both celebrated and commiserated with, and that now you are forging new relationships with some women you hadn't known or known well in school, there is the youth factor. If you are someone who hasn't attended high school or college reunions, you might well ask, what youth factor? Okay...this is what I mean....always, when I've been away at college reunions I run around with friends, attend speeches or meetings, dance like crazy, eat like crazy, and have a ball, and I feel pretty much the same age as I did back in the day. Up and down stairs....elevators are too slow....walk across campus.....hike the 8 or 9 blocks out to King House to see where we lived freshman year, etc. etc. etc. Then...and this runs true for those of us over 50, you come home and you lug your suitcase up the front steps. You realize you have three loads of wash to do. You lug it down the basement. Your knees hurt, or your back...and you say, what? Why is this? I'm only 19....I'moh, yeah. I'm not 19 anymore. Not that I feel badly at home; it's just I find I feel younger at reunions. And that is pretty darn cool.



Gertie, one of Val's very sweet dogs



Abby, another of Val's really sweet dogs

And it happened again.... we talked and talked (not so much running around, as Val's home was Reunion Central)...and in a way, that's another part of the youth factor. We find that we can speak so easily to each other, and we feel that, hey, we're just carrying on conversations as if we hadn't been apart for years. Only now we are more mellow. There's no clicks. There's no competitions. "It's all good" as some say. Not that we aren't passionate about certain causes or activities, we certainly are. It's great fun and interesting to discover these things about our

classmates, because we have all developed over the years intolet's face it....more interesting people. I guess age and experience has its advantages.



Kelly, Peg, and Fran watch me demo watercolor



Dee doing a mini-lesson at the mini-reunion

So there's the age and experience thing combined with the feeling-young-again feeling. Combine that with the certain and complete gratitude that God has spared us so far and blessed us with this opportunity, with this gathering. Each of us has been through...different situations, health issues, etc. but here, thank God, we are and here we celebrate. Lots of sharing—photographs, tales of travel and tales of travail. And even music, as both Letha and Dale played and there was impromptu singing. Dale and Helene had asked if anyone could play the guitar or the piano. I cannot...but I do paint and teach watercolor (and have for 35 years). So I volunteered to have a lesson using some of the “tricks of watercolor” to make a scene that they could then do. Dale and Helene thought it a good idea. I brought up paper, paint, watercolors, sponges, water cups, plates for palette use, cling wrap, salt, etc. Sunday afternoon we had a lesson. I myself had a lot of fun introducing some of the gals to watercolor painting. Val has an art room and so there was plenty of room for anyone who wanted to paint. Fun to see all the different interpretations they came up with!



Joan, Letha, and Cobi painting watercolor



Joan, Dale, Barney (standing), Fran, Peg, Anne busy with watercolors

After 10 pm or so, Letha and I would went our way through the countryside back to Danbury, and we'd continued talking. Letha is one of the wittiest women I've ever known; I feel like capturing a lot of what she says on paper, for posterity. (and now you may be thinking, well, let her blog here...not a bad idea).

As I mentioned before, women came and went and we were happy that we could stay until Monday afternoon so as to see Roz and Jane. Then Letha headed up to Boston, to visit one of her daughters and her family. Jane kindly drove Dale and Cobi and I down to New York City. Jane deposited me right at the Port Authority which was fantastic because then I just had to take a bus back to New Jersey. (thank you, Jane!)



Baltimore Oriole outside our window at the Danbury Garden Hilton—this was amazing—Letha saw the birds first and they were our first Baltimore Orioles, or what Letha says the Audubon Society calls our “Life Birds”, the first time we'd seen any. We were thrilled.

I haven't mentioned it...but Helene came all the way from Florida, Judy from Colorado, Molly from Maine, Joan...from Puerto Rico, and Cobi....from Paris, France. Wow! I believe Dale and Helene are planning another extravaganza for next year. I certainly hope I can go. Thank you, both Dale and Helene, and Val, too, for this one! We all are grateful.

I'm about to become a Grandma!

June 14, 2014.

I recently went to a Baby Shower for my daughter-in-law and our youngest son (it was a combination party with the college graduation party for my daughter-in-law's youngest sister). Their parents hosted this wonderful celebration, which had so much positive energy and heartfelt sentiment.



The happy couple unwrapping gifts for Baby Girl

I imagine that most women (and perhaps men, too, although I cannot pretend to speak for them!) are thrilled by the prospect of their son or daughter having a child, but they also feel somewhat amazed that their “baby” is having a baby.



The mini-watercolors I painted as favors for the Baby Shower/Graduation Party

How many years have you been imagining being a grandma? Or grandpa? I know I have for many years. Ever since I was a preteen....I read the book *Auntie Mame*; Mame took her twelve year old nephew around the world and had lots of adventures with him. Even at 12 or 13, when I read the book, I imagined some day I would be a cool grandma and could help introduce my grandchild to different parts of the world.

I am much older now....I might not have a chance to travel the world with a grandchild, although you never know (I hope God intends me to). But I do hope to play like crazy with my grandchild, to read to her (oh, yes, a little grand-daughter is expected), to draw and paint with her, to write with her, to play dolls and bears and explore FantasyLand with her. Maybe we'll play with any of my many puppets and make up stories. Maybe I'll be lucky enough to introduce her to my obsession of snorkeling. I'd spend the whole day with her at an aquarium, any aquarium, the whole day at the zoo, any zoo, if she wants.



Baby Gigantic, Mama San, and Friends in FantasyLand June 1st. You can tell it's spring by the green grass.

We might make a garden together. Or a collage. Or just play in FantasyLand when she visits my husband and me. FantasyLand is our dining room, or it would be a dining room, if there were not about 200 bears there, on top of bookcases and in baskets. The dining room table and side tables are the home for six dollhouses and all the residents who live there. FantasyLand had its genesis in my original dollhouse. But then son Shawn and I created FantasyLand, AKA BabyLand, when he was five and decided he wanted to be an architect. So we built 3 houses and a "hotel". Then we renovated a building to make a grocery store on the bottom level and an art gallery/library on the second level. FantasyLand has six buildings, trees, cars, a pond, and even a small nature preserve. Although we were creating and playing, I believe Fantasyland was where Shawn could work out ideas and problems and stories, and I was fortunate enough to play along too. (we also built a Dukes of Hazard County with those locales and played with that; remember Bo Duke and Luke Duke, Daisy and Grandpa? The General Lee & Boss Hogg?)



January 23, 2014 in FantasyLand, but they are still celebrating the Christmas season

Well, the thing is, I believe children can act out their fantasies. and work out thoughts and problems and concepts with this sort of play. I hope to do this with Baby Girl (which is what I call her now). I look forward to Baby Girl and I playing with the animals and children who live

in this neighborhood (there are a few adults in FantasyLand, but similar to Charlie Brown movies, they just don't play much of a part). Baby Girl may introduce other characters into FantasyLand. I hope she does.



Hijinks in FantasyLand. Note the iceskaters and Baby Gigantic still bicycling. Lots of snow and a hill of it seems to have materialized.

A Life-changing Summer August 30, 2014

I haven't blogged for almost two months—it's been a life-changing summer, a very emotional summer, and it continues to be so.

Let's play "catch-up"



The beautiful diaper cake topped with a soft pink Teddy which Aggie created

First—Tuesday, July 1st, my very good friends Aggie, Jody, Camille, and Barb threw me a surprise Grandmother Shower. I didn't even know such things existed, so it was a most remarkable surprise and a most remarkable evening. It took place at Aggie and Bob's home—a splendid dinner, with a prelude of great hors d'oeuvres (the gals had all pitched in with different delectables). Aggie even learned how to make a Manhattan straight up, which I enjoyed. Bob and Gary grilled shrimp, beef, scallop, and chicken kabobs which Aggie and Barb had created during the afternoon. Such a fun time! And a special grandma cake to eat, and a special disposable diaper cake which Aggie created for Jillian's use. The gifts are amazing—I was saying about a sunshaded fish float for pools that that gift should stay at our house because we have a pool. Then it was



Jody, Aggie, Barb, and Camille. Note the kabob at my setting

explained to me that a Grandmother's Shower provides baby gifts that stay at Grandma's (and Grandpa's) home for Baby's convenience and joy when the family visits. Ohhhhhh! Makes perfect sense. I'm such a novice.



Camille and Jody—note the delectable hors d'oeuvres

Then Second—Wednesday, July 1st we received a call from Shawn that April had been rushed to the hospital with pre-eclampsia and the baby was to be induced (pre-eclampsia is high blood pressure with the danger of seizures and the only course of life-saving for the mother is to get the baby out quickly; Jillian’s due date was July 26)). We rushed out to Pittsburgh and long story short—all went well. After 55 hrs of labor April gave birth to Jillian on July 4th. Shawn and all of us were overjoyed. April’s parents Pat and George were there and we had a great dinner together. Shawn was ecstatic—his first words when I walked into the hospital room, said in a joyful voice, “I just changed my first poop diaper.” He is infatuated with his precious daughter. In a few days April was able to take Jillian home—she weighed 5 lb. 14 oz. at birth. (April was on blood pressure meds for about 6 weeks; she continues to be monitored, but is doing well. Jillian is fine and has been growing in leaps and bounds).



Shawn, Jillian, and me in UPMC Mercy maternity wing—Jillian is one day old!



Shawn and his precious daughter, born on the Fourth of July (Can you just picture the fireworks going off?)



George and Pat 7/5/14



Diana (Dee) and Gard

Fast forward to us going up to North Haven, Maine, (the island where Gard's grandpa built a house on the water and we all share time there) Monday, July 7th—because arrangements had already been made and we were taking our French friend Cathy and her daughters Margaux 15 and Chloe 11, with us (they had come to our house July 5th). That was fun and I got to try out my rusty French a little.

But then—third—and this was totally shocking. After they and Tal had returned home, we had a phone call at midnight Saturday the 19th....a doctor calling....telling us that Shawn was in the hospital with brain seizures. Prognosis unknown. Long story short, we got off island as fast as the ferry schedule allowed and rushed back to NJ, picked up Tal and then dashed to Pittsburgh.



Shawn and his sutures—Tal and Gard in background, UPMC Shadysidehospi



Tal holds Jillian 7/21/14

When we arrived we found that the diagnosis was a tumor. Shawn had the tumor removed July 23rd and we were in Pittsburgh from July 20-August 1. Shawn so missed his baby daughter. Both hospitals—UPMC (University of Pittsburgh Medical Center) Shadyside, where he had the surgery, and UPMC Mercy, where he was for rehab (and also where April had been and Jillian was born) were amazing. Such a caring staff! We sort of lived there during the daytime. Shawn's left side is affected, because he had a mini stroke because of blood vessels supplying the tumor also supplied the left side motor control center. It was a "awake craniotomy" which means that the doctors woke Shawn up after the initial cutting and for 1 ½ hours as Dr. Engh resected the tumor he had to have Shawn's input as to what happens when different cells are activated (something like that). Then he was put under anesthesia again when he had the titanium plate put in and was sewn up. Shawn, like me and Tal, is left-handed. He is walking again, and trying to get his left hand working. Dr. Engh feels he got most of the tumor and is hopeful.

We came back to NJ for a while and then returned to Pittsburgh to help out driving and doing whatever.

In between visits we got more definitive news and since this is cancer, all things considered, it's good news. Thank you, dear God! Although the tumor was definitely cancerous, it is a low grade tumor, an oligodendroglioma—and most (or all?) of it was taken out. Apparently it's a type which can leave little cells of itself around. A PetScan was done 8/25 and an MRI is to be done 9/8. After the MRI results come in (whenever that is) a decision will be made about chemo. Of course I'm praying that all the cancer cells have been removed and chemo won't be necessary. 3 or more MRIs a yr are necessary. Please feel free to add your prayers for Shawn's health!



Shawn, April, and Jillian 8/18/14



Gard and Jillian 8/21-14

He is walking well but gets very tired, partially as a side effect of the anti-seizure meds (which he has to take for at least 2 yrs) and partially because his head and brain actually get tired and sometimes hurts after PT and OT. His left hand isn't fully controlled yet, but continues to make progress. He and Gard worked on several projects (like putting in a hand railing to the basement, and a wardrobe in their bedroom, this with the help of Aunt Missy). Aunt Doris and I also sorted baby clothes.



Chillin' with Jillian

But I mostly did yard work, which I enjoy. Yanking out weeds and clipping branches was a good outlet for my emotions. And oh, playing with, and changing Jillian's tiny diapers, and giving her an occasional bottle, was awesome! I took so many photos out there and I keep looking at them. We—Shawn and April and Jillian, and Gard and I, had two memorable trips to the Pittsburgh Botanic Garden/Forest and to the Pittsburgh Zoo and PPG Aquarium. The weather was perfect!

Oh! While there I gave Shawn my dummy for the Carolinas Society of Children's Book Writers & Illustrators course. Long story short...his critiquing was so on target that we had Tal FTP the dummy out to Pittsburgh. I changed a few words, added about 55 words after thinking and revising, and we reshipped it off to Bonnie Adamson, the RA of SCBWI-the Carolinas. She very graciously accepted the revision and it's been shipped off to an agent for critiquing. The whole online course—Picture Book Challenge by SCBWI-the Carolinas was awesome and I learned a lot (it started back in February).



Jillian's good dream 8/21/14

So—we're relatively up-to-date.

My Garden Haven September 19, 2014



See the watercolor palette on the striped cloth? Instant Garden Studio

Hi! Summer is just about over, but I am far from ready to let it go. Fortunately, so far the weather and my garden agree with me. This blog consists mostly of September garden photos. You'll see easily that my garden is as cluttered as our home and life style! Mostly flowers, but I love the look of cabbages so they are here also, plus a few tomato plants and one or two pepper plants that survived. If a weed flowers well, I let it flourish.



Cabbage, geranium, and Dusty Miller



Veggies are beautiful!



(Swan) beauty among beauty—black eye Susans, cabbages, and pink flowering “weeds”



Coleus, sedum, scarlet begonia, and a huge yellow mystery (pumpkin? giant squash?) blossom

My garden doesn't get much sun, with the tall oaks around, but it is a true haven for me. My garden fascinates me; it excites me. although at the same time I can thoroughly relax there, sort of meditate in it. I use it as an outdoor painting studio. I write in my garden and photograph it often—not to get really great photos either, but just because I want to capture the colors, the

shapes and textures, and light and dark values. I journal in the garden; I started garden journaling back in 1997 and

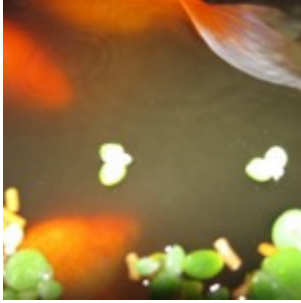


A Mastershallum (which is what Winnie-the-Pooh calls Nasturtiums)

enjoy doing it. Each year I also include lots of photos (so now 19 count 'em 19 garden journals, also help clutter my little studio inside). I work on stories in the garden and one of my picture books (not yet published, alas!) is about Nutley the frog, who loves sailing and adventure (based on real life; click onto Illustration on my website home page). I'm working on a little kids' graphic novel which takes place in my garden.



Really large goldfishes under double netting in New Pond. They are goldfishes, not koi, about 14" including tail fins.



Center Pond—beautiful tail fin flashing by

Inhabitants within and without fascinate. I have two small artificial ponds—with lovely big goldfish in each—Center Pond and New Pond. I'm a sucker for the three resident frogs who have grown considerably. A vole dashes by occasionally, as do chipmunks; birds and butterflies enter it. Just outside the garden I often see deer; two sets of twins were born this past spring. Although they have now lost their spots, they stick close to Mama. Surprisingly a young buck is often seen with one of the families. Twice a fox ran by; I am not fond of them. Since the foxes began appearing in the neighborhood five or six years ago, I never, never see bunnies, and there are far less chipmunks. Once I chased a fox who had a feral cat cringing under one of our patio chairs. They are handsome, but they, and the hawks circling overhead, spell danger for my little friends. Together with the raccoons, and the infrequent herons, they have been the reason for double netting, and holding the net down with rocks, over my ponds. Doesn't add much to pond beauty, but surely helps the fishes live. And yes, there are ways for the frogs to go in and out of the ponds. Amazingly complex for such simple things.



Deer eating tender green leaves; they are so agile! This is from the front yard; my garden is out back.



This sweet Bambi is oblivious of the joggers and vice versa



A frog for every pot!



and sometimes two!

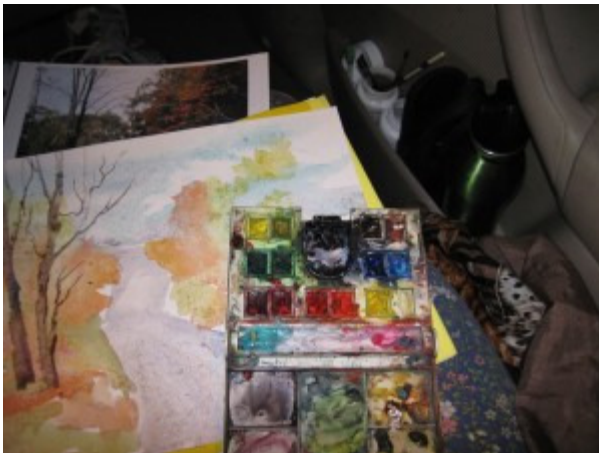
The frogs crack me up. I have never seen such patient animals. I can be out there in the morning sketching, and return in the early evening to feed the fishes, and often the same frog is in the same position. No matter how long I watch them, I've only seen one stick out his long tongue once to catch an insect. That was a yellow jacket, which the frog quickly expelled. Sometimes a frog will jump from the pond directly in front of my foot; if I stay still, he doesn't seem to mind me. Still, I do have some mosquitoes, so I think the frogs have to work a little harder.

You get the picture from this how much my garden means to me. I realize it's a work in progress between God and me. And I'm truly grateful for it.

A Fun Trip to Pittsburgh October 12, 2014

A fun trip to Pittsburgh

We had a wonderful visit to Pittsburgh to see Shawn and April and Jillian 9/30-10/06. I took, literally, hundreds of photos. Hey, Jillian is my first grandchild, but she'd be special even if she were my 16th grandchild. Anyway, you never know, I might write a picture book about babies and I can call my photos "research" (this is what I call, again literally, thousands of my photos). We needed to get back by Monday night as Gard teaches square dancing for the Bee Sharps Club and I teach watercolor for the Jointure.



Mini-studio set-up in our Ford Focus

The foliage was just beginning to turn as we drove out there—Tal was with us and was delighted he could spend Tues. night until Thurs. morning (music gigs precluded a long visit; he took the Megabus back). Gard always drives and it works out great in the Ford Focus for I can set up a mini watercolor set on my lap, along with a small watercolor pad. Two prescription bottles recycled as clean water and dirty water fit, along with a water bottle in the neat door compartment. So I'm able to paint while we drive.



Tal and Jillian enjoy a good joke

We three got to Jillian-sit a lot and it was wonderful. She has grown so in the 5 weeks since we last saw her. Especially noticeable is how much she interacts with people. All three of us have had smiling sessions with her. She looks at you when you're talking to her, gives you one of her enchanting smiles (she has several different smiles), and you feel happy. Naturally you smile at her a lot because she smiles back. Sometimes her smiles make you laugh. And she laughs and blows bubbles.

Jillian has grin-type smiles, with mouth mostly closed. She has an Elvis Presley lift- the-right-corner of her mouth semi-smile (that's probably just a look, a



“TV boring. I'll fall asleep holding Grandpa's hand....er, thumb.

mannerism). She has wide open big smile. Joyous. Nothing like a big toothless full-on smile from a baby! (now if an adult gave you toothless smiles, you might be less than enchanted). But she is interacting with you. Sometimes just smiling and a friendly voice will get a smile from her; sometimes a funny expression on your face will. Or wiggling her feet. Or waving your fingers down toward her (Gard's domain—the watch my fingers and hand PT trick). Some of

these smiles will be accompanied by coos, her soft one-syllable or two-syllable vocalizations and then I reply in her language. I tell Jillian I speak Baby and I speak Adult.



Jillian and I “conversing”. It’s obviously a good story.

Since a picture is worth a thousand words, you have here lots of them....fill in the blanks! Of course we got to talk with Shawn and April too, and it was lovely to share their busy lives, as they are both working and Shawn also goes to Physical Therapy twice a week. His left hand isn’t back to normal, but he can change even a poopie diaper with finesse. Mommy’s milk has allowed Jillian to go from her birth weight of 5 lb. 14 oz. to almost 14 lbs at three months old. Jillian is so cuddly-able. Sometimes she falls asleep on her Daddy’s stomach; I’m sure it’s happy, comforting, and even relieves any gas pain.



Jillian is tickled pink!

Jillian went to Greenfield Presbyterian Church with us and is a sweetie-pie. We enjoy her tremendously. She is so much aware of people and tries so hard to converse, cooing and making other sounds, mostly smiling. I'm fascinated watching the range of different emotions which play over her face.

Babies are fascinating; they are so pure and unafraid to



Family Portrait express emotions.



Young Janine, the black rhino

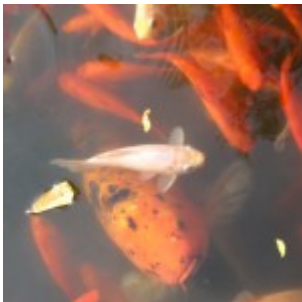
Speaking of babies (quick segue here), I had a morning visit to the Pittsburgh Zoo and PPG Aquarium, one of my favorite places, and I always include a visit there when I'm in Pittsburgh.

Anyway, you can see that “baby Janine”, the black rhino, is almost as big as her mama now. Janine was the first black rhinoceros born at the Zoo in over 45 years. Her mother Azizi gave birth to Janine September 2012, after a 15-month gestation (ouch, that smarts!).



Mama black rhino and “baby” Janine

I had time to renew my acquaintances with the Amur and snow leopards, the red panda, the elephants, and more. It was interesting to watch 3 out of the 4 new (to the zoo) cheetahs, try to stalk the zebras. Of course with two chain link fences and a walkway separating them, this is impossible, but inherited predatory traits remain strong, even in captivity. The 4th cheetah just lay sprawled and relaxed under a bush, as if to say, “Give it up guys, you can’t get there from here.”



Koi among the goldfishes

Of course I always enjoy the aquarium—so many fishes, so little time. It’s a goal for me to visit as many aquariums as possible. The Pittsburgh one is a fave.



Dog Face Puffer—love his white buck teeth

Gard's birthday was October 5th and we celebrated with a Carvel ice cream cake, gifts, and skype and other talks with Tal (then back in NJ) and Michael and Cveta out on Maui.



Soulful Carp

We left Monday, knowing that Shawn was to have an experimental test Thursday, to try to determine if the cells left after the tumor was removed are leftover destroyed brain cells or cancer cells. We have yet to find out the results from that, but are hoping and praying for good results.



Jillian has a sublime thought.



“I’ll find my thumb.”

Being Grammy Dee to Jillian is the best!!!