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October Hallmanack, 1993

Dear Family:

Recently I have been filled with gratitude for technical advances in the field of medicine. It has only been about ten years that they have been doing cartilage?(can't find my speller) repair to knees by micro surgery and over that period of time they have continually improved the process.

On the 22nd of September I was the recipient of the combined technology mentioned above and the skill of a good LDS Doctor, one Robert Jackson. He has a two brothers, Richard (his twin) and Scott who are also orthopedic surgeons.

I was also blessed by having Tracy Jr and Dad give me a blessing the evening before the surgery, as I was quite apprehensive about going under general anaesthesia, having had two bad experiences with such--once when Charlotte was born, and once when I had my hysterectomy. I can truly say the blessing eased my apprehension, but nevertheless, I made certain that the anesthesiologist knew about my past experiences. They (the one who bosses the anesthesia procedures and the actual technician) assured me that they have new anaesthetics and also antidotes, so to speak, in case someone does get too much or is super sensitive to the anaesthesia given.

It was a breeze. I went out like a light and when I came out of the anaesthesia I had none of the whirling, whirlwind tunnel sensations of previous trips under. I just woke up. You know--cats and dogs have it good. When they get too old they can just get a shot and go to sleep. We humans have to tough it out when our usefulness is ended. I'm opting for a stroke that ends it immediately.

They make three small holes. One at the top of the knee and two underneath the knee, and the surgeon does his scopeing watching a televised view of the process. They gave us a before and after picture of the process. Dr. Jackson said mine was worse than he thought and he could not guarantee that I would have a complete recovery. So far, so good. I only used the walker one day, and today, three weeks after the surgery, I walked a mile at the fieldhouse, but not at aerobic speed. Dad walked two miles at aerobic speed. (in a little over one half hour.) My knee is still a little tender to the touch. I feel no pain walking on it, but I take it easy just in case.

Nancy has got me on a diet. I think if I lost 30 to 35 pounds, it will be better for my knees and hips. This is my second week on the diet.

When I told Ginger she said she was trying to lose some weight, too.

She was helped (?) by a severe bout of intestinal flu which has been going through her family. That's the hard way to do it, Virginia. But fast, She says she lost 10 pounds (I haven't lost any) but she says she probably has gained a couple back after being able to hold some fluid on her stomach. Anyone else want to join us?

I think in my last letter I told you about our little flood. Well we are almost through the mess. They replaced all the dry wall on the East side of the computer room except for about 30" near the hall door, and then painted the wall a soft off white. we paid the painter to do the rest of the room. The carpet was a disaster so we recarpeted the hall and the computer room with a brown commercial carpet which is quite nice. (Now that I have gotten used to it.) The hangup is getting the computers, etc back and re-connected. Dad is trying to arrange the space a little more compactly, but has about decided it was about as good as it could be in the first place.



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We have had some good rains the last week or so. two nights ago, in the early morning we really had a good downpour. I haven't watered the lawn all week. In fact, we are hoping it will stay dry today so our lawn boy can mow the lawn. I have picked the last roses and the last tomatoes, harvested the concord grapes and made jelly out of the harvest. Total Harvest, 14 half pints of Jelly. I don't think we have really had a killing frost--it has just been too cold for normal growth and maturation. I think if we get over this rainy spell we might still have some lovely fall days.

Our one flood wasn't enough-- our disposal under the kitchen sink in the basement went out, and whenever the water was turned on it just poured out the bottom of the disposal made a mess down there.

The plumber came--and replaced the faucet and the disposal, replaced a part in my greenhouse furnace and turned it on, and helped dad hold up two florescent lights which he was putting in the family room. We are now lit up like a Christmas tree. Dad has put florescent lights in almost all the rooms in place of those old recessed ones. Back to the flood. the leaking must have been going on for a while because the metal floor under the sink was rusty and in a couple of places rusted clear through the metal. We scraped and wire-brushed the old paint and rust off as best we could, scrubbed it and dried it. Most of this was done by Dad because I could not kneel on my knee to reach back to the back of the bottom of the floor. Then we spray (yes we had good ventilation) painted the bottom to stop the rust and Dad has obtained a piece of metal to glue across the bottom of the shelf. One thing about owning a house (especially an old one) is there is always something to fix.

Missionaries--Thinking up enough news for the Hallmanack is about all I can drum up, and since Charlotte is sending the Hallmanack to you, you will get my news. We are looking forward to Mark's return, and hope he is not as thin as Gregory was. I believe that Zina will be back in January or so. It will be good to have them home, but THEY might not be looking forward to returning. We love you and pray for you always, as do all the Hall, Huntington, Vandyke, etc. families.

Go get 'Em.!

Love

Grandmother Hall

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