

Saying Goodbye

Written by

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This morning when I got up the outside temperature was registering at -20C and it was another sunny day. By the time I left Chris and Fred's house at 11:00 AM, the mercury had risen by 15 degrees and the forecast was calling for a high of +4C, quite a contrast from yesterday. On my way to Orillia, I stopped at Fred's office (he sells real estate at Royal-Lepage in Coldwater) to use their high speed internet. All week I have been using the dial up at the house which has been adequate for uploading my journal and checking my email but today I had some online banking to attend to.

After I was finished, I headed to Orillia to have my final visit with Mom. In the week that I have been here I have seen a marked decline in her already precarious health and I sense that she will be leaving the earth plain in the not too distant future. Mom and I have always had a strained relationship but we found a common ground in the past few years and today's visit was our goodbye to each other. It saddens me to see her so incapacitated but I know that when her time comes my dad will be there waiting with open arms and after almost five years apart it will be a joyful reunion. After almost 58 years of marriage, Dad passed away in 2001 after a five week struggle to regain his health after a second stroke. My mother misses him intensely.

Tonight I am sitting around with Chris and Fred and their "grand-dogs" Milo and Madison and we are taking it easy. Because I will be getting up at 3:00 AM, my plan is to have a restful evening and an early bedtime. My flight is scheduled to leave at 6:30 in the morning heading to Chicago on my way to Palm Springs. The good news is that I arrive in Palm Springs at 10:30 AM, in enough time to enjoy a full day with my Rickey and try to recover from my lack of sleep.