

UPDATING CONDITIONS

I am not sure where my running commentary on Fran's, My, and David's Conditions went, but since I seem to have to comment, here is a new version:

February 4, 2014. I am aware of increasing problems re balance. I stand at the toilet to pee or at the sink to wash, and I am rocking back and forth as if on a boat. When I get up in the morning, it takes me a while to get my feet under me, and walk to the bathroom, with the help of the furniture that I pass. I turn on the radio, and it takes me a few minutes to comprehend what is being said. I can't focus my hearing. Fran uses the word "process." I still follow the same pattern: getting up between 7:30 and 8 am. However, sometimes I roll over and remain in bed until after 8. I still go to bed between 11 and 11:30 pm.

I get the paper, and breakfast is still the same: orange juice, toast, cheese or some other "protein" and coffee. I clean the kitchen from the mess Fran leaves. I still think I should read more of the paper than the first page, op-ed, flip through the rest of the paper, and then go to my desk, where I check e-mails, answer some, and think about something to write. I also make a to-do list and try to do one or two things that need doing. By then it is lunchtime. I am intrigued that almost always when I prepare lunch, I have to urinate, so I leave the kitchen for the bathroom.

After lunch, more desk work, more reading, and while I am reading, and sometimes listening to music, I am aware that I am getting tired so about 2 or 3 pm, I take a nap. Then up in a half hour, back to the desk, computer, the mess in my study, the piled up newspapers, the mail, and it is time for supper.

Fran and I have had almost no interaction. She gets up after I had lunch, works at the table in the bedroom, and eventually has a cup of coffee. She may make a negative comment, observing that a light is out, or the floor needs to be swept, then announces that she will get dressed, go marketing etc. and will continue to sit at the table with her coffee, reading the paper, until it gets dark. Most of the time, she will not get dressed and go marketing. When she does, it is during rush hour, and she doesn't come back until 9, 10 or later. From time to time she will call to tell me about a problem. Left her credit card at a store, misplaced a purchase etc. Fran will finally come home, I will park the car, either she or I will bring up the packages, I will wonder why she bought what she bought, and she will have something to eat. By this time, I will have had supper, watched TV, checked e-mails, and will be ready for bed. Fran will read the paper, do whatever else she does—these days it is her iPad—and come to bed around 5 or 6 am. And so it goes.

Feb. 5. Fran has been having her share of screw-ups this past week. A couple of times, she has left the toaster-oven on, or perhaps she thinks she shut it off but it remains on for a long time. She has also left her key in the door and security spotted it. When it was early, they rang the bell. Later, they brought it to the security desk and called the next day. And she was cooking something and the water boiled out and scorched the pot.

And yesterday, she called me from the BI and left her phone there, returning to get it after dinner when she discovered it. And she broke the glass cover of a jar etc.

Fran saw Dr. Taylor who prescribed still another medication, and agreed with her re physical therapy for her torn tendons. She is getting on me re her hearing and re Carol's visit and re the family get-together she suggested. Also the broken mirror in the living room and the missing light in the refrigerator. Meanwhile, I say nothing about the mess she has created throughout the house.

I have managed to create my own mess in my study since I got the new computer. Stuff has to be filed, thrown out, etc. It is funny to see Fran going through papers in the bedroom and me doing the same thing in my study.

DAVID: Not sure what is going on. He has been saying he has a paper to finish and was given an ultimatum for Monday. I called but he hasn't returned my calls. I sent him e-mails but he said he hasn't been reading his e-mails. Last Friday, he came over for Shabbes dinner which Fran said she would make. But Fran was still out shopping. David was not very communicative. He said he is seeing Laura in his class, likes her, but not much more. He is tired, concerned about having gained weight, said he has a dj slot on the BC station from 6-8 am Tues. Also teaching Yiddish at WC Wed. and Yiddish poetry with a group from Temple Reyim, Sun.

It is 2-7, and David was over yesterday to help Fran with her iPad, after attending a WC Yiddish Committee meeting. When I asked him if he finished his paper, he said no. He has been depressed. But he assured me he will. He is coming tonight for Shabbes dinner. Fran left at 4:10 for a 4 pm session with Dr. Friedman. Fran gave me a list of Dr. appointments for next week. She also e-mailed Carol re her visit. Lots of anger, both hers and mine. Fran came home last night after a visit to the ophthalmologist and a marathon Trader Joe's session. Planned to make steaks. I had put potatoes in the oven. They were done when she came home. Grilled steaks, smoked up house. Ate separately.

Feb. 10. I am overwhelmed by the number of pills Fran is taking. And by the various devices she has picked up along the way. Various doctors give her prescriptions for a variety of problems. We go to CVS regularly. Fran is also using inhalers, tho she has stopped using the sleep apnea device a long time ago. She has three walkers, and a fourth in the basement. Another problem is the loss of three more teeth, and the need for a new denture. And the insistence that her hearing aids don't meet her needs. I am not happy with my hearing aids. The audiologist said that my right hearing aid had to be repaired--\$380. But it is the left one that is irregular. I suspect I will have to bring it in again.

Feb. 13, We're back again. The anger is unbelievable. Fran is saying she is out of the loop because I asked David if Carol could stay at his place, and I didn't tell her. When David learned it would be OK, I told her, and she got angry not knowing that it was a possibility. Now all her vindictiveness is on display. I don't talk to her. I make speeches to her. I am passive aggressive. I write bad things about her. (true). Fran is ranting again about Sylvia staying here, about the stopping up of the toilet, and about the chipped

dishes which she says is caused by the way I load the dishwasher. Then she took out books from a bookcase she says is hers. Have no idea how bad it is going to be over the weekend, with Carol's visit.

Physically, walking and balance seem to be getting worse. Mentally, I am forgetting names, and feel it is going to be harder for me to keep writing memoirs.

Feb. 14. This is as bad as it has ever gotten. Fran has flipped. Yelling and angry from the moment she got up. I don't know myself. Can't stay in therapy. Wrote terrible things about her. Never told anybody about Sylvia staying here. I am planning a brunch with bagels when she has planned a different brunch. On and on. Some Valentine's Day.

Feb. 18. Carol et al arrived Friday evening. We met at the restaurant. Fran had calmed down, wanting to put the best face on the evening. Of course, we got there late. There was a brief distribution of Valentine's stuff. Carol followed David to his place. The next day, David picked up blintzes, and Carol came a bit later. Fran made the blintzes and all went well. Instead of going to JFK, they went sledding at Larz Anderson. Then David and Elliott went home and Carol and Alan went to their B & B and dinner at the Fireplace. Sunday, they went to the MOS and came here for gifts for Elliott and dinner at the Chinese Restaurant. We said goodbye, and Monday they left David's and went to see Minna and home. We didn't have much time together but that was OK. Carol is getting snippy again, and Fran felt that Elliott was bratty. This morning I got a call from Carol, asking me how much I am putting away for Elliott for college (529) and she was obviously disappointed to learn it was \$15 a month. I told her I would increase it to \$30. She said her accountant felt he needed \$9,000 a year. Then she commented that Fran got the most expensive dish on the menu, and was talking about a river cruise, and the summer cottage is a lot of money. The point was clear: we should give the money for Elliott's education, not for such frivolity. She actually dismissed my pointing out that Fran is concerned about her mortality and wants to enjoy whatever time she has. It took some restraint not to point out her role—work, luxuries, etc.

Feb. 21. Bitch, bitch, bitch. Is that all I do? Another spat. Fran had a 1 pm occup. Therapy session. She thought it was 2 pm. I woke her up around 12. She rushed to get ready. I had shopped and left the car outside. I then made her coffee and toast. She told me not to put anything on the toast. I told her I didn't, in a loud voice. She accused me of yelling. I said she has accused me of not speaking loud and not looking at her. Earlier she accused me of not telling her that I was taking the car to be repaired. I told her I didn't plan on going, but didn't like the way the car sounded. Anger upon anger. Last night she returned from Dr. Friedman, had Italian Night with Shirley. I had the Vinkl. When I came home and asked her how it was, she was still angry. As I am sure she will be today.

Feb. 22. Last evening, I tried to talk with Fran, and it became a monologue which I endured. I heard again about my inability to understand myself—failed with four therapists—feelings. About her wanting nice things, dishes chipped, dirty rugs, getting rid of things we don't need, like my waffle maker. When I moved it to a conversation

about my effort to find a summer place, and Carol's comment that we should save the money and use it for Elliott's education, the discussion became less tense. Fran suggested I tell her that she will get money for Elliott's education when we die. There was an interesting exchange earlier about neither of us wanting to marry the other, but we did, and Fran repeating that we are good parents. Then Fran started making supper, which took forever, including breaking a spice bottle, but we made Shabbes, and the liver and onions was good, and I cleaned up, again amazed how messy Fran made the kitchen. I should also note, how skilled Fran is talking about "our relationship" and telling me that Dr. Friedman takes my side and she is the reason she has stayed in the marriage. I see it as both of us being chained together.

Feb. 25. Back to me: Strange sleep pattern. I get to bed before 11:30, frequently finding myself, falling asleep watching TV. Fall asleep fairly quickly, but get up almost hourly, checking the time—12:34, 1:45, 2:34. When Fran comes to bed, usually after 6 am (tho she made her way to the bathroom more than 40 minutes before) I am wide awake. Fran now groans with every step, loudly, and sits and thinks for several minutes before covering herself, and adjusting the heating pad under her. I now have trouble falling back to sleep. It is about this time that I take off my sox, my cold feet having warmed up. Lots of weird dream these nights. Being at meetings, having to catch a plane, being with people I should know, but don't. Sometimes, the dreams include pieces from TV I had just watched. Walking and balance getting worse. Also, I get into the car and get confused about how to get to where I am going. Last evening, we left a restaurant, and I must have been driving without lights. A cop signaled, I ignored him and then realized I had not turned on the lights. I did, but began to worry if I should have stopped, if he took down my license plate, and why is this forgetfulness occurring. Lots of things I need to do but am not. Too overwhelming.

March 20. I found the "old" conditions, but won't bother looking again. I am making lots more typos, I guess, because of the smaller keyboard. Right now, Fran is angry. So what's new? The cause: she was using the microwave and it started smoking badly. I guess it's gone. Serious electrical problem. Strong smell. Fran turned on the microwave fan which is useless, but she turned it in anyway. I shut it off, opened windows. Fran just now accused me of treating her as an incompetent. Last week, the oven electronic igniter went, or so I believe. The big dispute occurred when I checked various river cruises, we agreed on one, Grand Circle, and I saw a real bargain re a Chinese trip, and thought we would postpone the French river cruise and Bob and I would go to China. Clearly not nice, and I said we would do the cruise. Carol sent a Viking catalog, I checked a similar river cruise, but will stay with Grand Circle. I have been busy with organizing a party for the 30th anniversary of our writing class, which took place yesterday. Next project--getting a medical alert device for Fran. She fell last week in the bathroom, and I had a tough time getting her up.

March 26. After going back and forth, we sat down with all the river cruises and it was clear that Fran wanted the longest one, so we are going on the Magnificent Europe—Avalon—15 days, \$14,000. Leave Oct. 14, return Oct. 29. Yesterday we went to the JLC Labor Seder. Fran first went to BI, and I took her there and picked her up. When I

dropped her off at Temple Israel, I asked her to wait for me inside while I parked the car. She went across the hall and I spent 15 minutes looking for her. Today, she came to bed after 7 am, and when I got home at 1, Fran was still sleeping. However, she kept saying she has to go shopping since Jan is coming tomorrow to cook. She got up around 2 or 3, had a bite, made a shopping list, and I thought she was going to get dressed and go. She started reading the paper, fussing with other things, and seemed oblivious to the time, as usual. She left the house at 9 pm. I got the car. It is very windy and cold.

April 5. I have always said I get enough sleep, going to bed around 11 and getting up around 7:30. Today, I got up at 8, went to the Pancake Breakfast, came home, worked at the computer, did not have coffee, got sleepy, had lunch, took Fran to her hair cutter, felt sleepy, picked her up, was watching TV, eyes closed, and am wondering why I feel so sleepy. Fran is the one who is sleeping all the time. On March 31, we went to Wildbrook, And on April 2, we returned. Fran, as usual, did not join us for breakfast. Everyone left, I brought her breakfast, and when we were about to leave, she decided to make another cup of coffee, but did not put a cup under the spigot. Coffee all over the counter. Then, as we were driving home, she announces that she left her sun glasses. I turn around, she gets out of the car, and I see it around her neck. The anger has continued to today. I had lost my cell phone and I got an I phone as a replacement. Need to learn it. Fran working on learning I pad. Very similar. I was called by DSA saying they want to honor me at the Debs-Thomas-Bernstein affair. Initially, I said no., but as I thought about it, I like the idea. People can say nice things about me before I am dead. I wrote a bio and sent it to Mike Pattberg. Can't get myself to the exercise room. Can't get myself to read the book for the next meeting. Can't get myself to prepare Yiddish.

April 8. Will see Dr. Taylor today. Had the mirror that Fran had broken, installed. Trying to learn I phone etc. Not easy. Will see David Smith re income tax tomorrow. Want to get a new microwave. Fran is checking google. Good. My room is a mess. I am competing with Fran. Can't seem to figure out filing etc. Can't seem to figure out a lot of stuff.

April 17. Fran: Went crazy the last few days before Pesach. Angry, vituperative, insisting that only she can do the shopping. Even though David did a lot of the cooking, and we were only having 6 for the first seder, Fran was frantically slicing and dicing, cooking, and giving orders re the table, dishes, silver, napkins. When I cut up the pineapple, Fran yelled that the pieces were too small. When I made the charoses, Fran yelled that I made too much. She was in the kitchen for the first part of the seder. Then when she came to the table, she was slicing tomatoes. The switching of dishes and silver, and her insistence that we use paper, is silly. The second seder at the Arnov-Rosenbaums was fun, but Fran, try as she did, still couldn't get ready on time.

David: Still has too much on his plate. For the first seder, he took charge and he invited Ben and his father, and Sara. He linked the Seder to the Greek and Roman customs and encouraged our guests to read something appropriate. Ben read Whitman's When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed, and Sara read a poem by Tagore. Unfortunately, Ben had to leave early, and David had his program starting at 6 am, so he left soon after. We had

a “real” seder the next evening. But David was very quiet and entered into the discussion rarely. We did the fir kashes in Yiddish, and toward the end, we sang a couple of the songs a la Sam Feig. David had given blood Monday, and is taking care of a dog, so is running around a lot.

I was having trouble with my denture, and tried to tighten it and may have messed it up. It was cutting into my gum, and then I developed a swelling under my tongue which I thought came about because the denture was pressing on it. I called Dr. Bass, who saw me yesterday. He adjusted the denture, but would not touch the swelling which he diagnosed as a clogged left salivary gland, and gave me the name of an oral surgeon. When I came home, the pain and the swelling got worse, the oral surgeon he recommended was not available, I called a bunch of others and found one on Mass. Av in Cambridge who saw me, punctured the gland, gave me a prescription for an antibiotic, told me to use a warm compress, lemon drops and drink lots of water.

April 19. Not out of the woods. Loose bowel movements, possibly from the antibiotic. The right side of my tongue hurts. May have been irritated by the denture. The swelling is down under the tongue (the salivary gland?) Fran is fussing about the dishes, and had the kids from next door in to put them away. Last night we had the Kantors over for dinner. David was rushing around, taking care of a dog and other stuff. Tomorrow we all go to Glee’s for dinner. Funeral in the morning—Joann Ivry’s mother.

May 2. Having just skimmed a couple of books about memoirs, I realize that, rather than writing about thoughts, activities, relationships, I am writing about illness, and disagreements, which I have labeled “conditions.” Yesterday, saw a dermatologist, and Fran and I went to Temple Israel for a showing of Robert Reich’s Inequality for All. This morning, a JLC meeting. Tonight, a WC pot luck. Fran is doing better getting places on time, but still is going to bed after 5 am. My moth is better, but the dermatologist took off a growth on my shin, and it will be biopsied. Also got medication for my skin. Seems like the sun did a bit of damage over the years. I am involved in collecting honorary co-chairs for the DSA event, and thinking about what I should say. A couple nights ago, the living room ceiling light started emitting a burning smell, Fran called security, and Ken came and removed the light. Smell still around. David had an interview at NU for a part time position sort of like a Hillel Rabbi in an interreligious setting.

May 5. Fran came to bed at 5 am, and slept to past 8 pm. Is not feeling well. Exerted herself yesterday. I am still involved with DSA. Got the flyer yesterday. Made changes. Revised flyer today is OK. I made a list of all the things I had to do. Started with the files and never got to anything else. Dr. Taylor called, and suggested doubling the very mild anti-depressant. Have camera class tomorrow. Haven’t done anything.

May 14. Fran is unable to get anywhere on time. So what else is new? Left late for dentist. Was sure she would come home and then go to the apple store. Called me to bring down her iPad. I did. Then she wondered about her Lung cancer meeting. I am taking the digital camera class, having trouble absorbing. Need to play with camera, and

need to play with iPhone. Busy promoting the DSA award. Fran bought two boxes of flatware. Asked her bible which they preferred. Asked me, I told her we can get a great selection at Bed and Bath and 20% off. This upset her. I told her to choose which she wants. Sholem bais. Mother's Day. Niki, the kids and Phyllis came over. Fran asked David to go to Wegmans and buy prepared food. He did. David is under the gun. He did not get the NU job. Feels he will get something else.

May 19. I am becoming less steady on my feet. Worrisome. Fran lost hearing aids. I found one. She has to get another. Is concerned whether she can only get one. David came over last night. Is clearly pressured re tests and end of class. Has gained weight which also upsets him. Is annoyed when he is caught in the middle between Fran and me. Will now drive Fran to Sandy for her bible class. Last afternoon we saw a performance of the Mark Morris dancers. This evening, Zamir. Busy. Tomorrow dinner with Joann whose Aunt Marion died.

May 25. I saw Dr. Taylor and said I don't want to bother with the anti-depressant that he suggested. He said OK. I mentioned the balance problem. He suggested physical therapy again. I will. I have been thinking about what I want to say at the DSA Award Reception. Last week, our writing class had its Reading. David got Fran and Shirley there on time. Went well. I am going to try to get a small group together over the summer at the Senior Center. All the kids will come here July 1. They wondered if some could stay with Bette Roth. She said yes. Great. Always walking on eggs with Fran re the kids. Fran is enjoying learning her Ipad. Has her lesson and spends hours at the mall. David is finishing up at school. A couple more tests. Has only a week between the end and the Yiddish Book Center.

May 26. Fran came to bed around 6 this morning and mentioned that she doesn't want to impose on me—getting the car. I said I don't mind. She says she knows I do. I said what I mind is having her say we will eat in an hour and we don't eat for over two hours. I then said I know that it takes longer these days. She then said how she has cleaned up the desk in the bedroom. I said the bedroom is still a mess with all kinds of stuff in the corners, not to mention her office. This obviously upset her. When she got up, Fran refused to talk. Later she announced she is going out, and left around 5. (It is now 9.) We looked for lamps at Neena's yesterday. We'd better get one soon. I've got phone calls to make, and I am not.

June 3. My big concern, physically, is balance. I started to wear the brace, but after two days, the rubbing against my leg was too painful and I have stopped. I am working on my remarks for the DSA event. Not sure if there will be a big crowd or not. Fran thinks it is inappropriate to call people. We will be going to David Smith re wills. Fran has been giving me a hard time for a long time about who will get what, stressing that my three older kids will get money from Sylvia.

June 16. A lot has happened in the past two weeks. The award event went well. I said my piece, David had to be at the Yiddish Book Center and was not able to introduce me. Carol did, as well as Mike Felsen. Julie videoed it using Fran's I pad. Fran and I are

both struggling with our respective Apple products, with help from 1 to 1 and Mark. My kids came through for Father's Day, Carol big time. Fran is getting anxious about her exam coming up and the kids visiting.

June 18. Strange times. I wanted to return the stylus and the calendar to Staples. Can't find them. I thought the stylus was on my desk and the calendar in the car trunk. Nope. Fran insists that she knows nothing. We lost a hubcap. Fran knows nothing. We are having a hard time choosing a ceiling lamp. Fran slept all day yesterday. Didn't go to her book group. Still sleeping. (11:15) Has MRI today. Strange business re Gladys. She is losing it. Concerned about David. He has to study Talmud this summer. Looking for a partner. I asked him about studying on his own. Have to prepare for kids July 1-2— food, activities, and will.

June 20. Fran had her exam yesterday, and was found to be cancer-free, but there was fluid on her lungs, which was not considered a problem. I had a PT appointment today. Will be working on balance and strengthening. Will start exercising again. Will start getting rid of T and polo shirts. That wasn't the reason I went through them. I was looking for Red Sox Ts, and Ts to wear when the kids are here.

June 30. This is the big one. David wrote us a two page email explaining he is in depression, he was unable to do the work for Talmud, he is being asked to take a medical leave from Rabbinical School. He had been self-medicating. Fran went to Dr. Friedman today. Lots of tension re the kids visit. What was supposed to be a simple BBQ, Fran has turned into a monster. She is making lists, buying out the store, and when she came home tonight at 10:35, she explained that she left the packages in the Russian store and they closed. Also when she came in she knocked over the fluorescent light and broke it. Then she started complaining about bags in the hall that I had moved. We are both worried about David.

I had told Martha I would pick her up. Fran now insists that she needs the car and won't be back in time for me to pick Martha up. What I assumed would be simple has become very complicated. A light dinner tomorrow before the game; getting to the game and getting to Bette's house. Getting back here Wed. and BBQ. Having the "talk". I wanted to go out for dinner. No. Fran will make dinner. I am afraid it is going to be a nightmare. The house is a mess. I have no idea how we can deal with it when Fran won't throw out papers. Also trying to plan for Amherst July 19-22.

July 1. Fran came to bed after 5 am, and told me to wake her up at 8:30. I did (at 9) and her immediate response was to say 9:30. Then she asked me for the Russian store's phone number. She called them; they have the bags, and Fran is now going back to sleep, saying she will sleep to 10 and get them. The question is where will Nina and Lewis sleep. Fran's room is a mess. My room is less private. Fran has a podiatrist appointment at 1:45 and doesn't plan to return until late. She refuses to drive some of us to Fenway. Seems all she can think of is food. Yet she is very interested in the "talk."

Since this is about conditions, I should note that I am making a lot more typing errors than usual.

July 4. A wild 4 days. Fran has been obsessing about the BBQ. I was anxious that everyone got here on time to make the ballgame. Lewis' bus was delayed, but he was coming in at 3:15 so no problem. Martha's bus came in an hour later, but Fran refused to return on time from her podiatrist for me to get the car, so I told them to take a cab. Carol was driving to Bette's and managed to get here by 6 pm. We took the T to Fenway and got there by 7:15. Great!. Good seats. Lousy game. God pitching. We left at the end of the 8th, score 1-1. Red Sox lost 2-1. After all the fuss re names on scoreboard, it came on fast and we all missed it except Martha. Alan drove to Bette's, and I took Martha.

Next day: BBQ. Fran obsessing about the food. I stayed out of it. David arrived, Lewis took over grilling the chicken and hamburgers and veggie sausage. We set up for the BBQ in the back. Worked out great. First swim, then eat, then talk. Just my 4 kids and Fran and me. Emphasis was on "our condition." How we can make our last years comfortable, and to make sure we made provision for all eventualities. I suspect that Lewis is concerned because he may have witnessed the situation re Nina's father. We had another meal featuring clam chowder and lots of other stuff. Lewis stayed at Sarah's and C and M back at Bette's.

July 3: Breakfast here, but not enough eggs; Fran got up and took over. I drove Martha to Lise Stern, Lewis and Nina came, and helped with stuff. I gave him the car, he drove to Martin's and then to Sarah, and then Carol returned, some more swimming, dinner at a Thai restaurant, and all the while concern about the hurricane. Carol wanted to see the fireworks, and was told they can be seen from Lars Anderson. The fight: we were all going to go to dinner in Alan's car. He was parked two cars up from the entrance. We walk out. Fran stopped at the entrance and wanted Alan to pick her up. I said it is only 10-15 feet. She refused to move and got angry. Alan pulled out, made a U turn, and maneuvered to get her. Got to the restaurant she chose. No big deal. Fran still angry. Returned home. Fran angrier than ever. Slept in her study. Have no idea if Carol made it to the fireworks. Brief thunderstorm. It is now 10:30 am. Have no idea what is happening. Carol plans to see an Arlington family they met in Newburyport. Lewis comes here (he has my car) and I drive him to the airport, before Fran goes to her 1-1. And the light that Lewis put in is flickering this morning. Oh well.

July 5. We have just about hit rock bottom. Last night Fran slept in her study and announced today that she will sleep there permanently. The exchange yesterday consisted of her telling me she was hurting and that was why she refused to walk. I tried to say that she should have said that. Angry exchange—my telling her that she is acting crazy. She repeated that when we were driving from Acton, I asked her where we should turn to get on 95, and she gave me wrong info, after claiming that she knew the area, and I said she was USELESS. So calling her crazy and useless, it is over.

I suspect things are as bad as they have ever been. Compounded by David's depression. I am seen by my kids as a doddering father, having problems walking, balance etc.

Unable to take care of things around the house. Nina tried to show me short cuts on the computer. Can't retain them. When Fran went to the pool, she wanted the lifeguard to help her in. That's not their job.

July 10. Knocked off a couple more memoirs. Fran's anger subsided, she returned to our bed, but it doesn't take much to get her going again. I ate a piece of chicken for lunch and was told that it was for tomorrow night's supper, and I should have known. She became angry because the two of us use the same Apple 1 to 1. I ordered another side view mirror, and got the hub cap but it is going to be hard for me to put it on. Most serious problem now is David's depression. If I haven't mentioned it—he was asked to take a medical leave from Rabbinical school. Will repeat Talmud. His depression has been so severe, he has been unable to do school work, has been drinking or taking anti-depressants to sleep, though he said he stopped in April. I went to PT, but am not doing the exercises. Making a lot of typing mistakes. Hard to bend down, fear of falling. Back has been hurting. Papers everywhere.

July 13. Just spoke to David. Does not sound good. Clearly depressed. He mentioned he and the group baked bagels, when we spoke last and he put away a couple for us. When I said we look forward to the bagels, he said they are in the refrigerator, but if someone takes them...I can't figure out what his job is. Is he supposed to be with the group, or not. He is seeing his psychopharmacologist tomorrow and then going to Revere. I am sitting too much and am not doing the exercises. Fran wants to go to Rochester and to Wellfleet.

July 14. Fran has gotten more argumentative by the day. When she came to bed this morning, 7 am, she angrily said that she read something that I wrote about her. I have no idea what it was. She doesn't read this stuff. Then before going to her session with Hester Hill she was rushing about the house looking for something, implying that I had put it someplace. When she came home, she made it clear that Hester was supportive, again implying that I am not. She picks up an old copy of Dissent and says I never share it with her. I give her a Sierra membership card and she says her name is Frances Morrill Schlitt, not Frances Schlitt. I gave been trying to get her reservation for Rochester. She has changed the date three times.

I went to PT today. Lots of pain around my left knee. Didn't exercise last week. Will talk to David tomorrow. Sent him our itinerary for this weekend.

July 16. I realized I haven't sent in my card re falls. I had fallen on June 1, but forgot all about it. Walking down the stairs, I fell back—on my ass, bumped my wrist on concrete. PT has given me new exercises but I am not doing them. Must start. Have been writing. But I haven't put together the summer writing class that I promised. Spoke to David Smith today about the will. With Fran. Went OK. Papers piling up. Gotta getta lamp. Not doing much. Tired.

July 25. We all are having troubles. Some worse than others. We went to Amherst July 19. As always, it was an effort for Fran to get ready and out. Compounded by very

heavy traffic. I have been making an effort to be understanding. We are both troubled by David's depression. We arranged to have dinner at the Chinese restaurant with Julie and Michael, and David. David realized that he had to go to the alumni dinner. He does not look well or dresses well. Next day, David drove us around the area. Went well. Then dinner at a Mexican restaurant with family. During the concerts, David was around, but outside. I thought I saw him dancing. Wrong guy. I am having more trouble walking and standing. Had PT. Seems there is a tendon that is a problem on my left foot. Have to exercise. Fran is going to PT too. Yesterday, she "lost" her keys. Cancelled her appointment with Dr. Friedman. Coming to bed, she fell. Tomorrow is our 33rd anniversary. Big deal. I wrote a note in which I said we will keep on keeping on. What else can we do?

July 27. Yesterday was weird. We went to Goodwill with a bunch of stuff. Then to Home Depot to buy some bulbs and look at lamps. Unbelievable "misunderstanding." Fran wants more track lights in the living room. I said I would buy a few bulbs. She must have thought "fixtures" and fixed on five. I said I would like to buy three. She got hysterical, so I bought five bulbs. Then she went off to buy magnets, and I went to the car to put the bulbs away. Could not find her. Looked everywhere. When I did, Fran was still angry. I said let's go to Wolfers and buy the ceiling light. We drove there, and Fran still angry said she is not going in and wants to go home. When we got home, she went to the "park" across the street. Finally came up. Calmed down. We went to La Morra. I had made a reservation. Fran liked that. Earlier, I had given her a card in which I tried to say the right things. At La Morra, Fran treated herself. It was not my kind of place. We made small talk. Nothing has changed.

This evening David called. He had left a message wishing us Happy Anniversary yesterday. He said he may come to Boston Wed, go see his friend Bryan's band Wed, and a comedian Thurs. and invited me to go. He is in bad shape. Will be on leave this coming semester, just taking make-up Talmud. Made it clear that he has been depressed for more than 10 years. His condition is not new.

July 29. Fran is continuing her anger bit. Not talking to me etc. All day yesterday and today. Hope she eases off tomorrow when David is here. Keep away from talking about "light." She feels justified, announcing that she needs lots of light, and I am preventing her from having it. She wants more fixtures and I am not getting them. She will get lamps. It is now 4 pm. When I went out at 12:30 she said I should be back by 2:30. I came back at 2:45, concerned that I may have held her up. She said she said nothing about 2:30. Then she just said going out, that I should not call her. She has a lot of errands and does not know when she will be back. I said take the cell phone anyway.

August 5. David came and went. We went to a comedy club and heard Andy Kindler. David is a big fan. I had trouble hearing. Then David went to NH with Ben to help a friend move. He is in a slightly better mood. Fran is sleeping a lot. I am sleeping more than I used to. I am walking less than I used to. Increasing balance problem. Stairs getting more problematic. Have been writing more. Strikes me that sitting at the

computer is not good for me. Hopefully, the electrician will put up the light tomorrow and take care of other stuff. Screw up with movie yesterday. Wrote about it.

Aug. 8. Fran flew to Rochester this morning. Got about an hour's sleep. Spoke to David last night. Sounds so-so. Program is demanding. He sounds as if he will be glad when it's over—Sunday. I am getting more concerned about both balance and vertigo. I get dizzy when I bend down. Darlene (PT) said the pain I feel near my left knee is from the iliotibial band tendon, or tendinitis. No discipline re exercise. Hope to use the weekend to clean up a lot of stuff. Can't understand why I have used the pool.

Aug. 10. First, before I throw the container out—the anti-depressant I took for a short time in May was Citalopram HBR 20mg. Tho I occasionally feel depressed, I felt convinced I did not need an anti-depressant. I had high hopes of getting a lot done while Fran was away, but that was not the case. I went through lots of New Yorkers and Dissents. Now to throw them out. Also newspapers. Also books. I want to straighten out the Living Room and my study. Good luck. David comes home this afternoon, and Fran tomorrow night.

August 20. The most serious problem is David's depression. How is he going to deal with his Rabbinical School situation. Take the Talmud class. He indicated that he has a problem with Hebrew and Aramaic. He will do his internship in Newburyport; he will check out the possibility of teaching Yiddish to somebody in Providence. He is arranging to get a dog. Fran and I went to Wellfleet Mon-Tues, and returned today. We visited with Margot and her family. I commented on how ironic it was to go to the Cape and not go swimming or do the things people do at the Cape. I couldn't even walk three steps without help. Also puzzled why I keep losing glass cases. The Vinkl starts her tomorrow.

August 21. The Vinkl went well. Fran was going to a 1-1, but never went. It is now 9:50 and she is dressed but has not left the house. The car has been sitting outside the house since 3 pm. I am worried about the time unreality which is getting worse. Fran has been complaining about indigestion. I misplaced my glasses. Weird. Want to buy bulbs for the track lights. David went to Newburyport this evening re his internship. And is involved in adopting a dog. (I see I mentioned it.)

August 25. I am worried about balance. I am sure I have said that before. Yesterday, we drove to New Haven for the Briss for Zoe's and Carolina's baby. Fran was ready on time. I wore my braces which helps me walk, but coming home, it made my feet very uncomfortable as I was driving. You can't win. The baby's name is Ezra Meyer. We went to the Yale Art Museum after. Impressive.

August 28. I tried to establish a routine these last weeks, of exercising and swimming. I did not, today. I think it was too demanding. My feet hurt, and I got tired. Fran keeps making appointments and cancelling. I leave the car out, then put it away. I keep promising to clean my room, but don't. We went to PEM yesterday. Took a long time. JMW Turner show. Two hours of walking exhausting. Going to the Elephant Walk this

evening. Spent 2 hours at WC library with Marie. Judy and Hersch expressed an interest in joining us on the cruise. They are not doing well physically. Who is?

Sept. 1. The biggest concern now is David. We drove to Lawrence for the Bread and Roses Festival and he described that he has been depressed and anxious half his life. And in therapy. And everything he does takes everything out of him. And he was using alcohol and drugs to deal with it. He prefers to be alone. The dog will get him out. He met lots of people at the two dog runs he went to. When I mentioned that Lewis was depressed and that it was Marion who initiated their relationship, he indicated that the women initiated all the relationships he had. He also felt that his depression may be genetic but from Fran's side of the family. Fran called almost 2 hours ago saying she will be home in a half hour. I keep fearing that one of these days, she will be in a real accident and I will be called to get to a hospital. She is obsessing about making soup for ROL It is two weeks away. She has nowhere to put it. Today, I was more aware than ever about my trouble walking. Fran suggested I use her walker. Never. My room is a mess, and I can't seem to get going straightening it out. Paper, paper, everywhere. Magazines—New Yorkers, Jewish Currents NY Times magazines.

Sept. 2. David came by this evening to pick up the soup Fran made—for ROL. He had shaved off his beard and moustache. He looks terrible. It is almost in the same category as Van Gogh cutting off his ear. He was trimming it and messed up and shaved everything off. It emphasizes the weight gain. This has been some year! How can I help? I'm going over there tomorrow. To see the dog. I feel he is in a trap. My son who was so smart, so talented. He impressed everybody. Now he is trying to keep his head above water. His davening goes back to Schechter.

Sept. 21. A busy three weeks. Fran rear-ended a car, and our car was totaled. I dealt with the insurance, got a rental car, decided to lease a Camry, had the ROL, David is spending a lot of time with his dog, let his beard grow back, is still depressed and anxious, and I am more concerned about balance, will see Macie tomorrow about cataracts, got the material about the trip, and so it goes.

Sept. 23. Macie said I don't need cataract surgery, I took an EBay class, but went there by bus because Fran took the car to go to PT. Coming home was a problem. Waited almost 45 minutes. Deirdre came by, saw me, got her car and drove me home. Went to the cemetery. Drove to David's. Then went to dinner. David still depressed and troubled about demands he sees is being made on him. I was surprised how hard it was for me to walk to the bus stop and wait. Felt relieved that all went well with Fran and the car. Also surprised how uncomfortable I felt driving home from David in the dark. Also upset that every conversation with Fran is an argument.

Sept. 28. Fran was notified by DOT that her license will be suspended if she does not take a driver's course. I am realizing that I should be sympathetic and sad, rather than annoyed and angry about everything Fran does. As I once said, she would if she could but she can't. I am worried about how she will manage on the cruise. We went to shul, had dinner at the Arnov-Rosenbaums Thurs., and Fran invited Gila and Glee for lunch on

Friday. First time I sat thru services. Getting too hard standing up and sitting down. David didn't go Thurs, but did Friday. I expect Alan for Yiddish later.

Oct. 3. Erev Yom Kippur. Strange. Getting more worried about David. He came over around 4, we hoped to eat about 4:30 and leave by 5:30. We almost made it. He does not look well. He is bursting out of his shirt and pants. He is not communicative. His hope of being able to retake the Talmud test was rejected. He will take the exam at the end of the semester, can attend class or not. Fran has been pushing him to get a job. Thinking about Trader Joe's, or a bookstore. Oh boy! His WC Yiddish class fell through. We got to Minyan after Kol Nidre, David chose not to Daven. Then pressed us to leave early. His reason. He did not want to leave his dog for so long.

Oct. 4. Yom Kippur. This should be a day without arguments, but they turn up constantly. I waited patiently, in the house and in the car. When Fran came down, I helped her with the walker. The seat was filled with stuff which I had to take out. When we were driving to the Minyan, she started talking about David. I said I would rather not; it is too painful. I mentioned that Mark is having a show of his paintings. Fran asked where. I must have responded, where do you think? And she said in a restaurant, senior center, gallery. I said he is an artist. Of course in a gallery. She said I make her seem stupid. When we got to the minyan, I discovered I forgot my yarmulke. Fran went ahead. When I tried to figure out what to do, I noticed a yarmulke on the reception desk. I asked the receptionist about it. She said it was found outside and put there. I said I would like to borrow it and will check back in 45 minutes if anyone claims it. When I checked back, no one claimed it. I concluded it was an act of God. I replaced it when we left. It is now 5 pm. Fran is making egg salad. The concluding service started at 4:45. I will say nothing. Yesterday, Fran said she would make the egg salad and not do it at the last minute like last year. David called and said he would meet us at minyan, but go somewhere else for break fast. He didn't bother going to shul earlier. And he wants to be a Rabbi.

Nov. 7. A great deal of time has passed. Fran and I went on a river cruise from Oct. 9 to 24. We did it, not without a great deal of effort. I saw Dr. Rainville when I came back. He and an associate examined me. Peripheral Neuropathy. Had an MRI—no spinal stenosis. Nothing can be done about my condition. Fran has decided she is not rushing for anything. Yesterday, we were going out to dinner. She decided not to rush, but wanted to pick up a few things. We were to be at Helmand's at 7. David came at 6:30. Fran came at 7:10. I suggested a restaurant closer. Fran got upset. David said he had to get up at 6 am. The David left and said we'll do this another time. Fran got more upset. We went up stairs. Fran cried. I tried to console her. Later I gave her my birthday poem and flashlights which she liked. David is trying to remove himself from the tension. He has enough stuff to deal with. Fran invited Shirley for dinner. She went out to lunch with Lisa at 1230. Is not home. 5:10. Never answers her cell phone.

Nov.17. Up and down. Fran eventually came home, and realized she could not prepare dinner. She invited Shirley for another night, and again, dinner was served an hour late. David, Fran and I did go to the Helmand, but David made a wrong turn and we ended up

in Somerville. We got there and all was fine. When I was taking Fran to her meditation (Mon 1:30), she wasn't ready to leave until; after 1:30. I was making small talk when she got in the car, saying I didn't remember this appointment. She berated me for not remembering. I retorted loudly that she is turning this around as if her lateness is now my fault. She got angry, and got out of the car. Then came an exchange of notes, and Fran sleeping on the couch. Four days later, going to a 1 pm movie, Fran again was not ready. As we drove, and I said I don't like missing beginning, she said doesn't it start at 1:30. I exploded that I told her several times 1 [pm and she had the program. More anger. Yesterday, she took a driver training program and exam which started at 8 am. I got her up at 6, and made breakfast, then went to get the car. There was a paper with info, including directions that I took. She came down saying she was looking for the paper. I told her I had it and she became angry. I got her there on time. Today she has been in bed all day, missing her meditation and Bible class. Clearly, Fran is not feeling well.

Nov. 23. Fran has been making chicken soup for the past few days. I keep cleaning up the kitchen. Alan has been unable to get here Sundays, having to go to CT. His father is not well. I am attending David's Peretz class Sundays 11:30-1. Missed my book group. Got a new student, Lilly Platt. I have been sending pix from our trip to my kids and friends. Wrote a couple of pieces. Both of us seem unable to straighten up the messes we have made. Sent gifts to everyone. Upcoming: Henry and Chanukah. Enjoyed the short story class. Keep hoping that things will get better—with Fran, David, me, the country, the world. Everything is about the same.

Nov. 24. David called to tell me he found a job possibility with PJ Jewish books for kids. He is working on pursuing it and may miss the Vinkl. He will put HC on hold, and extricate himself from his present living arrangement. It may be in Agawam. Fran asked me to wake her at 10:30. I did. Then 11:30. I did. Then it was clear she would not go to meditation. Then I asked her if she is going to Bible class. She accused me of shouting. Then she said it was at Sandy's. I told her that Sandy called and it is at Stan's. I keep thinking if she comes to bed earlier, this wouldn't be such a problem. I started cleaning up for the Vinkl. Fran insists I do not touch the table which is filled with her papers. Now to straighten out my room.

Nov. 25. I felt I should record the fact that it is increasingly evident that I can not stand, unaided for more than a few minutes, if that long. I find myself holding on to whatever I can hold on to. Desk, chair, wall. I find I have to take a few steps back or else I might fall. This happens in the bathroom frequently. Fran left at 7:30 pm, to go shopping for stuff she wants to make for Thanksgiving. It is 9:40 and she called me three times for the Kantor's number. Says she will be back in an hour.

Dec. 3. Fran got caught up in cooking for Thanksgiving as if the dinner was to take place here. (I am making more typing mistakes than ever.) As usual, we were late, but people are nice. David joined us. He is going through a difficult period, and is now talking about leaving HC and getting a full time job. He has a lead on a job with the PJ (Grinspoon Foundation. I think it would be great. Fran doesn't. She is for continuing at

HC and getting a part time job. He is leaning to leaving his present set-up entirely. Maybe coming back to some of it.

I wanted to record my condition, which is what this started out to be. On a scale of 1 to 10, with 1 being the worst, where am I RE: walking—5. balance--4. Memory—7. Strength—6. Sight—7. Teeth—5. Skin—6. Posture—5. Appetite—6. Hearing—6. Kishkes, bowels—7. Relation with Fran—4.

12-18-14 Today is my 87th birthday. I think it was Ed Koch who would ask everybody, “How’m I doing?” The question I keep asking myself. I am feeling OK, but a little disappointed. I want recognition on my birthday, and have only received one package which came last week, from Carol. True, Fran and David gave me a surprise party Dec. 16. A catered meal with several friends. And I had written my Four score and seven address last week for such an occasion. But today is the day. Hopefully there will be a few cards in the mail and maybe a package. I sent packages for Chanukah to Carol and Martha, and no acknowledgement—yet.

Went to the audiologist who tested me, changed the tubing on my hearing aids, and tried to get me to upgrade. I just tried to print Fran’s boarding pass without success. Saturday David lost his keys, including his car key which created a real problem. He had to cancel his class on Sunday and missed his Revere commitment on Monday. We drove down to Plymouth, got his car towed to a Toyota dealer and got new keys. David seems a little better. Had a phone interview with Greenspoon foundation that went well. May result in his taking a job with them in central Mass.

Fran had indigestion, was proud of herself for cleaning up the living room for my party, still comes to bed around 6 or 7 am. I don’t know how she will manage in Rochester. My concern tomorrow is getting her to Logan. Thankfully, the weather seems OK.

6:50 pm No birthday cards but a call from Bobby and Bob, and Martha and Carol. Also a call from someone I couldn’t identify. Will have a birthday dinner, but both David and Fran are running late.

Jan. 13. A month later. Lots has happened. (or is it “have”) Fran went to Rochester and missed her plane. Went to get a haircut and misplaced her hearing aids. I am getting more forgetful. David seems to be accomplishing almost nothing. Time taken up with dog. I contacted the Brookline Tab re running my memoirs. Started planning a driving trip in March. Everything in the house is a mess. Noticed my list of conditions, and believe walking, balance and memory have worsened, and relations with Fran has gone up 1.

Jan. 16. Just got a call from Joe Brin. Mimi died. Funeral is Sunday. Wanted to call Bernie, but for a minute could not recall his last name. Such forgetfulness is happening more often. (I did remember, Hyatt.) Went to the Goya show with David yesterday. And to the WC meeting re a new Exec. Dir. Will call Tab, but I am dubious. At the museum, was aware that walking and standing were problematic.

Jan. 26. Ari Roth's Bar Mitzvah yesterday. It snowed. Fran did not go. I drove to Bette and Dan Roth's and went with them. Day before, Ruth came over. David went to Tucson on 1-22. Book club this morning. More aware how difficult it is standing, walking. Second person who asked if I might consider a walker. Got an email from Tab. Welcomed submissions. But not regular column. And no pay.

Feb. 7. Fran is sleeping later and going to bed later. I am feeling less secure standing and walking. David is really depressed. He has left Hebrew College. He wants out of his house. The burden of "Ama" is getting too much. No prospects re job: Grinspoon? May check on a job with Joint in NY? He is upset when we ask him where things are going.

Feb. 15. Felt writing this was a waste of time, but just reviewed, and found it "helpful." For what, I am not sure. I wanted to write something for Dr. Taylor who we will be seeing Feb. 27. Noticed that everything I want to tell him, I have already written. Yesterday, Fran and I went to the theatre for Valentine's Day. Big snow, so no fancy dinner. Went to Chef Chow's. Fran actually slept "normal." This morning I made French toast for us. Planning a trip to NY, NJ and DC for Feb 28-March 9. Fran realizes that she is having it harder re walking. Also has problems with her feet. Soaking and lotions. I wonder if my problem re balance could be inner ear. I am concerned about "forgetting." About getting weaker. Fran has lost weight and so have I. Getting old.

March 10. Strange four weeks. David more and more depressed. Compounded by responsibility for Ama. She had surgery. David brought her to the hospital, and after, there seemed to be complications. A stroke? Family came in. Improved, and now in rehab. David visits. He is unhappy with his job, annotating Elie Weisel's Yiddish papers. With the snow, he drives here and parks. When I can, I drive him to BU and pick him up. Ask him about job hunting, no real response. Hasn't pressed Grinspoon. Says he is working on proposals. Is going to NY and Mich tomorrow. Fran can't get it together. Sleeps weird. Past few days, claims she wants to go shopping. Gets up around 1-2 pm. Slowly gets dressed, eats, reads paper. By 5 realizes she's not up to going out. We made it to our trip. Driving wasn't bad, except for snow.

March 16. 1-1 sessions at Apple. I am not retaining what I learn. I also find I am writing variations of the same thing. Getting old. Can't do what I once did. Andrew Fisher asked me to be a party to a suit re the garage at the Children's Hospital development. Inquired re Edie Brickman. Doesn't make sense. Helped stuff envelopes for Bernard Green, running for selectman. Drove Glee and Fran to Jordan Hall, Sunday. Today mailed jackets to Miles and Elliott. Came home after buying a few things. Fran started on David. I mentioned I bought some stuff. Escalated to where Fran is angry again. Have to get stuff ready for Income Tax. House is a mess.

April 7. Past three weeks, preparing for Pesach. Went to Satter House for the first Seder which David led. Great. Second Seder at Mike and Julie's. Fran getting anxious re annual oncology exam Wed-Thurs. David told me yesterday that he saw his psychopharmacologist, He explained that his medication is like glasses, not like treating a

cold. Permanent. Chemical imbalance causes the depression. He found out the Grinspoon jobs have been filled. He makes it sound as if he is learning about archiving at BU and might look into library work. House continues to be a mess.

April 18. We are leaving for Rachel Epstein's wedding. As always, I said I would like to leave at 10am. It is now 10:30, and Fran is nowhere near ready. She announced she is packed but is not dressed and has not had the breakfast I prepared. I am not saying anything. We have time. Went out last night to Lumiere to celebrate Fran's clean bill of health. The bill came to \$180 for three people. Fran and David loved it. David has applied for a job as Rabbi at the Winthrop shul. He is thinking about library work also. And getting "Smikhas" through a different program. He is still heavy. We applied for the Ride. Fran was accepted. I am afraid I will not be.

April 21. I wrote a few pieces about the weekend, so I won't repeat. I did not mention my frustration re Fran's slowness. Amazing how she can spend time not doing what is a priority, but to her whatever she is doing, like reading the paper, takes priority. The driving was long, and there were delays, but it did not bother me. My left leg did hurt when I got out of the car. Both Fran and I are having more trouble walking. I had a few scares re my hearing aids, but I managed to find them. Crap keeps piling up in the house, and not just Fran's. Want to start exercising.

May 2. I exercised a couple of times. Now I will have to learn to do it regularly. But I am afraid "svet gornisht helfn." Fran likes her physical therapist who tells her to stand up straight and has given her exercises. David's exercise is walking his dog twice a day. He is feeling a little better. He interviewed for job as Rabbi at the Winthrop shul. Fran tells me he may even be in the running for a job at Grinspoon. And he has gotten compensated for the work with Ama. Fran went out to lunch with David and he said he might try dating again. Right now, I am waiting on Fran who wants to go to a movie, but first has to eat and then dress. She spent a few hours rearranging tea while Orlando washed the windows. There was tension around the coming weekend. David will lead davening at the Newburyport shul and we will go up Friday. Fran insisted that we stay to Sunday. OK. Next adventure: ROL May 17-20. Then visit to Avi on our way to DC for Dan Jordan's 90th birthday. Took part in "mobility (falling) study. Increasing concern re balance.

May 6. For several days, Fran has announced that she has to go out—to Goodwill, to the bank, to TJ Maxx, to CVS etc. I leave the car out—1-2 pm, but she doesn't go. This afternoon she finally left, starting around 3 and finally leaving around 7. She has either misplaced something or decided to eat something, and kept reading the paper. It is 10 pm and Fran has called me twice, but I doubt if she will be back before 10:30. She is upset with herself because she is moving so slowly. The other night she spent several hours arranging tea bags. But not the tables covered with stuff. The truth is, I am not much better. My office is a mess. Couch, desk and floor. Went to the ballgame yesterday with David. He asked Fran to drive us there and then to pick us up. I felt it was not a good idea. But it worked out. David has an interview (informal?) tomorrow re Winthrop shul.

June 1. For the past few weeks, I thought I should indicate that my balance is getting much worse. That I am concerned about my bladder control. That I am feeling weaker. I am feeling like an old man. We went to Wildbrook and ROL. Worked out well. Even the driving, though that is where the bladder didn't do its thing. The inevitable problem re Fran and schedule, tho she was good during the ROL. David applied for a job with a Jewish archival institute in Pittsburgh. Had a phone interview today and it went well. He will go there for a face-to-face in a couple weeks. Very excited. The Winthrop shul job he won't pursue. Still waiting on Grinspoon. Can't figure them out.

June 3. David: He was asked by the Pittsburg institute to come for a face-to-face interview June 22. Good sign. (The fact that he must have told me and I wrote it, and thought he only told me yesterday is a bad sign.) Another bad sign: Fran had an appointment with Dr. Friedman and delayed to the point of leaving too late. She had a phone session instead. Then she delayed re her PT session, and got lost, and will be coming back, and not going. Asked me to call them. I wrote another piece, ordered spray paint for the car, went to Values, had a problem with the computer and called Apple care and had it taken care of. Weather has been cool. Want to start going to the pool and exercising.

June 7. Today is Lewis's birthday. I had given him \$1,000 when we were there. Sent him a card and will call him. Fran came to bed this morning after 7 am. Still have trouble understanding how she can sit in the bathroom for over an hour reading the paper. Will leave for David's class in a few minutes. I keep thinking (and writing) how walking and standing are getting harder. And how straightening up the house is overwhelming.

June 11. Saw Dr. Taylor yesterday who listened to my heart, looked at my blood pressure, and called for a ECG which he felt showed signs of atrial fibrillation. He wanted to send me to the emergency and keep me overnight. I said no. He said I should come in today and set up an appointment for an echocardiogram (Friday). Saw him today. Things looked better. He called it a paroxysmal fibrillation. He also said I should take 4 baby aspirins.

June 16. Saw Dr. Taylor again, after having had blood taken and the echo cardiogram. He said it is not atrial fib, but it still should be looked at, and I made an appointment with a cardiologist for August. I also made an appointment for PT for July. He also cut the baby aspirin back to one. Big fight with Fran over our visit to Rochester. She wanted to extend it and go to Toronto. I am not up for it. I felt sure that I would be waiting for her each day, and I wasn't happy about three nights in a hotel and renting a car and driving from Rochester to Toronto and back. After a lot of searching, and watching the prices jump all over the place, I reserved tix leaving 7- 9 and returning 7-13. More tension re Father's Day. I wanted to go out to dinner Friday, Fran wanted to make brisket. I tried to make her understand that there is too much tension when she makes dinner. David leaves the next day for Pittsburgh.

June 22. First, dinner Friday went very well. We went to an Italian restaurant in Newton, Fiorella's, and it was fine. Returned home. David had bought a chocolate cake

and a copy of Barney's book. He left the following morning for Pittsburgh. Interview today. Waiting to hear. Found a picture of my mother taken in Pittsburgh around 1905-6. Fran has been tired all weekend. Is a concern. Unable to get a card. Just handed me a bag of pistachios. Sunday she made French toast for lunch and hamburger for supper. I did go swimming Friday. Used my water shoes which makes it easier for me to walk on the concrete, but not to swim. All the kids called for Fathers Day and got cards from Carol and Martha. I am sleeping more and have less energy.. Concerned about Fran's indigestion and tiredness.

June 23. Very strange. 10:50 am Fran panicking because she can't find her Ride info. I got up to help her, and became dizzy. Lasted a few minutes. Possible connection re heart? I gave her the info. Dizziness went away (no connection.) Now I am getting floaters. Another concern. Good news. David got the job!

June 25. I may have broken my hip. I had bent down to pull a bunch of newspapers from the pile in the basket. I fell back, could not get my balance. Kept falling back until I landed on my ass. It hurt. I had to turn over, took off my sandals (the same I wore when I fell in the yard) and it was very difficult to pull myself up. I hobbled to bed, hurting, Fran gave me a painkiller and I fell asleep. An hour later, I got up (2:30 pm) put on my sneakers and when I tried to stand a sharp pain down my right side from my hip. I conclude I may have broken my hip. I hope not, but it sure hurts. Can not walk. Fran got me two canes and I made it from the bedroom to my desk. That's it.

June 27. Somehow, I was sure I described more of the events. I did briefly, in an e-mail to Dr. Taylor. I called David, he came and took me to Emergency around 3:30 pm. I saw a doctor around 5. He checked to see if I had a broken hip, concluded I did not but sent me to x-ray to be sure. No broken hip, but lots of pain. Really can't stand on my right foot. Pain shoots from around my butt down my thigh. Don't know why it's so hard to identify where and what the pain is like. Very sharp. Slept practically all day yesterday. Dr. Taylor responded late last night. Just saw it (9:20 am) He tells me to go immediately back to the hospital. I will call Healthcare and see what happens. If I am still like this, I won't be able to do anything by myself. May even miss David's class tomorrow.

July 3. I called Health Care Assoc. 6-27 and they suggested I go to BIs Urgent Care in the Wegman Mall. Bill Kantor drove me, the doctor wanted a cat scan, no break, returned home. Began feeling better, went to David's class, pain diminished, tho still concerned about balance. When that was over, I developed serious indigestion July 2. Took Tums, Fran gave me a capsule, was in real pain from about 5 pm through the evening. What is going on? I slept unevenly through the night. Lots of dark urine. Pain gone, but feeling weak. Tea and toast for breakfast, Broth and crackers for lunch.

July 8. All better, except persistent pain where I fell. Am shaking my head re Fran's plans each day to go out, and she doesn't manage to leave before 4-5 pm, and doesn't return til late. Last night, after 12. Tonight, after 9. TJ Maxx, CVS etc. We leave tomorrow for Rochester. I am moving much more slowly, and am having trouble standing. Balance. Find myself taking steps backward, holding on.

July 19. An awful couple weeks. I have a terrible pain in my upper back which was diagnosed by a doctor at Urgent Care as a muscle sprain. Think it happened because I sat in an awkward position in Steven's back yard and fell asleep. Maybe whiplash? Anyway it has been a week. Typing at computer is no good. Fran came to bed and said she is having trouble seeing. Macular Degeneration? David had a lot of good things: got the job in Pittsburgh; went there Thurs. and found an apartment, but came back to problems re his present situation. Later.

July 25. My muscle sprain is better. David resolved the problems with his present situation and will leave a week from today. Fran has indigestion. I have been seeing a physical therapist, but have to do the exercises if my balance is going to improve. Fran saw our ophthalmologist and was told it is not macular degeneration. It is dry eyes. AS usual, I am worried about Fran's coming to bed at 6, getting up at 2, eating, reading and going back to bed around 6 pm. This time, with indigestion. Yesterday, David came over and made dinner. Tomorrow is our anniversary. I made reservations at La Morra for 6:30. A couple days ago, Fran said she wants to go on the NY Times Queen Mary cruise in January, for her 80th birthday. It is not something I want to do. I suggested a week in NY in November, instead.

July 30. When Fran learned that the Queen Mary trip is one way, she changed her mind. She is modifying my NY proposal. Conditions: I have to do the exercises but am not. Fran is no longer asking me to get the car. David is packing up and loaded a van which will be taken to Pittsburgh. We will have dinner with him tomorrow evening, and he takes off on Saturday. He is hurting from all the shlepping. My neck is much better. I saw Dr. Taylor and told him that I didn't need a doctor for the pain; I needed patience. I have been cleaning out my desk files—bills and will.

Aug. 6. Fran is getting more unhappy. Physically, it's indigestion. Emotionally, It's me, since I showed her a piece I wrote last year about purchases, after she complained about us not agreeing. Broken record: Fran continues to have no concept of time. Takes hours shopping, coming home hours after she says she will be home. Still coming to bed around 6 am. David seems to be finding himself in the middle of a mess at work. He is being oriented, but learned about tensions between the former director, who wanted half time, and the Heinz Center head who is putting together a WWII Exhibit which will cost a lot of money. He found a dog walker for \$15 a day. He finally got all his boxes up to his apartment. He sent us his flight itinerary for RH YK. I am hurting from an hour of PT. Haven't really been doing exercises.

Aug. 10. Fran went to Urgent Care yesterday re Indigestion. EKG, x-ray exam etc. They didn't find anything, but recommended a stress test. I know when I had indigestion, it was awful. She gets it regularly. Dr. said cut out coffee, tomatoes. Fran said no. Still coming to bed 6-7 am, telling me to wake her 10:30, 11:30. My knees are hurting. I am not sure what is going on. Legs are feeling heavier. I am going to stop PT. As always, the burden is on me to do the exercises. I will try to get the braces adjusted.

Aug. 13. Fran will get a stress test today. Concern is with the heart. She tells me that men and women are different. Hmm. Busy day for her. Dentist, stress test, Dr. Friedman and farmers market. And BBQ at 6:30. Braces people don't answer calls. Maybe I will visit them tomorrow, but as usual, I think, svet gornisht helfn. Still unsure re David. One day, not sure, next day better. Getting apt. together a lot of work. Preparing for RH also a lot of work. Next week, NH. Looked at polo and T shirts. A lot. Oct. will be busy.

Aug. 20. I decided to detail what is happening to me. I am afraid it is not good. After several weeks of PT, I am winding it up. I know the exercises I am supposed to do, and I am not doing them. There is a feeling that it won't help. Balance is bad. Pain in my feet and thighs. Even a little bit of walking tires me. My steps are smaller. When I get to a step or curb, I am hesitant, fearful. Getting out of a chair is harder. Just standing is harder. Find myself stepping back. When washing and drying myself, I hold on. More dependent on my cane. Suspect I will eventually move on to a walker. Memory is failing, as well. Names. Couldn't remember Shirley Keezing. Writing less. Words come harder. Feeling tired. Getting up a little later, going to bed a little earlier. Technical stuff slipping away.

Sept. 3. That is my story. Fran's is equally depressing. Sleep is weird. Came to bed at 7 am, explaining that she fell asleep in her chair. Wants me to wake her at 12. Got rid of her digital alarm clock because she could not figure it out. Got an old fashioned windup alarm clock and is not using it. Taking forever to do everything. Does not get started until after 4 pm. When driving gets caught up in evening rush hour traffic. Spends hours in stores to buy a few items. Had serious bout of indigestion last week. Saw Dr. Taylor. Not sure what is happening. Not the heart. Fran is convinced the problem is from radiation.

Sept. 12. Tension between Fran and me is getting worse, if that is possible. David flew in yesterday; plane a half hour late. He will be leading services at Satter House, starting with Erev RH Sunday. Am concerned re preparation. It is 10:15 and he just left for Starbucks "to prepare." Driving last night to the airport was difficult. Fran was putting together dinner which we ate at 11 pm. David is in my office at Fran's insistence. Have begun putting together our trip: Schenectady, Binghamton, Carlisle, and now I am having second thoughts about Pittsburgh. Big story about high blood pressure, and I have hbp. Will see Dr. Taylor Sept. 29. Can't remember what Fran got angry about early in the week which caused her to sleep on the couch. But she was angry.

Sept. 16. Had a bunch of concerns which I have forgotten, One was bowels. Another was balance. David worked hard, but did fine. We went to services Sunday, erev RH. He was a big hit. Mon. he went to Satter, we went to Minyan with the Ride.

Sept.29. I will see Dr. Taylor this afternoon and usually write a list of symptoms and questions.. I am intrigued by the fact that the word basil has eluded me for more than a week. My old buddies Phil Montez and Dick Avena used to make anti-Mexican jokes. One was "How does a Mexican put on his underwear?" Yellow in front, brown in back. My underwear now has those colors. Walking and balance getting worse. With Fran—it

is sleep, hearing, memory, spending hours in the bathroom. Had my eyes tested. Seems OK. Know I should do exercise. Can't get up the energy.

Oct. 31. I see more than a month has gone by. It has been a busy month, trips to NY, PA, NJ and DC and MD. All anxiety-provoking. After each trip, I declare no more. It is hard for me, especially pushing Fran. She is always late. I have to "understand." Right now I am waiting for her so that we can go to shul. If she is to have her Kiddush, and I have to do my Haftorah, I want to see it done. So I wait. Fran says she does not feel well. So it goes.

Nov. 11. I am trying to type despite serious floaters. It may be a problem. We just came back from seeing our fourth movie as part of the Jewish Film Festival. Good the floaters did not occur in the movie. Fran really made an effort to be ready. She had created a problem confusing aliyahs with leyning and not clearing other assignments with the right people in the minyan, but it is cleared up. We celebrated Fran's 80th birthday with a party at the Glazermans and dinner at Legal and at her Monday Torah study class. Fran insisted she will go on the Times cruise in Sept. and I said I would go if she can not get anyone else. I am becoming more dependent on my cane. I should try exercise...

Nov. 19. We registered for the cruise, I am working on the Haftorah, Fran has been planning the augmented Kiddush, I am back at the Apple store, I am finding my conversations with David stilted, I am confused about our bank account. We got \$9500 from the insurance co. for the flood in the kitchen. I deposited it and saw that our balance was less than I thought. I am having trouble with my right hearing aid. The house is getting to be a mess. That's what happens when you get old.

Nov. 28. The bank account is clarified. I bought insurance for the cruise. I am at the Apple store using Fran's account since mine expired. To be expected, tension around the minyan Kiddush. I was having trouble with the Haftorah and thought I would switch with David. Fran blew her top. David WILL do the drash. The compromise: I will do part of the Haftorah and Dahlia, who was supposed to do it originally, will do the rest. Conditions: Balance getting much worse. Fran experienced incontinence. Thought we would go to minyan today. Fran came to bed near 7, Slept most of yesterday. No minyan.

December 14. The Minyan Kiddush was great. Fran had made assignments to all the folks who were part of the Torah service. Went smoothly. I worked hard trying to memorize the blessings before and after the Haftorah and my part. David gave a wonderful Drash. Everyone was very nice. David is attending the Assoc. for Jewish Studies conference in his capacity as Rauh Jewish Archives director and feels good seeing old friends and colleagues as both mentor and mentee. Ivry's visited yesterday, and we went to dinner with Arnov-Rosenblums. I drove David to the conference this morning and went to MFA. Want to get back on track. Am fearful that I will be unable to get back physically.

December 16. Yesterday David returned to Pittsburgh. We first drove Fran to Dr. Freidman. Then to the airport, then back to Dr. Friedman. I got lost trying to find Friedman, but did, With help from my iphone, and then to Newton for dinner and to Hebrew College for a talk. Fran kept saying she doesn't know where her bag was. I suggested calling Dr. Friedman. No. When we got home she looked all through the car and the house. No bag. Worry. She called about debit card. Around 1 pm Dr. Freidman called to tell her the bag was there. Fran messed up my rolodex and I just fixed it. My birthday in two days. Got a card from Carol.

December 18. Happy Birthday. Got a card from Martha. Expected some mention at the JLC meeting this morning. Nothing. Oh well. Fran got home around 8:30 last night and dinner was around 9:30 which she knows I don't like. But she can't do otherwise. Came to bed around 7 am, when I was planning to shower and go to an 8 am meeting. See she bought a brisket. For dinner tonight. I wrote a piece about turning 88. Look forward to a few more cards and good wishes. Stilted talk at dinner. How does it feel to be 88?

December 26. Got a few more cards. Dinner was good. Fran upset about whatever it was that wasn't just right. After 34 years, I should get used to her fussing, lateness, etc. I should also get used to my getting older. And getting tired. And being unable to bend down, And being more unstable. David is wonderful about calling us on Shabbes. He mentioned that his friend Sarah is visiting and they went to a Polish church for midnight mass, and she knows Polish. Fran said that he knows her from the Yiddish Book Center and from somewhere else. Was with her at AJS? I feel awkward pushing him for more information. How serious? It would be wonderful if he is in love etc. I will be in Pittsburgh in a month.

January 8. David sent a wonderful email describing Sarah and indicating that it is serious! I was overjoyed. He will be visiting her in NY over MLK weekend. She applied for a position at Penn State but was not selected, but possible? Lots in common. He joked about it being bashert. Fran is going crazy about the fruit flies. Continues to be late for everything and to come to bed after 6 am. Checks came from Schwab. I gave the two big ones to Fran and they sit there. Yesterday she locked her car keys in the car. I had to ask Bill to drive me to Trader Joe's. I really don't know if she is upset by such happenings or simply shrugs them off.

January 21. Balance getting worse. David sent an email saying he had a wonderful weekend. We haven't been able to talk. We saw two movies this past week. Went to see Brooklyn. No tickets. Saw Carol. Today we saw Brooklyn. Both excellent. Fran went to TJ Maxx. Called to say there was an icon about the electrical system. More complaints about fruit flies, hearing etc. Went to Chef Chow's. Unhappy. Misplaced credit card. Took mine.

Jan. 28. Fran lost a hearing aid. Complaining about her legs hurting. Sallie has been quarantined and Fran may not go to Rochester tomorrow. I am going to Pittsburgh. But David felt I should not stay with him because of stairs. Got a hotel through Hotwire. Am

becoming more concerned about “plumbing.” Rushing to bathroom. Leakage. Am also concerned about how much sight-seeing I am up to.