11 June 2023

Dear Gary and Elizabeth

I apologize this has taken me a few days. Partly because of genuine business and partly not knowing where to start.  (Yes I'm still this side of the grass!)  I am writing as I listen to the excellent music from the excellent Jesus Revolution movie on my very expensive stereo headphones, the one fun gift I chose from the compensation I was paid by the British Ministry of Defence recently for encountering asbestos on their ships (particularly Ark Royal about 1965 which caused the Mesothelioma that will put me the other side of the grass within a couple of years.  Receiving the MoD compensation was an unexpected gift which means we are not in a financial bind, and when I'm gone L-A should still have a vital nest egg if we are careful.

I thought I knew of a few Toronto hospitals, but I was unaware of the Shouldice.  Wikipedia suggests it's the best.  I'm an outpatient at three UHN hospitals, Toronto General which finally diagnosed the Mesothelioma (though it was really found in South Africa), The Princess Margaret for chemo every 3 weeks, and the Toronto Western for eye surgery following a detached retina from South Africa to remove oil pumped into the eyeball.   I was really lucky my drivers' licence was renewed with this left eye which doesn't focus.  Actually I think the examiner lady liked me and lied, enabled by the Holy Spirit; there's no way I read the letters right.   I can't imagine our lives if I hadn't passed.  But the mercy of the Lord no longer surprises us. I am sure he'll be with you for the completion of your hernia op.  You were so right to take a holiday.  We went to a timeshare in Collingwood for a week for a break from 24/7 watching over her dad, 94.  Thanks to her culinary skills and prayer,  we are all three of us in better shape than when we came here in Jan 2022, making us wonder if we'll ever get back into our much loved Ottawa condo, where the same couple has paid us rent since November 2017, another massive gift.  I have driven twice to the Ottawa region, once to rescue our boxes from a friend who moved, and once for Jenifer Bulman's funeral, but the other dear friends like you with our boxes have so kindly kept them till we do get back.  So thank you so much if you can do that.  Laurie-Ann's disability prevents her driving, and she has fatty liver disease. Her breast cancer has not returned or shown up as another cancer, according to the Sunnybrook Hospital here.  But there are many basic things I do for her.  When her knees started deteriorating in SA, she taught me some cooking skills, and though my main help for her is preparing the evening meal by fetching, carrying, waiting at the table and washing up, I do do breakfasts and lunches.  What has saved us foodwise is home delivery of groceries and meds.  Another thing that saves us is an hour of Netflix each night, getting us out of routine. That was recommended by my excellent oncologist.  You can't work round the clock in caregiving, but you can get paid for it by the taxman, and I'll claim for 2023.  I also watch the news on France24 nightly, which together with the Epoch Times keeps me abreast of the terrible current affairs the world is experiencing.  Honestly, I'll be glad to be in Heaven soon, once Steve is gone and L-A back in the Condo. My son James is 53 and has been a drone pilot and instructor this past decade with the RAF based in Las Vegas. he is retiring soon and has all sorts of civvy companies soliciting his skills, so he should be very self-sufficient.  We video call several times a week.  When I realised I would be losing millions of memory cells a day, I started a daily journal, so if you want to know exactly what's up here go to <https://web.ncf.ca/dq579/journal.html>, and it has been theraputic, as has maintaining my website, all written in HTML  So with our 5 laptops (only two with Windows 10, one Vista, two Windows 7, 2 iPads, an iPhone and my everlasting Blackberry Q10, there's plenty of brain exercise.

Well Jesus Revolution is ending, the day is dawning, morning Tylenol for Steve and then a cooked breakfast, I must draw this pleasurable discourse to an end for now.  If I wrote down all that's happened there wouldn't be enough books in the world to write it (2000 years ago) though my journal attempts to makes an effort!

With much love for friendship, vital financial help in SA, and being with you this past hour,

Blessings

Tony (and L-A on cc)