fall risk

I added another pair of these sexy no slip socks to my growing collection this weekend. If you know, you know right? They usually come with a small box of rough tissues, and a bill severely out of proportion to the creature comforts provided for room and board at this “hotel.”

I have been struggling a bit with a health issue since June, that we can’t quite get under control. I have a good care team, and I have high hopes we will strike upon the right combination of medicines to make my heart stop trying to steal the attention from my other maladies. I’ve also got a husband who clocks my every move. No husband in the history of time could rattle off his wife’s blood pressure and heart rate for the last forty eight hours, like mine can. Right now as I write this he is sitting on the coach behind me in my office quietly eating his breakfast and reading a recap of last night’s football game on his phone. When we bought this couch we joked that it was his retirement couch so he could hang out with me while I worked. It hasn’t exactly worked out that way because he has taken on a few projects that mostly keep him occupied every day, which is a good thing. But lately, he’s been hanging out a bit more, keeping a watchful eye. I bet you if I coughed right now he would go get the thermometer and open up MyChart to make me a doctor’s appointment.

This post isn’t meant to elicit your worry or concern for me. I am, or will be, ok. What I want to say is that most of my life, especially when I was younger I took good health for

granted. When you are young you don’t think about how bad your knees will hurt when you are in your fifties, or how suddenly you sleep wrong one night and you’re in six weeks of physical therapy for a pillow related neck injury. I was not nice to my body for most of my life. I abused food, I didn’t exercise, I have never gotten enough sleep and my glasses are always a prescription or two behind. Some of what I am experiencing now is a result of those things, and some of it is just old age. Which sucks, but that’s another post completely.

We recently lost a friend to a very aggressive form of cancer. He was diagnosed in August and died on Halloween. He has a family who loved him very much. He has friends, grandchildren, pets, a beautiful home, a whole life and now there is a big, huge, painful hole where he used to be. It is understandably and overwhelmingly sad.

People always say life is short, and it is, but it’s also very fragile. Please take care of yourselves. Go see your doctor. Do what they say. Eat your veggies. Take your medicine. Go for a walk. Tell your people you love them a disgustingly creepy amount. And for God’s sake go get a new pair of glasses. There’s still a lot of lovely things to see in this world if you know where to look.

-Felicia