

29 April 1981

Dear Harold and Lil:

Thanks so much, Lil, for your letter about Harold's return to the hospital. It's good to know he's making such good progress and is feeling better. If I'm correct in my impression that this particular accumulation has been the main source of his more recent discomfort and reduced activity, I would think that after he gets home and resumes some exercise he should be much improved.


I much appreciate your taking the time to write, especially at a time when things must have ganged up on you. In future, if it would be of any help to you, why not call me collect? This would take much less time than writing as far as you are concerned, and would enable both ends of the conversation to expand and elaborate if the occasion arose. The only times I am regularly absent are between 11 a.m. and 8 p.m., your time, on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays. I sleep lightly, so don't hesitate to wake me during sleeping hours.

So, Harold, you didn't know we had a bay tree. We have practically nothing else, and there is an unlimited supply of bay leaves if anyone is interested. I didn't know if you used them in cooking, but gathered some the other day for a friend in Nebraska and picked some for you while I was about it. Bay trees overhang most of the house and the walk and stairs down from the street. I spend at least two days each year pruning sprouts and sawing off dead limbs from the two dozen or so bay trees which are all over the place.

Something very nice happened recently which I think would interest you both. My regular tax lady who has done so nobly by us for nearly ten years was this year unable to handle my taxes due to personal problems, so I wound up going to a young CPA late in March with the figures I'd had ready since early February. I suppose I had visualized CPAs as a collection of Uriah Heeps in polyester suits hunched over their accounting desks, so I was most pleasantly surprised to find this guy was young, bouncy, with a fine sense of humor and, of course, VERY sharp. Anyway, we spent fifteen minutes going over my figures, after which he sat back and said he was impressed with the work I'd been doing for Hospice of Marin. (I had claimed more than 2,000 miles driven in more than 2,000 hours of volunteer work, among other things). Anyway, he said he had lost both parents to cancer several years back "... and wound up, as you probably did, an emotional basket case. So I know what Hospice does and what it means. I welcome any opportunity to help Hospice or anyone who works with it as you do, so I'm charging you half my regular fee." That was nice, of course, but it was most refreshing to find such a response in such an unexpected quarter.

This being spring, I have been much occupied trying to keep ahead of the weeds, manicuring the ivy where it overgrows the stairs and walks, and trimming trees, so there is not much else to report.

I ~~xxxxx~~ expect to hear of steady progress from here on, and am confident you don't need me to remind you to take things easy and invite no trouble by overdoing.

All the best to you both,  jdw