

Dear Ed,

2/8/94

I'm so glad you survived your heart attack and so anxious to tell you things that with the ground covered with snow and the roads and lane with ice I've put my wife's sunglasses on to try to overcome the glare from my eyes still being dilated four hours after that was done at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore this morning.

You say it is hard to adjust. Only to begin with, only until we unscrew our heads and screw them on again. You may well live longer because you had this heart attack and survived it.

I've never had a heart attack but I've serious heart trouble and it is weak. Plus many circulatory troubles. So some of my experiences may be of use to you.

I assume your doctors have told you about diet. If they have not- and none of mine ever did-learn for yourself. If from no other source, the heart association.

I assume also that your doctors have told you about exercise, what you can and cannot do. "his voice of experience, with 37 years of experience on you, says that maybe the most important single exercise for you is walking. Probably others will not be denied but walking is the only reason I still have my legs.

What is important is to recognize that you crawl before you walk, so to speak. Do not rush in and say, well, it is good for me, so I'll do all I can. Wrong!

I had my first venous thrombosis, at least diagnosed then, I'm sure suffered earlier, in 1975. I was put on an anticoagulant, coumadin. If you were, let me know. Then I was taken off of it. Felt fine. But gradually I grew weaker. When it was all I could do to get back to the house when I walked out to the mailbox, I went outside my so-called HMO and was put back on the coumadin. Then I asked my family doctor what I could do to increase my capabilities. He said walk, but start with what is easy and increase that gradually. Well, I've walked much all my life and that was no bore. We had just had a new roof put on. It was topped by marble chips. Some blew off. So, I gathered a handful and put them on the kitchen windowsill. I began walking to the road and back, each trip moving a chip to count for me. I began doing only two nonstop trips. By the time it got too cold for me to continue that walking I was walking up to two miles at a time and up to nine miles a day -in our lane! I got to where I could read safely because the lane is paved and straight, and I sometime carried a radio and listened to the news. But that was also good thinking time.

Henry Wade has long been a friend. After he had one, about 20 years older than you, I told him my experiences and he told me it was the most helpful, commonsense he had gotten. And when last I heard from him he was still playing golf at least twice a week. If I tell you all I did after that thrombosis and after I was given an artificial artery you'll think I'm bragging, but the key is to take it slowly and to gradually increase what you do within the parameters I suppose you were given.

You can adjust and it need not be all that bad. Remember, you were lucky. From

the moment it happened every day is a freebee. Enjoy them all! You can and I think will.

You can relax as you stop telling yourself how hard it is. It isn't, really, any more than any of the many requirements of our lives are. All we need do is recognize and accept reality. Let me tell you how much you can relax.

It is a joke in my dentist's office that I can fall asleep when he is working on me because I've done that at least four times.

I was quite uneasy about a cousin, a first-rate driver, driving us to Hopkins this morning because of predicted sleet and freezing rain and on the slightest contact I hemorrhaged subcutaneously and my skin has grown so friable it peels back on slight contact. But because the local ophthalmologist believed the second cataract should be removed and because the surgeon at Hopkins who removed the first (when I was a hematology patient rather than an eye patient) stays so busy not going would have set the decision back at least two months, we went. It did sleet. The windshield going up froze where the defogger from the windshield washer did not hit it. (He decided not to remove that cataract now because for me it is not now necessary.) Having just heard the forecast on the rapid back, icy and slippery, I was not worried and I actually fell asleep and slept sitting up, resting on my cane, most than half-way home.

I'll be 81 ⁱⁿ two months, to the day. I've got more wrong with me than I want to think of. I can't walk a flight of stairs without stopping every few treads. I'm not to lift more than 15 pounds. So, first of all, it is not oppressive that I have for practical purposes no access to all those records in our basement. I've written two large books when my only access was through an occasional part-time student helper.

I have no trouble falling asleep. I do have some trouble staying asleep, from both sleep apnea, which cannot be treated with medicines or by the simple surgery with me, and from prostate problems. But once up I have no trouble returning to sleep. The one time I have had that trouble ^{was} after about four hours of sleep when my mind wanted to get back to work. I've found a way of overcoming that almost all the time now. It can be done should be your motto, for it can be.

Do not regard the restrictions as an abomination. They are in fact a blessing. And the probability is that as time passes they'll be eased. But learn what you can do, like walking, and do that regularly. This spell of severe weather is the first time in a decade and a half except after surgery that I've now walked just about every weekday. About 1980 I started doing that in a nearby mall. Now many do that. My legs gave out so I carried a book and sat when I had to, and then walked again. In 1981 I was doing that for three hours six mornings a week. Walking and hearts are natural lovers. Learn!

I sent copies of the book to all I could remember help me with Posner material. I think that book, less than half of what I wrote, will appear in April. Another I expect in September. Both in the stores....I hope all goes well,

Handwritten signature

DEAR HAROLD,

3/5/94

THANKS FOR A COPY
OF SELECTIONS FROM WHITTEWASH.
THAT WAS VERY KIND OF YOU.

I WAS ALSO PLEASED TO
SEE THAT MY FRIEND, BILL
CHESLOCK, SENT YOU AN
CROSSFIRE - POSNER/WEIGHT
TRANSCRIPT.

ON 12/30/93 I SUFFERED
A HEART ATTACK. I'M ONLY
47 YEARS^{OLD} AND I HAVEN'T BEEN
ILL IN ALES. I LAST SAW A
HOSPITAL WHEN I WAS EIGHT.
IT'S BEEN TOUGH ADJUSTING,
BUT I AM ON THE MEND.
I BLAME IT PRIMARILY
ON SCHOOL STRESS.
REMEMBER, I AM AT YOUR
SERVICE FOR FUTURE PROJECTS.

P.S. WHAT DID YOU THINK
OF NIGEL TURNER'S "THE MEN
WHO KILLED KENNEDY"??

Just couldn't wait
to deliver this great big

**"THANK
YOU!"**

KEEP IN TOUCH,

Ed Teter