

Dear Jim,

5/12/21

My local doctor had a full report from Dr. Hufnagel so he saw me today and went over it and the present situation. I see Hufnagel; again a week from yesterday.

There is circulation but inadequate circulation in the left foot. No real pulse. The Doppler picks some up but the graph reflects the inadequacy.

Yes, I was lucky this time. There is no way of forecasting whether there will be any further sloughing off of plaque, etc. He regards it as anything but impossible.

Not too many years ago the only treatment would have been amputation. There can be developments that may leave it the only treatment.

It is not likely that my exercise and work program caused what happened. If there had been an accident like a fall or a blow, that could have, but not the walking. I was worried about the other things I did, like riding the mower and chopping wood. He clearly does not attribute this accident to them and he regards what activity I can engage in as needed for the menous problems.

We had to make some changes in medication because of side effects, probably from a vasodilator. I should know in a couple of days because he is taking me off of that one. I am almost certain that Hufnagel also took me off of it several months ago and for the same reason. I guess his assistant resident didn't check the book on me.

He took plenty of time, which pleased I and me, and I guess went into just about everything he could have.

Remarkable how rapidly Hufnagel reported to him, and the detail with which he did. I was discharged Thursday, checked in Friday, when they'd not heard from Hufnagel, and when I phoned over my yesterday's protine, they had the report and I was squeezed in before (a delayed and curtailed) lunch.

The protines have been running good. Hufnagel's Kentucky windage was fantastically close to the upper tolerable limit. (If like the past, the time will gradually speed up, but I now have Hufnagel's formula for coping with that one can, as for the past two months or so I have.

BAK My weight is a pound less than last time he saw me. This means that I had lost some weight, more, and put it back on while flat on my back with an undiminished appetite. I'll have to curb it more again.

Because there is nothing wrong with my use of the wheelchair to make some kinds of work possible, as soon as the ground dries out I'll be getting some of that upper-body exercise by means I'd been figuring out for several days. I'm not going to get back on the tractor again for a while and then not until I have an OK from Hufnagel. First of all, I'm still tired and don't want to do anything that even might be foolish. And then, I'm worried, so why do what might worry her?

This doesn't add much to what you know. There are no assurances, no guarantees that something like it won't happen again.

So for a while I'll hope that those enzymes are eating up all the clots and other obstructions. I don't know how long it takes to determine. But I guess I can wait that long and a little longer.

Sincerely,