

Christmas, 1991

To bring everyone up to date on our eventful year, I will attempt to briefly inform you of these events.

After being diagnosed as having Parkinson's Disease and treated for nearly a year, and not making any progress, we asked for further evaluation of George's health. He was admitted to Memorial Medical Center in June and was tested at an Imaging Center, where he was found to have an excess of fluid on and surrounding his brain. A neurosurgeon was called in and he explained what needed to be done. It was so involved we asked if it was urgent, and he said he would prefer to wait about 6-8 weeks and re-evaluate George's condition and then decide on surgery. On August 5<sup>th</sup>, the surgery was done. A shunt was placed behind his right ear with a very minute tube running from it down under the skin and draining into the abdominal cavity where it is absorbed. It contained aged the surgery o.k. but the next day he had a small stroke, and then a heart attack. He was rushed to the Intensive Care Unit, but while there contracted pneumonia and we were not given much hope. After four days in the Intensive Care Unit, he was moved to Secondary Care, where he stayed for three weeks.

He was at home for one week and began showing the same symptoms which he had earlier. Additional Cat Scans showed fluid had accumulated in the front of his brain, so he had to have additional surgery, where two holes were made in the upper front of his skull, and drains were placed in them until that excess fluid was eliminated. With this surgery he was in the Intensive Care Unit for three days and back in Secondary Care for two weeks.

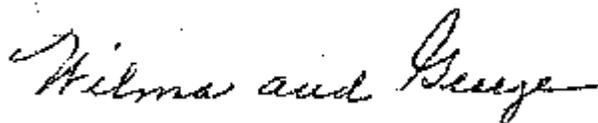
After being home for about ten days and additional Cat Scans it was determined the valve in the shunt was not performing as it should, so he was again admitted to Memorial and a new valve was implanted. He was in the hospital for four days at this time.

Altogether he had seven doctors in addition to his brain surgeon, and I need not tell you how upset and worried our family was. George really handled it better than the rest of us because he was unaware most of the time just how very ill he really was. We consider it absolutely as one of God's miracles that he is able to be home and doing which show him to be doing o.k. He can now walk which he could not do when all this began. He is able to think clearly and voice his thoughts well and that is a real accomplishment. He tires easily so he rests quite a lot, but goes out in the car with me often, and we are so grateful to have him alive and functioning to this degree.

Our children were real pillars of strength during all of this and I wonder how I could have coped without them. They are both fine, and our grandkids are growing up rapidly. Annette's two (Molly and John) are eight and five. Doug's two (Cory and Alex) are six and four.

Our best wishes to all of you for a wonderful holiday season and hope 1992 will be a good year for all of us.

Our love to all,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Wilma and George". The ink is dark and the handwriting is fluid and personal.

I forgot to mention that George now has hair again. His head had been shaved and with his weight loss, he looked as if he had been in one of the concentration camps. He is looking well with color in his face and nice hair, -- and we are all so HAPPY about the outcome of this real nightmare. He didn't have Parkinson's at all.