

---

# Marty's Random Thoughts

Volume 07 Number 07

Woodstock, IL

July 6th, 2007.

---

## 18-June-2007 6:45am Woodstock

So what happened while I was on vacation? I got a few emails on the road, so I have some idea of events. I was gone for a month only getting home last Thursday around 9:00pm. Here is what I know about:

St. John's apartments burnt down making 36 people homeless. I hear that no one was hurt. Thank God for that. I helped put in the antenna system there back in the 1960s. I was helping John White service T-Vs back then. That was in the days when everyone had an antenna and most T-Vs had vacuum tubes. Transistors were just starting to be put in T-Vs then. Integrated circuits came next. Now they all have computers running them.

Aldi had just opened in Jewel's old building before I left and I see Office Depot, or is it Office Max, will open soon.

The new auto parts store across from The Three Brothers Restaurant will be open in a few days.

Someone said they demolished the old Thompson's nursery. It has been empty for years. This was after a fire in the main building.

## 21-June-2007

First day of summer. Kim tells me you can see the space shuttle and space station. I looked and didn't see them from my house. It is hard to see anything that is low to the horizon from my house. Too many trees. I will have to check it out from somewhere else the next time.

## 12:40pm Emerson park

I thought today is a fine day to sit in the park. So here I am. There is a nice breeze and it may be 75-80 °.

I came out here to get away from the house where I was entering my journal notes from my trip to Europe. I returned a week ago and doing has been somewhat overwhelming. You have no idea how much is in your notes until you start putting them into a document on the computer. Then when you read them, there is

much you notice that is not in your notes that you want in the document. I know I took a lot of pictures to help jog my memory. After I get the document created from my notes, I need to add some pictures. This will jog my memory some more and let me add even more trails.

These have all been mini adventures for me. The trip to Europe was a big adventure filled with smaller adventures.

Even sitting out here in Emricson Park is a mini adventure. I am sitting under a big oak tree on a picnic bench in the southwest corner of the park. It is just off the parking lot where you would park if you were planning to shoot skeet or use the pistol range. From here I can't tell if they are still there. I don't see the hunting lodges that use to be there either. There is a lot of nice shade here. I see they have a jogging path for walkers in the park now. I should check this out some day.

When I was a kid, there were two baseball diamonds, 2 ponds and 2-3 pavilions. They would have the factory picnics here and all kinds of events. Since I have grown older, I have been detached from all of this.

There has been a walker and a few joggers go by while I have been sitting here.

Wait, the phone rings! It is Al. Al is an old friend I haven't seen in ten years. He is going to meet me at The Three Brothers to catch up on old times. I have to go now.

## 04:15pm

I went to The Three Brothers to meet Al. Ricky gave me coffee and then I became invisible. Yes, from about 1:30 to 3:00 no one saw me. Al came in about 1:45 and he got caught in my cloak of my invisibility also. It was not until 3:00 that someone asked if I wanted more coffee. Al was still invisible. Neither of us wanted anything. If I did, I would have walked out long before. When I left I told Kelly he had to buy my coffee. I never said why, although maybe I should have.

On the way out Kim (the owner) asked me if Shirley's, meaning Vaughan's, was sold. He said he had only heard about yesterday. Secrets

can be kept for a while. I knew it was for sale before I went to Europe and in Santo Domingo, Spain I got an email explaining there was a sale pending.

## **22-June-2007 8:46am Woodstock, Home 61 °**

I published a quick issue of Marty's Random Thoughts to finish up one I had started and to summarize my vacation. I edited it myself and after I gave copies to people, I saw mistakes and got feedback regarding other typos and misspelled words. If I am going to do this, I think it is time for a real editor. I think I will contact my editor and see if she still wants to do it. I am turning into a writer and will need someone to look over my shoulder to help guide me. I have emailed her to see if she is available.

Boy did I get flack this time. I should never rush the newsletter to press...well, printer.

This time a few people asked as soon as they had their hands on the newsletter if they were in it. So this issue I will put as many names in here as I can. Here it goes: Kim and Bill, Steve, Pat, Mary, Heather, Annie, Anila, Nora, Melanie, Lucy, Rachel, Shirley and Bob, Bill, Arlene, Cork and Diane, Jeremy and Tonya, Chelli, Betsy, Mike and Petra, Marcia and Dan, Lidia, Norma, Jackie, and on and on and on. Oh and Marty!

## **12:34pm**

I went out to get some supplies at Wal-Mart. It took me 15 minutes to get to Route 47 going down Lake from Wal-Mart. Where are all of these cars coming from?

On the way, by Dick Tracy Way, someone blew his or her horn at me. They were in a dark, maybe black SUV. I waved but I am not sure who it was. Who were you?

## **6:30pm**

The SUV driver was Anila. She was very unhappy that I didn't stop the car in the middle of the road and get out and wave at her and yell "Hi Anila". I guess she won't talk to me now for a half hour or so. Yes, she will get over it. When I drive the car I drive the car. If I see you, I will wave. If you honk your horn and I hear it, I will look around

to see what is wrong or who it is and maybe wave. Most times I am driving and trying not to run into someone or something...not looking around to see who is waving at me.

Sorry, but driving is a full-time job for me so I do not always see you.

## **23-June-2007 11:31am**

John came over today to see about removing some dead trees. I agreed with what he said. He is going to take care of them and also do some trimming. If you see his crew working here in the next week or so, you will know what is going on.

## **2:30 pm**

Tonya invited Aunt Annie to join them at the Chuck Wagon Square Dance at the Fairgrounds at 5:30. That will fill my night.

We had a great time. You know we went there for the chuck wagon part and not the barn dance part. There were maybe 150 people there total and I think maybe sixty plus square dancing.

## **Today is July 2<sup>nd</sup> about 8:45pm home.**

I just spent the last few days in the hospital.

Tuesday morning, June 27<sup>th</sup>, I woke about 4:00 am to go the toilet and I was drooling. Thinking I was having a bad dreaming, I went back to bed.

About 5:00 am I woke again and I was still drooling. I said to myself, "This is strange." I heard my words and they were slurred. First thing I thought was, "Stroke?" I checked, and everything else was working so I drove to the hospital. Yes, I did drive myself.

Big mistake on my part. I could have had another stroke while driving and had accident. I was damn lucky!

At the hospital they asked me a ton of questions and they discovered that I had not taken my medication for a month. It was another stupid thing I had done.

They did a mess of test and I had guessed right...it was a stroke.

They put me on an IV feeding me blood thinners. When they tested my blood thinness level the next day, it was '1.0', which is normal. Normally this would be good, but in my case they were looking for '2.3' because of my previous heart attack. This time I guess I was trying to be different than normal. ☺

Each day the level got closer to what I needed it to be so I could leave. It looked like I might be able to leave on Saturday, except it only went up to 1.3. At that point they were talking about trying something else so I could go home sooner. They decided it was better to just let my body adjust to what they were doing first.

Saturday I missed Vaughan's Party for Bob and Shirley's last day. Vaughan's has been sold and Bob and Shirley are going on to a new life. We all wish them luck. Good Luck!

When Anila called I asked if they could bring the party to the hospital. They never showed up!

After climbing the walls thinking I might get to go home Saturday, I found out that the only way I was going was when my Pro Time level was at '2.3'.

Sunday the Doctor came in and told me that he needed the level to be '2.0' or better to release me. It was only '1.9' He said because it was a stroke that put me in the hospital, he could not fudge that at all. It had to be '2.0' or better. This meant that I would have to wait another day.

Monday after they took the blood to test I heard some talking down the hall. It sounded like; "Well, Marty will be leaving today so we will have that bed too." I couldn't hear anything else that they were talking about.

Later the Doctor came in and said I could go home. My blood level was '2.1'. I got boxed up to go home.

Aunt Annie gave me a ride home and then later to get my new medication. Thank you Aunt Annie for letting me mess up your appointment to take me home.

I now know what caused this. While I was in Europe I would forget to take my medication

once in a while. When I didn't feel different after not taking them 2-3-4 days in a row I told myself I did not need them. You should not always listen to yourself. Even though I thought I knew better I still didn't take the medication.

Not taking the blood thinner caused a blood clot to come loose and not dissolve as it might have if I had been taking the medication. The blood clot floated around in my bloodstream until it got stuck in one of my blood vessels – which is in my brain. After a while there wasn't any blood flowing with the food needed to keep those brain cells working, which caused them to stop working and die.

In my case, it affected the left side (meaning my mouth wasn't working quite right). It resulted in slurred speech and also made swallowing a little hard.

I noticed the speech problem right away. It did not sound right. The swallowing problem I found when I was in the ER. I took a drink of water and thought it was gone. When I went to talk, it fell out, hence the drooling. My brain was not sending the right signals to my mouth.

They did some test to make sure I could swallow without inhaling when I ate. After we found this was working, I had to be careful while I ate until I retrained myself. This seems to be working very well today.

As for the speech, it is coming around very well also. I can still tell it is not quite right, but people have told me they cannot tell I am still slurring my speech. I can tell! Thursday I have to go to the Doctor to see what I still need to do to get it right.

In the mean time, lets all take our medication the doctors tell us to take!

I had a few visitors during my stay at the hospital, **thank you for coming to visit me.**

4<sup>th</sup> of July 2007 6:44pm at home 87 °F



### *Happy 231<sup>st</sup> Independence Day*

This morning I walked to Vaughan's for breakfast. This was to see how I would go. After being out of the Hospital for 2 days I needed to see how I was doing. I took an umbrella and the cell phone, just in case it didn't go well. It looked like rain, but didn't. The walk went good. No soreness, tiredness or shortness of breath. It makes a difference when you take your medication. It felt different walking without a backpack, walking stick, and a hat. A couple weeks ago I walked those 200 miles with them.

While I was in the Hospital they took down those dead trees along my driveway. They did a super job. Just the wood chips are left from grinding the stumps. Boy, does that look different. Good job John and your crew.

After I was finished with breakfast, I thought I would walk over to Cork's and pick up my car. I called all three of his phones and got no answers. Yes, he has three now - house, cell and

work cell. He is starting to get like me with computers.

No answer, so I walked home instead of going to his house. I didn't want to just take it without telling him. Aunt Annie gave me a ride later to pick it up. I need it tomorrow for my doctor's appointment.

While I was in the hospital there was a lot of stuff happening and no one took notes. I am going to treat them as rumors and leave the names out. Here is what I got out of all of this.

Another is chasing someone that is not a boyfriend, but a boy that is a friend, to the point that he is being called a "boyfriend". He comes over while the husband is away at work and the kids might be put on eBay and sold. The first person said they knew nothing about this and didn't care because he is just a friend that is a boy.

I am sorry I missed all of his. I could have had some juicy stuff if I would have got it first hand. If it was first hand, I might have used some names.

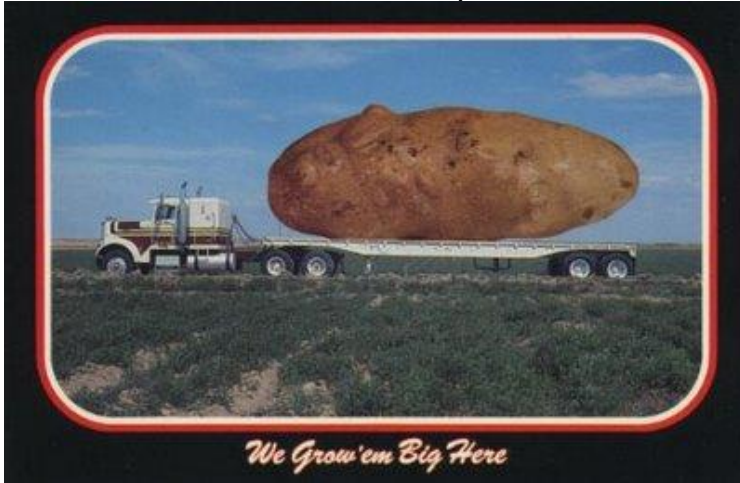
I was moving right along with my notes from my vacation journal when I was interrupted with the stroke. I need to work on that some more. I may have been only half way through them. There is a lot to do. I need to create the document because I am the only one that can figure out what I wrote, and I have a lot more in my mind than what I wrote. This is taking a lot longer than I thought it would when I first started working on it.

So how about some RV Travel stuff? It has been about 6 weeks since I added any quotes from it. I don't know when I will be doing my next road trip with my RV. Too many other things are happening now.



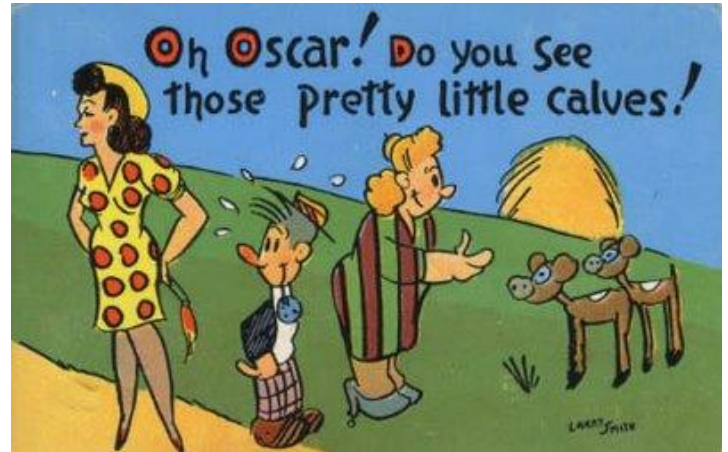
**From issue # 275 - 283:**

Postcard of the week: Giant spuds!



Potatoes are big in Idaho. Nearly 12 percent of all potatoes grown in the USA are grown in Idaho. Washington comes in second with 9.5 percent, and even Maine contributes 1.5 percent of the annual harvest. On average, each year every American consumes 126 pounds of spuds, 16 pounds as French fries. Potatoes are good for you. They have no fat, cholesterol or sodium and are rich in vitamin C. The potato in this postcard is a bit larger than normal, but in Idaho they do grow some big ones.

Postcard of the week: Mistaken calves



Oscar and his wife have a different idea of the "pretty calves" in this old postcard. We're not sure of its date, and it was never mailed so there's no stamp. But the typeface on the back is old. Thirties? Fifties? Anyone want to guess?

**Bumper Snicker**

- ~Make it idiot proof and someone will make a better idiot.
- ~So you're a feminist...Isn't that cute.
- ~It's not whether you win or lose . . . it's whether I win or lose.
- ~Money is the root of all evil. For more information, send \$10 to me.
- ~My mother was a moonshiner, and I love her still.

**Worth Pondering**

- ~"O Lord, help me to be pure, but not yet." -- Saint Augustine
- ~"My life has no purpose, no direction, no aim, no meaning, and yet I'm happy. What am I doing right?" --Charles M. Schultz
- ~"Get your facts first and then you can distort them as much as you please." --Mark Twain
- ~"Why is our memory good enough to retain the least triviality that happens to us, and yet not good enough to recollect how often we

have told it to the same person?" -- Francois de La Rochefoucauld

~"You don't stop laughing because you grow old. You grow old because you stop laughing." -- Michael Pritchard

~"My wife and I were happy for 20 years. Then we met." -- Rodney Dangerfield

~"I find television very educating. Every time somebody turns on the set I go into the other room and read a book." -- Groucho Marx

~"The statistics on sanity are that one out of every four Americans are suffering from some form of mental illness. Think of your three best friends. If they're okay, then it's you." -- Rita Mae Brown

## TRIVIA

Before the Civil War, many local banks issued their own currency. In New Orleans, where there was a large French-speaking population, a bank produced a \$10 bill, with the term "Dix" printed on it, which means "ten" in French. Soon, the bills became known as "Dixes." Riverboat men from the north, when heading south, would say they were going downriver to pick up some Dixes in Dixie Land. In time, the term Dixie came to be applied to all of the Deep South.

## DID YOU KNOW?

Coffee preference: Give a choice between getting a cup of coffee at Starbucks or Denny's, nearly two-thirds of RVtravel.com readers would opt for Denny's. But many of the more than 1,000 readers who answered the survey would choose neither. "I'd prefer McDonald's or Dunkin Donuts coffee," one reader responded.

Here are the links to the RV-Travel news letters. Above is only some for the stuff in these issues. There are some neat videos in the RV Travel newsletters that I can not show you on paper. You must visit the web sites to find them.

<http://rvtravel.com/publish/newsletter/issue275.shtml>

<http://rvtravel.com/publish/newsletter/issue276.shtml>  
<http://rvtravel.com/publish/newsletter/issue277.shtml>  
<http://rvtravel.com/publish/newsletter/issue278.shtml>  
<http://rvtravel.com/publish/newsletter/issue279.shtml>  
<http://rvtravel.com/publish/newsletter/issue280.shtml>  
<http://rvtravel.com/publish/newsletter/issue281.shtml>  
<http://rvtravel.com/publish/newsletter/issue282.shtml>



*This brings this issue near the end. Here are a couple pictures from my European vacation.*

My tired feet in Burgos, Spain, and an albergue dog in the background.

Added note:

The newsletter will be in a different formatted for the printed version because Mary donated some legal size paper. So this leaves me more room for a couple more pictures.



Mike and Petra at the lake on my last day.



Here is a neat bunch of yahoos in Wangen, Germany. If you are ever there you might like to stop there and give this a close look.



Here is where I crossed the border from Switzerland into Austria. We were on a field trip to get fuel for Petra's car. We covered 3 countries to save about \$1.80 a gallon.

This is a picture out the window of the plane. I am not sure where this was, only that it was up in the air looking down.



This picture was looking down the path. Note in the background above the road, I need to go back up there.



This is at the bottom before I started back up. Note the sign in the left foreground. This was one of the many paths on the Camino .



This is a picture looking back after I got up there.



Here is a picture of people taking pictures of each other. It looked like they were taking turns taking pictures. Each time there were 3-4 cameras being used and they kept switching photographers. In the background is the Santiago Cathedral .

Most of the pictures are of lower quality because the camera was set in VGA mode and I did not notice it. I usually leave it set on very high quality then I can down grade them later if needed. If they are of low quality, there is not too much I can do with them.

So I have to work on them, and then they will be available for when I finish my trip notes (in the next 2-3 months). For now, this is all I have to show you.

Bye!

Marty

Added later:

I just got this beck from my new editor, Heather.

Looks good Heather!

Marty