

## Season's Greetings, Now From Grand Rapids

It has been a year of many changes for me. You already know about my move from Santa Fe in May from a long e-mail detailing the problems in the move. I sent it to (most) of you at the end of July. Here is much of what has happened since then.

First, my friend Jere Turner left Santa Fe in February, on the insistence of her family, to move to a memory care facility in Northern Arkansas. This was to be closer to her daughter, who was handling her finances and affairs. Her dementia (Alzheimers?) was getting more and more serious and she deteriorated rapidly following the move. She died on August 11. I miss her.

The main reason for moving to Grand Rapids was so I'd be closer to my family (cousins and nieces), some of whom will be handling *my* finances and affairs, hopefully sometime in the future. To refresh you, I am now settled in at Porter Hills Village as an Independent Living resident with three meals a day. Of which I usually only eat two, and ordering half-size entrées; I've gained weight since Santa Fe. Here is a view through one of the PHV gates. (Michigan doesn't have golden aspens.)



There are assorted activities for PHV residents. I participate in the morning exercise classes and use the machines in their Body Shop. As we are now having snow storms and such, that's in place of my playing at the outdoor pickleball courts at Belknap Park. For indoor pickleball I go some mornings to the MSA Fieldhouse, but that's another six-mile drive from PHV.

Other activities: I do spend a fair amount of time with the cousins. (The nearest niece lives north of Traverse City). On Black Friday evening fourteen of us visited the Meijer Gardens Christmas Lights show, which was enhanced by the falling snow flakes. The dinner afterwards, on leftovers from the Thanksgiving dinner for 15, involved only 11 of us. Here are the three youngest participants, whom I call sub-sub-cousins. (They decided to call me Uncle, rather than Cousin.)



Just for fun, some lilies outside the patio of my one-bedroom apartment. It *might* have been a photo of my new lady friend, Peggy, but she didn't want me to take her picture.



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