

Earl's Diary - Wednesday - February 15, 2012

Dear Readers, One and All;

Here I am in Yuma, Arizona. I left Quartzsite last Monday about 10:00 and arrived here about 12:30, just a short drive through the beautiful Arizona Desert. I really appreciate the beauty and variety of shapes of the mountains on both sides of the highway. Even the dancing sunlight changes the looks and colors as I look into the distance.

Earlier on Sunday, I learned that Uncle John was in the hospital. He was having trouble breathing. Since being here I learned he has been on oxygen for the last month. Rather suddenly his need for a higher percentage of oxygen increased. To complicate matters he developed pneumonia. The diagnosis is, he has pulmonary fibrosis. We have spent several good visits with him in the hospital and he is scheduled to be there for another week or so.

Yesterday Caroline and I took an excursion to Algodones, Mexico. The purpose: to stock up on medical supplies. While there I purchased a new belt. Now you must understand that I don't "bargain" with the local shop owners. When I returned to Caroline, all I get is the eye rolling treatment! Her comment, "YOU PAID THAT MUCH!!!" "Sorry, yes I did. You weren't with me".

Caroline had called earlier to warn them of our impending arrival in 45 minutes. There were so many "Americanos" in Algodones that they weren't able to save us a spot in front of the drug store. So- - - - we stopped right in the middle of the street so we could get out, and Pepe could drive the car one block to park in his parent's driveway. Meanwhile, while we were getting out of the car, horns were blaring behind us. It made no difference and we still took our time getting out. They were certainly relieved when our car moved out of the way.

When we were done shopping, Pepe went to get our car and he parked in the middle of the street again. Fortunately there weren't any vehicles behind us this time. It only took us an hour to exit through the U.S. border this time. The line was only about 1/2 mile long. Lots of people make the trek across the border on foot. That line had hundreds of people in it also. I remember once it took us 2 1/2 hours to make it through the border.

After our shopping spree, we stopped for lunch. However, that turned into more of a dinner than we expected. Later that night I sure didn't feel like eating much. Instead I had a big bowl of ice cream, while Caroline had a toasted cheese sandwich. Raider (their adopted dog) also had a bowl of ice cream.

Today we are going out to Bard, California, to buy dates (and possibly have a date shake!). Then it's on to the hospital to visit Uncle John. We are also expecting several family members to stop in for a visit. My plan is to leave here next Monday and head for Sun City, the next stop on my itinerary. You will probably be hearing from me next Monday, or Tuesday. Thanks for coming along with me on this trip. -- Earl





The Peanut parked at Uncle John's



Notice the colorful brick fences. They are made in Algodones, Mexico, out of all different kinds of manure and straw, then something to bind it all together - then fired.



Caroline is proud of the tomatoes she is able to grow AND PICK in the middle of February. Sure couldn't do that where I live.



Son William Frey in North Carolina checks in with the "Big Foot, Big Feet" discussion: "Change the name of the Big Foot trailers to metric measurement and rename them BIG METERS."