

May Day, May Day, 2020!

'Twas one of those picture-perfect Hallmark-Movie-script kind of May days. May Day, May Day! That pretty much sums up the rest of the afternoon.

Jim and I were transplanting flowers at the front of our home and all was going well until.....Yup, I tripped on the edge of the sidewalk, lost my balance and headed "south". A plastic flower pot broke my fall. With my tail feathers stuck in the half-empty pot, the side of the pot gave way and it and I went on a quick trip to the terra firma. And, don't you just know, that brick sidewalk was mighty firm. On the way down, the edge of the tiled front stoop collected toll and took a 4 inch swath of hide from my right forearm.

Jim came on the run and I was a beached whale, sprawled out on the bricks. Due to two very bad shoulders and knees that had both been clobbered years ago, getting up was not going to be a piece of cake. The call went out to Neighbor Joel. After repeated failures to "raise the flag", Jim and Joel rolled me like a log over to the lawn. They were able to get my backside on a short step stool, and then dragged me backward, up into a chair. Another mighty "Heave Ho" got me upright and connected to Rollie, my walker.

Jim fluffed-up the crunched flower pot...not sure the plants will survive, tho. I made it back to the carport and broke down into sobs. Jim and Joel retrieved the chairs and pillows from the front lawn and all was peaceful again.

Today my arm is bandaged, many places on my body look like I rolled in a vat of crushed purple grapes, and I hurt places that I forgot I even had.

Thank you, Jim and Joel, for getting me up, neighbor Nancy for stopping to see if she could help and, most of all, God for keeping me out of the hosp. with broken bones.

Thank you to all who sent good thoughts and prayers my way after my unplanned acrobatic performance in our front lawn. The bruises are starting to look less colorful, the gash on the forearm is growing smaller, the hip voices its displeasure less painfully and the plant in the smooshed flower pot is back in business. Life is good, God is great!

