

The Good Things In Life....

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I live a good life. The things that matter most in life I have covered....well...most of the things....

Yesterday I packed up the fam and off we went to La Ronde in Montreal. An excellent day trip to an amusement park with short lines and lots to do.

The kids and I had a great time, I cut the big kids loose and Charlotte and I spent the day together...I witnessed a lot of smiles and laughter...just the sort of thing to make for a great day.

Today I don't even want to think about what would make that day perfect...absolutely perfect.....

The things you do to forget....the choices you make....wanting to run away....looking for a place to hide....

Where do you hide from yourself.....where does that place exist.....

How Fat is Fat?

I consumed 40 thousand liquid calories yesterday, cheap refills on ice tea and fruitopia while baking under 30 degree sun in high humidity....

I ate crap food...

Today I weigh in at 228.5...is that fat? It's fat to me.

We have a newcomer to the man blog...another for the punishment...Donald Buchanan...please allow me to introduce you all...



Donald is not with child....he is not in the third trimester....

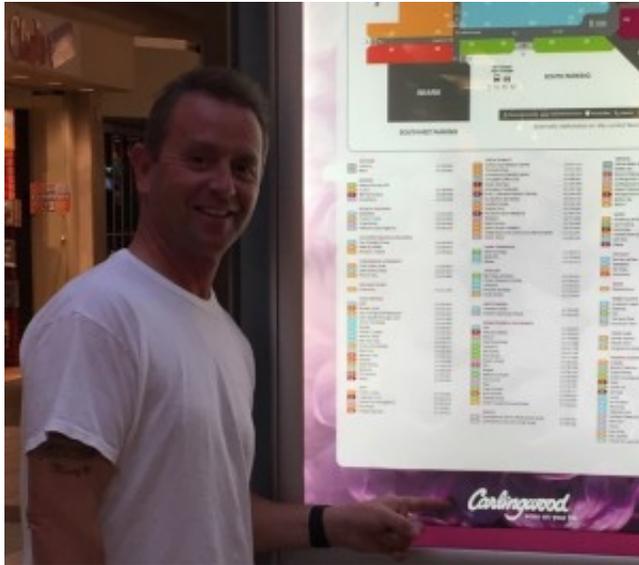
Donald drinks the occasional beer....sometimes....once in a while.....

He also plans to drop 20 pounds in less than 2 weeks!!!! This will be fun to watch...Are you also skipping out on soccer tonight with a pulled ham? That right there equates to 1800 less beer calories you might consume....IF you don't drink them somewhere other than the soccer field.

the first 10 should be easy....but don't take my word for it, I'm losing nothing!

Kevin Parker....up 253...Kevin certainly will be 260 again....you bet he will!!!! It's summer time, he is playing soccer more nights a week right now than her ever has...the outcome.....UP....up up and away!

Trafford....Old Trafford is at 173 old pounds...he has been working the under padding



at Carlingwood again....

But Trafford is pretty slim, let's be realistic, he is a lot slimmer than yours truly and the rest of this gang of old fatties.

Seamus has himself down to a not svelte at all 266 pounds. His weight loss has slowed quite a bit from the 5 pounds a day he was seeing a week ago....come on big boy....you can do it!

Boyling is still low at 191.4 pounds...holding... He is obviously slowing down on the dairy and on to something else....I did see him have quite a few milks on Monday night though.

and poor Beagle throws out a 'under 190' today....what is that. 189.99 pounds?

Beagle has some low goals....but don't we all....

Will I ever weigh under 210 pounds again?

It's Wednesday night....this Wednesday comes in with both soccer and poker....the agony.....

The Quote of The Day

Giving up is conceding that things will never get better, and that is just not true. Ups and downs are a constant in life, and I've been belted into that roller coaster a thousand times.
Aimee Mullins

I am on a cruel roller coaster....that's it....that's where I'm at.

I hate the highs and the lows.....I love the highs and the lows....

This is some roller coaster....

In my life, I have been so fortunate....I really did consider myself the luckiest person I knew....

A blessed life....perfect.....

If a misfortune came my way...it would always be the start of something new....better....

This seems different somehow....it's not just my life anymore....it's the high wire act of balancing not just my emotions....but my children's.....and they all need something different.....

Which reminds me....those of you that have managed to stick with today's blog....here you go....

A couple questions from a man blog follower yesterday.....

Vic, one thing that perplexes me and that I have been curious about but hesitant to ask is how does someone go to a hospital and never come out???

What brought her there? What was wrong that day that sent her to the hospital? Was it routine? Was it a minor surgery? How does she go from being home, happy and writing on Facebook to passing away? I didn't think that cancer worked like that - what happened to palliative care? Why couldn't anything be done??

So...here goes....let's start with the easy part.....

How does my wife go from being happy and writing on Facebook to passing away?

Well, my wife wasn't happy, she was afraid....she did not want to lose her life and I tried my best to save her....I spent hours reading the internet...trying every single thing I could.....

She would never want her friends to know she was weak and afraid....she pretended to be stronger than that....and she was very strong, a super human in fact....but she had so many doubts...

I've said it here before....it was only in the last month of my wife's life that she told me she never knew how many people loved her....she never believed how much I did.....she thought so little of herself....

I told my wife every day how much I loved her, how beautiful and smart she was....she didn't believe me until the end.....

okay....we will wrack.....

you want to know how much I loved my wife....ask my male friends.....ask the guys that used to see me out....or at poker.....you ask them if I ever turned my head to take a second look at a passing girl.....I held my wife so high above every other woman....I loved her completely....she simply didn't believe it.....I guess she just figured it wasn't possible.....to be loved completely.....

What brought her there? What was wrong that day that sent her to the hospital? Was it routine? Was it a minor surgery?

What brought my wife to the hospital that day was...in the end...that she had become septic....

Now there were a number of things that triggered this and her death in the end....and at the very end of this post I'm going to say something that comes with great relief and pain.....

I brought her in to the hospital in the morning, the day before she couldn't do chemo because her white blood cells were too low....

I believe they could have given her a shot then and there to help bring them up but I believe she couldn't have that shot due to the terms of the REO trial she was on.....regret number 1

THERE ARE SOME REGRETS!!!!!!!!!!

Charlotte and I slept on the sofa that night as Charlotte had a cold which would have been enough to seriously harm if not kill Ev at that time.....

So up in the morning and off to the hospital to argue with the admitting nurse that was busy flirting with a paramedic....it took me 30 to 45 minutes to get her into an air tight germ free sort of room....I actually had to call the oncology nurse before the admitting nurse would listen.

Once in this room another nurse started caring for her, administering morphine type drugs for her pain....sadly another rookie nurse.....we were almost in for a CT when we remembered that Ev had an allergic reaction to the dye the last time....that ruined us...as now she would go into the operation with blind doctors trying to figure out what was going on.

I'm not sure where I'm at with this...I'm just trying to get it out.....

During this time Ev complained about not being able to move her legs....which the rookie nurse took as over medication...Ev and I did get a bit of a laugh over it....but she was in agony.....agony still.

Finally the first nurse called in a senior nurse...and withing 45 seconds the senior nurse said....she

is shutting down.....that's why she can't move her legs....

Now we are in trouble....they instantly move her to an emerg room...I considered it a crash room...and an army of surgeons came in...they x rayed her internal organs....and at that time I saw just how many spots of cancer she had on her lungs.....

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The doctor took me into another room....he told me she would face a surgery that was very risky.....he told me she would never do chemo again.....

I came out and told her I loved her and I would take care of our babies.....

.....

hours later a doctor came out and told me that what he had to do was a success but that there was still a risk...but I took that very positively....I thought I would kiss her again.....

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Now you know what I want to do.....you know where I'd like to be.....

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I am making the most out of this life because I have to....I have children I need to take care of....

And if I'm going to do this I'm going to be as happy as I can be while doing it.....but this isn't my first choice at this time.....

Well....there is a man blog for you.....

here is what it comes down to....

I HATE THIS.....I've been pretending fairly well...but it's all a fucking lie.....I'm just doing what I have to do....still now.....

I'm waiting for it to end....one day I will wake up and be better.....or not.....

There we go.....

This is a man blog I should delete.

Anyway...December 17 2014 Evelyn Wheeler passed away....she might still be alive if she had lived that day....but she would be closer to the end....weak....sad.....

She would be suffering every day....unable to hide her weakness from the girls.....they would suffer also...

That day she left us....she is no longer in my life to touch....but she will never leave me.....

Babe....I love your face!