

Werner Wilhelm

His life in story and picture

1928–1993

Part 4

Werner's Last Years



Werner

The beginning of the end of Werner's life is a jumble of frights and tragedies. The beginning of the end in my mind began in August, 1990.



Marie



Sandy

I went with my mother for a one week vacation to Lion's Head Canada, staying at a very fine new 2 bedroom cottage belonging to the Lion's Head beach motel in Lion's Head Harbor. We got there on Saturday afternoon and enjoyed a leisurely vacation from Saturday until Tuesday afternoon when I decided to call Wil Mar to see how Werner was getting along without me. He can't breathe! The staff said. He is very short of breath and in quite a bit of distress. I was very concerned – to the extent that I told my mother we had to pack up and start home Wednesday morning. So I packed all the kitchen paraphernalia that mom always took with us for cooking and we were on our way back to Utica. When we left Lion's Head mom had perfect hearing. When we got back to her house in Utica she was very hard of hearing. I felt it was due to having the window open for hours on the return trip, that that often made your ears feel stuffed up. But it turned out that wasn't the case. Unknown to me mom had just had her first stroke and it had taken a lot of her hearing. It took all of her hearing in one ear and most of her hearing in the right ear. So in one day I had the makings of two tragedies unfolding in my life.



Werner

When I got home to Werner, he looked at me with “A little boy just got his mommy back” look on his face. He calmed right down and found it much easier to breathe, although believe me, his breathing was far from normal. It was just that he wasn’t so panic stricken now that he had me by his side once again. But when he parked his car in the blue house driveway he could not make it to his brown house. He had to stop and lean over the picnic table that was close to the blue house garage and then he had to rest on the next picnic bench until he finally walked the next short stretch home to his bed. As of August, 1990 he was now starting to drown in his own fluids from his ever advancing heart and kidney failure. From this point on until his death in January, 1993 it was one health crisis after another, just one long roller coaster ride ending in the last walk down that lonely mausoleum corridor on his birthday, 1993.



Sandy

The next catastrophe which followed shortly thereafter on the heels of his inability to breathe occurred in the same month, August of 1990. When we returned to Sebring, Florida to Sun N Lake Towers I kept getting sharp pains on the right side of my chest running into the area under my armpit. What could that be? I wondered. Then on the 13th of November, 1990, on my mother’s 77th birthday, I found out with a huge jolt to my nervous system. Mom and I were shopping in the new K Mart store in Romeo, Michigan when I felt a real sharp pain in my right breast. I rubbed the area and found to my horror a huge lump the size of a golf ball.

Werner and I were so busy with the nursing home that we were unable to go to a doctor until December 19th. We went to the gynecologist, Dr. Lichten, that Karen Truan trusted. He aspirated it and could get no fluid which surprised him as he thought it was a

cyst at first. In any case he assured me it was benign but to get a mammogram just to make sure that was the case.

Well, Werner got sicker and sicker and we were running from doctor to doctor for him and the nursing home was creating such an uproar as usual and then a crisis developed at Sun N Lake and we had to go there. We remained there most of the time from January until June, 1991. We were briefly home in Utica in January so Werner made a phone call to Dr. Timban to have him biopsy it but Dr. Timban was out of town the entire time we were in town. So in June, 1991 we were finally in town and we made an appointment to see Dr. Timban. He felt the lump and ordered a mammogram. Then on June 10 he performed a biopsy and immediately saw what the mammogram had told him – it was malignant.

Werner's earnest intent to marry me goes back to June 13, 1991. On June 10, 1991 I had had my first surgery to have a mass removed and soon afterwards in the recovery room the doctor informed me it was malignant. He then told me he was going upstairs to tell Werner. I told him not to go alone, to wait until I was in the room also as Werner was not going to take that news too well. The doctor did not heed my wishes but did what he pleased. The doctor admitted later that was not a good move as Werner took this news very hard indeed. He cried and at the time he felt that I would die in a few months time like his mother did.

When I came back from surgery he cried again, put his head on me and promised that he would marry me. I had heard his promise to marry many a time before and after 15 years, I figured that when I was standing in front of a priest or minister is when I would believe it.

Between my first and second surgeries Werner discovered in calling the county that we had to take a 1/2 day seminar on AIDS and other venereal disease prevention so he found one given by the Macomb County Health Department that was half price so he enrolled us in this one. So on a Saturday morning before I had my second surgery we went to the AIDS prevention class and sat through two hours of VD prevention information. Werner did not let his 20 dollars go to waste, he used these certificates for an HRS requirement in Florida and thus the marriage class did not cost him anything out of pocket that he would not have had to spend otherwise.

On the way out of the class there was a guy standing out front handing out fliers on the chapel of love, a new fangled place to get married. Werner got a kick out of this. Werner was kind of disgusted at a number of young people in that class with a baby in their arms already. First you have a baby nowadays, then later you get married, it seems, Werner remarked. Werner was a real trip whenever we were out in public and a baby started acting up. Werner would repeat, in full volume, whatever the baby was doing. Baa!!! Werner would bellow when the baby did that. WAA! ! He would make if that was what the baby was doing.

Everyone would end up looking at Werner instead of the fussy baby. They just could not believe that a grown man would do that. But they didn't know Werner. There was all manner of things that grown man would do, it seemed! Then Werner would act as if he was surprised that everyone was looking at him!

In walking down the corridor at Beaumont hospital going to one of Werner's nephrology doctors I had seen an office stating that several doctors there specialized in breast tumor removal. Dr. Wilner had recommended Dr. Wilson out of this office so I chose him as Dr. Wilner said that Dr. Wilson was very conscientious about trying to remove every vestige of cancer, something he vowed to do for every patient he treated as his mother died of breast cancer and he changed specialties after her death in a crusade to try to save other women from the same fate.

Between the two surgeries I started going to the chemotherapy doctors to see who I liked the best. We went first to Dr. Wilner of Beaumont Royal Oak. When I heard cancer, I thought I was doomed to an early death, like in one to two years. But in talking to Dr. Wilner I learned there was a very great chance for a cure, or at least a longer life span than I had thought possible. So Werner and I walked out of there very uplifted. While we were waiting to see Dr. Wilner on that June day, Werner starts crying and proposes marriage to me while we were waiting in the sunny atrium waiting room. Werner was very emotional with his proposal, meaning every word of it. Then later as June and July wear on and August is looming ever closer, he starts getting real mean to me for no reason, always hollering at me and belittling me and calling me names. I soon figured that one out. Werner, I said to him, I don't need to get married, and I certainly will not try to force you into marriage or to try to force you to go through with your proposal of marriage. We will just go on as we always have, being single together. He settled right down that very moment and started treating me decently again. That put him in a very happy and relaxed frame of mind. He then once again started really enjoying our relationship together.

After we saw Dr. Wilner we then saw Dr. Decker. He was so depressing to talk to that he almost undid all the emotional good that Dr. Wilner had accomplished. Dr. Decker made you feel that you were sitting on a time bomb waiting to go off. He was so depressive that one certainly did not go back to him again.

The oncology doctor that saw one after radiation treatments was so depressed over seeing his patients that one could not help but wonder why he remained in that position. He sure wasn't uplifting any of his patients. He needed to change specialties.

My second surgery took place on the 5th of July, 1991. I was real nervous about this surgery as I had to have general anesthesia for this one and I am terrified of that. But for Werner's sake I tried to keep up a brave front. As we were walking out the back door of Werner's bedroom the morning of surgery, first Werner walks out, then the dog, then me. As Werner is about to lock the back door, he suddenly puts his arms around me, falls all apart, and says to me with great emotion, me and the Bearsie dogs cannot afford to lose our mommy! Oh, great. Didn't he realize, on the morning of major surgery, how good that made me feel? He then later told me that I only need to live as long as he does!

When we got to Beaumont, I registered and we sat down and had a few tender moments together, but soon they called my name and I got up and Werner and I walked together to the surgical door and then we kissed goodbye. Werner was lost those few hours without me. They let him go up to my private room and then he sweated bullets until they wheeled me into the room and Werner could see that I was still breathing.

Werner was sick and exhausted that whole summer, but especially under the strain of my surgery. We told no one that I had cancer or that I was undergoing surgery, so he had to bear the brunt of this strain himself. He would sit in the visitor's chair and before I knew it he would be asleep. I told him I wanted a TV and a phone in the room from the first day. He knows I hate TV and he felt that I would be too sick to watch it, so he thought it would be a waste of money, but he had it turned on anyway. That TV was a God send that first day as I was in so much pain I couldn't even breathe, and the TV took my mind off of myself a bit, at least. Werner also enjoyed watching TV, falling asleep in front of it. I wanted to strangle Werner that first day, though. They hung an IV antibiotic up and connected it to my existing IV and I was terrified as I am allergic to many antibiotics, so I told Werner to watch to see that nothing happened to me while the antibiotic was being dripped in. He slept through the whole thing. The nurse was going to hang the thing and then go on break, leaving no nurse coverage on the floor. I told her to go on break first, then hang it when she came back. She agreed. When they hung the next one at around 10 pm I called Werner and intended to stay on the phone with him that 15 minutes so that if I had a problem he could call the nurse on the floor. He fell asleep 5 minutes into the conversation. First there was no answering conversation on his end, then I heard soft snoring over the line. Werner! Werner! Werner, are you there? Nope, just his snores. But he was very sick himself, sicker than either of us realized.

He did something the next day he never did before in our 15 years together. He brought me in a vase of flowers with a teddy bear that he actually went out and paid money for! (I got flowers from him now and again, very rarely, but they were always taken by him from a funeral bouquet that was delivered to the nursing home by a funeral parlor. And to add insult to injury, he almost always asked me for the flowers back so he could then give them to someone else and make it count double.) I was very touched by the paid for flowers and knew how shaken up he must have been to have actually paid for flowers. When Edna saw Werner walking into his house with flowers with a bear attached she went ballistic as she figured I was in the hospital and had surgery. She came to me as I laid in the bed and was very solicitous to me and brought me whatever I needed.

I was extremely upset over the mutilation and the flat look on the right side drove me half crazy. I was far more upset over the "new look" than I was over the pain. Werner was very angry with me for being upset over the mutilation. You are very ungrateful, he would tell me over and over. Just be glad you are alive. The hell with what you look like. But the day of discharge I refused to go home lopsided and told him and the nurse that I needed something to go under the clothing. Werner brought what he considered to be my most feminine clothing, and he took the materials brought by the nurse, made a prosthesis out of the stuff, then pinned it to the underside of my blouse. He liked the look and was very proud of his artistic ability. I never told him that he chose the hottest blouse in my wardrobe on the hottest day of the year. I was more concerned over every bump he hit in

the road, which caused me great agony. He was wound up tight as a drum over dodging every bump or uneven spot in the road.

After I got home, he was quite mean to me the next week. I later figured out why. A person in bed frightens him, so he does everything in his power to get the person back on their feet for if you are on your feet you are on your way to recovery. Anyway, I had it much more painful than it should have been for the doctor had inadvertently stitched the drainage tube to a nerve ending so when I sat up I almost fainted with pain. So I only got up to go to the bathroom. Even that was a fiasco. Due to the extreme pain from the drain, I couldn't even get around to use toilet tissue and had to get Werner to do it for me. I felt stupid. And there was no way I could walk all the way over to the nursing home, so I told Werner to have them deliver the food to the bedroom. They did that the first two days, and then he told Edna. "the hell with her. If she can't walk over here, let her starve. It won't hurt her with her weight." Edna felt so bad over what he said and snuck the food to me. When she found out for sure that I had surgery, she freaked, for surgery terrifies her.

I didn't tell anyone it was cancer for awhile. I couldn't digest it myself and I certainly did not feel in the mood to discuss it with others. Werner told Rudi and Dinora, then told them not to discuss it with me as he wasn't supposed to talk about it. He called Dr. Berj in Padua. Italy, then was angry with me when I didn't send the doctor my medical records. He talked it over the telephone with Berj and Berj told him that by the size of it, I had had it about 10 years already. That took its inception back to 1982, the year I lost my father.



Martha Brehmer Wilhelm

Werner set the wedding date he always set, August 24, his mother's birthday. That was always his idea of the perfect wedding date. I had some serious reservations about that as a wedding date this particular year as I did not know if I would be out of pain yet from my major surgery that was to take place July 5, and then I would be going into

chemotherapy sometime around that date and I figured it would louse up a honey moon if I was sick to my stomach.

Well, I completed my surgery and was not only in a lot of pain, but also my arm was completely glued down to my side and could not be moved or raised, nor could I sleep on that side. And I was scheduled to start chemotherapy around mid August.

Then on the 5th of August I decided to go to Mayo Clinic and see what advise they would give me regarding chemotherapy. I drove there and Werner followed me up 3 days later by plane, flying into Minneapolis and letting me pick him up by car. We both had a slew of tests done and Werner's was more frightening than mine, for when they took his heart tests, the one doctor got 4 more and they all looked at Werner's heart tests with thunderstruck awe in their faces. I knew that was real bad news. Werner was kind of sobered by their attitude too. Werner and I left Mayo Clinic in a real down mood. On the way back we wanted to stop overnight at the Wisconsin Dells, go for a boat ride the next morning, then travel back home. But all the motels were full except for one for \$40 a night, and Werner refused to pay that much money, so we traveled homeward. We stopped at a real fancy new motel south from the Dells and he hollered his head off because it cost me over \$45, but when he got into the room it was so luxurious that he was glad I rented it and he settled right down and enjoyed himself.



Bear

We got home that Saturday night and we were glad to see our dog Bear again. As August wore on, Werner started getting real mean to me, always growling, grumbling and carrying on, finding fault where ever he could. Finally I told him that I knew he was carrying on as he did not want to get married, and that I would not hold him to his promise and that I was not pushing in any way to get married and he could stay single if that made him happy. It did make him happy to know he could remain single and he settled right down and became civilized again knowing he did not have to get married. Marriage was not mentioned again that summer or fall, it was kind of a taboo, unspoken subject.



Bear in his last month

In August on the 15th and the 22nd I started chemotherapy, an unspeakable horror. The thought of chemotherapy drove Werner up the wall as he could not handle it. In September I became real ill from the chemo, and in the middle of my second September courses of treatment Bear became ill. He had been ill since at least last spring and I didn't see it. In the spring he started having the dry heaves usually once per day, then he would eat and appear to be okay. I took him for a blood test in April and his BUN was 54 but his creatinine was normal. The vet said that was okay being the creatinine was normal. Wrong. On Friday morning, the 13 of September, Bear started a funny sort of a sneeze. I never heard him do that before so I called the Humane Society Animal Clinic and got an appointment that same day to take him in. The doctor looked him over and said that that was just what they called a reverse sneeze and that he was probably allergic to something in the air. She gave him a prednisone shot and sent him on his way.



Bear

All day Saturday Bear looked out of sorts to me and in the afternoon I thought he was in pain as he made some noises and walked around funny. By Saturday evening he was almost prostrate. He had green slime hanging from his jowls and he was very weak and staggering. We took him into the emergency clinic in Madison Heights, and we spent over \$380 there trying to save his life. They took x-rays and found that one kidney was completely missing and the other kidney was in the wrong place. All his internal organs were badly swollen. They gave him an IV of antibiotics and then sent him home with antibiotic pills and told us to see our regular vet on Monday.



Hari Mali

Mali showed up at the emergency vets office and came down to be with Werner. I think he was leading up to either borrowing some more money or not paying on what he already owed. Anyway, Mali went to the Mc Donald's across the street and got us a hamburger as we were at the vet's forever. At about 11 pm we started for home, very fearful for our beloved dog's life.

All weekend Bear just got worse and worse and by Monday he was in a very sad state indeed. He wouldn't eat anything and now he wobbled when he walked. We took him to Dr. Nordrum and she said that he had less than a 5% chance of pulling out of it and at best he had one or two weeks left to live. We were in shock. He was only 7 years old and had been well until last Friday, or so it seemed. It was so hard to believe that his soul was about to leave his body and that I would see him no more. We put him in the hospital every morning and brought him home every night. He was on IV's every day. The IV's seemed to perk him up a bit, but he was worse than ever by morning.



Barney & Bear

We would take him over to Barney's every day after the hospital and Barney would try to cheer Bear up, which he always did. Bear loved Barney so very, very much and he just loved to see and play with that dog. Bear tried to play with Barney but when he tried to run something would hurt and he would stop dead abruptly with a funny look on his face. He drank water out of Barney's bowl on the side of the studio and he would just lay there outside Barney's door and look at Barney. He was laying there when we were making preparations to take him to MSU to try to save his life. Earlier in the day Bear laid in the breezeway on the cool tile floor and I just looked into his eyes and knew that we were probably going to lose him real soon and that there was probably not much I could do about it. But Werner and I frantically called all around town getting IV Cipro for Bear as that was the best wide range antibiotic we could find. We had complete blood work done and we had a culture taken of his mucus to see what organisms showed.

While Bear was in the driveway at Kay Photographers the last day, Barney started to walk away and as a sudden Bear got up and walked with him! Bear was so wobbly and looked so thin now, but he walked nevertheless. With Barney in the lead, Bear walked all around Wil Mar and then just past the blue house. He almost fell over and then turned around and went into the blue house and laid down under the kitchen table. He was content there and that's where he wanted to stay. We had to drag him out from under the table to get him in the car. We borrowed my mother's car as it was a 4 door and he could get into that much easier. He really wanted to stay in the blue house and I was about 80% ready to give him his wish and leave him there, but then I thought, what if it is just an infection and they can save him?

So we took him to MSU, getting there about 6:30 pm. For on the way we stopped at Frank's pharmacy at 19 Mile Rd and Hayes to pick up some IV Cipro they had specially made up for him. Earlier in the day Utica drug had also dropped off some IV cipro for him, so we had a good supply to bring with us to MSU. Bear walked very wobbly into the hospital and we waited for awhile with him in the front waiting area and then we went to an exam room around the corner. We were met by a doctor and a student. They took a thorough history, examined Bear and said he was very sick indeed and they were going to put him into an intensive care. They were also going to slit his jugger vein to put the IV and some monitoring equipment there. That made Werner really upset. Leaving his beloved dog there also made him upset. When they tried to take Bear to the hospital area he wouldn't go with them. So I said I would walk ahead of him to get him to go. That poor, weak terminal dog followed his mistress so faithfully. Looking back on that now I feel like I betrayed him, leading him on to die all alone, some 2 hours away from his family. Werner followed behind Bear, his heart breaking at the sight of his dog leaving him. When I could go no further, Bear wouldn't go either and collapsed on the floor. The vet picked him up and carried him with his arms under Bear's breast bone and his rump. Bear, most of his hair shaved off for comfort sake, looked back at Werner and me so very soulfully. That was the last glimpse Werner and I got of our dog alive. The next time we saw him he was in a plastic bag in a big box.

Looking back over Bear's last year of life I realize that he was quite sick for a long time. After having been through a long hard row of watching Werner die by inches, I now realize that Bear also died of kidney failure, just like his master. And I can't help but wonder if Bear getting hit by the car one year earlier on Brownell, running after Barney who was on the other side of Brownell, when Bear flew up into the air, flipped over into 4 summersaults, then landed on the street and did two more summersaults before coming to a halt, was the reason for his kidney failure, that possibly both of his kidneys were knocked loose from their moorings and resulted later in kidney shutdown. We had a blood test taken the April before he died, and it showed a BUN of 54, but his creatinine was normal. He was evidently already on the way to kidney failure then. And in the last several months before he died he puked every day, having the dry heaves in the morning hours, just like Werner experienced when he was going into kidney failure. And Bear had the hepatic water overload at the end, just like Werner had in the Florida Hospital. But Bear was always a very sick dog, all the days of his life, and we gave him a very happy life as far as we were able. The only thing I regret with Bear is that we did not

fence in the entire yard in his lifetime so that he could have had so much more freedom like the dogs who came after him had.

We left old Bear at the MSU hospital at 6:30 pm on Wednesday, the 18th of September, 1991 and went home for the night, having made arrangements to go back up and visit him on the afternoon of the 19th, about 4:30 pm. Werner called in the morning and they said he survived the night but was weak. They had done a cut down into his neck for an IV which greatly disturbed Werner. Bear had not urinated over night. Werner called later in the morning and they told him Bear did not want to eat, drank a little and had bitten a student when he was administering to him. I was not home at all this am as I was at the hospital getting chemotherapy. When I got home I was so very ill and within a ½ hour they told me at the nursing home that the vet had called me. I was at the blue house at the time suffering horribly. I ran over and told Werner. Werner was clutching Bear's collar, saying to me that at 1:30 pm he grabbed the collar and felt that Bear had just passed away. Werner called the vet and was told that what he had felt was true. Bear had passed away at just that time.

The next day the damned old Health Department was in Wil Mar again, throwing their muscle around to show Werner who was the boss. I did not know this until I got home from chemo, and by then I was far too sick to handle all that aggravation. On the 19th of September as I got back home at 2 pm from the chemo I got a phone call from the MSU animal clinic that our beloved Bear had just passed away. The was one of Werner's few psychic experiences in life for just as Bear passed, Werner suddenly started to cry and picked up and held fast in his hand Bear's collar that we had removed from his neck the night before. I knew Bear was passing at that exact moment, Werner told me later. Werner was heartbroken. Come on, lets get in the car and get him. We can't let him lie there in a strange place, Werner said to me. I was so terribly sick from the chemo therapy that I didn't know how I was going to make it home, let alone get in a car and drive all the way to East Lansing. But I got in the car and we went there with very heavy hearts. I shouldn't have brought him there, Werner said. I wanted my poor Bearsie dogs to die at home with his daddy and mommy. I went with him, but I was so distressed at having to drive all that way as I was so nauseous from the chemo. But we went. It was a very hard journey for me as I had had chemo that day and I had come home very ill. I was extremely nauseated and my stomach was doing flips. I now know what it would feel like if one were poisoned. I was so sick on the journey to Lansing. Both because of the poisons running in my system and because I had just lost my beloved dog of 7 years. And Werner's great upset wasn't helping either. He truly loved that dog, probably even more than he did me. That dog meant everything to both of us. It was a very sad 2 hour ride to East Lansing.



Brown Van

We took my brown van because it was the most dignified way to transport our little Bearsie home. When we got there we sat for a few minutes in the waiting room. I read the poster telling people to adopt a greyhound that had run on the tracks as they needed a home. The greyhounds were rescued by MSU, used for blood donors for 1 year and then they found them homes.

We went in, were met by the doctor and his assistant who told us they were very sorry, but that Bear was so far into renal failure that they couldn't save him. His BUN was 269 that morning. They gave him meds to calm down his stomach, but he vomited anyway, and then shortly after that he stopped breathing. But he did rally enough to take a nip at those bad old guys who were fussing around over him when he just wanted to be left alone!

The doctor and a student put our beloved little Bearsie in a body bag and then in a large box and put the box on a gurney. They then rolled the gurney out to our waiting van. The student was genuinely saddened that we had lost our beloved pet. I'm sure that if it were possible he would have done everything possible to have saved Bear. But Bear was too far gone. All his internal organs were swollen and he was in multiple organ failure. The doctor and the student were so very kind to us. Werner and I left with the weight of the world on our shoulders due to our grievous loss but we also had the warmest regards for the staff at MSU animal hospital.

They wrapped Bearsie in plastic and then put him in a big box with a cover over it. They brought his body out on a cart and then put the body in the middle of the van. When they left Werner cried over his beloved dog, then unwrapped his head so that the dog would be more comfortable and see where he was going. . He then talked so very tenderly to our little Bear as though he was still alive. We then drove the 2 hours home. Was I ever sick. My stomach was so bad I was frightened. And everything seemed to look so very bright due to the poison in my system. I remember passing through all those cement underpasses on I 696 on the way home with my dead little Bear right behind me. It was one of the worst times in my and Werner's life.

Werner had told the maintenance man to dig a nice deep grave for Bear right outside my nursing home office, which he did. When we got back Rich had it all prepared. There was a complication in that an underground pipe ran right through 1/3 from the bottom on the grave. When Werner got there he looked at the grave and told Rich to dig it deeper and to square out the sides. Then Werner had me go to his bed and take his comforter off his side of the bed and bring it to the grave side. I did so. Then Werner had Rich take Bear out of the van, out of the body bag and out of the box and he gently placed him in the comforter. Werner then looked at his Bearsie dogsie and talked so lovingly and soothingly to him.



Barney



Ann Kay

It was now about 8 pm. Werner gave Bearsie a fine funeral service. How he cried over that dog! At this point Ann and Barney came out and came into our back yard and when Ann saw that we were about to bury Bear she quickly brought Barney back into her house as she thought it was much too traumatic for him to see and she didn't want Barney to smell the dead dog.

She then came back out and joined us in the grave side services. We all had one last long look at our Bear before Werner had us wrap him up in the comforter. We then gently lowered him into the grave, me, Rich and Edna. Rich and Edna had to get into the grave and I lowered him from on top into their arms. The grave was over 5 feet deep so it was hard to get in and out. The pipe there seemed to help somehow. We determined where his head was and made sure the head was pointing and looking at the blue house, where he had had so many happy hours in his little short life. 7 years do come and go so very fast. We then covered the head gently, but just before we did. Werner then conducted a prayer service for the dog. He said the Lord's Prayer in German, and the rest of us prayed along in English. He then asked God's love and protection on the dog and he implored his mother to receive the dog and take care of him until Werner would also be on the other side to be reunited with his dog. Werner then leaned over and said to the dog softly, "Don't worry, Bearsie, daddy will be with you again real soon!" Boy, did that ever wrench my heart! I was so scared because I feared that he might be speaking the truth, which unfortunately he was.

Werner had us line the bottom of the grave with evergreens so the dog would rest easy, then he said some prayers for the dog, then he just sat and gazed upon the body of his dog for the last time. Edna was there and she was just heartbroken, losing her long time friend and companion. I had to have her stop putting her head over the dog so Werner could get a last look at Bearsie. We had completely unwrapped the dog out of the box and the plastic and then we put him in Werner's comforter that we took off his bed to give to the dog as he wanted Bearsie to have it. We then carefully lowered Bear into that deep grave.



Edna Smith

Edna had to get into the grave as there was a gas line going through it on one end and it was awkward getting him in there. Edna received the bottom half of Bear's body while Rich gently put in the top half. We then straightened his body out, setting his head so that it would be facing Werner's house and so that his eyes were looking at the blue house. We then gathered up his toys and put them in the grave with him. Werner then emptied out his pockets and put his loose change in with Bear so he could buy some ice cream and hamburgers on the long way home.



Martha Brehmer Wilhelm

And for sure, my mommy Martha is with you there now, taking care of you and feeding you good like she did with Peter, giving you some hot chocolate at high tea time on Zschippach. We then gently covered the top of Bear with his daddy's blanket, then we put some Christmas tree boughs over his body.



Rosa Wilhelm



Dr. med Werner Wilhelm

Werner said his father had them do that when Grandmother Rosa was buried in Naumburg/Saale. So we cut about 5 branches and gently laid them over the dog's body.

I then got down onto the soft dirt and using only my hands I gently and reverently pushed the dirt into that hole. Only at the very end when the dirt was thin against the grass did I use a shovel to finish the job. Werner and I went to bed very sad souls that night.



Werner on a wire chair & Bear

Werner sat in his wire chair and sadly watched the entire thing. He was very upset and depressed. When we finished the job Werner and I went to bed. Suddenly I was so overwhelmingly ill from the chemo that I was afraid of what was happening to my stomach. But eventually we fell asleep and awoke to start another day, one without our Bearsie dogs. Our friend of 7 years duration, that we had so joyfully received into our lives on the 19th of August, was gone forever. But Werner silently held in his heart the small hope of a joyful reunion in the not too distant future.

A few days later Werner took a trip on a Saturday to Mt Clemens to the grave marker company and we looked over grave markers for our beloved Bearsie dogsie. We found just the perfect one. It was a heart with little hearts and streamers and little bears on it. Werner had Judy from Sebring sketch a head and shoulders of Bear and we took that to the marker place. They then sand blasted his image, and his birth and death dates on the stone. At the same time Werner had a grave marker made up for Truly Bear, a simple flat marker for the dog we had lost 7 years before. Werner also looked over bronze plates and had one made up for his mama Martha. He was going to place that in her mausoleum crypt when he had her moved from Germany to here. He stored that plate in his garage. When I had Martha moved from the Frankfurt Haupt Friedhof to Holy Sepulchre I had forgotten about that bronze marker until after I entombed her, so the marker remains in Werner's garage.

Throughout the fall months I completed 5 courses of chemotherapy and whenever the chemotherapy got unbearable Werner would on a moment's notice hop a plane to Florida, then call me from Florida telling me if I got real bad he would hop a plane back home.

Bear died on the 19th of September, 1991. On the 20th of September I called about 6 vets in the tricounty area and asked for a recommendation to find a good Shepherd. They all said they had no good recommendations, that all Shepherds were bad as they were too inbred. They told me who to stay away from, Bear's kennel having had the very worst reputation of all. I called breeders. No one had puppies. But one breeder told me to call a kennel in Lapeer. He thought she had one puppy for sale. I called her.



Sandy & Sable Bear

She said she had none, then upon a great hesitation, she said she had one, that we could come and look at it. We went that very day. She had the dogs and puppies in her barn. Her daughter went and got Sable Bear for us to see. I was disappointed in his coloring. He did not have a saddle. But he was a boy and a handsome fellow at that, despite his coloring. But he squeaked a high pitched squeak and I wondered was it because he was afraid or what? It turned out that the dog was in a lot of pain. He had an intestinal intesusception. When we got him home he left a stool by the back door. It was highly irregular. It looked like a dried out cigar. I did not realize he was so sick.

2 days after old Bear died, on the 21st of September, I got a new wonderful little German Shepherd puppy, called Sable Bear. He was one of the best dogs I had ever had. I let him wander about in the blue house back yard. I was amazed at his high degree of intelligence and also his immediate obedience to commands. I really felt that this was some other person's well trained dog that had just been reincarnated. He followed me everywhere off leash without question. Barney met him in the back yard and mostly wanted to keep his distance from him. Barney missed Bear terribly and this certainly was no replacement for his long term friend.

He slept with us that night and was all over the bed making little sounds like he was in pain. He kept squeaking and moving up and down on the bed trying to find a comfortable position. The next day Werner and I took him to Wendy's and fed him a simple burger and then we took him to Stoney Creek Park. It was one of the happiest days of Werner's life. We walked around the picnic and beach areas with the dog off leash. Werner then took some pictures of the dog and me. Werner then wanted to feed the birds, cussing at me, asking why didn't I bring some food for the birds. I then opened the car and found a partial box of cheez its. I gave it to Werner and he soon threw it all to the birds. He then cussed again, saying I should have brought bread for the birds. That sparked a memory. I did happen to have a loaf of bread in there, which I retrieved and gave it to Werner. I then got some marvelous pictures of Werner feeding the birds while I and Sable Bear watched. The dog was much made over by the people in the park. Everyone thought the little puppy was just adorable. We did too.



Sandy with Sable Bear

That was our last happy day with our little puppy. He started with very serious diarrhea on Monday and it was soon totally out of control. We had very foul smelling watery stool with mucus everywhere. Back to the vet in a hurry. They soon knew they had to operate as his intestines had telescoped in one on the other. I took him home that night with a collar on his neck so he could not chew his stitches. The first night he slept with me, after that he slept in a dark corner under the bed. . When Werner heard how bad the little puppy was, he took off to Florida leaving me to face the puppy's illness and death by myself. The puppy and I took up residence in the blue house and the little guy slept with me that week. He was so pathetic looking with his large cervical collar on to keep him from pulling out the IV needle. And he hid behind the bed and behind the heater, so I knew he was bad. Then when he started vomiting up water and his stools were slimy, watery brown, I figured that that was it. I took him to the vets. They hospitalized him, did intestinal surgery and then awaited the results. The worst happened. Several more intussusceptions. Another surgery was performed. The next morning, 3 new intussusceptions. There was no hope for this puppy, she told me. The operation was a failure and they had to operate again. Then that was a failure and she said they had to put him to sleep as his intestines were trashed. I felt so horrible. I waited a day, hoping for a miracle. His intestines were beyond repair. So with a lead heart I went into the veterinary hospital and petted and talked sweet talk to my beautiful little puppy while the vet injected the lethal medication into his little vein. When he stopped breathing, I took him out of the cage, wrapped him in his brand new little comforter and carried his little body to my van. I then wrapped up the little body in another new comforter that I had bought for him and I carried him out to my car and buried him myself by the road side under a

pine tree. I buried him alone as Werner was not by my side. When he saw how seriously ill little Sable Bear was he couldn't bear it and flew to Florida, leaving me to see the little guy through to the bitter end. This was a very expensive proposition by this point for in 2 weeks Werner and I had spent over \$3,000 trying to save the 2 dogs.

I then took him home to Wil Mar, had a little hole dug next to the evergreen by the driveway, and laid to rest that beautiful little 8 week old body. It broke my heart, burying 2 dogs in one week while being so sick myself from the chemo treatments. Sable Bear got a good funeral, too. We said some prayers over him, put Christmas tree branches in his grave so he would have a soft place to lay, and we gave him some ice cream and hamburger money for the long trip ahead. I was numb with grief, burying that beautiful little body. Such an intelligent, handsome lad he was! And he loved me and took to me right away and followed me everywhere, and now one short week later, he was dead.

Werner loved that little sable Shepherd himself and that was why it was so hard to face that little guys death. And Werner knew that he was soon to face death himself and that was just too much to be born, so he took off. His heart still broke from afar but at least he didn't have to be there for every little gory detail like I had to. We got Sable Bear on a Friday night and Werner insisted that the little guy sleep with us, which he was very glad to do, but even then he must have been sick as he was very restless and wandered all over the bed that night and appeared in distress. He had a bowel movement Friday night and it struck me funny as it appeared to be like tobacco, flaky and very hard. Saturday morning Werner and I put him in the car and took him to Mc Donald's and Werner bought him a hamburger, which he loved and ate all gone in no time. Werner loved pampering his puppies (and his dogs and loved feeding them good quality meat. In fact we still have several pounds of steak in the freezer that Werner bought last December for me and the dog, but of course the dog got first choice and I got something much later when I was starved to death and totally out of sorts from hunger and watching that put down pound after pound of steak while I drooled watching him eat.)

We took the Sable Bear for a ride and went to Stoney Creek State Park in Shelby and walked him along the water by the beach. He loved walking and was very friendly with the other people walking and laying on beach blankets. Werner suddenly noticed all the seagulls sailing overhead and he started screaming to me that I didn't bring anything along for him to feed the birds! (As if I knew I would encounter birds and that Werner would want to feed them!) Anyway, my car is always chocked full of the most amazing sort of junk and today was no exception. I dug around in the van and found 3/4ths of a loaf of bread and a almost full box of stale Cheez-its. That quietened Werner right down. But now he had a dilemma: does he eat the bread, or feed it to the birds? He tried out a piece. Damn cotton shit, he exploded. Therefore, the birds got the whole loaf and all the cheez-its as he hates cheez-its too.



Werner feeding the birds

I really got a lot of genuine heart felt pleasure watching Werner stand there feeding those birds. I had never seen him look so relaxed or so happy doing anything else. I took some wonderful pictures of him feeding those birds. Two happy people and a happy little puppy then went back home. The little guy loved laying under the driver's seat while Werner or I drove and that scared me for fear that he would get in the way of putting on the brake. But we never did break the little guy of that habit in the little time we had him.

By Saturday night the beginning of the end started. The little guy started puking and shitting pure water. I cleaned up after him and then on Monday or Tuesday, got him into the vet. He started intestinal intussusceptions, had surgery and we couldn't save him. It broke Werner and my hearts. Werner went into a depression and kept to himself in Sebring.



Werner & Willy Fichter

Right after we lost Sable Bear Werner decided to travel to Germany and he bought plane tickets for him and me. He planned on taking off right after I had a chemotherapy infusion. This idea really upset me as I got so sick from those treatments and to get on a plane for a 9 hour plane ride was something I didn't really want to contemplate. But at the last moment the Health Department came into Wil Mar and so one of us had to stay behind and take care of the needed corrections so I could not travel as planned. I was very disappointed as I wanted to go and also I felt that it was very important for me to be with him as he was very sick at that point in his life. He called me from Willy Fichter's

car phone as they were riding through the countryside in Germany. When the car was on high ground the phone call was clear, but when the car dipped into a valley the transmission was lost. Willy was very good to Werner and drove him many places in Germany on that trip, which he was able to do as he was not gainfully employed. But Willy kept getting phone calls which necessitated him having to leave immediately. At Werner's request Willy would drop Werner off at the nearest train station and then take off. Later Willy would return and tour Werner around some more.



Otto Paul Eschenbach's grave marker showing him, his wife Martha and his sons Guenther & Helmuth who died in World War II. They are interred in the Friedhof in Tuenschuetz.

The one thing that I am very grateful to Willy for is the fact that he made a video of Werner in the Tuenschuetz Friedhof. That video is very dear to me and I have viewed it often. Willy had it changed from the German video system into the American one so I could play it on my VCR. Werner was very concerned about videoing the tombstone dates and writing them down as he knew how interested I am in genealogy.



Otto Paul Eschenbach

Then it broke my heart when I heard Werner talking to Uncle Otto Paul Eschenbach, telling him that Werner would soon be joining him in the next life. Werner was quite weak by then and it shows in the video. One can also hear Werner clearing his throat repeatedly as his lungs were filling with fluid from his heart and kidney failure.



Tinkerbelle

While Werner was in Germany the vet told me not to get a dog for 6 weeks in case there might be something contagious in the house. So mom and I went to the Humane Society Animal Shelter and picked out an adorable orange and white little kitten. He was most affectionate and he was a joy to have around the house. He used to run up and down my body as I lay suffering so terribly with Chemo and he was so light it felt more like a mouse than a cat. He slept with me nights and was the best of company. A week after I got him his nose started running. I took him to the vet and got him penicillin as it was a bacterial infection along with a virus that kittens can get. He took all his medicine and did well. After we got little Bear the kitten took sick again, and this time it failed to eat and got very listless. We took it to the vet, hospitalized it, but it too became too sick to live. So I brought it into the humane society and on the 2nd of December, 1991, they put the little guy to sleep. I was too distraught to bury the kitten too, so they cremated his little body.



Sandy & Sable Bear

Sable Bear was guaranteed by the kennel so I went back to her and told her what had happened. At first she said that he shouldn't have died and her vet said so too. But when I told her how his intestines telescoped together twice they admitted that he couldn't be saved. She said the next litter was due to be ready to go in mid October. So in mid October Werner and I went there and she chose the dog with the light brown ring around his anus. That is the one dog I did not want as I didn't like that marking. But she chose and that was the only one she would give us. I soon saw why she chose that one. She knew he had a bad heart and so she pawned him off on us.



Werner holding young Bear with a bad heart

I went and visited that litter born of the Sundance Kid strain several times before Werner and I had brought a blanket along to pick up the new dog as it was mid October and rather chilly that late afternoon. We took some really cute pictures of each of us holding the dog just outside her home. We also learned at this point she was thinking of selling her house and business and moving to Florida. Little Bear was a real good boy on that long ride home. When we got home I let him roam around the backyard for awhile. Barney came out and met the next new Shepherd. Barney was not impressed with any of the new Shepherds. He missed his old pal Bear I. He was so cute and so alert. Such a nice firm body. Werner and I wrapped him in a blanket and then took pictures outside the kennel. We then went to a nice restaurant on the way home, and then settled our little

Bear into bed with us in Utica. He also liked sleeping with daddy and mommy and was a very good dog right from the beginning. We just had a hard time house breaking him.



Sandy holding little Bear

2 weeks after we got him I took him to the vet. Dr Andrea Nordstrom looked at him and said to herself, now here's a healthy dog at least. Then as soon as she put a stethoscope to his heart she said to herself, Oh no! Not again! She then called in two more doctors to listen to his heart just to make sure. Yes, he had a very bad heart. Instead of going lub dub, it went swish, swish. She told us to take him back and get a replacement dog. Then she put a stethoscope to his chest and said, !OH NO!!! Oh, no, what? I asked. This dog has at least 2 holes in his heart, she told me, and there may even be more wrong. It also sounds like some kind of stenosis is present as well. She had two more vets check him out. He has a very bad heart, they all said. Instead of a heartbeat, his heart goes swish, swish. We made an appointment to go to MSU animal clinic to see if heart surgery was feasible. We took the gorgeous little guy up there and they did a series of very sophisticated tests and the results showed that the mitral valves were stuck in an open position and he had a stenosis where the blood was trying to get out of the heart. 6 months to one year was the verdict. He may go into congestive heart failure or he may just drop dead one day.

We called MSU small animal clinic and got an appointment for a cardiac work up. We got him in fairly soon. They looked him over thoroughly and then did x-rays and doppler scans of his heart. They came back with very bad news. Both heart valves were glued in an open position so they were unable to close thus allowing the blood to flow backwards, and in addition he had a stenosis in the artery leading out of his heart so what blood could get pumped through could not all exit the heart. The doctor told us there was no way they could repair his heart. They told us that within 90 days to one year he would go into congestive heart failure and would need medication and that at the end he might not even be able to breathe. Werner and I took the news hard, although we already expected as

much from what Dr Nordstrom had told us. They told us to go back to the kennel and get a replacement.

We then contacted the kennel. The kennel owner, who I often thought was drinking, said "Oh no! You've already been through so much!" Then she wanted us to bring Bear to her vet in Lapeer and get his diagnosis as she said she often had puppies whose hearts had a murmur but that they did not have real heart disease. Werner and I took Bear there as they requested. We were met there by the man who owned the kennel. His wife did not come. The doctor examined little Bear and said right away that this dog definitely had a bad heart, not just a murmur. The owner of the kennel said we could come right over and get another puppy and bring Bear with us and he'd put Bear to sleep on the spot. Werner and I said right away, oh no, no one was going to kill little Bear. We were going to see that he lived with us all of his natural life and we'd love and protect him till he died a natural death. But we did want a replacement for him as we would not have him more than 1 year at best and we'd paid \$450 for a healthy puppy.



Werner and I took little Bear home and hugged him and gave him treats and told him that we loved him. But then Werner and I discussed when we were going to get a replacement. Werner said it was up to me if I got one right away or waited until little Bear died. I said she was planning to sell her kennel and move to Florida so we had better get a replacement soon or we might be out of luck. So we called her and she said

she did not have a litter at this moment with the same quality as little Bear, that we'd have to wait 8 weeks and then this would be her last litter of pups. I asked what she had now. She replied she had a boy and 2 girls but that the boy would cost us an extra \$450 or the girls would cost an extra \$300. And at first she refused to sell the boy at any price. I was very used to the kennel at this point as I had gone to it 3 times in the past to watch little Bear grow from a tiny puppy to 8 weeks when we took him. Werner and I now went to look at the new litter of pups. We saw 2 females, which we didn't want, and one male. The male was very husky and looked like he would grow into a fine specimen. Werner wanted the boy. She didn't want to sell him, telling us we would have to wait for the next litter. One week later she called us and said we could buy Mopsy for an extra \$450. She also discussed with Werner the chance that he could get her Cipro for one of her dogs who was very ill as we could get it wholesale and she couldn't. So we made a deal that we would bring cipro and that we would get \$150 off on Mopsy because of the medication we were giving her. So in mid November we went and picked up little Mopsy. Again we brought another blanket as it was the middle of November and quite cold. We again took pictures of our little guy outside the kennel and then we drove off in Werner's Cadillac. We stopped along the main highway at a Steakhouse and had dinner. Little Mopsey stayed in the floor of the back seat of the car while we ate. I was worried about him being cold and also worried that he might eat Werner's car. But Mopsey was fine and he had behaved himself admirably.



Werner holding Mopsy & young Bear

We made arrangements to get another dog from that kennel to replace young Bear, although we intended to keep him. They started playing games with us. I then had a serious discussion with Werner as to whether he wanted to have another dog as long as the little Bear is alive. He was non-committal, saying that it was up to me. I saw that her kennel was up for sale and that she intended on moving to Sarasota. So that's the end of your guarantee when she leaves, I told him. So we agreed to get another dog. We really

didn't get a replacement for little Bear as she skinned us out of \$450 more for Mopsy, plus we bought medicine for a desperately ill mother dog she was nursing at the time. But anyway, in the first week of December we picked up Mopsey. They refused to give us the papers for Mopsey as we paid by check. Werner was real mad and said what if they didn't give us the papers on that dog after all the money we paid for him? Anyway, we left that kennel with a bad taste in our mouth and then went back to the same restaurant for another nice meal. Werner didn't enjoy his as he was too sick to his stomach. Then we took Mopsey home to meet little Bear. It was a Mexican stand-off at first, but within 3 days they were buddies. But it soon turned into hooligan flats with two dogs. They were running their legs off and fighting constantly. It was a perpetual motion when those two were in the back yard. Werner became frailer, and his skin tore very easily and he became concerned whenever he saw those two ruffians coming at him as he was no longer steady on his feet and we were all afraid that those two were going to bowl him over.

The trouble came when we brought him into Werner's house. Little Bear took one look at the interloper and the battle was on. But little Mopsey wouldn't fight back, and once the pecking order was established to little Bear's satisfaction, the two settled in and became the best of friends. Bear was the leader and the boss and Mopsey was the follower.



Mike with Mopsy & young Bear in the lead

(Mike was an orderly who Werner took a liking to and vice versa. Mike had a long pony tail. One day Werner told Mike to come to Werner, then turn around facing away from Werner. Werner then took a long pair of scissors and cut Mike's pony tail off much to Mike's shock. Werner then handed Mike the pony tail and a \$5 bill and told Mike to get a real haircut. Mike was shocked but handled it with a good grace.)

For all of their days together that was the case. Bear always was the leader. Mopsey always followed behind. Always, without exception. I always said of little Mops that he needed to carry a bushel basket around with him in order to be able to keep it all together. He was an adorable little klutz. And could he whine! He was always whining about something. And could he howl! I used to howl to get him to howl, and he could howl so fine! At night when I was in bed with Werner I used to get Mopsey to howl when he was sleeping with us. Werner used to scrunch up his face with laughter then he would ask me to stop that because that howling sounded other worldly and so it disturbed Werner's

psyche. When Mopsey would howl Bear would be so ashamed of him and would come up to him and cuff him some good ones to get him to stop doing that.



Mopsey, the singing Shepherd

Every time Mopsey would start acting dorky little Bear would act so embarrassed and would come up to him and cuff him a couple of good ones until Mopsey stopped doing whatever he was doing that upset little Bear. Mopsey could sing real cute. Whenever I would sing, Mopsey would sing right along with me. He could keep a tune, too, believe it or not. When I went high, he went high, when I went low, he went low. It was so fun to do a duet with that little guy. One time I put him on the activity calendar for Sun N Lake Towers. I billed it as Mopsey sings. I told them to all come because Mopsey needed a big audience to bolster his shaky little ego. And they all did come. It took a little while to get Mopsey going, but once he got over being shy with the residents he sang like a champ. We kept little Bear in Edna's apartment for the performance because he would have died of embarrassment watching Mopsey howl his little head off.

Edna took care of Mopsey and little Bear whenever we went away. One time I was loading up the tan van to go to Florida and Mopsey and Little Bear were to remain at the blue house with Edna. Little Bear sensed that I was about to leave and he didn't want to be left behind so he jumped into the side door of the van and was ready to go with me. Mopsey came around to the side of the van, spotted little Bear inside and he jumped in too, doing whatever little Bear did. It was heart breaking to leave them behind.

One time Edna had little Bear and Mopsey for about a month while I was in Sebring. When I told her we would be back in about a week for the first time she started wondering what I would say about the dogs having fleas. So she asked Sharon from the nursing home to look at the dogs and decide what to do about getting rid of the fleas before I knew about it. Sharon came over to the blue house and was horrified by what she saw. The dogs no longer had to walk, it seems. It appeared as though they could be carried around by all the fleas on their bodies. And my brand new carpet in the bedroom!

It had over 10,000 fleas in it. The fleas were literally popping up out of it continually. So Sharon bombed the house several times and then took Mopsey in the bath tub and bathed him. The fleas came off him in droves. The bathtub was black with the fleas. When Sharon washed Mopsey's groin area he just stood there happy to be scrubbed down. But when she washed little Bear in the same area he became highly indignant and tried to get away from her. Little Bear was ever full of pride and was very conscientious to do what he thought was proper. By the time I got home most of the fleas were gone, surely much to the relief of those 2 little guys who had been carrying a heavy burden around with them.



Edna Smith

But what Edna did not take care before I came home was what she did to my brand new carpet. The whole carpet in front of the bed was full of dark brown hair dye and spilled coffee. I could have died when I saw it. I figured the carpet was ruined for sure. I got out a shampooing machine and went over the carpet again and again. Miracle of miracles it all came out! That sure was hard to believe.

The one time I took them both to Sebring I put harnesses on both of them to keep them extra safe for the long car ride down. I stopped at a rest stop in Tennessee and put the leashes on both of them and then took them out of the car into the grass so they could potty. Mopsey became very skittish and due to a set of fast manoeuvres Mopsey got totally out of his harness and was now running scared and free right along side of the I 75 freeway! Was I ever scared! I coaxed and coaxed him, all the while trying to back him away from the highway, which he did thankfully. Finally he calmed down with Bear still by me and I was able to catch him and hook the leash on his collar and get him back into the van! What a close call!



Little Bear & Mopsey in his harness just out of the pool



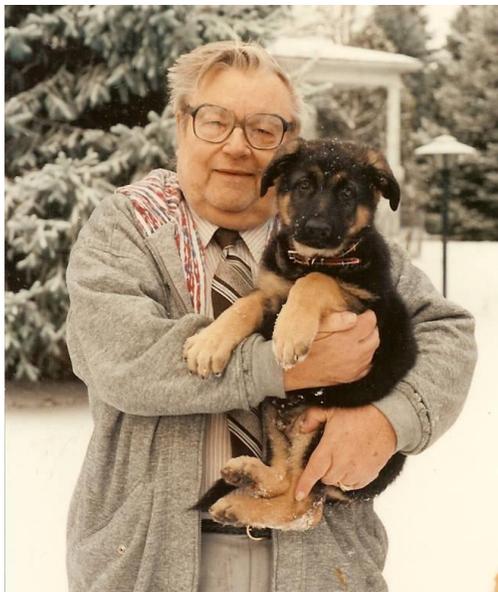
Sandy saving Mopsey in the 3 foot of the pool

Old Bear was a good swimmer when he had to swim. Little Bear fell in the swimming pool at Sebring while chasing Mopsey around the pool. Werner was there watching the dogs play. Little Bear swam to the deep end, turned around and swam back to the shallow end then climbed up the stairs and out of the pool. Later on Mopsey cut a sharp corner on the shallow end and fell into the pool. I was right there in the pool at the time, fortunately. For Mopsey sunk head first, and his head and shoulders sunk all the way to the bottom of the pool and his butt and tail came popping up out of the water. At first I was too shocked to save him. It was so bizarre. I never met a dog who didn't swim! But then I regained my senses and pulled Mopsey up by his harness. He soon found it was much easier to breathe out of this end of his body. I then walked dragging him to the steps where I got him out of the pool. After that he was careful to stay away from the edge.



Werner & Mopsy eating a coffee cake

Werner loved Mopsey as he did all of his dogs. Werner had a tin of coffee cake that I had bought him at Winn Dixie. Werner had cut it into pieces and he was eating it out of the tin as he laid out on a lounge chair by the pool. Mopsey came along and stuck his schnoot into the box. Werner gladly shared his coffee cake with his little friend. Werner often said to me “the more I see of humans, the more I love my dog.”



Werner holding Mopsy



Werner holding little Bear

Little Bear did remarkably well considering his very bad heart. He ran and played with no restrictions. He never got winded or had to slow down in any way. He had a normal childhood the entire year and 2 months he was with us.



Mopsy & Bear chasing each other



Mopsy fighting little Bear

He and Mopsey played very vigorously together. One was always jumping on the other and they ran like the wind all over the blue house back yard. They had a grand old time together. One winter day Werner came into the back yard wearing a fine pair of gray pants, a white shirt and a gray sweatshirt I had given him. I had a camera in my hand and told him I wanted to take pictures of him and the 2 dogs. First I gave him Mopsey, which he held in his arms and I snapped the picture. He then held Bear and I snapped that picture. Then I told him to hold both dogs and I took that picture too. But that weight was too much for him and he told me to shoot fast because he couldn't hold on to both of

them. As soon as the picture was taken he let the dogs down. You can see the strain on his face in that picture.

We ended up keeping the two in the blue house as Werner couldn't take the rough housing in his bedroom. He was sick and wanted peace and quiet. We had little Bear almost trained when Mopsey came, and after Mopsey got there little Bear forgot everything and those two dogs crapped and peed everywhere. I got totally hysterical trying to train those two. I picked up hundreds of logs over the next month. Out of sheer desperation one day I cut a hole in the kitchen door and installed a doggy door. Within 24 hours both dogs were totally housebroken now that they could go out on their own when the urge hit them. What a relief! But their behavior did not improve, not one iota.

The vet told me maybe I should restrict Bear's mobility to prolong his life, to not let him out to run and play at will. I told him I would never do that to the little puppy. That he would be allowed to lead his life as pleased him most and when his time came, it would come. The vet agreed that if it was his dog he would do that too. Little Bear never got out of breath and never slowed down.



little Bear laying dead on the blue house dining room floor

On the 14th of December, 1992 Edna let first little Bear out to play. He ran all over the yard with abandon, and even went to Ann's gate and stood up on the gate looking out toward Brownell. He then returned to the blue house and Edna let him in. He appeared completely normal. Edna then started to let Mopsey out and all of a sudden she heard a big thud behind her. She looked and little Bear had fallen to the floor boards and was laying on his side. He then lifted his head, looked at Edna and then his head flopped back down and he was gone. His little heart had quit that suddenly. In total hysteria Edna ran to the nursing home and begged the nurses to come over and give little Bear artificial respiration. The nurses came, Cindy and Sharon, but they declared that he was already dead and there was nothing they could do for him.

Edna called Werner in the hospital totally hysterical. Werner did not even fully comprehend what she was saying to him as he was in a full scale battle with the Administration of the hospital over the poor care he felt he had been receiving at their hands. Werner handed the phone to me. I listened to Edna tell me that little Bear had just died about 4 pm. After hanging up from talking to Edna I was peeved at Werner telling him that if we hadn't had all this circus about checking out I would have been home with little Bear when he died. Werner bellowed back at me, "Oh, now it's my fault that the dog died, huh?" I told him no, only that I wished I had been home when it happened. While Werner was screaming at them I was packing up his stuff and my stuff and taking it a long ways down to the parking garage to our car. He hollered at me to let them do that, but I just finished carrying it so we could go home. No one at that hospital was about to be friendly or helpful to either one of us at that point. They would rather blame Werner's ire on him rather than on the horrible care he got there. The comparison between South Florida Hospital and Beaumont Royal Oak brought tears to your eyes. Beaumont was so rotten and South Florida was so good.

We got home about 5 pm as the sun was totally set in the western sky. Rich had dug a new grave right to the left of old Bear's grave and was awaiting Werner's arrival home from the hospital. Little Bear lay dead on the dining room floor just a little north of the entrance to the narrow steps leading upstairs. Werner sat on a chair right by the cute little guy and spoke gently to him, as though he could hear Werner in death. Werner then got very faint and Rich helped him into my bed in the blue house. Werner regained consciousness once he laid down. I then suggested I get him a hamburger and a coffee to bring up his salt level. Werner agreed. Rich stayed with him while I ran as fast as I could and got him a hamburger and a cup of coffee. He consumed these and felt somewhat better. He then had Rich put a chair at the graveside. Rich then carried the dog's body to the new grave side while I helped Werner to the chair. Werner sat in the chair and from there he conducted a moving grave side service for our little Bear.



Werner's Mama, Martha Wilhelm

He again said the Lord's prayer in German and asked God to protect and receive our little guy in Heaven and he asked his mama to receive and watch our little doggie till he got there to take care of the little guy himself. Rich then lowered him into the grave and we put pine branches on top of him and then put the dirt over his 14 month old little body, thus commending him back to the earth from which he came.

That night Werner took little Mopsey into his bed with him and Mopsey slept with Werner every night except one until Werner died. The one night Werner asked why Mopsey wasn't in bed with him and I told Werner that Mopsey got himself so full of mud that I didn't want him in our bed like that. Werner sadly accepted this. Werner was aware that poor Mopsey might very well be lost without his buddy little Bear, so he gave him an extra dose of TLC.

Werner came and went several times from Sebring to Utica. One time I picked him up from the airport and on the way home we stopped in a Big Boy as I was hungry. I ordered a regular meal along with the salad bar. Werner ordered two bowls of cabbage soup, saying he was too sick to his stomach to eat anything more. I brought him several of his favorite items from the salad bar but he just pushed them around on his plate without really eating them. He also was very conscious of watching his calories at this point as he said he could not go above 250 lbs, once his weight got above that level he couldn't breathe. If he kept it below 250 he could breathe and he felt much better all the way around. He was very reluctant to increase his lasix or his capoten as he knew there were limits as to what would work and he felt if you increased the meds prematurely you would reach the end of your rope that much sooner. His meds had been changed and increased in December, 1990 when he went to Henry Ford Hospital under Dr. Massaro. Werner was very reluctant to go along with these changes but he had no choice as he couldn't breathe any longer. He couldn't get from his car in the blue driveway to his house. He had to stop, lean over the car hood and catch his breath. Then he had to lean over the picnic table before he could go further. He was very frightened and knew something had to be done, so on the 4th of December, 1990 he went into the hospital. He celebrated my birthday 2 days early in his living room by giving me the crystal candle holder, which we lit and enjoyed. But as I looked at that beautiful candle holder I just cried as I was so afraid that in trying to make him better he was so ill that they just might kill him. He became blustery that I was crying and hugging him and he said that if I thought he was going to die that he wouldn't go into the hospital. I was in a catch 22 at that point. I wanted him to get treatment, but I didn't want to lose him. He came out many pounds lighter and able to breathe again. That gave him a 2 year reprieve before facing the end. But when we went to Dr. Massaro's office that day and I saw the look of real fright on the Dr.'s face and watched him bolt out of the room to consult with other senior doctors I was so overcome with fear for his life. His heart and his kidneys were no good.

Dr. Massaro had Werner admitted to Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit. The first room he was admitted to was very small and he was placed with a Medicaid patient. However by that evening Werner was transferred to a private room on an exclusive floor, much more

in keeping with his status. We had one fiasco with that hospital stay. The doctor put a catheter in wrong and it stopped the urine from flowing out of the bladder and the stupid Phillipino nurse who could hardly speak any English wouldn't remove it and Werner called me on the phone after midnight saying he was standing on the side of the bed shaking in pain and to do something. We finally got the ER doctor to remove the catheter and Werner found he had over 1800 cc urine in his bladder. His bladder could have burst!

As a result of that hospitalization we met Dr. Nancy Furstenberg, the daughter of a very famous neurologist in the Detroit area. She was a delightful and most intelligent doctor and we spent a number of very pleasant visits with her. But she told Werner the handwriting was on the wall – that he was in the big leagues now and that she would soon have to turn him over to a nephrologist for dialysis. Werner was supposed to be in dialysis about a year before he actually went. The doctors said that patients that wait till the bitter end don't do so well, but on the other hand I feel Werner was correct in waiting as I felt that dialysis was too hard on his heart and that he had indeed had that major stroke Dr. Rocher was warning was soon to come, and I feel that is what Werner had in the end succumbed to.

On the last day of the 5th month of chemo treatment, I suddenly started bleeding from all body openings. I called the doctor and told her about it. She told me to stop taking the medication and to rest. I asked her what would I do if the bleeding got worse. She said that because it was not due to platelets, there was nothing she could do about it if it got worse. You mean I might just bleed to death I asked her. Well, everyone has to die on something, was her reply.

So I laid in bed, real still and was hoping that nothing busted loose. Suddenly the phone rings and it is Werner, bellowing, "Get over here, we're going for a car ride. " Where to", I asked. To Steve Feldman's office. Why? I asked. Just get over here he screams. I don't want to go anywhere I tell him, I just want to lay in bed and hope I don't bleed to death. We have an appointment to keep, just get in the #\$%~@ car!!! So I go over to Wil Mar and discover Werner's car is totally covered in ice and snow, all windshields, front, back and sides. I scrape a hole in his side, ever increasing it in size. He screams that a 4 inch hole is big enough. I refuse to stop scraping until most of his side is cleared off. So I get in the car and Werner fiddles around another 15 minutes doing work at Wil Mar. Then he jumps in the car, screaming that's he late for Steve's office, and that Steve was nice enough to give him a late in the day appointment and that he wants to be on time. Werner roars off onto M 59. I'm quite upset with his crazy driving as it is icy and the snow is falling heavily and if we crash up I'm sure to bleed to death in my present condition. Keeping in mind that Werner's driving is like rape; that there is not a darn thing you can do about it, I decided to lay back in the front seat and close my eyes, on the premise that what you can't see won't hurt you.

Werner flies past the Orchard Lake exit and gets off at I 696, cussing his head off because now he's later than ever and the clock is still ticking. We get there after 5 pm. But Steve is most gracious about it, not mentioning how late Werner is. We go into the main conference room and Werner presents his tax stuff to Steve for his help.



Lotta Thile Dassler

In March of 1992 Werner and I went to Germany for his last trip to his homeland. He was really truly very sick indeed. He could hardly walk as he had no breath left. And at Lotte Dassler's house where we stayed for several days I surely thought he was going to die within minutes as he suddenly became acutely ill, became red, blue in the face, was in great distress and started calling for me as I was in the bathroom at the time. Lotta came running for me and when I got to him I thought that was the end. There was nothing medically I could do to help so I just put my arms around his head and pulled his head to my bosom. That greatly comforted him and with in the next 10 minutes the crisis was over and he settled down into a more comfortable state. Lotta told Werner it was time for him to marry me and to make out a will as the end was not far off.



Lotta & Werner in front of Lotta's house

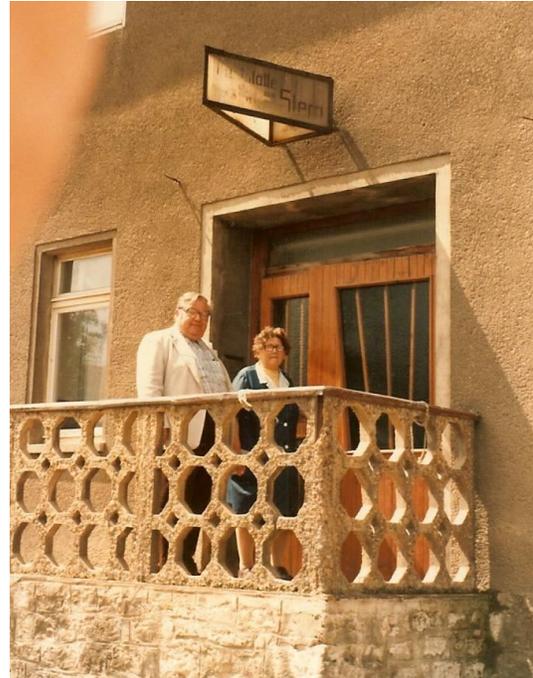


Lotte & Werner in front of Lotta's house in Grossobringen

Lotta made Werner Rolladen and Kloesen, his favorite food but he couldn't eat it. I ended up eating his meat as he could no longer tolerate meat due to his uremic poisoning.



Werner & Lotta walking to café zum Stern



Werner & Lotta in front of Inge's Café zum Stern

(Inge Reichard, the proprietress of the zum Stern, had always made this meal when she knew he was in the village of Grossobringen, but she had just died of throat cancer in 1992. She was only in her early 60s. She had had the throat tumor for 6 years but it never increased in size. Then in 1992 it suddenly grew and killed her.)



Inge & Mann vorne Gaststolle zum Stern

Inge grew up with Werner. Her father owned the tavern and she went to grade school with him, although she was a few years ahead of him in school.



Mayor Bernd Schroeder & his wife

In the communist times we had a very frightening experience while dining in Inge's tavern. While we were finishing our rolladen the Mayor of Grossobringen came in and told Werner he wanted to see us in his office as soon as we finished eating lunch. That worried both of us, especially since Werner had signed never to return in 1945 and the village people probably knew this. When we went into the Mayor's office the Mayor handed Werner a sheaf of papers to sign saying he was giving up all rights to the Villa and adjoining garage house. Werner was very clever in how he handled this. He took the stack of papers and put them into his briefcase, telling the Mayor he was taking the papers back to America to his tax attorney and that after the attorney decided how to best handle it, he would mail it back. That satisfied the Mayor, especially since Werner sounded so friendly and persuasive as he said it. As you might have guessed, the Mayor is still waiting for the return of those papers. I think hell might freeze over first, as the saying goes! While we were at the Mayor's office he calls a government official in Weimar and a short while later she shows up driving a car, a real rarity in East Germany before the wall fell. We are told to get into the backseat of the car and the two East German officials get into the front of the car. Werner and I are really nervous over this latest development. We got a whole lot more nervous very quickly when they drove us into a remote field full of 3 foot high flowing weeds and then stop the car and tell us to get out. The first thing I did was carefully study their hands to see if there was a weapon. There was none and they appeared to be at ease, which Werner and I surely weren't. After we got out of the car they told us to follow them and it turns out we are there in order to see the graves of Lotta Dassler's parents, Mr. & Mrs. Thiele. There was no grave markers any where in this field full of weeds so it no way appeared to be a cemetery. I still kept my eyes on their hands the whole while. We all got back into the car and the lady drove us to Weimar and had us get out of the car a long distance away from the train station. It was hard for Werner to make the long trek back. But at least we got out of there with our lives, something we were none to sure of up to this point.

Lotta Dassler was a dyed in the wool Communist. Her son in law was a Stasi, the East German secret police. Lotta was an official spotter for the Stasi and turned Werner in when he drove through town in a taxi on our first visit to East Germany. The first time

she saw Werner in a taxi she jumped into the road, waving the taxi down and hollering, "The little doctor! The little doctor! (the name the villagers had given to Werner as a small child)."

Lotta was raising her grandchildren because her daughter passed away in childbirth. The baby was born but the mother kept bleeding profusely. The daughter begged the nuns in the Catholic hospital to keep her from bleeding to death. The nuns kept assuring her that medication was coming by train from the west that would stop the bleeding. The medicine never came and she bled to death. Any competent surgeon would know that the bleeding can be immediately stopped by removing the uterus. But the Catholics in Weimar wanted her to pass away as she was a staunch communist and made all the children in the village go to communist indoctrination every Saturday morning. By allowing her to die, that was the end of the communist lessons.



Astrid & Kurt Diebl



"Muti" Charlotte Nael Wilhelm

We went to Astrid's house twice that trip. It was the first time I was there with him after Mutti's death. Boy, did Werner ever treat Astrid differently that trip. When Mutti was alive Werner used to become like a small boy in Mutti's presence. Oh, they did a lot of screaming and hollering in that Wohnzimmer on every visit, but Werner never brought up how he was treated by them financially. On that last trip Werner was in a very ugly mood. He really was very mean in his treatment of Astrid. Nothing she did pleased him and boy did he show it! He never treated her like that before. He was making up for all the anger and resentment he held inside for all those years. And on this trip he vented it full force on her.

All through the years Werner was very hot blooded. He never wore an overcoat in winter in the last 15 years of his life, he went through the entire winter in a long sleeve shirt on the coldest days. If it was 30 degrees or colder he would wear long pants, socks and sometimes a sweater. Up to the end of November he was still in shorts, sandals, short sleeve shirt and no socks. But now that he was sick he no longer had his own built in furnace. So in Astrid's house he was very cold as they turned down the heat after the patients left for the day. And then the heat automatically went down even further at 9 pm. So Werner told them he had to be in bed under the covers before it got really cold.

That aggravated them as they don't go to bed till 11 pm, especially when they have company. But he was exhausted and was not about to add cold to his list of discomforts.



Werner in Astrid's cot in Wernerli's bedroom wearing a lined jacket & a fur hat

He bought a fur hat for his head and a quilt lined jacket and wore these to bed, hunching under the down comforter. And in the evening before retiring he would sing along with Dr. Kurt the old German song "if my mother only knew how lost and forlorn I've become, shirt and pants are torn, (then he would add "the ears are frozen through") and through my jacket whistles the wind!" Oh, Astrid would go wild hearing that song. The wilder she got the more I would laugh along with Werner and Kurt. Astrid would then turn on me, telling me in a very stern voice that that song was derogatory to me too. I'm afraid not, Astrid. All the years I have been with Werner I have never been able to affect a change for the better in Werner's attire. Always, Werner wears what he darn well pleases.



Kurt Bamberg

When we left Astrid's house that trip we went to Kurt Bamberg in Naumburg. He was most cordial to Werner and me, much more so than he had ever been before. And when Werner told him he was freezing due to anemia caused by kidney failure Kurt Bamberg

started a very warm fire in the Wohnzimmer for Werner. Boy, did it get nice and cozy in that room that night - about 80 degrees F, I'd say. That pleased Werner very much. He laid on the couch and talked to Kurt for hours, then slept overnight in the warmth on that very same couch. I went to sleep in the adjoining bedroom and after walking out of that real warm room into an unheated bedroom, what a shock as I like heat. I was so grateful for the feather covers as a source of warmth! Kurt had killed his own rabbit and served it to Werner and me that night. Werner really liked it. Looking at the little shoulders of that rabbit made me feel a little queasy – it looked a bit like a baby to me that night. Aunt Martha always bred rabbits for her and her family's consumption. Kurt was now eating those rabbits but was not tending to them to keep up the supply of new rabbits. Martha's rabbits and her vegetable garden soon petered out from lack of care. Kurt said it was too much work to keep it up.



Anna Rose Hahn, Susanne Hahn, Werner, Martha Bamburg & Kurt Wilhelm

Kurt's niece Anne Rose Hahn came to visit us every visit. She did so at the expense of her domestic tranquility as her husband worked for the East German railroad and was afraid of allowing his family to socialize with westerners for fear of getting him in bad with his superiors.



Anna Rose Bamburg & her husband Rudi Hahn

However after the wall fell he still never met Werner. But we have to give credit to Anne Rose that she thought enough of Werner to visit him in spite of having arguments on the home front for so doing.

When we got back to Michigan Werner made an appointment to see Dr Sillix, the nephrologist out of Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit. Dr. Sillix told him his kidneys were getting even worse and that he should now have the arm shunt put in and start dialysis soon as he is ruining his body by waiting too long to start. She wanted to put in the shunt right away as she felt that any day now Werner would have a kidney shut down crisis and would need to have immediate dialysis and having the shunt in place would facilitate handling just this sort of emergency in a more timely basis. Werner listened to Dr. Sillix respectfully but chose to hold off on the shunt and dialysis. Werner got a kick out of the fact that Dr. Sillix had an obvious crush on him and he did respect her professionalism in spite of the fact that she was fresh out of medical school. He went to see her for a few appointments and then later decided to switch to Dr. Rocher out of Beaumont. Dr. Rocher was older and more seasoned and he was wise enough to give the patient all of the facts and his opinion as to what should be done, but then let the patient make his own decision as to how to proceed. He understood that a dialysis patient had his days numbered anyway so any decision would only prolong or shorten his life span a finite number of days at best.



Carleen Mali

Sandy Wilhelm

Werner Wilhelm

Hari Mali

About 2 months before Werner and I got married, Werner invited Hari and Carleen to go out with us to Steak and Ale at 15 and Van Dyke for a nice dinner. We all had a good time, and Werner started pressing Carleen and Hari really hard to remarry one another. He started jumping on Carleen saying she did not understand how much pressure Hari was under with all those nursing homes and that she should support him more. Carleen then started telling one physical and mental abuse story after another and told us that she had to get out of that marriage as repeated broken bones was too painful for her to bear and she had had enough of being beaten.

Werner kept pressing them to remarry, heedless of Carleen's stories. Finally Carleen said to Werner, fine, Werner, you're one to talk, after 16 years of going with Sandy and no marriage. I'll tell you what. We'll get married when you and Sandy get married! That's a deal, Werner tells her. Hari was all for getting remarried to Carleen. Werner whips out one of the menus on the table and writes on it that "I agree to remarry Hari/Carleen when Werner marries Sandy". He then pushes it across the table and demands that they both sign it. Hari signs it gladly. Carleen signs it with the greatest of reluctance, saying that she cherishes her freedom and her ability to date others, and says if they make a prenuptial agreement this time around, she wants in it that she can still date when someone interesting crosses her path, and that she can keep and spend money as she so chooses. Hari isn't listening to her.

After they both sign it, Werner has me and him witness it, then he gives it to me for safe keeping. After the paper is signed, Werner dumps 3 family heirloom wedding rings on the table that he just had cleaned at the Goldsmith Ltd., and asks me which I would prefer for a wedding ring. Carleen looks at the 3 rings, goes a bit white in the face, and says, Oh Shit, it looks like Werner might be getting serious about this wedding business. Werner again asks me which ones I like. I ask him the history of each ring. One is Dr. Klodmann's wedding ring. That last time that that ring was worn was when they found him face down dead in a Berlin hotel room, this ring covered in blood, his wrists having been slit by his secretary (who got away with it, by the way, as under Hitler one did not cause a fuss if one was in a sensitive position.) The other ring matched it except that it was a bit smaller. This ring belonged to Mama Martha and was put away after her husband was killed. The third ring Mama Martha bought for herself. It was a one carat diamond set in a heavy prong. This was the best and most expensive diamond of the 3, but me always having had a taste for the macabre, chose Dr. Klodmann's wedding ring. I didn't tell the Mali's the history of this ring I chose. I don't think they would understand.

We had a very nice evening in Steak & Ale and Carleen and I had the first real opportunity to talk to one another and we found that we really liked one another. Carleen felt she was safe from having to marry Hari and she knew that Werner was highly allergic to marriage. However, when Carleen and I were talking prior to Werner and I getting married I had expressed some hesitation about getting married as I am also quite allergic to marriage as well as it is a very scary step to take. Carleen then told me to let her know if I was not going to marry Werner as she had always been in love with him since she worked as a nurse's aide at St. Anne's and if I was not going to marry him she would like to give it a try.



Uwe & Lotta

In April, Werner flew to Sebring to meet Lotte Thiele Dassler and her traveling companion, Uwe who was flying into Orlando from Grossobringen, Germany, Werner's home town. We had visited them in our trip to Germany in March and now they wanted to pay us a return visit as quickly as possible as Lotte knew that Werner was not long for this world and had told him so in March when he had several bad spells in her house. Werner picked them up at the airport. I was not there to greet them when they arrived as I was pulling a 4,000 lb trailer behind my brown van and it took 2 1/2 days traveling to get that bulky, heavy thing down there by myself. So Werner entertained them for 2 days until I arrived. As usual, he was oh, so very happy when he knew I was coming that day. He just beamed and waited, looking often out the front door. When I arrived he was very happy and greeted me profusely. I was so happy to be back with him again. I hated leaving him all alone as he didn't feel too well. I also brought with me our babysitter, Edna Smith and Mopsey, little Bear and Kitsey. Edna was given an apartment of her own, 102B where she stayed with the two dogs and the kitten. The second day I was there we took the kitten to the Sanderson Veterinary service and had him neutered because he was peeing in my bed, marking his territory. Werner was dead set against sterilizing any animal, saying that there is an old German saying that you don't do to an animal what you wouldn't want done to yourself. But when the whole bed and your pillows are drenched in cat urine, the friendship ends. Either sterilization, or hit the highway, and sterilization seemed kinder. So we took him there at 9 am, and he was back with us by 4pm, none the worse for wear. When I came to Werner's office around 4 pm he told me the vet's office called and said Kitsey was ready to be picked up so I started on my way. Edna was sitting in Werner's office with him as I left. Werner looked at Edna with a worried look on his face and said to Edna, "Boy, Edna, that mean Sandy had that cat's balls lopped off just because he peed in her bed. Boy, I hope I never pee the bed!"



Edna & Kitsey

We kept Kitsey away from the dogs for a few days, but after that he was raring for a good fight, so we let him run. Werner wasn't too upset about the cat's operation as he doesn't like cats at all. Why don't you like cats, I asked Werner one day. Because they are sneaky and undependable like my sister, was his answer. We kept the cat out of Werner's presence so he wouldn't torture it. He loved to pinch the cat's tail or pull it's whiskers.

Uwe was able to drive, having a car himself, so it was easy to please them. I simply gave him the car keys every day, pointed them in an interesting direction, and off they went while Werner and I worked during the day. They saw Highlands Hammock State Park, the Alligator Farm, Bush Gardens. We took them to Disneyworld and had a grand old time. Werner sat in his brown wheelchair and Uwe and I pushed him for the entire day. I tried to get him to rent a wheelchair for Lotte, but he said the hell with it, let her walk. So Lotte, with her bad hips and legs, walked for 12 hours through the park. She was dead by the end of the day, but very happy indeed. We did push her once in the wheelchair, from Fantasy Land to the last attraction as it was a very long walk and quite late in the day. First Uwe pushed Werner, running all the way with him, then we sat Werner on a park bench and Uwe ran back for Lotte. He soon came back, flying with Lotte in the wheelchair.



Sandy & Werner at Disneyworld

Werner loved Disneyworld and it didn't take too much coaxing to get him there. But we could only go when we had company because otherwise he couldn't justify to himself going and spending a whole day away from work. It would have been so nice just to have had a romantic stroll through that park with just the two of us, but alas, that was never to be. Work and responsibility always came first.

Uwe and I went on some of the more daring rides together, and Werner even went on the Wild Mountain Ride, not realizing what it was. I was wondering the whole time we were in line why he was going on this ride as he always feared and hated roller coasters. I found out why after he got on. He hadn't the foggiest notion that this was a wild roller coaster type ride. He was in a state of panic and shock the whole way, his knuckles totally white from hanging onto the grab bar and his eyes straight ahead, bulging half out of their sockets. That was the first and last roller coaster ride Werner ever went on in his entire life. After the ride was over, he hung over the split rail fence for over 5 minutes in total shock, then said, my heart must be better than I realized. I survived that thing without a heart problem.



Werner paying for the Disneyworld tickets

Werner paid for all of our tickets to get into the park and even bought us supper as Lotte and Uwe are from East Germany and do not have much money to spend. We had sandwiches prepared by the cook at Sun N Lake Towers for lunch which we ate at the usual spot, the entrance to Adventureland from Main Street. Lotte and Uwe were fascinated by the old fashioned Fire truck and the horse drawn surreys that parade back and forth down Main Street. Uwe took lots of pictures his whole trip, which I did too, and we swapped doubles so we each had a full set.



Uwe at Pelican Bay in Naples

Werner took Lotte and Uwe for 2 days to the Registry hotel in Pelican Bay near Naples, and they were totally impressed by it. He warned them not to eat or drink anything in the bar in their hotel room as this cost a fortune. We all went to the Gulf and basked in the sun and swam in the water for a full day. Werner enjoyed being put in my inner tube and being pulled around in the water by Uwe and me. He bobbed effortlessly like a cork for several hours, but then had to cut his pleasure short because due to his kidney disease, he got sick to his stomach from the motion. So for the next couple hours he laid in the sand and talked to Lotte, who was laying like a comfortable queen on an inflatable chaise lounge I had brought with me. Uwe used his feet to search for Sand dollars, which are buried in the sand in the water. We had a most pleasant lunch on the veranda, eating sandwiches and pop from the snack bar. Lotte tried root beer for the first time. She said it must be good for you because it tastes so horrible.



Lotta & Werner on the main street of Grossobringen

I took Lotte shopping to a number of different places in Sebring and in Naples. She loved to shop. She had some cash with her and bought some of her own things. But when I took her to a women's factory outlet store in Sebring, her eyes shown. And she liked so many things I knew she couldn't afford them all, so I offered to buy a lot of blouses for her, which I did. Her eyes shown like the stars over her new clothing, and she was like a kid at Christmas, so I bought her some new skirts to match the blouses. She was so overjoyed that she said she was going to parade down the main street of Grossobringen every day with a new outfit on so everyone could see how fashionable she looked in her new American clothing. (Her existing clothing was all well over 20 years old. Very durable, serviceable goods, but certainly not the height of fashion.)



Werner, Sandy & Lotta Thiele Dassler

When we got back home to Sun 'N Lake Towers, Werner was already seated for lunch, so we joined him, putting all our packages down next to our chairs. When lunch was over, Lotte pulled out every article of clothing she had bought, showing it all to Werner, piece by piece. And when she was done showing him, she picked up all the packages of clothing, hers and mine, and took them all with her to her room. I had a fit later when I was alone with Werner as she knew she had my clothing as well as hers. Werner had no intention of getting into a dustup between the two of us. Go and buy yourself the same clothes all over again and I'll pay for them, Werner told me. Just don't confront her, she is so gloriously happy over the new clothing, let her be. I never rebought that clothing. The last time Werner told me to buy myself clothing from him for Christmas and he would pay for it, I did and then gave him the bill. He never paid me for his Christmas present and I seldom wore those blouses because it gave me such a bad taste in my mouth.

Werner was very happy, free and easy with Lotte, as he knew her all of his life, from the time he was an infant in his father's arms in Grossobringen. He loved teasing her, and especially during this stay at Sun 'N Lake Towers and she would look at him with her head to one side, seeing if he was teasing her or not. She would just as easily tease him back, this little snort that she had carried over the Weimarische Strasse so many years ago and dumped into a ditch full of mud water.

Uwe wanted to go to Key West and Lotte did too, but only if I would go with them. Lotte begged and begged Werner to let me go with them, but Werner said no, that I had to stay at Sun 'N Lake and work. So then Lotte refused to go and Uwe begged her and begged her to come, but still she refused, so he decided to go anyway, but wanted someone with him who could speak English. Werner told him to take Brian, a night watchman at our place, and Werner gave Brian \$150 advance, then told Uwe not to pay Brian's way that he had some money. So they went to Key West, sharing driving. Uwe saw a lot and had a good time, but sad he would have had a better time without Brian. He said Brian squandered his money in the bar and then had none for motels or for the glass bottom boat. As Werner told him, Uwe refused to pay for Brian. Uwe also saw some of Fort Lauderdale on his way back home.

I was very impressed at Uwe's fine manners and his respect for other people's property.

When I lent my dirty van to Uwe, it came back in spotless condition, windows shined up and all. The windows were a bitter sweet present: they had been full of old Bear's snoot marks and I just couldn't bear to clean up what little was left of my faithful old dog, so Uwe inadvertently did it for me. The gas tank was always full, too, which was very considerate, even considering that it was Werner's Shell gas credit card that kept it full. Still I was spared the aggravation of looking at an empty gas gauge.

Uwe wanted desperately to see Cape Canaveral and all the rockets. One of the rockets was launched while they were there at Sun 'N Lake, and I and Edna saw it go up, both on TV and in the sky right outside her apartment, but never watching TV, I had no fore knowledge that this was going to happen, and if I ran to tell them, then I would have missed it myself as it was happening right then and there. They were so disappointed that they missed it. Even my two puppies kind of watched it go up in the air. It was like a streak of fire blazing in an arc up into the air. Anyway, Cape Canaveral was about as pleasant a thought to Werner as a toothache. He groaned in pain over the thought of having to spend the better part of the day looking at those damned old boring rockets. I could see Werner was already worn out from his trip to Pelican Bay, so I suggested that he say goodbye to Lotte and Uwe at the breakfast table, and that I alone would take them to Cape Canaveral and then on the return trip I would drop them off at the Orlando Airport for their flight back to Germany. Really? You would really do that for me? Do you think I can really stay home? Do you think it is okay. I'm worn out, and I really don't have the energy to go all around like that, and besides, some one has to stay behind and run this damn business. We can't all spend all of our days running around in the sunshine.



Uwe

So I took them to Cape Canaveral. We went on the bus tour and saw most of the attractions. Only one or two areas were off limits that day. I translated most of what was said over the loud speaker. There had just been that rocket launch I spoke of earlier, so they were able to see the crawler machine that brought the rocket to the launch site. We had a real nice black bus driver who took an interest in the Germans and so they learned even more about the sites than they would have otherwise. Lotte and I sat in the bus and talked most of the time while Uwe got out at every stop and took pictures to his heart's content. Uwe has a very expensive camera and equipment and takes very fine pictures. I wondered how an East German could afford such expensive equipment. After the bus tour we then ate lunch on their picnic benches outside between the two buildings. We all had delicious hamburgers and pop. I bought Lotte a root beer. She made a face like I had served her pure lemon juice. Must be good for you, she murmured, it tastes so bad!

After we ate, they went into the souvenir shop there and bought several items, but being careful of what they spent as they didn't have that much money left. They then wanted to

leave Cape Canaveral quite early to make sure they didn't miss their plane. They got there about two hours early. Lotte, standing in the lobby of the airport, looked totally beat. Earlier in the trip she adamantly refused a wheelchair, it being beneath her dignity to ride in one. Now, looking at her bedrugged countenance, I asked her once again if she would like a wheelchair as it would be an awfully long walk through the airport otherwise. She only gave it about 4 seconds thought before getting a set look on her face and saying "yes". I then asked the porter for one and in short order she was sitting comfortable. She was so grateful for that chair, she told me. She was just too tired to walk almost a mile to that plane. I gave them a heartfelt farewell, hugged Lotte and then left them to check in and get to their departure gate as Uwe was most competent and knew where he was going. I was glad to be on my way home to Werner, and glad that he and I would have some breathing space. I loved having their company, but frankly, I was worn out, and Werner that much more so.



Young Bear & Mopsey

Mopsey and Bear loved their stay in Sun 'N Lake. They had a porch that looked out over the front and they could see everything that was going on. People would come and go and would stop and say hello to them. Alice, one of the residents, was just wild about Mopsey, Bear and Kitsey and she even hung a picture of them in her apartment after they left for Michigan. We used to take Mopsey and Bear to the swimming pool evenings and they could play while I swam. Boy, did they love that enclosed pool area. Bear would chase Mopsey all around the pool for hours and Mopsey would run for his life. Several times Bear would cut a pool corner a little too close and then would fall in. He would swim oh so elegant to the other side and then gracefully climb out. Then one time Mopsey fell in, and no one could believe their eyes. Instead of swimming, Mopsey sunk right to the bottom of the pool, head first. Then his butt and his tail came up for air but that didn't work too well for breathing purposes, I'm afraid. By that time I came out of my shock induced stupor and grabbed Mopsey's harness and pulled him out real fast so he could breathe. I then pulled him to the side and helped him get his big clumsy body out of that water. Poor Mops! Werner said he named that dog Mopsey because the poor thing never could do anything right. When I learned later that Dinora had nicknamed Werner "Mopsey" I couldn't believe that Werner used that name for Mopsey with the connotation that someone with that name couldn't get anything right! To this day I am confounded by this. When Dinora heard the name of that dog, she said, totally in shock, "who named that

dog that name?" She couldn't believe that Werner gave that adorable klutzy dog that name either.



Mopsey

Mopsey never could get anything right. That \$900 show dog quality Shepherd was the biggest klutz I ever saw. I always used to say that Mopsey had to walk around with a bushel basket so he could keep everything together. Life was one big source of distress to poor Mops. Bear was the leader and chased poor Mops all around the house, yard, etc., day and night. And poor Mops would just run for his life. And when the other dogs in the neighborhood would come over Mopsey would go into the bushes and hide next to the house until they were gone. Bear was graceful, Mops was clumsy. Bear was brave, Mopsy was always scared of everything and everyone, especially men. Bear was a guard dog, Mopsey needed to be protected. But Bear was very gentle with the kitten, Mopsey darn near crushed and ate the little thing. Mopsey was an eating machine, Bear was a delicate eater. Mopsey was artistic, Werner would say, while Bear was practical. " Mopsey loved to "Sing" and could be enticed to do so with little effort. A dog howling, which Mopsey and old Bear could do without too much encouragement, and which they would use as a form of singing, as they would modulate their pitch upwards and downwards to match what you were singing, would make Werner's hair stand up on end. He was unnerved at the sound of a dog howling, even in song. He would give a very nervous laugh over the sound of the howling, would screw up his face showing his unease, then would say, "That's enough". We would always do a chorus or two more before quitting. Werner would say that the dogs howled because my singing hurt their ears! Not a very charitable thing to say to me! Little Bear would be embarrassed to tears when Mopsey sang, and he would beat the poor little guy up to stop him from singing and making a fool of himself like that.

Both Shepherds would take a nip out of men on occasion, usually when playing very hard in their fenced in back yard in Utica. Mopsey was a very peaceful dog, but had to learn to fight back out a sense of self preservation. Mopsey also learned how to bark to protect the property at night from strangers after little Bear taught him how.



Kitsey & Tinker Bell

On December 17, 1991 Kitsey showed up in our house, a replacement for the little kitten, Tinker Bell, that we had lost on the 2nd of December. Kitsey is a black and white, very tough hombre. I told Shaggy dog that only a very rough, tough cat could survive with two teenage Shepherds in the house. One day they called and told me that they had just such a creature. They had 6 kittens and one of them was a real tough guy. I went there and looked the kittens over. Some of them had prettier markings than Kitsey, but Kitsey had guts. So it was Kitsey who came home to two rough, tough Shepherd puppies. I let Kitsey down. He took one look at those two giant furry things coming at him and he was gone. He flew upstairs like the wind and was relieved to see that the dogs could not climb stairs. Once he knew the up- stairs was safe, he was king of the castle. Up and down he would go, teasing the daylights out of the Shepherds. They would howl in frustration as the cat would tease them then scat. Then one day the cat discovered that new invention we put in the house called a doggy door. He renamed it the cat escape hatch. When the cat was bored, out he would go. But he discovered that oftentimes you would find one bad Shepherd, or maybe even two, waiting right outside to eat your dear little body. They would chew on his paws. He would simply scrunch up his face in total disgust, then shake his bitten paw.



Young Bear

Then Bear discovered something. He saw that you could grab Kitsey by the top hairs of his head, and carry him that way. The first time he picked him up that way he decided he could slam dunk~ Kitsey right out the doggy door. Run, Run, Run!!!, Kitten in the mouth, then ka-smash, the kitten got slugged face first right into the doggy door as he got

his first taste of the cold cruel world of winter right outside his happy home. The first time the dogs took him for a free ride outside, they slammed him into a high snow bank, held him down with their paws and were using their other paw to completely bury him in the new fallen snow. He was just lying there, taking it all in, no fighting spirit whatsoever.

The second time they took him outdoors, smashing his face flat as he went flying through the doggy door, Bear holding him fast by the fur on the top of his head, the kitten hanging straight down from Bear's mouth, they decided he would make a real good foot- ball. Hey, let's try that out, they decided between the two of them. Whee! He flies through the air with the greatest of ease, decides Little Bear. Scraaww!! let me out of here, screams the kitten. This ain't my kind of game. When the guys said we were going to play football, that sounded like fun, until I find out that they plan to use me for the football!! Let me outta here! ! Mopsey then grabs the kitten by the arm and flings him back to Bear. Screech! ! ! goes the kitten. Bear picks up the kitten by the tail and flings him back to Mopsey. Aargg, ouch!! screams the cat. What in the #\$\$%@ is my mommy up to that she doesn't hear all this commotion, thinks Kitsey. Is she deaf or something? Ah, here comes the neighbor, Mrs. Kay. She will put a fast end to this, I bet. Hey, what are you two bad dogs doing to that poor kitten, Ann screams! Yah, what are you two jerks doing to poor little me, Kitsey thinks. Mrs. Kay jerks the kitten out of Bear's mouth, screams at both dogs, picks up the cat and puts him into her arms, carrying him back to the blue house and safety. Didn't you here you kitten screaming for it's life, she asks me? Ya, didn't you hear me screaming, the kitten reiterates! Those undisciplined dogs of yours were using the cat for a football out there in the snow, she hollers at me. I look up at her blankly. I had been working on the books and hadn't heard a blessed thing. It was a good thing for the cat that we have a neighbor with good hearing. Mine has been considerably impaired due to the chemo treatments, and I didn't hear a thing. The cat sits up in his Garfield bed, licking the dog spit off his body with a look of total disgust on his face. I sure must have an awful lot of real bad Karma from another lifetime to work off, that I ended up here in a house full of unruly Shepherd puppies, Kitsey says to himself as he falls asleep, perched up high, safe from the jaws lurking down below. Werner's reply to this football episode? As he pats both Shepherds on the head, he says, you guys get that damn cat, she's nothing but a girl, and you guys know what we think of girls, right?

What was Werner's philosophy on girls, you might ask? Werner said a girl was what you got when you didn't get a boy. He said what you really should do if you get girl is to drop her into the river or a snow bank for a couple of days and if she survives, then maybe you got a good one and you can then bring her back into your house and hope for the best. Werner was a true blue male Chauvinist. The Wednesday before he died the nuns from the Catholic church asked him if he knew why God made men taller than women. (Their answer is so that the woman fits under the man's arm so he can protect her.) Da, ya, I know the answer to that one, Werner pipes up. God made women shorter so that man can clobber them and keep them in line so that they don't grow over the man's head! The nuns just sort of looked at Werner a little funny as they left then nursing home.

In June of 1992 the Ross Perot for President campaign headquarters called Werner and asked him if he would be willing to feed one hundred people that were traveling by bus

from Orlando back to the Naples area. These people came to see Ross in Orlando and to cheer him on, then were going back home. Werner told them he would feed the whole crowd for nothing. So at about 6:45 pm they came, the first bus load, at least. The second bus kept breaking down and they were somewhat behind the first one due to impromptu repairs needed. Everyone shook hands with Werner as he stood at the front door greeting everyone with his white dinner jacket and his Ross Perot baseball cap that they had just given him. He put up Perot bumper stickers on his glass doors in front. We sowed everyone where the bathrooms were and then led them to the dining room where all was in readiness. The food was served buffet style, and was it ever delicious! We had barbequed spare ribs, veal parmesan, and chuck wagon steak, all done to perfection. One hour later the second bus load of people arrived and we led them to the restrooms and then the dining room. These people's first request was for cold ice water. In the 95 degree heat the air conditioning on the bus had given out, there were no open able doors or windows on the bus and these people were just dying. They were so very grateful for a chance to get out of the bus for an hour and into an air conditioned building. So we served and seated the second group of people. Then Werner got up and gave a little speech and then one of the Ross Perot people who had greeted Ross and been hugged by him got up and gave her v speech. Everyone was full and happy at that point. I then gave a conducted tour of the building and the apartments to those people who were interested. They then gathered in the parking lot, got back on their buses and were once more Naples bound. It was a most successful evening.

After they left Werner went back to his apartment and jumped into bed. I looked at his white jacket and just groaned, for there was barbeque sauce allover the cuffs and even on the body of the jacket. I told Werner the bad news. Aw, @#\$%, was Werner's response. I then took the jacket into the bathroom and worked on the jacket real hard and was pleased to see that almost all the tomato sauce came out, to the point that you couldn't really see what was left on it unless you looked really hard. Werner and I were so relieved as Werner told me that he intended to get married in that jacket and those pants. I was glad that the jacket was spared, but I wasn't so sure Werner was going to get himself married off at this point.

Werner started talking about getting married in June, 1992. My attitude was " I'll believe it when I see it" as Werner had made and cancelled so many wedding dates on me over the years. I later learned that Werner wrote a letter to his sister Astrid in June, 1992 telling her that shortly there would be another Mrs. Wilhelm but that she did not need to bother to come to the wedding. Had I known he had written that letter I would have realized that for the first time in 16 years he was getting serious about this marriage business.

Dinora's brother, Dr. Berj Boulgarian, who lives in Padua, Italy, came to visit Dinora in June for a few weeks. He left his wife at home as Dinora can't stand to be around his wife and takes off, leaving them alone in his house. Dinora invited Werner to come over to her house for a BBQ while Berj was there, so Werner and I went there about 5:30 pm. Rudi and Berj made most of the meal as Dinora was at work until after 6 pm. We had delicious steaks and baked potato and salad and pop. The steaks were outstanding, they must have cost over \$6 per lb. Berj was in a good mood as was Werner, Rudi and I. Dinora seemed

stressed out from the job. We ate a most pleasant meal together and we genuinely enjoyed Berj's company. He is a most interesting and intelligent man. After dinner, Rudi and his son Christoph went into the back yard to play some ball. Rudi soon got winded and his shoulder hurt, so he gave up. That was my big chance in life. I grabbed Rudi's mitt and started up where Rudi quit. Christoph and I played ball for at least 2 hours. I pitched, caught, and hit. Christoph was a real good player. Berj objected right away and asked Werner to pull me off from ball playing as I could permanently injure my arm. He said I should not even carry a purse on that arm. Werner looked as though he might order me off the field, so I said to Berj, "Can I carry 6 suitcases all through Germany with my bad arm?" Berj almost had a stroke at the very thought of that happening. Werner piped right up at that provocation, "Of course she can carry the suitcases! " Berj exploded, "of course she can't carry a suitcase!" Werner retorted, "she has to carry all the suitcases, I can't do that".

Werner and I spent the entire 4th of July, 1992 together, but in bed as he was too sick to go anywhere. I could see just how sick he suddenly was getting and I had great concerns that he was not going to make it to the August 24th wedding date. And no, he wouldn't change that date, it was his mother's birthday. I expressed to Werner my concern, that if anything happened to him before we got married, that I would be screwed out of everything and would be left without a penny and would have two businesses, one of which I was not the owner, to run. He softened, understood my predicament, and together we drafted a skimpy one page document. He also decided to exclude Astrid from his will once more, just for good measure. He also reduced Wil Mar's indebtedness to \$500,000, as he had done in his 1990 will.

Werner went to Sebring shortly after July 8th but I had to remain behind at Wil Mar as they were expecting an inspection and I had to be there for it. Werner and I were miserable apart but we called each other back and forth several times each day. Our phone bills were horrendous. Finally on July 25th I had the trailer packed to the ceiling and I was Sebring bound. I got into Sebring about supper time. Werner was waiting for me with great expectation, looking out the front door continually. When I finally did come he was overjoyed to see me. He had tears of happiness in his eyes. We had dinner together and then we went upstairs to our apartment afterwards. It was close onto 7 pm by that time. When we got to the apartment I noticed that there was an orange oleander blossom in a glass of water. Werner had me sit in his chair, then he took the oleander out of the glass of water and into his hand, then got down on bended knee in front of me and asked me if I would marry him. I said with great emotion in my voice, "Yes, I thought you'd never ask!". He was so pleased with my response he told everyone we met what I had said to him. I still wasn't sure he was going to get married as he had gotten very emotional before then wiggled out of it as the date approached.

I watched July wax and wane and there was no sign of him backing out yet. Well, he's got another month, I told myself. Then came July 30th and he told me to get in the car, we were going to downtown Sebring in the morning. It was unusual for us to go anywhere in the morning. We usually waited till afternoon to do our running around town. So I got in the car and he completed one errand in town, then we drove to the courthouse in Sebring. He told me with great emotion that we were going in there to get a

marriage license. He was happy, proud of himself and very scared at the same time. I looked around for a handicapped entrance as he was so short of breath at this point in his life and there are so many stairs to the courthouse. But he wanted to go up the stairs, an unusual thing for him as he always looks for the easy way into a building. But as the bridegroom he wanted to make the stairs in the normal way, I suppose. He walked the stairs slowly and half way up he had to stop, hang onto the handrail and bend over for a while to get his breath. He then made a few more jokes and gladly walked up the rest of the stairs. He then rested again inside the building while he read the signs. One door said child support and another door said divorce. Da, see, that is what happens to a man when he gets married! said Werner with emotion. If things get bad enough, a guy can just skip the marriage door and go right on to the child support and divorce doors, Werner said with emotion in his voice.

He then kidded around about not going into the marriage license door. He then went in and looked around for a clerk. Someone asked him what he wanted there and he replied that he wanted to apply for a marriage license. We then sat down in two chairs by the door and started filling out the application. He had warned me with a snarl that he did not want me to dare to put down my middle name on the license as he didn't like it. Just put down your initial, he said to me. So I did. After we got the marriage license (and Werner's wallet was lighter by \$63.50) the clerk told us we could get married by any clergyman or by any notary public. Werner later called back to Michigan to see if any notary public could marry us in Michigan, for if that was the case, he was going to fly back and have his attorney, Stephen Feldman marry us. But alas, in Michigan, a notary could not perform the ceremony, so Werner then started looking around in Sebring to see who he wanted. He told me that I could attend every Sunday Church service at Sun 'N Lake Towers so I could see who I liked. To tell the truth none of them impressed me, and I wanted to leave the choice to Werner. Werner pressed me to make the decision. It was a depressing thought to choose one of those Southern Baptist ministers, so I told him I wanted to get married by Max, the Leader dog who accompanied the blind minister who conducted some of the services at Sun 'N Lake.

I also told him at the time we were taking out the license that it was okay with me if we went to the copy machine place across the street and got married there. That's when he got tears in his eyes and said now he knew that I really wanted to marry him if I was willing to get married in the copy machine shop. We could have gotten married in the copy machine shop on July 30 as there is no waiting period in Florida.

After getting the license, Werner wants to drive to Barnett Bank, but as is the usual case in Sebring, with its idiot circle downtown, Werner gets lost and turns down the wrong spoke of the circle, a very easy thing to do which most drivers do as it is so confusing, and starts a cussing. He's lost, and surely going in the wrong direction. So he decides to make a U-turn. As he starts into a U-turn, an old codger decides to cross the street right in front of Werner's bumper. The old codger won't stop and neither will Werner. Werner keeps turning, his bumper practically brushing the guy as he stares at Werner & his car. Werner stares back, both keep moving at a snail's pace. I won't even guess what was happening to the traffic that Werner and the old guy are blocking up in both directions. But someone else is interested, it turns out. Whooh!! Blue and red lights aflashing. Oh,

crap, a cop. Werner will never forget that he got a ticket on the day he took out his marriage license. But the cop had mercy on Werner, and sized him up as an old guy who shouldn't have a license to drive anymore. The cop gave Werner a personal escort through town to the Barnett Bank, even taking him right to the very front door so he can read the sign and know where he is. I was wondering about my sanity that in my present time of life I was marrying a guy who can't find his own way in and out of Sebring's idiot circle. Werner didn't seem embarrassed at all with his driving and was grateful to the cop that he led him to the bank. Werner was quite poisoned by the toxins building up and he had trouble concentrating. He knew what he was doing, it just took him longer to work things through due to the uremia.

Werner started letting me take off work for a few hours every work day and swim 80 to 100 laps after lunch. I loved the refreshing feeling of all that exercise in the warm water. Werner was very proud of himself for letting his future wife swim in the pool. He had only let me take some time off once before, to take old Bear "mousing" to see the 3 pm train go by in the field behind the Junior High. Bear was stunned to see such a big monster going through the field making all that noise. He just sat there and looked at it with genuine alarm registered on his face as he never saw a train before.

On the 15th of August Father O Sullivan, a wee little Irish Leprechaun from the Old Sod, came to Sun 'N Lake Towers to say mass for us in the card and game room. He even brought with him a little statue of Our Blessed Mother being it was her feast day (the Assumption of Mary into Heaven). He is a most cordial and friendly priest and was most happy about his upcoming trip to "the Holy Land" as he called Ireland. We had a very nice mass, then I went back to work for the rest of the day.

Werner wanted to talk to Fred Cooper from the Heartland magazine so he drove into downtown Sebring and found his office on the circle. Werner pulled into a parking space on the side street, a spoke coming out of the circle. He was very winded and didn't want to walk up all those stairs if he didn't have to, so he wanted to know first if Fred was there or not before making all that effort. I groaned. You know how Fred is around me, I told Werner. If he is up there I'm going to get hugged and maybe even kissed by him no matter what I do or don't do and then you're going to be mad at me for something that wasn't my fault. Just go, Werner tells me. So I hop out of the car and run up the stairs. The office isn't where it used to be. I then look around the other offices and doors in confusion. Suddenly I walk into an office and there sits both Fred and Earl Schoonover. They trip over each other, each trying to get rid of the other so that he can talk to me alone. Neither one leaves and it is fast becoming a Mexican standoff. Then they both come across the room from opposite directions and each starts hugging me and both are hurt because I am not responding with any emotion to their displays of affection. And in the middle of the hugging, in walks Werner. Oh. Lord, I think to myself, he'll never understand this one. Werner thinks that anytime I women gets grabbed, hugged, kissed or pawed it is all her fault as she led the guy on. Well, because I had forewarned him of just what was to happen, Werner did not seem to be too upset over the incident. Both men quickly backed off when they saw Werner and suddenly started acting like Werner was their best buddy. I ended up getting out of that sticky mess very gently, indeed.

The next trip to Fred Cooper's office was during one of those frequent severe Florida lightening storms. We walked into Fred's office and found him on the phone so we sat down to wait for him. Suddenly he hollers out loud and pulls the phone away from his face and drops the receiver on the desk. Fred had just gotten struck by lightening that had come in through the phone line! The section of Florida where we were is world famous for lightening storms of intense ferocity. More people get killed by lightening there than in any other part of the world. Those lightening strikes cost us a lot of money in Sebring as every time a severe storm happened it struck the building and knocked out the call alarm system, or the fire system or the elevators. It would fry the electrical lines and we would have to replace them.

Werner and I spent a lot of time together in the apartment evenings as he was too sick to go anywhere. Werner would turn on the TV and watch his "funnies" or the politics, which always ended up sending him into a frenzy. I would watch a little, but mostly read a book as TV and I were never the best of friends. I would pop open a candy wrapper and share my junk food with him. Sometimes we would have chips and dip, sometimes Hershey's miniature chocolates. Or I would have vegetable soup and leave him a lot of the broth as he preferred that. Or I would make Swiss steak and a baked potato with a fresh sliced tomato and we would eat that together. I later learned that all of those foods were on the forbidden list for him as they were all very high in potassium and could stop his heart. He could only eat a little as he would get sick to his stomach. We had some of the most affectionate times of our lives laying there together, especially after we were married. He was mushy, gooshy, adorably, sweetly in love after he got married. All his inhibitions and fears about marriage melted away and he allowed himself for the first time in 24 years to trust himself enough to abandon himself to love. He wasn't sorry as he discovered for the first time in his life that the more love you gave, more you received in turn. Its very hard to consistently give love to someone who is stiff and stand offish and pushes you away and calls you his cousin as he is afraid to openly acknowledge the relationship. Werner said over and over again to anyone who would listen to him that he should have gotten married years and years ago. When Werner had said that to me for more than 2 dozen times I said to him that I felt very bad that he didn't trust me enough to have married me years ago. Werner looked at me with a serious look in his eye and said, "Sandy, you have to know the family I came from to realize why I could trust no one".

Werner started taking on fluid, which was not a problem before since they changed his meds, so he went to Dr. Oliveros, the nephrologist in Sebring. We spent a long time in his waiting room and started up conversations right away with the people that were there as we ran in out of a driving rain and the conversation went from the weather to what kind of dialysis treatment you get from this doctor and his dialysis center. Third rate, seemed to be the answer. One wife said that her husband did so well up north, but down here he is slipping and she thought she would have to drive him back home within a week or two. The entire waiting room discussed various kinds of dialysis and also kidney transplant. One wife said she matched her husband perfectly, but chickened out at the thought of giving him one of her kidneys.

Werner was then called into an exam room. The doctor tried to throw me out as he said he wanted to examine my father. Werner was getting miffed at this point because

everyone in this past year called him my father. He told Dr. Oliveros that I was his wife and I was staying in the room during the exam. Dr. Oliveros stared at me long and hard, then made one terse comment, "Young wife". Dr. Oliveros told Werner that he could give him a combination of diuretics to take off some of the water this week while he was on vacation, but that Werner would not thank him for it as losing all this water with such powerful drugs was bound to make Werner sick and that he would probably wind up in the hospital from it. Werner said no, thank you, to that idea.

Dr. Oliveros told Werner that he had to go on dialysis and that he would be on vacation till August 10th, but the day he got back Werner could go into the hospital and start on dialysis. The doctor felt the water build up in his feet and legs and told him he could no longer get along without dialysis as his kidneys were failing severely. He sent Werner over to Highlands Hospital in order to have some blood work done to see where he stood with the BUN, creatinine and the RBC. Werner had his blood drawn while I read a gruesome story about a young mother losing a battle to breast cancer due to a stupid doctor. That kind of hit home. Werner was soon done and I put him back into the hospital's wheelchair and pushed him back to our van. I then lifted him up into the van and drove him home. We learned a few days later that his blood values were through the roof. He was quite scared at this point and decided to not see a doctor for awhile for what you don't know won't hurt you.

I begged and pleaded with him to go into dialysis with no avail. Leave me alone, I don't need dialysis yet, he would say. I was real nervous about him starting just before our wedding day for fear he would be in the hospital and miss the wedding, and I had a horrible feeling in the pit of my stomach that Werner would never see another August 24th after the upcoming one.

The time kept getting shorter and shorter and still we had no minister picked out. Boy, either he's trying to wiggle out again, or its going to be a real feat trying to get a minister to show up on a moment's notice, I thought. Then 10 days before we are to get married, Werner calls up the secretary at the local Catholic Church, Our Lady of Grace, in Avon Park and starts feeling her out about us getting married Catholic. Forget that idea, I told Werner. You have to register 6 months before you are going to get married, you have to take a whole series of prenuptial classes, you have to publish the banns for 3 consecutive Sundays before the wedding, you have to have both of your baptismal certificates, etc. etc. Forget it. You haven't met any of those requirements. But stubborn old Werner just plowed on as usual when he wants something bad enough and be damned with the obstacles in his way. The secretary tells him why doesn't he just drop in and talk to the pastor, Father Grogan. Hey, I tell him, she doesn't know that you want to get married next Monday, I tell him. When she hears that, its no go.

Werner then explained to me that he was so touched by the fact that I never tried to force him to marry Catholic, that I was very cooperative in letting him pick out the date, and the minister, but he knew my heart was not in getting married by a Baptist minister, but I kept my mouth shut. He said he knew I really wanted to marry him when I was even willing to get married by the fellow running the copy machine shop. So he says to himself, "Why not let the poor girl get married in her own religion'?", he tells me. But

then he gets a look of consternation on his face and he says to me, "But no altar boys and no bell ringing". What's that all about, anyway'? I never did understand that. It's like a bunch of mumbo jumbo. Okay, no altar boys and no bell ringing, I tell him. Then I explain that the bell ringing is to alert the people that the most sacred part of the service is taking place, where the bread and wine are being turned into Christ's actual body and blood. That's way over his head. He doesn't understand a thing about that.

We got into the car on Friday the 14th of August and by the time we get to the first idiot circle by the Candlelight Lounge on the golf course, Werner starts acting up, saying its too late today to go to the Catholic Church as the secretary leaves in a half hour. Besides he doesn't feel too well. So I make a U turn at the turnaround and take him back to Sun 'N Lake Towers. Now I know there's no hope of getting married Catholic as the priest could not even publish one bann anymore, let alone three.

Werner says to me, the priest might marry him Catholic as he has had the Catholic instruction for non-Catholics several times when he was engaged a number of times before. Most of my fiancées were Catholic, he says. Isn't that funny? I always seemed to be attracted to Catholic girls. Maybe because they have had a very strict, traditional upbringing, which is what you always look for in a woman, I told him. And maybe because they always feel guilty and because they always try to please others at the expense of their own needs and wants.

Monday August 17 around 9:30 in the morning Werner tells me to bring the van around, we're going to the Catholic Church. So I bring my brown van to the front door of Sun 'N Lake Towers and help him in. I have to boost him into the van by his belt as he is getting quite weak from the poisons building up in his blood and from the loss of muscle mass as he can no longer eat much in the way of protein. I really don't want him to get upset or embarrassed when he is turned away by the priest, so I tell him not to be upset when the priest tells him he can't get married Catholic on such short notice as none of the requirements have been met. Don't take it personally, I tell Werner, he would say the same thing to anyone coming in on such short notice. So please don't be upset when you are back in the parking lot in 10 minutes, I gently tell Werner. Werner, through all my diatribe, has a stubborn, determined look on his face. I want it this way and I'm going to get it my way, his 5 year old face tells me. So I help him out of the van in the church parking lot and Werner walks up to the doorbell and rings it. Wearing his usual uniform of shorts and sandals, Mrs. Heirling, the secretary ushers him in and gives him a seat. She then tells him that the pastor Fr. Grogan, is in a counseling session with another parishioner, and that we can fill out the pre cana questionnaires while we are waiting. Werner was adorable filling out his questionnaire, his face frowning in rapt concentration. After we had both filled out our questionnaires, Werner gave me his to read over and to critique, if necessary. Everything looked fine to me, except he neglected to answer one question. I gave him the answer to that question, which pleased him very much.

We then looked around the office and made some small talk with the secretary, waiting on the priest to show up. Then two ladies came into the rectory and kind of ruined the happy flavor of the day for me. They came in to purchase some funeral masses for a 29

year old mother of two who had just died of breast cancer. That struck a little too close to home for my comfort. I'm sure that that soured Werner's stomach also, although he made no comment.

The priest then showed up and I was amazed at how kowtowed he felt in Werner's presence. I was very grateful that the priest had treated Werner with such dignity and respect in spite of the shorts and sandals.

We would like to get married, Werner told the priest. The priest then read over the pre cana applications and said okay, he didn't see any reason why we shouldn't get married, especially in light of the fact that we had known each other for over 16 years, and that we were not exactly babes in arms anymore, and probably knew what we were doing (although Werner and I were not so sure about that as we were both highly allergic to marriage through the years).

When would you like to get married? the priest asked. Oh boy, here it comes now, I thought to myself. Werner put on his best, cutest little boy smile, and said, next Monday because that was my mother's birthday and I always wanted to get married on her birthday. Okay, the priest says. OKAY!?!? I almost fell off my chair at this point! ! ! No one walks into a Catholic church, with no preparation and no documents and then gets married in one week! ! NO way!!! But Werner did.

We will need baptismal certificates, the priest tells us. I will call Peggy at Wil Mar and have her go to St. Juliana's and get mine and Federal Express it to Sun 'N Lake Towers. I will also have her Federal Express some religious articles from that Church as my Matron of Honor went to the Servite Order school system and would enjoy seeing these as a gift. Now Werner gets a look on his face like a 5 year old boy who dropped his peanut butter and jelly sandwich in the gutter and is trying to inveigle some lunch money out of the teacher. He then says to the priest, I was baptized in Grossobringen, Germany which is behind the Iron Curtain. The Communists have destroyed all the Church and civil records, so I can't get my baptismal certificate. He says this with head and shoulders bowed. But suddenly he lifts up his head and shoulders and gets a bright smile on his face, like a sun coming out from behind a cloud, and says to the priest, "But I can show you the bowl I was baptized in!" The priest smiles at this little boy response and says okay. OKAY!! Can you just imagine. If you or I tried this, we would have been back out on the pavement in 10 minutes. But not Werner!! Oh, no. It's amazing what Werner got in life by turning on that charm in times of need or want.

The priest was overwhelmed by Werner's personality and station in life and I'm sure he also liked the charming old fellow. The priest was actually shy and held back in Werner's presence and had wished that that adorable old Irish Leprechaun, Father O'Sullivan, would have been in town on the 24th and he would have let him perform the ceremony. But Father O'Sullivan went to the "Holy Land" that week (no, not Jerusalem, Ireland. What would you have expected out of an Irish Leprechaun'?)

Now comes the second Zinger of the morning. Werner tells Father Grogan he wants to be married by the swimming pool at Sun 'N Lake Towers. The priest tells Werner that he only marries people in the church and he has never done a swimming pool ceremony.

Werner and I point out to the priest that all of the residents want to attend the ceremony and that they are not that mobile and it would take hours to get all of them to the church and then back home again. So the priest thinks that one over for a few minutes and says yes, he will do it at Sun 'N Lake Towers. Werner was beaming with joy. He thanked the priest profusely and then we left, both of us a very happy couple, and me in a semi state of shock over what my Werner just so slickly pulled and got away with. Werner pulled a lot of rabbits out of the hat in my 16 years with him, but this one was impressive, I had to admit. I then lifted him by his belt back into the van as he couldn't climb up a stair anymore due to lack of strength. I was hoping that the secretary and the priest were not watching as this would be a little hard on Werner's dignity. But he was so self satisfied at this point in his life that he didn't give that a thought.

I started to go a bit numb with shock as it started to sink in that just maybe I was about to become entrapped into that frightening institution known as marriage. It started dawning on me that maybe Werner and I got along so well all through the years because we both preferred to stay single and us maintain our freedom and independence and that our feet could point in both directions so that any day of the week we were free to walk off into the sunset if things got a bit too rough.

For the second time in my life I knew I had to start planning for a wedding. (The first time was in July of 1979 when Werner agreed that we would get married on the 24th of August, 1979. I made all of the plans, purchased a wedding gown, veil and shoes, and then it started dawning on me that as I talked to Werner about all these wedding plans that I was talking to a brick wall, that he didn't say yes, no, or maybe, he was just totally non- communicative. As the date approached, I realized that if I was going to get married, it was not going to be to him. What a fiasco. As we were into August with this same attitude on his part, I just quietly got on the phone and cancelled everything. I realized at this point that my elder brother had a much better perception of the situation than I did, as he had said to me in July, "I hope you didn't spend too much money on the wedding dress and veil as he is never going to marry you.")

But now, Werner was talking wedding every hour of every day. And he was goofy mushy happy over the idea. I kept waiting for the attitude to change as it did the other 4 times as the wedding date that he set (always August 24) drew near. But nope, if anything, and if possible, he just kept getting happier over the idea. He then talked it over with the chef, Bill, and Bill said that he and his wife planned many a wedding, and leave it to him, he and Connie would take care of everything. Bill then asked me a bunch of questions of what I wanted, then he said he was off and running. Werner had taken care of the sacred music for the wedding itself 4 weeks ago when he talked to La Verne Hill, a Southern Baptist Gospel Singer who came to our Sunday services and played and sang and whom Werner really enjoyed hearing. She agreed to do the singing and playing at the service. Bill said he had a real good photographer who took good pictures at a reasonable price. He also knew a good video photographer and would get him for the service. We planned the meal, the same one as the Ross Perot dinner in June that went so well. I picked out colors and arrangements for the flowers. We had the position by the pool picked out where the service would be conducted and I had the positioning of the cameras all figured out so that the sun would be on our faces during the service and there would be no glare. I

had the seating all arranged for the residents. I had all the music I wanted played (all serene turn of the century music) and I had song sheets with the music and words all photo copied and gave it to Bill so the person playing the music could practice. I had the sacred music all photocopied and given to La Verne as she was not familiar with the Lutheran music that Werner remembered from his childhood days and wanted played for his wedding.

The sacred music selection was cute. I brought the Protestant Hymnal up from our church services room so that Werner could choose what he wanted in music. I figured it was his wedding that he forestalled on for so long, so let him do the choosing. Besides it has always been his philosophy in life that the man makes all the decisions and the woman just goes along for the ride. So I started reading off titles of songs to Werner. I could tell by the blank look on his face that he had no idea which song was which. Sing them to me, he says! I darn near lost my voice singing about 1/4 of the songs in that thick book to him so he could choose. Da, ya, I like that one. I like it when you sing those songs to me, he says. Yup, you guessed it. He was so dreamy eyed listening to those songs that when I got all done singing them he liked them all! We can't play them all, I tell him. 4 or 5 is the limit. So once again, I go through my former selections and then sing to him only those I thought was most appropriate. Praise to the Lord (Herrn der Lobe) must be the first song, I tell Werner, as your grandmother Rosa Wilhelm always sang that at the beginning of any family feast or get together, and then she sang it later in the day too. So that one, has to be the first song. "Da, ya, I think I remember that one", Werner says. Good, one out of four is chosen. A Mighty Bulwark is Our God is a very popular Lutheran song in German and in English, I tell him. Sing it to me, he says. Da, ya, I remember that. Good, 2 down. The Church's one foundation is an old song and it is very appropriate for a wedding as it addresses the Church as being Christ's bridegroom. Sing it to me. Da, ya, I like that one too. Good, now we are getting somewhere. Now for the two you really like every Sunday at Church service. How Great Thou Art. Da, ya, that's one of my favorite, he pipes up. Yup, I know that, that's why I choose it. Finally, for the last song I think we should choose "The Old Rugged Cross" as you really like that one too. Ya! Good, the church music is complete. But we were not able to get in his favorite song, "Amazing Grace" which just did not seem to me to fit into the church service. But he was most content with the songs I chose for him. And I sang him Amazing Grace that day just to make him feel happy that he'd heard it.

I got a marriage book from Mrs. Heiring a Our Lady of Grace and she told me which readings were the required ones and which ones were optional. The book was quite self explanatory, also. So I wound in those readings into the prayers and supplications that I had created myself and made up one fine marriage booklet which I then gave to Werner for his approval. He liked it so much that he cried over it. He then put his copy of the marriage booklet over his head on the headboard and every night he read it, memorizing his wedding vows that he and I had created. He wanted "obey" as part of my wedding vows, so I said okay, but I want "protect" as one of your wedding vows. He digested the word "protect" for awhile, and decided that yes, he really liked that concept. (Now that he is dead and I need so much guidance and protection to get through so much on my own, I remind him every day that he promised to "protect" me and I tell him in no uncertain

terms that I expect him to stick to his wedding vows and protect me from all harm and from all evil, in this world and the next.) And as I reflect back on the rest of our life together it strikes me that in those last months Werner was often forced into "obeying" me as I strove mightily to protect his waning health and keep him alive as long as I could.

So every night he reads his vows, then sets the booklet aside and tries to repeat them from memory. The first couple nights he really butchered his vows. The third or fourth night he was getting them down pat. He then put the book over his head and promptly fell asleep. Right after he fell asleep he started repeating his wedding vows in his sleep! He totally butchered them, backing up, repeating, then jumbling them all together. After he did this, he got a big, self satisfied grin on his face in his sleep. He felt that he had done a grand job! He did get those vows memorized and on his wedding day he was able to repeat them without stumbling or hesitation. But every night in bed it was so cute when he would get stuck he would look at me with a mixture of consternation and panic on his face and then say to me, "Only give me one word!". Then he would get stuck again and holler, "Only one more word!" "Don't tell me the rest"!

Werner pretended to his kitchen help that he was getting cold feet about getting married, but said if he backed out now he would lose his \$63.50 marriage license fee. Cindy, one of the very nice, cute waitresses put her arm around him and told him not to worry, that I loved him and that she thought everything would turn out just fine, but if it didn't a divorce only cost \$93.50 and she would help him fill out all the paperwork so he wouldn't need a lawyer. He really enjoyed this little talk.

Then just before we got married he hired this cute little live in 17 year old hot tailed little thing with skirts up to her crotch. I had a fit when I came down there and found out he had a minor girl living on the premises. But her father begged me to take her, Werner said. She's a minor, I hollered! She's jail bait! She's an emancipated minor, the secretary told me, she's married. We don't take married live ins, I said. They are separated, the secretary said. The 17 year old boy took a bus to Texas to live with his grandma and now the girl has no place to stay.

When I got up to my bedroom that night I pulled in I was about to crown Werner, and I don't mean as King, either. I was tired as a dog and as I was climbing into bed for a much needed rest after a 1266 mile drive in two days as the lone driver, I see Werner spraying himself from the waist down liberally with bug spray! His legs are swollen and are breaking down in places and he is spraying bug spray on them! What are you doing! I holler at him. Those damn fleas are eating me alive, he says, so I'm making sure they don't eat me up while I'm sleeping. I don't see any fleas, I tell him. I know, he replies, they are all on your side of the bed. By now I am in bed and am being eaten alive by the darn things. Ow, slap, slap, dammit, whoever had been sleeping in my bed! she must have been a real dog! I tell Werner. That is why I kept the dogs in Edna's apartment in Sebring most of the time. We just couldn't keep the fleas off our dogs and cats in Florida.

Werner had been sleeping in my bed while I was in Michigan, he told me. It gave him comfort while I was away as he said my bed smelled like me and it made him feel I was near. I thought that was sweet.

Back, to the 17 year old hot little number. One day I am was going into the employees lunch room to get the maintenance men back on the job again, and as I was walking toward the room I heard the guys planning a hot night in their rooms. They were collecting a couple of dollars from each for booze, chips, etc. And then I hear the 17 year old girl tell the guys that for \$20 she would give them a real interesting party night. The guys were pulling their pants pockets inside out scraping up the \$20. Two weeks later the hot little number is puking her guts inside out every morning. Oh S%-&\$I I bet your pregnant the other waitresses tell her. She bites her lip and the tears start flowing. A little later in the day I hear her on the phone calling her 17 year old husband in Texas. Michael I love you honey and I want you to come back home to me! She pleads. Two days later Michael's grandmother who is darn sick of him by now coughs up the bus fare and sticks him on a bus back to Florida. Two more days later and Michael shows up on our premises shirtless, earrings and hair half down to his waist. A real winner. Werner tells him he's not moving in here. A big dust up ensues. He's my husband the 17 year old wails I can't throw him out on the street. Let your parents take him in then Werner says because your contract says no one else lives here. Big mean old man! Not letting her precious Michael live there!

Two days later they show up at the local welfare office down the street and get free food stamps and a voucher to see the doctor to prove she is pregnant so they can get instant ADC and live off the taxpayers while waiting for the baby. She gets a call from the doctor a day after her visit. The blood test came back negative she is not pregnant. You mean I called Michael back here for nothing she wails. Michael wails you mean I gotta get a job? I thought you said you were pregnant The girl finds Michael an afternoon job she keeps her day job and while Michael is working she is making a little extra dough on the side with all the guys living on the 4th floor.

One day Werner gets real out of sorts and growls that we are having Hari and Carleen and more importantly in October and November we are having guests from Germany and we have to have some decent furniture and a refrigerator that holds something. Oh, good I think to myself, we are finally going to get some decent furniture for this apartment. You want to go pick some out or should I go alone? I ask. I'm too sick you go Werner says. Can I have a Sun 'N Lake Towers check I ask? No! Its the girl who brings the furniture to the marriage. Get a check from your family he growls. Oh well, just one more thing I pay for in this family I say to myself. So the next day I go to Southgate Furniture, a reasonable furniture store in Sebring by the Palms and I found a brand new refrigerator with ice maker for \$400 and a teddy bear like recliner chair for about \$100/and book case headboards for Werner and me. I have them delivered and I try to sneak them past Werner. No luck. Out of his office he comes staring at what is sitting on the pavement ready to be carried up the elevator to our apartment. He doesn't holler about the cost of the refrigerator as it is a nice big light yellow one and he likes it. He hollers about the teddy Bear chair as it rocks and reclines. You'll like it for sitting up nights! I tell him. Trust me. Try it out before you run at the mouth too much. He liked the head boards as he always liked a bookcase bed. He had reservations as to whether it would fit or not but it fit very well.

Later only when I wasn't looking naturally he tried out the teddy Bear chair and liked it a lot. He spent the rest of his days in Sebring sitting up nights in that chair when he couldn't breathe. It was soft and cotton like and therefore very absorbent.

On my way back from Utica in July I brought back with me a stand up scale for Werner so he could accurately measure his weight as he hated going all the way over to the nurse's station to weigh himself. He was under 250 lbs which pleased him as most of his life that I knew him, since 48 at least, he was always 290 lbs, with the exception of the 6 months he went on the fish diet so he could get "key man" insurance for St. Anne's. At then end of that diet he weighed 235 lbs. Once he passed the physical and got the insurance he rapidly regained all of his lost weight. He liked his new scale and set it up in a corner of our living room. After weighing himself he always left the weights at his last weight so he could instantly compare the next time he went to weigh himself. As he started getting into August, the weight started steadily but slowly climbing due to water retention from the kidney failure, usually about 1 to 1 ½ lbs per day. As he saws that it was creeping upwards, he was very concerned. Then one day I noticed that the weights had moved up- wards and I mentioned it to Werner. The next time I looked, the scale was gone. Werner had taken it to a different apartment and locked it up so I could not see which direction his weight was going! I asked him about it, and he just grumbled something and ignored me.

In the meantime little 18 year old Cindy, who told Werner that she would help him fill out divorce papers is now filling out a set of them for herself. Her husband is being sued for paternity and the parents of the 16 year old he got pregnant are trying to get him arrested for statutory rape. How did that ever happen Cindy wails. You came home right after work! He got the 16 year old pregnant in the toilet at Hardy's! Now I've heard everything, I told Werner. Men's or Women's room, I wonder!, mused Werner.

Cindy wanted to help out with the wedding decorations, which I was glad to have her do. She used all the stuff from her own wedding, which she was going to pitch out due to the pending divorce. She really did a nice job with the decorations, I must say. She really had a talent for making the room look nice.

And the day before the wedding she threw me a surprise wedding shower. Almost all of the women residents were there. Werner walked through about $\frac{3}{4}$'s of the way through the shower and made a nice speech. Carleen Mali was there and she helped me keep what was from whom straight. It was a very gracious gesture on the- part of the residents and the help and I was touched. We have a video of that night.

The night before the shower Werner, Hari, Carleen and I went for a very fine dinner to Red Lobster in Sebring. We sat Werner on a bench until our name was called and we stood near him. He had a cane for walking and he walked slow as he was very filled with fluid from the failing kidneys. Soon they called our name and gave us a nice table near the fire place. Werner did not order a dinner as he was so sick to his stomach. He said he would just pick a little off of each of our plates, which he did, much to his satisfaction. He ate very little but was content with what he had. Then Carleen and Hari started ripping each other up big time. They aired all their old fights, hanging out all the dirty wash for all to observe. Then Werner gets involved, putting his two cents worth in, and

before you know it Werner is taking a jab or two at me. I tell Werner that I have been sitting here peacefully minding my own business and eating my dinner and on the eve of our wedding I didn't think it appropriate for him to start a tussle. Carleen told him that now that I was going to be Mrs. Wilhelm, that I would be coming up in my station in life and that it should be kind and gentle with me. He agreed and stopped taking cheap shots at me. Carleen laughed and told him that all the low blows and cheap shots would have to end when I was his wife. He laughed, got a tear in his eye, and agreed with her.

The next night, just before the shower, we ate at Sun 'N Lake Towers together and things got real hot between Hari and Carleen again, so bad that Carleen started crying and sobbing. Then Hari started screaming about her relatives. Soon Werner started hollering at me about my relatives. I had done nothing, sitting there in absolute silence, eating my dinner. I told Werner that those low blows and cheap shots were out of place the night before our wedding, especially considering that I was being very nice and kind to him. He agreed and cooled off quickly. Carleen and Hari did not. I have since come to the conclusion that they enjoy hating and fighting with one another. Its the all American sport, I guess.

On Saturday Carleen and Hari asked Werner what he would like for a wedding present and they decided to get him a stereo and a Palm corder. We had already had a palm corder, but when I went to get it out of room B415, I discovered that Mel, the old manager, had stolen it while we were in Michigan. So Carleen and Hari took off and went to Circuit City in Orlando for the whole afternoon and Werner and I had some time to ourselves. Werner rested most of the day because due to his kidney and heart failure he was exhausted. They came home around supper time and had with them a beautiful expensive Fischer stereo system and a nice compact Palmcorder. I unpacked and got the stereo system together and working, then I got the Palmcorder working and took a picture of Werner to try it out. First Werner was in the chair, then when I tried it again Werner was no longer in the chair. I then thought that that is what the death of Werner would be like, first he was there with me, then the chair would be empty. And that is exactly what has happened. Same furniture, many memories, and no Werner.

The Palmcorder and the stereo turned out to be life savers for our wedding, for the next day it was announced that Hurricane Andrew was on the way to our area. Werner and I went to Our Lady of Grace for the 10 am service and Father Grogan greeted us after mass and said that there certainly would be no pool side services with Andrew blowing through and that hopefully he could drive in the Hurricane. The Hurricane started coming in that afternoon, and it turned out that I had to conduct the Church services for the residents as none of the church people showed up as they all stayed in their homes due to the hurricane.

Carleen and I went shopping at the mall from about 1 to 3 pm, hurrican and all. We both found a number of nice things to wear and purchased about 4 articles of clothing each. On my way out of our apartment I told Werner that Carleen and I were going shopping and he gave me an order, "No clothes. You have so damn many now you don't know where to fit them all." Well, it was a fantastic sale, they were beautiful and I just had to have them. The same with Carleen. When we got back to Sun 'N Lake Towers I told

Carleen I was going to hide the clothes in the back of the van until Werner fell asleep and then I was going to sneak them into my closet. Carleen had brought a used cleaner's bag along for just such an occasion. She had a pair of scissors in her purse to cut the new tags off with, then she would sneak up to the room and get the used garment bag and when Hari was in the shower she would dash down to the car, put the clothes in the cleaner bag and get them back into the closet before Hari got out of the shower.

On the way in I went into the community room, it was about 7 minutes after 3 pm, all the residents were there, including Werner, but no minister, piano or organ player, etc. They told me that he had called and cancelled due to the hurricane. Werner looked at me with love in his eyes and asked me to be the minister. Yes, all the residents said, they just loved it when I preached. So I stepped up to the pulpit! opened the hymnal, then got a brilliant idea. I ran up to our apartment, got the wedding booklets and distributed them to all the church goers. I then had them sing all of the 5 wedding songs with me so that they would have practice for the next day. I then chose readings out of the hymnal and then extemporized on my own, delivering a sermon directly to Hari and Carleen who had stepped into the service a little late. I spoke about being kind to one another, treating one another with dignity and respect. Carleen and Hari were sitting in the row behind Werner and Carleen started hiding her head behind Werner and she couldn't stop giggling, thinking that that sermon was just written and delivered for Hari. It was sad to me that she didn't realize that she needed to heed these messages just as bad as Hari. Werner sat there in rapt attention. He so adored it when I preached, that you would think he was hearing the words right from the Angels and Saints. He would turn mushy, gooshy over my sermons. And he would sit there in his shorts and sandals and have his favorite songs all picked out. Number 68, he would call out, Amazing Grace, that's my favorite. Carleen thought Werner was adorable sitting there in Church. Mali was quite thoughtful and serious. Afterwards Hari said to me that he did not know I was a philosopher. I told him I didn't know that either. He said that my sermon was quite profound and philosophical. I was hoping he would take to heart some of what I had said and start treating Carleen with some dignity and respect, and that she would treat him likewise.

The residents started asking me to take over all of the church services on Sunday afternoons as my sermons were much more meaningful to them. I enjoyed preaching love and kindness to them but I was not there on a consistent basis to be dependable in my availability.

After Church services I took Werner to the beauty/barber parlor and sat him down in the chair, telling him he looked like a bum and needed a nice haircut for his wedding day. He grumbled some, but he sat down, realizing his hair was much too long to look nice in pictures. I spent about an hour cutting it as it was very long and I'm no barber. He watched me cutting it for about the first 10 or 15 minutes, then said in a little boy whine that I was not cutting his hair as good as I did last time I did it at Wil Mar as I didn't want him to look as good as me in pictures! I couldn't believe my ears. He fell asleep for most of the haircut. Before he fell asleep he kept jerking his head around and I kept telling him to hold his head straight or I might take a hunk out of his hair or his head. I did nip his ear with the scissors when he moved suddenly. When he fell asleep it was much easier to cut his hair except when he would nod his head. The haircut turned out nice, but not as nice

as the one I gave him at Wil Mar. But I don't think the difference was as much the cut as it was that his gorgeous white hair was thinning out due to the toxins in his system. As one goes further and further into kidney failure one starts losing hair, all over the head, not just male pattern baldness.

After Church services I helped Werner back to his bed and then ran back to the mall and bought Werner a solid gold watch for \$2,000 from Friedman's. It was quite a bit like his old one that was stolen by the maintenance man. I also bought myself a gold bracelet from Werner, that I had told him I liked and he told me to get it as he was too sick to get out of bed and get it himself. I also bought a gold chain and cross that I wanted to have blessed as part of the wedding ceremony. I bought Carleen an identical chain and cross. I bought Hari a gold tie clip as a remembrance of the day. I then returned home with the wrapped gifts and we all had dinner together and I and Carleen went into the shower and Werner and Hari talked. After the shower, Werner went to bed and Carleen and I swam 100 laps in Werner's swimming pool. I then went to bed and had a nice conversation with Werner before going to sleep. He was a very happy, contented man that night, really looking forward to his wedding day. His total about face on the thought of getting married astounded me. He was gooshy happy in love.

The hurricane blew through the night and into the next day. All these dire predictions kept coming over the TV and the weather service wasn't sure where it was going to strike. Meanwhile Bill came in about 11 am, good and drunk. No flowers had been ordered, he got no secular music lined up for after the wedding, but he had a photographer and he lied to us and told us he had a camcorder lined up. Werner was a little down, but quiet. What do we do about the music, he asked? He made several calls and due to prior commitments, but mostly due to the Hurricane Andrew, no one was willing to come out. So I told Werner that I would go to the local music store and buy some appropriate wedding music. So I marched out into the ever increasing gale; it took me 2 hours and threw my timing all off, but I found some music that Werner just loved, especially the German tapes that he played until he darned near wore them out. (After the wedding he started to play the German tapes in the middle of the night in our apartment when he had to sit up because he couldn't breathe, but I told him uh, uh, I had to get my sleep or I'd never make it through what we both had to endure over the next 4 1/2 months.)

I got back about 12:50 pm, Werner and I had lunch together, then I went to our apartment and started putting my wedding clothes on. Werner came up when I was in the middle of dressing and it soon became obvious to me that due to his debilitated physical condition, he would be unable to dress himself properly. So I started grabbing his clothes out of his closet and started to put them on him. At this point Carleen and Hari showed up concerned as we were running way behind schedule. They came into the bedroom when I was only in my slip, trying to help to dress Werner. I had it all under control until Werner refused to wear the brand new shirt I had special ordered from Sears catalog for him. Nope, he wouldn't wear it. He wanted the casual white shirt that he had worn to the Ross Perot party in June. It had the styling of a jungle shirt, but that's what he wanted and that's what he got. I put the shirt on him, then pulled the tie over his head. He had a fit because I didn't know just how to handle the tie. He bellowed at me why didn't I know

how to handle a tie. Because I only had one man, I answered him, and that guy never wore a tie, so how would I know what to do with one? That quieted him down real fast.

I was now late for the hairdresser and I wanted to see how they were setting up the dining room for the wedding service. No one was setting up anything, it turned out. They were waiting for Werner and me. Werner was too sick to handle it himself, a fact that I was not immediately cognizant of as I did not realize at that point just how sick Werner really was. So I scoped the whole situation out and then gave orders as to what to place where and who was to do it.

I went into the beauty parlor and June was there waiting for me. Werner and June had had a big discussion about my hair over the past week, it turned out. NO CURLS!! Werner emphatically told June and me. I HATE CURLS! ! Okay, no curls, June replied. I was kind of disappointed. I would have liked to have had a few curls in the front for picture taking. But it was Werner's big day and what he wanted, he got. No curls, only body and height. June got that done in record time and I was out of the chair and into the dining room to see how they were progressing. They weren't. I was fast losing my temper. But Werner was too sick and too tired to take over, so I did. Move that table over here so we have some place to put the candles, rings, etc on. Put a skirt on that table now. Put the head table up against the east wall. Now put a skirt on that. Where are the cake cutting instruments? Where are the flowers? Where is the bridal bouquet? Bring the piano out of the community room and put it up against that wall. Where is the Camcorder photographer? What do you mean, Bill, that there is none? You told me at 11 am that it was all taken care of?!?!? If you had told me the truth then, we might have been able to find one ourselves! ! How about the still photographer?? Okay, he'll be here soon?? I hope so! ! Oh, good, here comes Mrs. La Verne Hill, the church music person. Aw, come on guys, help the poor lady with all that heavy music equipment, don't just stand there. Who knows how to operate a Palmcorder. Leonard volunteers to do it, saying he has done it before. I look over the two maintenance men who will be acting sort of as ushers for the ceremony. Bums dress up better than they were dressed. Don't you have anything decent to put on?? The ceremony begins in less than 15 minutes!!! These are all the clothes you own?? Just a minute, I have new pants and shirts for desk sitters upstairs. I'll see if I can find something to fit all of you. I run back upstairs, get the cross and chain, new clothes for the ragamuffins downstairs, a camera and film in case the photographer doesn't show up, the new Palm corder that Mali bought us yesterday for Leonard to use. I then run back downstairs with everything and distribute it to the appropriate party/area, etc.

I decide where we are going to stand for the ceremony as Hurricane Andrew is blowing straight sideways out there and the pool area is out of the question. Just in front of the doors to the interior garden has a nice appearance, so I choose that and have the maintenance man put two chairs in front of where we stand as Werner cannot stand throughout the entire ceremony. He has decided that he can stand for all but the songs. That if he sits down for every song he can make it standing up for the rest of the ceremony. That should give him plenty of time to rest up in between as he had told La Verne Hill to sing every verse of every song as he loved those songs and he was in no hurry to get through the ceremony.

Werner now shows up, sees that everything is not yet finalized and starts bellowing like a speared rhinoceros. Now come the four letter words. Bad choice just before the wedding ceremony, I think to myself. But very appropriate, with none of these idiots doing anything until I wind them up, leaving everything for 15 minutes before the ceremony. Cindy suddenly remembers the runner and I decide that the march down the isle will begin by the entrance to the swimming pool in the A building, and will progress into the dining room and to the front of the doors by the center garden. I decide Werner and I will face the priest and the priest will face us and the center garden. This way we will be facing the cameras. Werner has the stereo from the Malis brought down to the dining room and fishes out the tapes I just brought to him, reading the labels. He then decides that before the ceremony begins, he wants to play the tape containing the Ave Maria, so one of they guys puts the tape in the tape player and the music is just beautiful and soothes Werner and me down. Werner then goes back up front to greet Father Grogan when he comes. Werner suddenly asks how much we should give him. Be generous, I tell Werner, he really did us a big favor by marrying us on such short notice. Normally he just doesn't do those things. So after some dickering back and forth, we agree on \$150 for the priest himself and \$150 for the Church. Well, give me the money, Werner says. It's your church, so you pay. That's not what the Emily Post book says, but what the heck, lets keep the day happy. I give him the priest's money in cash.

Werner has someone Paul Revere it over to the flower shop and at the last minute he puts aside my check and pays for it with his money as he suddenly remembered that he heard somewhere that the man pays for the flowers. We put the flowers in the right places, and then up front Werner greets and talks to the priest and hands him the money ahead of time so he won't forget later. The priest then uses Werner's office to change into his wedding ceremony garments. The priest and Werner then come back to the dining room and by then I have everything pretty much in order, as in order as it's going to get. Werner is grumblng, he wants to get married outdoors by the pool. I point out all the water that is driving in straight sideways and tell him that the priest just would not appreciate standing out in that kind of weather.

The priest is about ready to begin and needs some orientation as to where things are and how we are going to proceed. I tell the priest and Werner in a nutshell. The priest was given a copy of the wedding booklet with the entire ceremony in there over the weekend so he could study it. The booklet was fine with him. I had the boys pass out the booklets to all of the residents who have now gathered in the dining room to witness the ceremony. The boys look much better with their white shirts and light blue pants on.

I gave a booklet to Werner, myself and to the best man, Hari Mali and to Carleen Mali. I explained to the priest that we would be coming down the isle from the A building, Carleen and Hari first, Werner and I afterwards. I then told the photographer to make sure to get good shots of us coming down the aisle as that for some reason was the most important part of the ceremony to Werner. Looking at the photographer I was filled with a.) apprehension, and b.) disgust. A modern type with a pony tail down his back. What kind of pictures were we gonna get from a guy who looked like that? And I felt doubly sick to think that if my best friend Ann Kay didn't have a sick dog back home in Utica, Werner and I would have flown her here in a heartbeat and she would have given us first

rate wedding photographs. But too late now. Our photographs were now left in the hands of fate.

Carleen, Hari, Werner and I all lined up at the back entrance to the pool of the A building. Werner had picked "Here comes the Bride" as the wedding march. He was very emotional about using that song and had talked about that as our wedding march for years and years. He loved my white dress and small veil. He raved over that dress before and after the ceremony. It was just perfect, he had said to me, and would have been a bargain at twice the price. And he loved the modest, small veil Just right, he said.

Now the wedding march began. Werner held my hand very tightly and began to cry tears of emotion and joy. Carleen and Hari had to quickly change places as Werner said they were on the wrong side. They then marched down the isle as Werner held my hand tightly and cried. Werner bent over my ear and whispered some sweet things to me. This was definitely Hochzeit (High time) for Werner. It was one of the most emotional days of his life. When Carleen and Hari got into place in front of the priest, then Werner and I began our march down the isle. Werner grasped my hand even more firmly and off we started, hand in hand, together we marched down the isle. (We had discussed the various methods of the wedding procession, and since my father was deceased, Werner did not want me to walk down the isle alone and thought it would be a beautiful touch if we walked down together. That worked out beautifully, even better than we had thought.) Werner determined the pace, which he kept firm but slow. He even slowed down almost to a stop to give the photographer a chance to get good wedding shots of the grand march. The jerk blew it. He got no shot of Carleen and Hari and one lousy, out of focus, one hundred miles away, with mostly ugly back of the piano in the frame, picture.

Werner cried all the way down the isle. He walked on the left, I on the right. When we came into the dining room all of the residents were standing up watching us, with hardly a dry eye in the place. We walked down the nice white runner Cindy had provided and then ended up standing in front of the priest, with Carleen and Hari standing behind us. The first song was Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, Grandma Rosa Wilhelm's favorite song that she played for every family celebration. We forgot to tell the priest that we had La Verne Hill play every verse of every song, so he kept starting to get up to continue on with the ceremony and had to sit back down again until the next and then the next verse was played.

The priest looked kind of funny and interested at the singer and piano player as he probably never encountered her before as she was southern Baptist and he was Catholic. And La Verne had to practice for hours as she was totally unfamiliar with all these Lutheran hymns. And the priest was singing kind of low as he was only vaguely familiar with the Lutheran songs. Werner and I sang our hearts out as we had just recently learned these songs by going to the Protestant Church services at Sun 'N Lake Towers. The ceremony itself was just beautiful. It was written entirely by Werner and myself and contained everything we wanted in it. I chose the traditional husband - wife roles for our readings as Werner is a very traditionally minded man. He loved the readings which depicted the man as the head of the house and the wife as servant to the man. I promised

to obey him, which I had done for the past 16 years, and he promised to protect me, a new concept for him, but one which was growing on him.

Werner cried off and on throughout the entire ceremony. He was a very happy, but very emotional man that day. He always had said to me, "I got more feelings than you do". (That wasn't true at all, but I keep my feelings much more inside me than Werner does.) The whole world knows how Werner feels because he doesn't hide a thing. We have most of the wedding ceremony on video, something that I cannot yet watch as it is too fresh a pain for me to see Werner in a video. But Werner was the star of the show that day.

As part of the ceremony, we gave tribute to the dead parents, my father and Werner's mother and father, by praying for them and lighting candles in their remembrance. It goes without saying that my mother, very much alive and in Utica during the ceremony, was very much hurt and upset with Werner that he had excluded her from her own daughter's wedding. But Werner had excluded his entire family as well, including his sister, who was very upset with him for not telling her about the wedding until well after it was all over. (She was likewise upset with him that he had commanded me in writing to do the same thing in regard to his funeral as he did not want his or my family there either.) The lighting of the candles in the two ceremonies was a bit of an awkward moment for Werner as the priest did not bring the right kind of candles and they didn't light properly, so the priest and I fidgeted around with them until we got them to stay lit, while Werner stood back and watched. I had the right candles upstairs in my apartment, but at this point I couldn't leave to go get them.

Speaking of forgotten things, at the beginning of the ceremony the priest asked Werner for the marriage license. Werner got a real blank look on his face. I then whispered to Werner that he left it on the top of his bookcase bed. The priest then said that that was alright, we could go get it later.

Just before the exchange of vows, the priest asked each one of us individually if we came here of our own free will to get married. He also asked us if anyone coerced us or promised us anything for getting married. I was very interested in Werner's emotional reaction to this question, as I never thought he would ever get married of his own free will. But he very positively, very comfortably, and with assertion said, yes, he had come of his own free will. (Later Werner told me over and over again that what he admired most about me was that never at any time did I attempt to coerce, force or badger him into marriage. He said that he greatly appreciated that he was never threatened or backed up against a wall.) I did have more than a moment or two of panic, asking myself what did I think I was doing standing up here in front of a priest, as I have been as allergic to marriage through the years as Werner was and staying single was always a comfort to me as you knew when things were bad that you could point your feet in two directions, one facing back to Werner's house and one facing out the door. And what was yours was yours, and you didn't have to worry about losing your shirt in a divorce. But I loved Werner with all my heart and my main reason in getting married at this point in our lives was so that I could protect him from anything that may come in the future as I had told him repeatedly, that if he didn't marry me, his sister was his next of kin and did he want her to make his medical decisions for him.

Werner was absolutely adorable on his wedding day. Like a big lovable teddy bear. And it was truly a high point in his life for believe it or not, he was really ready for marriage. He put his whole heart and soul into that ceremony. He loved every minute of it, and participated fully, including singing all the songs.

Then came the exchange of vows. Werner did an admirable job of memorizing his vows and said them by himself without a hitch. But we didn't clue the priest in that we had memorized them, so he said them along with Werner for awhile until he realized that Werner knew them. Fortunately, I remembered my vows without a hitch too. Werner said that that was no concern to him, for he knew that every woman had those vows thoroughly memorized by the time she got out of grade school. I teased Werner, asking him if he could remember all of his names, as he wanted to use his formal nomenclature for this ceremony. He was miffed at me that I would even suggest that he would forget his names. (The first time I thought I was getting married to him it took a little bit of memorization to get all of his names memorized in the right order, Richard Friedrich August Werner Wilhelm.)

After the exchange of vows, the priest said we would now place the wedding rings on each other's finger. Earlier, during the lighting of the wedding candle from the two candles, Werner got a blank look on his face, then he motioned frantically to Carleen, and told her to run up front to his office and get my wedding ring out of his office drawer. He forgot to bring it with him. His office was unlocked so we were lucky I still had a wedding ring. Werner was very emotional while placing the wedding ring on my finger, and added to the end of the memorized vows, "I will love, honor, cherish and protect you forever, your truly Bear". When looking at the still picture of when I placed the wedding ring on Werner's finger, he looked like he was positively emotionally drunk from this overwhelming occurrence.

After the closing prayers, asking for blessings upon us and our wedding and all of our family and friends, the priest then asked for the marriage license. I said I would go get it as Werner was quite worn out and in no mood to walk all that distance. Those high heeled shoes were killing me. I walked in them as long as people in the dining room could see me, but as soon as I turned the corner and was alone, I pulled the shoes off, then ran like the wind so as not to keep the priest waiting too long. Being in stocking feet after those high heels was pure heaven! I ran to the bedroom and the license was lying just where I remembered it. I grabbed it and ran back down, putting on my shoes outside the elevator. I handed it to the priest who was standing over by the head table near the entrance to the A building. He then signed it and gave it to Hari and Carleen to sign. He then took the envelope and mailed it back to the courthouse. He sent us the nicest thank you note the very next day, which I thought was so very gracious.

Werner tried in the hardest way to get the priest to stay for the wedding reception dinner afterwards, but he preferred not to, changed his clothes in Werner's office and left. Werner was in a royal snit because the food was not ready to be served right after the ceremony. But within 45 minutes the food was served and it was a nice dinner, but was

not as nice as the Ross Perot dinner, which our kitchen handled superbly. The southern gospel singer and pianist and her husband stayed for dinner and got a kick out of Werner's presentation. Right after the priest left and before dinner was served, I went around to each table and talked to the guests. Werner was too ill to come with me and sat alone at the head table. All of the guests understood how sick he was, and they went to him to wish him happiness.

La Verne Hill played secular music after the ceremony, and when she started to play Werner's favorite song, "Somewhere My Love" I went to Werner and he got up and we danced to this one song. He was very happy to dance to this song and it was a very emotional moment for him. After that song, he had to sit down as he was out of breath and energy.

When the food started being served, La Verne stopped playing and came to eat with us, and so Werner had the maintenance men put on the old fashioned tapes on the stereo and we listened to those as we ate. Later on he put the German tapes on and he fell absolutely in love with these German tapes and up in our apartment he played these German tapes over and over again. One very funny note about these old German tapes. Shortly after our wedding Werner and I were listening to these tapes in our apartment as we were getting ready for the day, and as a sudden Werner stopped dead, listened to the song which was playing and got a real funny look on his face. Did you understand what was just sung, Werner asked me? No, I said. Werner had a peculiar look on his face and then repeated what he just heard on that tape, "the priest on the tape asked the young man why he was all dressed up like that in church today – your wedding day was yesterday, he told him." Werner and I looked at one another and then we both gave a funny laugh.

And when we all sat together at the head table, after we had eaten, he was in his glory giving his wedding speech to the people gathered there. At that speech he had said that he was an old bachelor, getting married for the first time in his life at that advanced age. He then said that I was the first Mrs. Wilhelm since his mother died in 1966 (he forgot all about Charlotte?) Then he presented me with his mother's necklace and pendant that her father, Richard Brehmer, had given to her when she was a teenager. He even had it polished at the Goldsmith, Ltd. for this occasion. He then proceeded to place this around my neck at this time.

Werner also gladly displayed a small card with a \$100 bill inside which he had received from Carleen as she was paying him off on a 20 year old bet that she had just lost. Mali kept trying to buy St. Anne's from Werner and Werner kept selling it to him, but somehow the deal never went completely through. In 1982 Brenner told Mali that he could sue Werner for specific performance as Werner signed up all the papers once again and then wiggled out of the deal as he had done a number of times before. But Mali knew better than to try that as he knew the first time he was late with a payment the deal would blow up in his face. Mali would go home to Carleen and be so frustrated that Werner was stringing him along. Mali told Carleen how badly he wanted to buy St. Anne's, and Carleen, trying to calm Mali down and make him see things realistically, told him, "Hari, there is 3 things that Wilhelm will never do: 1. get married, 2. buy a new car, or 3. sell St. Anne's." I'll bet a hundred dollars on that. Hari told Werner that after he sold Hari

St. Anne's. Werner told Carleen, well, I sold St. Anne's, so give me the \$100! Carleen told Werner that he had to fulfill all three conditions before he could get the \$100. So When Werner and I got married, Werner then demanded and got from Carleen the \$100, for he had gotten married, sold St. Anne's and had bought a new car way back in 1981. I said to Werner, "Hey, Werner, she made that bet with Hari, not you. Hari should get the \$100. Na, Werner told me, I did all three things, so I should be the one to get the money.

Later, Werner screamed at me that the money and card were missing, that I had left it in the dining room and someone had stolen it. I looked all among my things that I had down there that day and couldn't find it among any of those things. I felt very bad about losing the bet card and the money. Much later, I pulled Werner's wedding shirt out of the closet to wash it, and in fleecing the pockets before putting it in the washing machine, I found the card and the money. Werner had picked it up and put it in his pocket on the wedding night. I felt so good that we still had it but I did enjoy rubbing it in a little that he and not I misplaced it.

Werner wanted to kill Mali for his "best man's" speech that night. Mali went on and on about how I deserved to be married to Werner and to get the best out of life now because all throughout the years I had taken so much abuse from Werner, (and he kept on repeating, "so much abuse"). That whole speech was so obnoxious and unflattering to Werner.

He enjoyed the cutting of the cake too, although he was not quite sure what he was supposed to do. But Cindy brought the cake and the knife, we both cut the first piece together, and then I finished the job. We then fed one another the first piece. That went much smoother than I had anticipated, and Cindy said that I was much too kind to Werner. Cindy then finished serving the other guests.

After we ate and the guests cleared out I brought out my camera, having no faith whatsoever in a photographer who wore a ponytail. It was extremely difficult to get Werner to cooperate as he was dead tired due to all the emotion and how sick he was. But I told him that I wanted to make sure we had some decent wedding pictures and would he please cooperate. What a session that was! While watching Hurricane Andrew blow by straight sideways outside I was trying to line the wedding party up and focus. Werner would not stand, sitting elsewhere, saying that when I was all set up and focused then he would pose. So I had someone else stand where he would stand till I was set up, then he would jump into the picture. Werner, please cooperate for just a little while longer, I pleaded with him. I promise I will never marry you again, so you just have to pose just this once. He was so tired and so bedraggled! You could see it in the pictures. In the middle of the picture taking with the three candles, he just refused to do anything more, demanding a bowl of strawberry ice cream. And he meant it too. No ice cream, no more posing. Just like any typical 5 year old boy. So he got his bowl of strawberry ice cream and I got some pictures of him eating it. He felt better afterwards and we finished up the pictures.

Right after the picture taking, he was off to bed. He got those clothes off in record time. He intended to go right down for a nap and he didn't want any interference, so he

suggested that I go to the swimming pool and do my 100 laps while he slept. A lot of the tenants wondered what I was doing alone in the swimming pool on my wedding night.

I had thought that we would be going to the Registry Hotel for a honeymoon, and I had even talked to Werner about this in early August. I had suggested that August 10 would have been a better wedding day as we could have been to the Registry for the quarterly meeting. But he wouldn't hear of any date except August 24th. I guess he was too sick to travel as he had no interest in going anywhere for a honeymoon and the next day he was in the office, business as usual. Carleen and Hari then took off back home as they had nursing homes to run. Carleen had a problem on her hands that she had to attend to as Nancy Hefferon Jr. was running her billing and there was \$5,000 that appeared to be missing and Carleen intended to confront her with that.

Werner and I worked as usual from August 25 to September 6th, not going anywhere or doing anything together. Werner would work, we would eat together, he would vomit up most of what he ate at every meal, then after dinner he would watch some TV and fall asleep. I tried to get in some swimming to reduce tension, burn off calories and to try to keep the cancer from coming back as exercise is supposed to be beneficial in that regard.

Management meetings took place every morning in Werner's office with the staff from 8:30 am to 9:00 am. 8:30 am is not my best hour, so Werner would order up a BLT and a glass of milk for me as an inducement for me to get there fairly on time. He would then order either a BLT for himself, or a plate of eggs. We would then eat together in the morning while he had the meeting, but sure as ever, in the middle of his breakfast he would get a funny look on his face, then motion for the glass candy jar, put it under his chin and then turn beet red while puking into the candy jar. I was amazed at how strong a stomach I was able to maintain, being able to eat through all that puking every day. Poor Scott, who had holes in his stomach, would fly out of the office as fast as his legs would carry him as he had a very weak stomach and could not keep anything down if someone started puking in front of him. Sure made for a conducive management meeting! Just goes to show you that the boss can do anything he wants to. Then afterwards he would give the candy jar full of you know what to the staff to wash out. They would return it clean to him and he would put the candy back in the jar, where it would stay until the next morning. Somehow no one seemed to be eating any candy out of that bowl anymore.

Werner told me we had the Baums coming from Zschippach in September and then the Schroeders coming in October. I then discussed with him that I was due in September for all my blood work and doctor visits. He suggested I go September 6th and be back in two weeks to meet the Baums. So that is what I did. It tore me apart to leave him for it was obvious how sick he was getting. But he assured me that he would be okay for the next two weeks and that I was to go to Michigan.

So I came and went those two weeks, having passed all my physicals and blood work. As I talked to him the night before I was scheduled to leave Michigan for Florida, he said to me with wonderment in his voice, "This is the first time you will be coming home to your husband". When I got back to Sebring the Baums were due in the next day. Werner

stayed home and I went to the airport to get them. When I got there they were not where Werner said they would be, so I telephoned Werner to see what he had really said to them. Na, ya, maybe I didn't tell them to meet you by the escalator, he says. Well, where did you tell them to meet me, then, I ask. Na, ya, I don't remember, he says. Then he barks, where are you parked? Right outside, I tell him. @#\$%, he says, you're going to get a \$100 ticket and I'm not going to pay it. Get the #@\$% out of there and let them find you, he screams. I have Werner's handicap sticker so I ask the Security where the handicapped parking is. He tells me I can leave my car right where it is and not get a ticket.

I get on the phone and holler some more at Werner. He hollers back. Suddenly Jurgen comes up to me and asks if I am Sandy. Hurrah! We found one another, I tell Werner. Get--\the @#\$% home then, was his reply. So we pack all the luggage in the van and I struggle with the German language all the way home without the help of Werner who hates to translate, anyway.

Werner was most gracious to these people over the next 3 weeks of their stay with us. He gives them the \$8000 model room to stay in, and keeps them well supplied with beer and food. We often come up to our apartment and play Scot, a German card game like Euchre. Werner is adorable with his Scot playing. He always wanted to play Scot, did not know how, and never had anyone to play with. So when he finds out that the Baums play Scot he has them show me and him how. What a fiasco for me! I don't understand enough of their highfalutin fast delivered German to understand all of the rules, so I ask Werner to translate for me. Asking Werner to translate anything is like asking to do penance. I get hollered at, screamed at and made fun of. He tells me that I am stupid that I don't know how to follow their directions and play the game right. I soon figure out why Werner is doing all this screaming at me - he doesn't understand it that well himself, and he doesn't want to embarrass himself by admitting it to them or to me. I soon figure out that this game is very much like Euchre, so I play it that way and things go pretty smoothly, except that I have no idea as to how I can bid and what the rationale is behind how high you can bid and why you can bid that high. And I also don't understand how they are counting up points when the hand is over. So I ask. Bad move. I get a torrent of German thrown at me, half of which I don't understand. I ask for a translation and get belittled and put down by Werner. The hell with this dumb game, I tell Werner. If you won't tell me what's going on and how to play it and why then I'm not going to join in, I'm just going to sit back and play dummy. VROOM!!! Werner goes off like a Cape Kennedy Space Rocket. Werner must have had an Angel sitting on his shoulder when he played Scott, for he could do no wrong. All the right cards always fell into his hand, he played that game wilder than a march hare, and still he won every hand, never going back once despite some very wild bidding. His score took off right off the score card, he did so well he left the rest of us far, far behind him. All while we played Scot together we played the beautiful old fashioned German tapes on the excellent stereo that Mali bought Werner for a wedding present. It made such a wonderful setting for an evening of card playing, all that soft, old fashioned music. It reminded Werner of his childhood days back home with his parents. And we kept the candy, pop, beer, pretzels and chips going. They were beautiful evenings together. They came but once and are no more.

They brought Werner and I lots of real nice authentic German presents. I enjoyed everyone of them and put them on display on my bookcase. They really enjoyed our wedding album full of pictures and asked for an 8 X 10 to take home and frame, which we gave them. In her August, 1993 phone call to me she says she has that picture framed and prominently displayed in her living room in Zschippach. So part of Werner is there every day on his Rittergut.

We took them to Disneyworld, which Werner loves to visit. I had brought an electric wheelchair for Werner from Binsons with me on the last trip as he couldn't walk anymore and was in a push wheelchair. He loved getting around Disneyworld by himself in that wheelchair. That chair moved very fast, and I was sure he would run someone over as he had little regard for strangers. But he handled that chair like a champ, much better than he drove a car. He got all over Disneyworld with ease. On the car trip north to Disneyworld, he was very sick, putting his head back and looking like death warmed over. But he fell asleep, making the journey easier to bear. When we got out of the car onto the Disney parking lot, he came alive, like a 5 year old looking for Mickey Mouse. He was all ready for a day of fun. The parking lot attendant helped Jurgen get that very heavy wheelchair out of my van, Werner got in it, turned on the power and we were off! The first stop was the ticket counter. Werner paid for all of our tickets. But as always there was a slant to this. He wanted to get resident discounted tickets. So he pulled out his driver's license, our marriage license for me, and for Heidi, the wife of Jurgen he pulled out a driver's license of a strange woman ~ that had been delivered to Sun 'N Lake by error. So he got resident tickets for 3 out of the 4 and he argued the guy into the floor boards to try to get all resident tickets, to no avail. He told the Germans to keep their mouths shut so that the ticket taker wouldn't know they were foreigners.

After the tickets were paid for, we were headed for the park for a day of fun. We chose to take the boat across rather than the train as it was easier with the wheelchair. Werner enjoyed the boat ride better anyway, enjoying the soft breeze in his face. We had some problems getting the wheelchair over the humps leading off the boat, but turning the wheelchair backwards, we managed.

Once we stepped into the park we were all enchanted by the atmosphere of the place. Such a happy and carefree place to be! The closest thing to paradise, Werner and I felt. The Germans just loved it there. We had very nice weather that day and very few people there. And with Werner in a wheelchair, we got to the front on most of the rides and saved a lot of time not having to wait in line. We walked up main street while Werner rode in his wheelchair. We could not take the fire truck or the trolley as Werner's wheelchair could not be accommodated. We were just as content to walk and watch all the interesting old cars drive by.

When we got to the intersection leading to Adventureland we decided to eat our lunch as it was almost noon. Several of us opted to buy a hot dog although Werner had a sack full of sandwiches for all of us. We all bought pop from that quaint old store on the corner. Then we all sat on the park bench next to Werner and ate our lunch in tranquility and peace. We took liberal amounts of pictures all day long while enjoying the beautiful scenery.

Werner went on most of his favorite attractions. He loved the Jungle Cruise and took several pictures there himself. He also loved the Pirates of the Caribbean! although that was quite a feat getting him on that ride. We then went for the Riverboat ride, the Hall of Presidents, and the Country Jamboree. We then saw all of the Main Street Disney on Parade from a very good vantage point due to the fact that Werner got us all into the handicapped area for the parade. Werner's very favorite, Its a Small World! we got him into and he got to go around twice on that one. At first the attendant didn't want him to be able to remain in the boat and go round again, but he loved that ride, had the first seat which is the very best seat in the boat, so when I told her he didn't have much longer to live and that was his very favorite ride, she let us go around again. He was sad that he couldn't get onto the Merry Go Round this time as he had done with me in the past. But he sat and watched the rest of us go on. One funny note about Werner watching the merry go round ride – he was holding the camcorder in his hand as we went on the ride. He took some video of us on the ride, then spent the next 10 minutes videoing his belly going in and out. He thought he had turned the camcorder off but it was still recording his breathing.

We then went on the Submarine ride all together. We then went on the Delta Dream Ride but Werner had a devil of a time getting on that ride and they had to stop the belt for him. We went on the Carousel of Progress and the Moon Trip. Werner bowed out of Space Mountain, saying that was not for him as it is a very wild, fast ride in total darkness.

We ended up leaving the park after dark, four very happy, tired people. We stopped in several shops on the way out, but Werner and I didn't buy anything. I thought he was going to take those narrow aisles apart in his wheelchair, but miraculously, everything remained intact.

On the way out they had a laser light show, a most spectacular thing to see. It was truly a magical kingdom, creating an illusion of a place where there is always happiness and gaiety, where man is always good and the sun always shines.

Werner slept all the way home. I stopped in Denny's to get a pop to stay awake driving all the way home by myself. The Germans praised that day for the rest of their trip. They just loved it at Disneyworld.

Werner and I had to work while they were there, so we gave them my van and told them where to find the local attractions on their own. They did very well considering they spoke no English. We sent them to Hammond Park, to the Alligator Farm south of Lake Placid. They then got real brave and we sent them with Werner's gasoline credit card to Key West. They made it there and back in my van in fine form. And they loved every minute of their trip. They didn't have money for motels so they took along mats and chairs and slept in the van on the beaches. They also took along a 4 days' supply of sandwiches from Sun 'N Lake Towers.

My van was none the worse for wear considering that the East German's were using it for Driver's Training practice. They took very fine care of it, and returned it with a full tank of gas and cleaner than they started out.

They loved our swimming pool going in it for hours almost every day. It was very good for Heidi as she had had a hip replacement and the exercise was good for her. She never learned to swim so she loved my water wings as they gave her complete freedom to learn to swim.

They called home and were called in turn by their family, quite often to see that all was okay as they left a number of children home. But all was okay back home and they had 3 weeks rest and relaxation. They have-repeatedly said that Florida was like a paradise, that the vacation was like a dream to them.

Toward the end of their vacation they took a trip to Sea world and really enjoyed their experience there. It was kind of expensive for them, but being it was once in a lifetime, they spent the money and felt it was well worth it.

I didn't get to stay with them to the end of their vacation in Florida as I got a call from Wil Mar that the Auditor from Cooper and Lybrand was coming in a few days. So I had to pack up real quick and pony express it by van back to Michigan for the audit. I was disgusted and worried about leaving Werner again as he was quite sick and I wanted to be with him, but I had to go attend to the audit. I never would have gone in September if I had known I had to go back again in October. I would have made it one trip. So I said goodbye to the Baums, and especially to my dear Werner, then off I drove as I saw Werner sitting on the bench in front of Sun 'N Lake, so sad to see me leaving him again.

It broke my heart to leave him sitting there like that.

Werner entertained the Baums for the next week alone while I was in Michigan. The Baums finally left on Thursday and I got through my audit although I was shocked to find out that after December 31, 1993 there would be no more payment coming from the State of Michigan for the interest or principal, thus there would be no more \$11,000 month payment coming from the state to pay Werner. Werner had always known this, and had always handled the audit before to shield me from learning this. That took the legs out from under me. But I could not confront nor talk to Werner about this as he was far too ill. That was why Werner had very seriously considered closing Wil Mar as he would receive no more monthly payments and he did not want to give up his home and move to a strange place. Therefore he had no interest in selling Wil Mar to a third party.

Whenever Wil Mar would get behind on payments he would call Stephen Feldman, his attorney and seek his advice on whether to close Wil Mar or not. He was sick of pumping loans into Wil Mar - but on the other hand he did not want to lose the \$11,000 a month payment. Werner toyed with the idea of selling Wil Mar to Hari Mali with the idea of retaining his house. Hari said he would buy it if Werner were to sell it right away so he could build up the OBRA costs and have the State pay the overrun. Hari analyzed the books, thought it would not have a decent 1993 rate and lost interest. Carleen called me and said she wanted to buy it in her own name to give to her son Bradley as a source of income. She said Bradley was quite lazy and would spend most of his time in the blue house back yard refinishing boats, but he would have the Administrator's salary of \$71,000 for doing nothing. I talk to Werner about this, and he said, "Hell no", she has

no personal guarantee or collateral and the place would go to hell while Bradley played with his toys in the back yard. In talking to Hari & Carleen about the sale Hari said he wanted the blue house in three months for his son and his wife, but that they would give Werner a 5 or 10 year lease on his personal house. Werner did not like these terms, not knowing how much longer he had to live, and certainly not wanting to be thrown out of his own house when he was a very old man and not wanting to move anywhere else in his last few years.

Had Carleen been well and something could be worked out with Werner's house, I might have considered it, as Carleen is a very good Administrator at Royal Nursing Home in Highland Park, a most difficult place to run. But Carleen said to me that she has had over 20 cancerous tumors removed and her longevity is very limited. (What I have since learned about Carleen's "cancerous" tumors has come as a big shock to me. In November, 1992 Carleen said she was very ill as she had a 10 lb liver tumor. I figured she would be dead before Werner, but now, 9 years later Carleen is hale and hearty. The "cancer" was a fairy tale – she had liposuction according to Dan Abramson.) And Werner was always very hesitant to put both of his nursing homes in Mali's hands in case there should be a big blow up between the two, or in case Mali started pulling some fast ones financially. Werner had seriously considered selling both St. Anne's and Wil Mar at the same time to Hari as a package deal, but Hari really did not want Wil Mar and Werner did not completely trust Hari.

While I was in Michigan completing the annual Medicaid audit, I started getting frantic phone calls from the secretary, Marie. She said that Werner was green, that not only were his legs badly swollen, but now his arms were badly swollen as well, and his arms were all scabbed up and bloody. He was puking all the time, and on most days was just sitting at his desk, slumped over, staring straight ahead. She was hysterical, wanting to put him on a plane to Michigan immediately. She tried very hard to get him to go to the airport, but to no avail. He said he was not that sick and had no intention of flying to Michigan.

I then called Werner at night when he was in bed, asking him how he truly felt. Yes, he was swollen in his legs and somewhat in the body, but not in the arms. Yes, his arms were scabbed over ~ and purple, but no differently than when I had last saw him. No, he was not green. Yes, he was very very tired and could not put in more than a few hours work at a time. He spent a lot of his day in bed now. Yes, he missed me very much, but no, there was no reason to fly right in to Sebring as there was no crisis at the present time. Please finish your audit and Wil Mar's books then come back to me, he said. I am real sick, but I can hold out another week without you. No, I do not need to fly to Detroit. And no, I don't need dialysis yet, here or in Detroit. (Translation: I am way overdue to have dialysis, but I am not ready to face that trauma yet.)

I talked to Marie again, and again total hysteria, he was going to drop dead at any moment. She pleaded, screeched, and got hysterical. I then got on the phone to our brand new secretary, Bonnie. How does he look to you! I asked? Well, he is real sick, but no sicker than when you left him, in my opinion, Bonnie said. His feet and legs are badly swollen but his arms do not look swollen to me, and his purple spots on his arms

are the same as when you left. His skin color is icky, but he is not a definite green. I will keep an eye on him; and tell you if he appears to fail more, Bonnie told me.

Then I get another call; this time from Bonnie; saying that Werner pushed a very loud, obnoxious Jewish lady from the Bronx into the bricks head first as she moved into Sun 'N Lake, then refused to pay the rent, saying she intended to pay a discounted amount instead. Werner told her to get out if she wasn't going to pay the full rent. She mouthed off to him, then walked to the front door intending to get on the company van for a shopping trip. Werner got in front of her, blocking her entrance onto the van; saying she wasn't a resident and would not be using the facilities. He then lost his balance, staggered backward, falling into her and knocking her into the bricks head first. Boy, what a hoopla that created! The lady called the State and every one who was anybody came out in force. After talking to everyone who saw the incident, they then talked to Werner who by then was sitting in his apartment in his blood soaked underpants. He had them let themselves in and he talked to them in his wheelchair. He told them that it all happened so fast he doesn't even remember it all, but that he lost his balance and staggered backward, as he has been doing quite often these last six months. Believe it or not, he got out of that one with a clean bill of health! I begged him to hop a plane home as I was frightened that they might throw him in jail and he was much too sick to live through that. I asked him if he wanted me to fly down to be with him and he said no, he could handle it.

I talked to Werner two to three times per day during this absence from him. He was very tired and slept often. I often awoke him when I called him after 6 pm. He often got right back off the phone to go to sleep again. I had to keep calling him to make sure he was still alive. I had a real worry of what they were going to do if he got real sick or fell and couldn't open the door to help as the lock was real secure and he had the only key to it! or so I thought. It turned out that a locksmith working for Security Lock and Key by the name of Baumgartner had made a key that fit 410, 412 and 414. I had told Werner that I had heard this, but he merely discounted it as stupid talk. One night I got a scared, frantic call from Werner. On the way back from the bathroom, due to his severe weakness, he lost his balance and fell with a coffee cup in his hand. He said he skinned his toes on the over bed table and fell into the closet, scalding himself with the hot coffee and also breaking open his skin from the fall as his skin was like parchment from the uremic poisoning. He couldn't get himself out of the closet or on his feet due to the overwhelming weakness. He was all alone in that bedroom and quite scared and no one could help him up as he was locked in the room and no one could get in without a key. He rested awhile in the closet until he regathered some of his strength, then pulled himself up and crawled over to the bed, then used the bed to get up. He got blood all over everything! The closet, the closet door, the wall by the closet, the bed, the bedding, and the carpet. He also got coffee all over the carpet. He then called me to relate to me what had happened to him just now. He was really shaken up and was scared to be alone. I could have died in that closet if I hadn't been able to pull myself up, he told me. He got a really bad burn on his arm and the scab was about 1/4 inch high and it was January before most of it was healed.

After the audit was finished, I did the books through Sept 30th, then headed back to Sun 'N Lake and my beloved Werner. He just beamed with joy when he heard I was coming home to him. I told him I would be there in two days as I refused to drag a trailer as I was so upset over his health that I just could not concentrate enough to drag a trailer too. He was concerned a bit about my safety for the first time in the 16 years I knew him, so he agreed I would not take the trailer with me. I called him along the way and told him of my progress. As always, I called him from my bed in the hotel room at night to tell him where I was and that I was safe. We always had such sweet tender conversations at those times. He was always so deliriously happy that I was on my way back to him. When I pulled in he was sitting at his desk waiting for me but he was hung over the chair sound asleep. The secretary said he had expected me earlier and had been sitting for hours in his wheelchair at the front door of the lobby waiting for me. She said that all he had talked about was my coming back to him. He told me over the phone, "You're coming home as Mrs. Wilhelm now. You're coming back to your husband."

I was wiped out from the long drive. I had supper with Werner at Quincy's restaurant, which I loved to eat at. Werner, on the other hand, could eat almost nothing due to his queasy stomach. We had him sit down at a table as soon as he got in and I stood in line and ordered me a good steak dinner, and I ordered him the dessert bar, which pleased him as it cost only \$1.98. I would run and get him some soft serve ice cream, a piece of cake, and sometimes a cookie. He was very pleased with that menu. The waitress would be very nice to him and give him a free cup of coffee, which pleased him very much. We sat and talked for over an hour and a half, leaving there after 9 pm. That was the last time I went to a restaurant with Werner alone in Florida. All the rest of his stay in Florida he was far too sick to go to a restaurant. He brought back up almost everything he ate from then until he started dialysis in November, 1992.

That night we went home and hopped into bed. We were so glad to be together again we talked for awhile he watched a little TV then we drifted off to sleep. I told him I was exhausted and that I intended to sleep in tomorrow, and that no one was to wake me up till I woke myself up. He said okay. Sleep with such a sick Werner was always fractured as he could not breathe and was up and down all night. I would frequently awaken and find him either sitting on the edge of his bed, leaned over trying to catch his breath, or else he was sitting in his teddy bear chair with the recliner head back and the feet up trying to sleep that way. But I slept pretty soundly that night and he tip toed out at 8:30 am as usual and started his day. Then about 10:30 am the phone rang off the wall which was usually the signal that he was trying to reach me as that phone rang in the apartment and in his office downstairs, so if he did not answer it it almost always meant that he was calling me on that line. So I woke up, crawled over to his side of the bed and answered the phone. Yup, it was Werner. He had an apologetic tone in his voice that he was waking me, but he said he had an attorney in his office that was explaining to him what a living trust was and maybe I would be interested in hearing this. I was. So I jumped into some clothing and got downstairs to Werner's office. The attorney was in the middle of his spiel when I got there so I only heard half, and I never did catch the man's name. But I did learn enough to know that this might be a good thing for Werner and I to do. The attorney left Werner with a bunch of papers, a book, and samples of wording that can be

used in setting up a living trust and said he would stop by later to see if he could interest Werner into letting him draw up something. We spent more time discussing this man's prostate problems than we did in discussing a living trust. The man had a PSA of 14, which is usually indicative of prostate cancer, but he could not have an ultrasound done as his rectal opening was too narrow to pass a probe through in fact the doctor couldn't even get one finger in there. So first they had to do surgery to enlarge his rectum before they could do further testing. I couldn't believe what this living trust meeting had evolved into in the course of an hour. That was my last meeting with this attorney, but Werner must have had another one when I was in Michigan or busy marketing in Sebring, for when he returned to Michigan in December he had a multiple paged living trust document drawn up and signed, which he also had me sign. Over the course of December and January Werner kept revising that document, adding, subtracting, modifying. Peggy, his office manager, said she had witnessed at least 4 of these recently.

The next day the second German family came to Sun N Lake Towers, Herr Bernd Schroeder and his wife Christina. Schroeder is the Mayor of Grossobringen, the town Werner was born in. Werner questioned Bernd as to where he was born, feeling that Bernd was born in a town near Grossobringen as he appeared to him be native to the area. Bernd surprised Werner by saying the he was born in the Balkan peninsula and migrated to Grossobringen after the war. Werner went to the airport to pick up the Schroeders. He did not drive, he had a maintenance man drive, even so, the trip was very hard on Werner and he felt very ill afterwards. The Schroeders, like the Baums, were very gracious, nice company. Like the Baums, they stayed 3 weeks at Sun N Lake Towers, and it was also for them the first trip to America. Both the Baums and the Schroeders were speechless with delight over what they saw in America. After having been behind the Iron Curtain for over 45 years America is like a land of milk and honey. They can't believe all there is to see and do and to purchase here. They can't believe the per capita income of the families here. They just recently got their first television set, their first radio, and they do not have a car. Bernd rides a bicycle around the village and when he needs to go to Weimar he takes the bus. They heat and cook over primitive coal stoves. The houses are very cold in the winter time. Wages are very low over there and no one buys anything more than the necessities, like a basic wardrobe and food. Forget telephones, VCR's, microwaves, gas stoves, stereos, air conditioning, washers, dryers, etc., they don't exist over there.

Bernd and Christina also spent a lot of time around the swimming pool, which they loved. They also were taken by the beautiful weather we were having for November. They had left 30 degrees, rain, and the threat of snow on the way. Here they spent their days in bathing suits and shorts, soaking up the sun and getting a good tan. Bernd did not drive a car at all and could speak no English, so they were far more dependent upon Werner and me than the Baums were. Werner and I took them to Disneyworld, which Werner loved, however it rained all day that day, was a bit chilly, Werner was in his wheelchair but was very swollen up with fluids in his feet, legs, abdomen and lungs, and was therefore quite miserable. He got quite out of sorts with us all as the afternoon wore on and he was soaked to the skin. We used the phony driver's license routine and the marriage license to get reduced tickets, and again they fell for it but they told him that

was the last time he was getting away with that. We took the boat over again as that was the easiest way to transport the wheelchair.

Werner went on very few rides that day as he was just too heavy with fluids (He was carrying around 81 pounds in excess fluids at that point.) He mostly sat in his wheelchair and watched us go on the rides. He also enjoyed watching the Disney on Parade parade again, but this time we were unable to get to the handicapped area and it was drizzling hard all throughout the parade. Werner did get to go on the Jungle Boat ride, the River Boat ride, the Bear Jamboree, Small World twice around, the rocket to the moon, and the Delta dream trip, and the Carousel of Progress. Due to his illness and extreme weakness and being sick to his stomach, he did not go on the Pirates of the Caribbean, or the Submarine ride. He did enjoy the cartoon characters gambol around outside the Pirates of the Caribbean and tried hard to get me to dance with them as they danced to the New Orleans band that appeared and was playing on the sidewalk. Bernd and I went on Splash Mountain, the new waterfall 4 story straight down drop ride while Werner watched. Bernd and I also went on the Wild West mining ride, which Werner accidentally went on with me in April. Werner was scared out of his mind on that ride as his father never allowed him to go on a roller coaster, or any other amusement ride for that matter, when he was a child, saying that they were dangerous and they couldn't afford to allow their only child to take a chance on losing his life on something that was unsafe. All those twists and turns and speed made Werner hang on until his knuckles were white and his eyes were coming out of their sockets. When he got off that ride, he held onto the rail, leaned over it, and just meditated for several minutes. He then said to me that his heart was better than he thought to be able to take that kind of excitement. Bernd and I were not that impressed with this ride, feeling it was a rather mild form of amusement. Werner ate an ice cream on a stick while he waited for us and started to get tired and bored sitting alone with Christina. We ate a 4 o'clock supper at a nice Pirate type looking restaurant right around the corner from Small World. It gave all of us a chance to dry off a little. Bernd and Christina went out and bought Mickey Mouse rain slickers. Werner refused to put out the money to buy some for him and me. Werner then sat and worked the Palmcorder while the three of us went on the merry go round. He liked it and felt bad that he could no longer get on it. Werner was really mad and used all his four letter words when he couldn't get the palmcorder to pause. When he played the tape back on the TV and saw that he taped his belly for several minutes, he was ticked off. He hollered at me, saying it was all my fault for not showing him how to work it properly. How can I read directions when I work all day and have company on my hands 24 hours a day, for 6 weeks running, drive back and forth to Wil Mar in Michigan and handle the audits there, bring the books up to date there before leaving.

We stayed at Disneyworld till closing. It is truly a wonderland after dark with all the magical lighting everywhere, especially on main street. We got on the last boat to the mainland, luckily as I would have hated to wrestle with that wheelchair on the train. We all bought ice cream cones and Werner bought me a box of pop corn too. We stopped at the souvenir shop at the entrance and they bought things for their grandchild. I watched Werner rollout of the park in his wheelchair, feeling that perhaps this would be his last trip to the magical kingdom. It was. He died two months later in snowy weather in Detroit.

When we got to the parking lot we found someone to help us load that wheelchair back into the van and we were off to home. Werner was exhausted and slept all the way home. It was very late and very dark outside. Everyone was exhausted, although pleasantly so, except for poor Werner, who was beyond his endurance.

The next day Werner, Bernd and Christina and I took off for a 2 day stay at Pelican Bay near Naples. This is a very elegant, \$400 a night hotel with first class amenities. Werner and I always enjoyed staying there, especially when they had their free banquets the night before a board meeting. There was no board meeting this time, but the stay cost us nothing as Werner has two weeks free every year. The Schroeders were totally awed by the sumptuousness of the place. Marble, glass and chandeliers everywhere. And the rooms are so large and very well decorated, with every comfort and luxury imaginable, including terry cloth bathrobes for him and her! The swimming pool has a waterfall coming into it, and the beach on the Gulf of Mexico is outstanding. There is a golf cart like trolley that takes you to and from the beach. On the beach you can purchase sandwiches and pop, which we enjoyed doing at lunch time.

But my heart was breaking, for Werner was so desperately ill and stayed in his room almost the entire time. I did not want to leave him, but he kept pushing me to go and entertain his guests for him. He did go and sit in the sun by the swimming pool for a short while during the time we were at the Gulf, but he soon went back to his room. I finally politely excused myself, saying that I had to check on Werner to see if he was okay, which he was not. When I went to his room I met a real estate woman who speaks German sitting there across from him trying to get a listing to sell Sun 'N Lake Towers. She talked to him for hours, paying no attention to the fact that he was obviously exhausted and needed to lay down. I finally had enough and eased her out.

Werner then informed me that he needed a urologist as he had a serious problem that was rapidly developing into a full blown emergency. The fluid buildup in his abdomen from the kidney failure had gotten so bad that the fluid now slipped into his perineal area and swelled that up to the point that he couldn't catheterize himself anymore. He asked me to try as he hadn't gone to the bathroom in over 8 hours. I was sweating bullets as he was so swollen it was impossible to do a catheterization. But I did manage it multiple times over the next two days, thus averting a crisis. He called several urologists in the Naples area, but they all told him it was not a urological problem, that he urgently needed dialysis.

I bought Werner hard rolls, German sausage and donuts in Naples and we ate well in our room morning and evenings. For lunch and dinner I took the Germans out to the local restaurants and paid the bill every time we went to the Outback as they loved the place but could not afford \$15 a piece dinner tabs. They were so grateful to be able to go to the Outback twice as they really loved the place. But each time there was a 45 minute wait to be seated as the place was so popular. I really got itchy about leaving Werner for so long, but there was no help for it. I truly felt caught between a rock and a hard place. It was such a relief every time to get back to Werner and find out that he was not in a crisis, although I did realize that he was acutely ill at this point.

Werner and I really held our breaths those two days as we discovered that as a sudden he could go 12 hours between urination, and then still not have a full bladder. It was a very

frightening revelation, indeed. Finally on Wednesday we all packed up after spending some time at the ocean and started back to Sebring. It was an hour and a half ride each way. On the way down Werner wanted me to take a detour north and drive him over the Sunshine Bridge in Tampa. I lost my temper, telling him it was over 2 hours out of the way and that we all wanted to get into the ocean this afternoon. If I had known Werner was that close to death, I would have gladly driven him to the Sunshine bridge and the heck with the afternoon swim.

I gave Werner the best bed next to the door wall so he would have an unobstructed view of the Gulf right from his bed without having to get up or sit up. The entire time he was there he was so sick he hardly knew there was water outside his door wall. He either slept or he sat on the end of the bed with his head down, trying to breathe. Werner's breath sounded like he was under water all the time. Even his voice sounded underwater, which when you consider that he was carrying 81 extra lbs of water in him, it is amazing that he could breathe at all. He kept clearing his throat all the time because there was so much water in there too. And even his voice sounded like it was underwater.

While there we watched the results of the Presidential election and Werner was rather disgusted that Clinton won and said with him in office the country was in for a big depression. We also watched a bit of the car racing on TV until Werner got sick of watching the cars go round. I also watched a movie about a genteel woman who made it big time by raising horses. Werner thought it was a boring movie and fell asleep through most of it.

Werner and I were very close to hysteria over his medical condition by the time we left Pelican bay. We hid it quite well from the Schroeders, not wanting to spoil their holiday. But it was quite obvious to them that something was really wrong with Werner, how swollen up and unable to move or eat, and how exhausted he was. And what a funny color his skin had. Werner's feet were so badly swollen that all of his toes were a dark, dusky blue as the circulation was being cut off as the swelling was acting like a tourniquet. His legs were very shiny as the skin was so stretched from the water, and the skin was breaking down into a mass of sores. His arms were also full of scabs, breaking down and bleeding profusely. Our bedroom and bathroom were full of dried blood where he had previously broken open the skin and bled.

The next day was departure day for the Schroeders as they were going back to Grossobringen. I was hysterical as I knew that Werner was very near death unless we did some very fast intervention. Dialysis could no longer be put off unless he desired to die within the next few days. We all had breakfast together, Werner puking up what little he ate. While the Schroeders packed I called the Florida Hospital and was given the name and telephone number of their nephrologist on duty that day. I described Werner's condition. They told me to bring him into the hospital for immediate dialysis. I then talked to Werner, he refused to consider dialysis. I was hysterical. I begged the nephrologists and the nurses in the dialysis unit to help me get him in for dialysis. I put him on the phone. They talked to him. He said no. I was now really off the wall, looking at him swollen up like a water balloon and unable to urinate as we couldn't get the catheter in anymore without great difficulties and every 12 hours there was a noticeable

deterioration in his condition. I made some more calls to the Florida Hospital dialysis people. Finally Werner would agree to see a urologist from that hospital. I begged the nephrology team to talk to the urologist we were going to and have him get Werner admitted to the hospital.

We had it all set up that the secretary, Bonnie, was going to drive the Germans to the airport and I was going to drive Werner to the urologist in Orlando. Nope, Werner says. I must drive the Germans to the airport, not Bonnie. But what about your doctor appointment? I ask. You can drop me off there, take them to the airport and then come back for me, he says. If we leave right now, maybe I can just make your 2 pm appointment and get the Schroeders to the airport before 2:30pm I tell him. So much for planning when Werner is involved. He just sat there at the dining room table and talked and talked and talked. And the Germans were forever, it seems, packing up. Finally, 1 hour before the doctor appointment, and the doctor is 2 hours away, almost, everybody starts packing into the van. Werner was so weak we had an awful time getting him in. And I had a very big pair of white shorts on him as nothing fit into the other shorts as his abdomen and perineal area were so unbelievably swollen. He refused to wear long pants, so I threw a towel over him for cover as he was sitting in the back with the Mayor's wife. Well, when you are in a hurry, that's when disaster befalls one. When we got on the I-4 freeway we were stopped dead by an overturned tractor trailer which backed up all the traffic. I did not have a local map so I dared not to take the side streets as there was a lake on the right hand side and I had no idea whether or not the side streets went around the lake. It was about 2:40 pm when I got him to the urologists office. And it broke my heart to put him in his wheelchair and leave him there all by himself in the doctor's office when he was so sick. And I knew that that little stinker was as devious as all get out when he was sick and scared. I had called their office earlier from home and begged them to help me get him in the hospital, so I could only hope that they would heed my words and help me. They were kind of stunned that I was leaving them, but I explained that I was going to the Orlando airport and then coming right back. Ya! sure.

When I got back to I-4 every other idiot who lived in the area decided to get on I-4 and they all crashed into one another, making the biggest snarl up you ever saw. No one was going anywhere. So I got off at the next exit and started reading the map. I took a side street that had signs that said this way to the airport. Lord knows where that airport was hidden, I didn't, that's for sure. We drove for over 45 minutes on what should have been a 10 minute trip, and still no airport. I pulled to the side, found an alternate freeway and headed for it. The Germans were now hysterical, sure they would not make their plane. But when we got on the new freeway, then it was a fast hop to the airport, when we were going in the right direction, that is. But they got there with 23 minutes left and made it on okay. We said a quick but emotional goodbye at the airport, and they were off, half running to their gate. Their plane tickets were quite expensive, so they did not want to have to buy a new set. When they first arrived in Florida and told Werner how much the tickets had cost them, Werner made them very grateful by reimbursing them for the cost of Christina's ticket.

So now I figured I-4 would be cleared and I could make a fast track back to Werner and see what was going on at the urologist's office. Yup, sure. Every out state idiot now must

have jumped on this freeway and they all crashed up too. Over 10 miles of solid crackups! So again, I took what appeared to be a good alternate route, but again, I had to get back on I-4 to get around that darned lake. Bad move. No move, I should say. Just sit there with a front row seat to look at all those smashed up, dented up cars. Which never moved. And blocked all 4 lanes. I was hysterical. It was now approaching 5 pm, the doctor's office would close. it was very hot and humid outside and if they pushed Werner out into the parking lot in his wheelchair, he would perish. I got off the freeway, took an alternate route in the opposite direction until I got past the lake, then swung down and got smack dab into the rush hour traffic for downtown Orlando. Everything moved at 5 mph at best, 0 mph most of the time. I swung up and down every side street I could find trying to get past the stopped dead traffic of the main streets. I think I found every dead end street in Orlando that afternoon. Finally at 3 minutes to 5 I pull into the parking lot of the urologist's office, tires a burning. I jump out of my brown van and charge into the doctor's office. All eyes were suddenly upon me. O Lord! I thought to myself, either something awful has happened to Werner or as usual lately he did something God awful! They must have seen the scared look on my face for they immediately said to me that Werner was okay. I then looked all around the waiting room and no Werner. They saw me perusing the waiting room too for they told me that there is no emergency, but the doctor called a cab and told the cab driver to take Werner to the hospital about 6 or 7 blocks away. The medical staff then piled Werner and his wheelchair into the cab, not taking no for an answer from Werner. I then hopped back into my van and hightailed it over to the hospital, parking in the emergency room parking lot. I then went into the emergency room and immediately saw Werner sitting in his wheelchair, looking very tired and disgusted. He was relieved to see me, but was not panic stricken at my not being there earlier, which I was glad. Werner then told me he came over to the hospital in a cab and he was so poisoned by the high BUN and creatinine that he did not know what to give the cab driver. Werner, the absolute genius with figures, was not able to figure out that in order to pay the cab driver you had to give him either a \$20, or a \$10 and a \$5 or a \$10 and three \$1's. Werner said he just sat there with his wallet open, staring at the money, drawing an absolute blank. But he knew enough not to trust the cab driver to let him pull out his own money, so Werner turned to the nurse, handed her his wallet and asked her to pay the cab driver. He knew that the nurse would be honest. The nurse paid the driver, then wheeled Werner inside.

Right after I got there, Werner told me this story, then the admissions clerk called his name to take the admitting information. Werner and I went there to the desk. What happened next was adorably funny if it weren't so sad and tragic. The clerk asked him his name, he told her Werner Wilhelm. She asked him his birth date, he told her January 16, 1928. She asked him his social security number. He made total hash out of that. She then asked him what kinds of insurances he had, what kinds of coverages, etc. She would ask a question, he would look up into the air, think about it, then not answer. Next question same thing. This went on for 4 times, and when she asked him the 5th question, he was acutely embarrassed at not being able to answer routine questions, so to hide his embarrassment he told her "that's not *your* business". I gently suggested that he bring out his wallet and let her see his insurance cards. It was very hard to get that fat wallet out of his pocket and beyond the arm of the wheelchair. He hollered at me when I tried to help

him as I guess I must have hurt his leg. But he finally got his wallet out and the clerk got all her information off his cards.

He then was wheeled into a cubicle around the corner from the admissions booth and we awaited the doctor. Some blood tests were taken and we were awaiting the stat results. Werner and I were starved by this time, so I went to the cafeteria and got myself a sandwich and milk and got Werner a couple of donuts and some coffee. That gave both of us a second wind. An hour or so later they decided to admit Werner as his BUN was 199 and his creatinine was 11. He was given a really nice private room on the nephrology wing. It was the second from the end and very pleasant. It had a view of the front, with several water fountains. Werner saw none of this. He was much too sick to see anything. In the last few days, at Pelican Bay and at Sebring, he had a horrible time getting in and out of bed due to the tremendous weight gain and due to becoming so weak from uremia. And suddenly in the hospital he was not only unable to get out of bed by himself, but now he couldn't even rollover from side to side. He was absolutely miserable. I tried to turn him but couldn't, as he now weighed 298 lbs due to all that water.

He said I was to stay with him for 24 hours per day, that he didn't want me to leave him, so I did so. We asked for a cot for me, but the incompetent afternoon staff had no idea how to get one and they certainly were not about to go out of their way to find one, so I spent my first night sleeping in a rock hard miserable chair. But I wouldn't have gotten any sleep anyways, as Werner was up all night bellowing in pain. He wanted to be turned every hour and the staff was going wild due to his weight and difficulty of moving him. I ended up having to turn him myself, but I was not able to competently do so as he was too heavy for me to handle alone. Then toward morning he developed gout in his right foot and that really set him off. There was no living with him at that point, but I figured at the time that his back was up against the wall and he was scared out of his mind at starting dialysis but he had the choice of either dialysis or imminent death and he knew that.

Then at 8 am the transporters came and got him, bed and all, to go to dialysis. He insisted that I go with him and we got the doctor's permission although he said that most times the family member does not go there. No wife, no Werner they soon figured out, so wife goes with. He went into the dialysis room and they stopped me at the door, saying that the doctor would be doing the cutting down into the major vein in his leg and that I was not allowed in the surgical area and that I was to sit about 100 feet down the hall and wait until they called me. I was spastic with fear as I sat there. I stood up, watched the commuter trains go through and prayed fervently to God that he would not die here in this strange neighborhood as he would not know where he was if his soul should leave his body here. I watched the clock on the wall of the hall tick slowly onward. 8 am, 8:05, 8:10, 8:15, and finally at 8:20 am the doctor shows up and is ready to do the surgery. I bite my lip and hope it is over soon. Suddenly I hear Werner bellowing full volume and out runs the nurse, wild eyed, looking for me. She takes the corner so fast and at such a low angle that I thought she was going to fall over. The doctor wants you in the surgical area now, she says. I trot back in with her. The surgeon looks from Werner to me and back to Werner again. Werner is beside himself. They have a surgical consent form for him to sign, and being so sick and in so much pain, he has no idea what they are asking

him to sign. Read it, he says and tell me if it is alright to sign. I read it. It is a standard consent form and what they want to do is reasonable. I tell Werner it is okay to sign. Werner signs it but you would not recognize the signature, it looks more like scratching. It is one of Werner's tricks more than his illness, I deduce. If he decides to sue later, he can say he never signed that form, that someone else signed it for him.

They tell me to leave now. Werner is desperate and tells them he wants me to stay. They tell me to leave. Werner has a wild look in his eyes. I decide to break the Mexican stand off by telling Werner that I will step just outside the curtain and will wait there. That way I am not contaminating the surgical area, I am not seeing the surgery, and yet I can hear everything that is going on and he can know that I am only 5 feet away. That seemed to satisfy everyone. Everyone, that is, but Werner. Werner was beside himself and wanted me in there, but he did settle for me being behind the curtain, but he demanded that I keep my mind and eye on what was going on. I could see what was going on as there was an open glass door to one side of the curtain and the doctor's and nurse's reflections were in it. The doctor had in his hand a HUGE syringe with a thick HUGE needle. That thing sure did look wicked! Then the nurse hands him a scalpel and asks him if this is the right kind. He is holding the needle up in the air with his one hand and with the other he is holding the scalpel at eye level, twisting it back and forth, eyeing it. It was just at this point that Werner decides to open his eyes. He sees the needle, the twisting scalpel, he contorts his face and just starts screaming! ! And I do mean screaming!! I was so proud of him. The rest of us don't have the guts to scream when we are about to be butchered by a doctor. We just lie there nice and calm looking on the outside, but absolutely terrified on the inside, to the point of dying of fright. But not Werner! AHHH! he bellows. Good for you, Werner. Control him, the doctor orders me. Ya, sure, control Werner!? Fat chance.

Werner, they have to put this access in. You've Got to calm down and stop squirming all around, okay? I'm right here. You watch them, he orders me. Yes, I will watch them, I promise Werner. They numb him up with Novocain, then start their nasty cut down into the femoral vein. 15 minutes later the fact is accomplished and they are hooking him up to the machine. All goes well, they have a good blood flow, and the first dialysis has begun. They then let me back in, give me a chair, and I sit down right next to Werner and hold his arm. He doesn't want to be touched as it is so painful to him when someone touches his skin. I asked the doctor about this and he said that is so with all dialysis patients, and that the problem gets worse as time goes on, not better. If the person gets a transplant, the problem goes away.

Werner is jumping all over the place like a fish out of water and he is carrying on something terrible. He bellows, hollers, cries, groans, moans, etc. continually. They ask him to stop that, there are other sick people in this dialysis area who don't need to listen to all that noise. Werner never did care about anyone else, not as a child (when he was a child the teachers labeled him as asocial, a very bad thing to be under Hitler), not as an adult, and certainly not now that he is in the midst of such a life and death crisis. So he just keeps hollering. He was in unbearable distress. He just keeps squirming and bellowing, using his full vocabulary of 4 letter words, including his favorite " F" word. He grosses out the overly christian christians in this holy roller hospital. They politely ask

him to watch his mouth. @#\$%@, is his reply to that request. Then he asks me to reposition him. I do, as he is screaming at me with full volume, and as a sudden the machine starts beeping. It turns out that the act of repositioning has knocked the femoral catheter right out of the artery. They have to stop the dialysis, call the doctor and they have to pull that catheter and then cut him down on the other side. It was so hard for me to stop the tears from flowing when they had to cut him again when he was so anxious and in so much pain. But the second cut down went as well and soon he was hooked back up again and running. But he was polishing up every 4 letter word he had ever learned in this country. The medical staff was up the wall. The doctor was telling me that Werner's behavior was not acceptable and that I should control him. I talked to him. I don't even know if he heard me or not, he was in such distress. He squirmed, he bellowed, he was all over the bed. I was about in tears again, knowing if he kept up this squirming he was going to knock this catheter out, and my nerves could not take watching him get cut down a third time in one day.

Then I got an idea. I started talking to him in German. That he listened to! I think maybe he thought it was his stepmother talking as he took me as the voice of authority and listened. But he did keep squirming and swearing. I looked him over critically and then the obvious hit me. He is in so much pain that he can't stop squirming. He hurts all over and now that gout is coming in full strength in his right foot. So I told the doctor to give him something to kill the pain and knock him out so he can get through this dialysis without any further disasters. The doctor orders an injectable relaxant, Atavan. The nurse draws up the injection. Werner sees the needle and invokes a pathetic sounding "No!!" I look at him squirming all over the place, look at the doctor and say, "yes!" Werner invokes another pathetic sounding "Nooo!" The nurse, in the meanwhile, is pivoting her head back and forth, looking from the doctor, to me to Werner and then back again as this discussion is going on. I'm getting sick of the vacillation and the anxiety Werner is needlessly suffering, so I look at the doctor and say between clenched teeth, "Just do it! The doctor looks at the nurse, and says firmly, do it. She gives the injection as Werner is bleating "No!" I am his wife, and he has given me a durable medical power of attorney of sorts last July, but I still feel very guilty going against his expressed wishes and forcing a drug on him that renders him unconscious. I sit there next to him, watching him squirm less and less as the time marches on, wondering if I had the right to do that to him. I was surprised that in these sue happy times that the doctor would have given him an injection against his expressed wishes not to have it. But within 20 minutes Werner is calmed right down and is sleeping peacefully, like a new born babe in a crib. He was so cute when he slept. His comfortable sleep gives me much comfort as well to see him out of pain and anxiety and getting some much needed sleep as he has had practically no sleep for the past 4 or 5 days due to his inability to breathe, or to urinate, and his high level of anxiety over what is going to happen next.

I calmed down, watched his machines and his breathing and other vital signs carefully, although I too was dead on my feet due to no sleep due to his health crisis. The nurses then came around again and said it was so good that he had that shot. I agreed, telling them that he and we had more than we could take and we all needed some pain relief. They all laughed heartily at that. I then told them that this angry shouting man was not

his usual self, that he was just in so much pain and was also delirious due to the high BUN and creatinine levels.

Another doctor came in, sat down at the desk, looked at all the blood values for all the patients that were displayed on the chalk board, and his eyes stopped at Werner's values. He said, 199 BUN, very impressive. The highest one I've ever seen. The nurse then walked over to him, and told him to button his upper lip, that the guy's wife was sitting real near by.

Another doctor came by over the weekend, looked at Werner's blood values and said to him, "You were standing right before the pearly gates, whether you know it or not. You were just lucky that no one came along and pushed them open for you". Werner was not too impressed with the doctor's sense of humor, but he did like the doctor, who was a German. The doctor had brought his wife along with him and she was also a very fine person. This weekend doctor had been involved in talking to me when I was desperately trying to get Werner into this hospital while I was in Michigan in October and Werner was holed up in Sebring. He then scolded Werner for not coming in for dialysis sooner, telling him he had compromised his health and could have killed himself.

When we got back to his room we found he lost his beautiful room and was now stuck in one facing a brick wall. There was no way I could spend another week facing a brick wall and I told them so. Werner was so sick he didn't even know they had changed rooms on him. They gave some banal excuse about his old room being a transplant room but the truth was that the patients on that end were in an uproar over him screaming all night and they demanded that he be evicted. So after I complained they moved him half way back, and at least this room had a view of one of the fountains. And low and behold, they even brought a cot in the room for me. Things were definitely looking up. And once the staff saw how quiet Werner was on Atavan, they never failed to give him his prn medication every four hours, much more for their relief than his.

His gout got worse, and so when the doctor came to visit Werner asked him for 2 tablets of indocin to kill the gout. The doctor at first told Werner that he did not want to order indocin as it is damaging to the kidneys, but when Werner said he only wanted a dose or two as this small amount usually ended the pain, the doctor then ordered this medication and in 2 or 3 days the gout gradually went away. Werner asked for a trapeze for his bed so he could turn himself in bed as he was embarrassed having all those aides turn him every several hours. That trapeze became a source of a running fight for 3 days before someone finally showed up and installed it on his bed. Once he had the trapeze in place he could turn himself and reposition himself in bed. Life became much easier and more dignified for him once he had the freedom of movement again due to the trapeze. He went to dialysis every day as he was tolerating it very well and was feeling stronger and better with every passing day. One day they would draw out the water and the toxins, on the alternate days they would draw off only water. His BUN dropped to 50 and his creatinine dropped to 7.5. He lost 81 pounds of water while in the hospital and he left there at 217 lbs, a weight he had not seen since his early forties.

On the first Saturday he was there Mali showed up with an Indian banker friend of his, wanting Werner to cosign a 2 1/2 million dollar hotel deal. I was just waiting for Mali to

put a pen in Werner's hand, but he didn't have the nerve to try it in front of me. They left as they were going to bid on a \$3 million dollar retirement facility in Florida on the north west coast. Werner was so weak at that point that I was spoon feeding him his dinner. No way was he going to sign for a \$3 Million dollar deal in the condition he was in. Mali told others after seeing Werner that Werner wouldn't make it beyond Christmas. (Mali waited until I returned to Michigan a few days before Werner to try to get Werner alone to get him to sign. Mali went with Werner to Bonnie, the secretary's house for dinner and it is not certain whether Werner cosigned that day or not.)

Werner puked at every meal for about the next 3 days after starting dialysis. The doctor prescribed an antiemesis medication but Werner refused to take it, preferring to puke. By the fourth day Werner was now eating everything and keeping it down with little trouble. But his favorite food was still donuts, so I snuck him in a dozen and we worked on that box together. He started being able to eat meat again by the end of the first week. The dietician came in often and lectured both of us on the proper foods in the proper amounts to eat. They gave us lists of foods to avoid as well. Werner loved his diet at that hospital. I was appalled by the food in that cafeteria. They were 7th day Adventists and served no meat, only meat substitutes. Yucch! Garbage! I soon took to eating out, which was better for my mental health, as I got to see something other than the 4 walls of the hospital for 2 hours. I would feed Werner his lunch, which did contain meat as the hospital found they could not maintain their patient census if they forced everyone to eat meatless meals, make him comfortable, then he would say it was okay for me to go out to lunch and then for a little shopping while he rested. I had to buy all he necessities for we came up here with nothing packed as he said he refused to stay in the hospital. So I bought a nightgown, change of clothes, underwear, toothbrush and paste, deodorant, socks, etc. It was and R and R for me, to keep up my sanity in the most difficult of times.

The doctor explained hemo & peritoneal dialysis to Werner and gave him the advantages and drawbacks to each. They then gave him booklets to read all about dialysis. As usual, he gave the booklets to me to read and then report back to him the salient details of each kind of dialysis and my recommendations regarding each. I had long before chosen IPPD the intermittent peritoneal dialysis as I thought it was safer, produced more consistent blood values, and allowed Werner more time to work and gave us more freedom to travel. But in the beginning we had no choice, due to his very high BUN and creatinine, he had to go on hemodialysis until he was stabilized. Then he would have a choice. Although the nephrologist said we would be better to stay on hemodialysis due to Werner's weight. He said only skinny old ladies do well on peritoneal dialysis. He chose hemodialysis, probably because it was familiar and it was working to remove water, BUN and creatinine and potassium rather efficiently. He had to make a choice at this point as they had to put one or the other shunt in either his neck, his arm or in the case of peritoneal dialysis, in his belly.

The surgeon, Dr. Schreiber, came in and gave Werner his choices. Werner wanted to continue to use the femoral catheter. Dr. Schreiber said that wasn't one of the choices, that femoral could only be used for a short period of time as it tends to get infected, which is serious, or pullout, which is life threatening as he could bleed to death. They

told him he could not leave the hospital with the femoral catheter in place. Dr. Schreiber wanted to put in a catheter in Werner's jugular vein. No way, was Werner's thoughts on that. The next choice that Dr. Schreiber could live with was a permanent catheter in the subclavian vein. Werner could live with this. A surgical date was set up. I scrubbed up Werner good in the shower, something not done since Lord knows when, and then visited with him until they came to take him to surgery. I walked down with him to the surgical area, then could go no further when he entered the surgical holding area. I then sat down and waited. A nurse came about 1 hour later and got me as Werner was off the wall. I then was allowed into the surgical waiting area to be with him to calm him down. Everything went fine after I got there. I held his hand, rubbed his chest and talked him into quietude. They then came to take him into the operating room and I had to leave. I then went down to the cafeteria and got some eggs, then came back to the waiting room. The volunteer in the waiting room knew where I had been as I had told her I was slipping into the cafeteria for 15 minutes. Bad move. Werner went off the wall in the surgical arena and made a u-turn out of there. By the time I got back 15 minutes later, Werner was comfortably settled back into his own room! That little stinker! He decided he'd get operated on in Michigan! I was angry with him as he had a very fine surgeon and there was just no reason to take a u-turn out of the operating room. I was mad at myself for not hanging around longer as maybe I could have gone into the operating room and talked some sense into his cute little skull. So now we were back at square one. No catheter and the femoral one was about to be pulled. Just ducky. But we were doing things Werner style. And we all know what Werner style consists of: there is one way Werner wants things and one way Werner does not want things. And we all know which way we do things. We all know one thing: if Werner does not want it, it does not come to pass. Also, Werner has to warm up to a strange idea gradually, he never jumped into anything. And this shunt idea was about the most foreign idea he had ever run across in his life. Especially in light of the fact that he had avoided ever having had surgery in his life, other than his tonsils and his cystoscopy, and he was not thrilled with starting now.

Werner ended up leaving the hospital with no shunt in place, and totally undecided as to which dialysis he wanted, although he consistently seemed to be leaning toward hemo. I was very unhappy as I knew that the shunt could be healing while he was waiting to go back to Michigan. But I refrained from yowling as it was Werner's body and therefore his choice.

As Werner felt better & better his behavior and attitude changed too. The nurses in dialysis looked at me one day and said "we remember when you said that that first day was not like Werner at all and now we see what you mean. He is so charming and thoughtful now." I could start touching him somewhat more now that the toxins were down. I loved him very much and spent a lot of time leaning over his bed, stroking him and carrying on conversations with him. The nurses in the unit remarked on how you could see that we were newlyweds.

His biggest problem while in the hospital was the fact that he left his own catheter at home, not intending to stay in the hospital and the hospital was not able to duplicate his kind. They had a soft rubber kind that was a real chore to insert considering how much swelling he had in the beginning. I had to do most of the catherizations the first week as

the uro techs could not get the catheters to go all the way in. As the swelling went away, the catheterization became more routine and I did not have to do it anymore.

But, with Werner's hemoglobin going down to 7.7 they decided to do a transfusion. With the threat of AIDS in today's world, that's when Werner wouldn't let me do the catheterizations any more. I didn't see where the transfusion did much good as the hemoglobin remained around 8.0 for the duration of the hospital stay.

The hemodialysis unit of the Florida Hospital was the most professional, most meticulous and most caring one could find. They watched all the vital signs carefully and headed off problems before they occurred. Werner never had one problem while he was there. Werner gave them \$100 as a thank you present when he was leaving to go home. They used it for their Christmas party.

The next Saturday Mali was back in the hospital again telling Werner what he intended to buy now. He had hooked up with Jack Feldman and he intended to buy a motel at I-4 and US 27 with Feldman's money. But I think he was still looking for a signature from Werner. Anyway, Mali then took me out to dinner at the Olive Garden down the road. He hugged me, which I didn't think was appropriate to do for the first time as my husband lay dying. I told Werner the entire drift of the conversation when I got back as I have never held anything back from him. (Werner told me just before he died that I was always honest and truthful with him, almost to the point of stupidity.)

Werner was really kind to the good nurses on his floor, but God help the smart mouthed ones! He fractured them with his screaming and his sarcasm. But that hospital kept their nurses fairly well under control and they did not smart back. But when Peggy from Detroit called Werner she got his nurse instead as Werner was in dialysis. Oh my God, you actually work for that man, the nurse asked. How can you stand it??? I worked for him for 7 years now, Peggy answered. How could you, the nurse wailed. I had him for one day because no one else would take care of him so I got stuck because I was new. The next day I called in to see if he was still in the hospital, because if he was I was calling in sick!

Werner gradually started regaining some of his old strength and by the end of the first week he started being able to walk on his own again. One night at about 4:30 am he got up and went to the bathroom on his own. I suddenly woke up, not knowing why. Suddenly I saw that Werner was laying face down, flat on the floor next to my cot. What happened, I asked him. I don't know, I put my hand on the blue chair for support, the back rocked forward and I just fell, he replied. Get the nurse for me, he asked. His nurse for the night, a 98 lb little slip of a thing, answered our call light, and when she was told Werner needed help getting off the floor, she replied that was no way she could begin to accomplish this by herself, so she went and got lots of help. The entire nursing crew for several floors around came and between them, after we folded up my cot, they got him into a sitting position, then got him up into a chair. From there they put him back to bed and begged him not to get up on his own as he was too heavy to pick up off the floor.

One night after we both had had a few particularly bad days, the nurse came in and asked Werner if he would like some codeine for pain. He said yes and the nurse went out to get him some. He then headed for the bathroom and I told him that when the pill came he was to bite it in half and I get the other end, that I needed some sleep for a change and I was in a lot of pain from that surgery and all the stress I had been under. So that's what Werner did and we both got a good night's sleep. I had a good Andrew Greeley book to read while spending all those hours in the hospital. It helped to while away the idle hours while Werner slept, as I detest TV.

Werner was totally disgusted at all the tests they wanted to put him through. He put up with far more than he had ever done on the past. They did heart scans and kidney scans. The cardiologist came in the room after reading the results and he was so upset with the tests that it showed on his face. The test results said that if the hepatic overload was due to the heart throwing all that liquid into the liver, then his prognosis was very poor indeed. Werner got a copy of his medical records and when he read them he was very sobered by this cardiac report. "A very poor prognosis?" Werner said in a quizzical tone in a very soft tone of voice. The doctor also told Werner and I after having read his heart testing results that Werner had had 6 heart attacks on the past. But when the person is diabetic, he told us, crushing pain for someone else is just mild discomfort for an old diabetic. So Werner may have hardly felt them. I then remembered on a number of occasions Werner would be sitting on the bed when suddenly he would look concerned and say to me, I have a pain in my chest that runs up into my neck and jaw". He would sit there quietly for about 15 minutes, and then with a relieved, but still concerned look on his face, he would say, ya, there, its gone now, I think. These were probably his 6 heart attacks.

Werner was totally disgusted with the urologist who was making a lot of wind over the fact that Werner now had 3 nodules in his prostate. With this severe kidney and heart problems, who cares about a few symptom less nodules. His PSA was 7 on one test and 11 on another, and with the severe benign hypertrophy he had been experiencing for over 10 years, chances are good that those nodules were benign. But even if they were cancerous they couldn't have removed them so why even bother thinking about them at this stage in Werners life.

Werner's blood sugar had fallen dramatically and instead of having 550 blood sugars, he now had FBS of only 85. This was due in large part to the kidney failure. Once the urine output dropped to almost nothing, Werner started having real problems with his potassium building up to dangerous levels in his blood. This they tried to keep under control by diet and dialysis, with only moderate success.

The dietitian came into Werner's room almost every other day and continually went over Werner's new diet until he and I were comfortable with what he could and couldn't have and in what amounts. The dietitian was a very nice peaceful person and really tried to please us both.

The nurses and doctors in the dialysis unit were the best one could hope to find anywhere. They were conscientious and ran a very tight ship. One did not have to fear

getting killed due to ignorance or sloppiness in that unit. And no matter how crabby Werner might get on occasion when he didn't feel so good, they always treated him with dignity and respect.

Werner had a little friction with his Indian nephrologist, Dr. Ranjit, as the doctor could not handle Werner's rough behavior that he exhibited freely when he didn't feel so good. I have problems getting along with you! Mr. Wilhelm. Werner replied ya, I have problems getting along with you too, doctor. From that day on they understood each other better and their rapport soared.

Finally, on the 17th of November, the day came when they said Werner could be discharged. The plan was for Werner to go home to Sun N Lake Towers in Sebring for 3 days, then to show up at the Beaumont Royal Oak Nephrology unit on Monday. That was everybody's plan, that is, but Werner's. Werner had a hard time on the drive home as his stomach was still a bit queasy from the high BUN and Creatinine. When we passed the Medieval Banquet Halls on I-4 I told Werner that I always wanted to eat there and he said, okay, anytime you want to go, we'll go. But that was never to be. Werner never came back to Florida in the flesh.

We got home in time to eat dinner at Sebring. Werner was careful of what he ate, and in fact ate little. After dinner I walked out to the swimming pool and was shocked out of my boots. The staff did nothing to it and it was now a solid swamp green. It was just disgusting beyond belief. I howled at the management staff and they did clean it up pronto. Werner was too weak and sick to react to this problem, having me take care of it. He told the staff at Sun 'N Lake Towers to do whatever Sandy told them to do. Then a little later he came into his office and found me sitting in his chair behind his desk as I was answering both phones in his absence. He sat down in the visitor's seat next to the maintenance man and said to the man sitting next to him that soon that would be my desk and my position. That broke my heart when I heard him say that as I was remembering how very autocratic and dictatorial he was in his hey day. To hear him say that I knew he was near the end, or was very, very ill at that point to have given up total control to a girl. Thinking back to that day still brings tears to my eyes. I much prefer to reminisce over the good old days when he bellowed at me in 4 letter words and made a fool out of me in front of the staff.

When Werner came home he ate, then went to bed as he was exhausted from the trip. The next week came and Werner did not report to Dr. Oliveros for dialysis, nor did he fly home to Michigan. He just holed up in Sebring. On Tuesday I started driving for home to be there for Thanksgiving. Werner promised he would take the plane home over the weekend and meet me. Well, he never took that plane home until December 3, 1992. He stayed in Sebring and carefully watched the gain in weight. He was surprised to see that the weight gain was minimal, but as the week wore on, Werner became exceedingly weak and he knew something bad was going on. By Wednesday he could barely walk due to extreme weakness. His legs buckled from under him and he almost fell coming into the dining room and he had to catch himself. He then knew it was time to go back on dialysis, so he had Bonnie drive him to the Orlando airport and put him on a plane to Michigan. His stomach was again very bad and he vomited 4 times in Bennie's car on the

trip to the Orlando airport. Bonnie said she learned from experience that whenever she drove Werner anywhere she had to put a bucket in his lap to protect the car when he started bringing everything up.

On the trip to the airport Werner promised Bonnie that he would return to Florida on January 11 so he could attend Bonnie's son's birthday party that she was giving on the 11th of January. Bonnie told him she was going to hold him to that promise.

He then flew to Michigan and we had a very happy, tearful reunion on the wet pavement of the arrival section of the Delta airlines. I put all his luggage into the van and then helped him to get in. He was happy to be back home in Michigan. I drove I 94 to Telegraph, then straight up Telegraph. At the St. Christopher Motel on Telegraph he said with an urgent sound to his voice for me to pull into the motel parking lot as he was getting sick to his stomach. I pulled in and he leaned out of the van and puked all over the outside of the van, then he felt better and we proceeded onward to Square Lake Rd , then I 75 to M 59. I then drove him straight home as he was very tired. He was glad to get back into his own bed in Utica again. He fell asleep within minutes of laying down in bed.

Friday morning, December 4th, found Werner back in Wil Mar. The old timers at Wil Mar were thrilled to see him again after a 6 months' absence. They all hugged and kissed him and welcomed him back. He was very glad to be back to the nursing home that he had called home for 20 years now. That night he had called Hari Mali and they decided to go to Northville Downs the next night December 5th for my birthday. Werner later asked me if that was okay and I told him I would enjoy it, but do not tell Hari and Carleen it was my birthday as I didn't want any fuss made over it. He agreed and we were to meet at Hari's house at 12 mile and Greenfield.

I later learned from Bonnie that when Hari heard that Werner was down in Florida all alone while I was in Michigan, he flew down there and spent some time with Werner. Hari had showed up the next Saturday, in the Florida Hospital just before Werner was released, again wanting him to sign on a 2 1/2 million dollar deal. Over my dead body would Hari have gotten a signature out of Werner while he was so sick. But when Hari went down to Sun 'N Lake while I was in Michigan, I just wondered if Hari had gotten that signature or not. I doubt it, because even when Werner was very ill, he was very protective of his money.

While Werner was down in Sebring, Bonnie tried to take good care of him. She invited him several times for dinner and had her son Ben play chess with him. She even had Werner and Hari to her house for Thanksgiving dinner and afterwards Werner again played chess. He had enjoyed himself very much at her house.

Anyway, on December 5 we went to Northville Downs and had a wonderful time together. We played 9 of the races in total. We had dinner there, but I was the only one who was able to eat anything. I felt so sorry for the other three. They ordered very light and still all the food sat on their plates. Carleen ordered noodles and pushed them all over her plate, then sent them back. I ended up eating my dinner and Werner's. We all lost

about \$10, except for Hari who had a very lucky streak in one race and he ended up taking extra money home with him.

At the end of the evening Werner told Carleen that I had had a very happy birthday that day. Carleen got mad at Werner for not telling her ahead of time that it was my birthday as she would have enjoyed buying me a little something.

Hari walked around to pick up the car and we then met him outside at the entrance, rather later than he expected as Werner stayed there to bet on another race. I'm glad he did, too, because for sure he won't ever have a chance to do that again, at least not in this life. Hari was a little miffed at us leaving him in an idling car. On the way home Carleen was in a lot of pain. She held her side to keep the car from jarring her insides too much. Werner was in the front seat and head thrown straight back because he was motion sick. Werner was howling at Hari because of his jerky, stop and start driving. (It really is bad). Hari's driving makes me much more nervous than Werner's because Hari has had a number of accidents and even rolled a car a number of times while on vacation in the islands.

We got to Hari's house at 12 and Greenfield after midnight. Werner immediately said goodnight as he was exhausted and wanted to get home and get to bed. He got into his gray Lincoln and then started howling at me to drive smooth, no jerking, no fast turns, no fast stops or starts. I just said yes because I realized he was sick and didn't want his stomach to get any queasier than it already was. The drive home was uneventful. The time before he drove home, started in the right direction, but I questioned which was the right way so he ended up driving south instead of north and we soon hit 1-696, which was out of the way but probably faster and smoother way home. This time when I was doing the driving, I again went 1-696 as it is a fast smooth route. Werner was good and sick and slept most of the way home. Unlike the last time, this time we didn't have a breakdown and were able to get all the way home without interruption on our own. Werner went right to bed, exhausted. But he did talk a bit about what a nice time we had and how sick Carleen was before he drifted off to sleep. Sunday was uneventful and restful. Werner stayed in bed most of the day as he was tired. Later in the day he informed me that he had an appointment tomorrow with Dr. Rocher at Beaumont Professional Building in Royal Oak. I told him I wanted to go with him. He said okay.

We started out for the nephrology clinic in the morning and were there before 10 am. There were 3 recent transplant recipients sitting there with masks over their nose and mouth to keep germs away. Werner was quite interested in getting himself on the transplant list as he thought it might be better for his health. He talked to his cousin Helga's husband, Willy Fichter, who had had a transplant and Willy told him everything about his dialysis and his transplant experiences. Werner was avid to know every detail. So Werner was a bit optimistic for the future as he wanted to put his name on the transplant list. He got real mad at me for mentioning his past prostate problems as they wanted an ultrasound of his prostate to rule out cancer. The doctor explained if you take prednisone and have cancer, the cancer spreads like wildfire. So they want to be reasonable sure that there is no cancer anywhere in your body before starting one on prednisone. Werner kicked up a fuss over any prostate tests, saying give him a piece of paper and he would sign, relieving them of liability. The doctor refused to do this. He

said that the tests showed that Werner had a greatly enlarged prostate and now there were 3 nodules there and they wanted to know if the nodules were benign or malignant before putting him on the transplant list. Werner told them to forget any more tests on the prostate, that that was ridiculous. In this case I agreed with Werner. His heart was so bad that they couldn't operate on the prostate if they wanted to.

Werner had not had any dialysis since November 17th so the doctor was quite concerned and wanted to see some blood work to see how bad off Werner was without dialysis for 24 days. Werner had had a blood test that morning from Preferred Lab at the nursing home and was waiting for the results. Werner had watched his weight closely from November 17th to December 7th and was happy that he had not put on much weight in those 3 weeks.

While in the doctor's office we repeatedly called Preferred Lab for Werner's blood test results, without much luck. They kept saying they were in the machine and were not ready yet. The doctor and his staff wanted to redraw the blood and send it stat to Beaumont's lab, but Werner kept refusing to let them do it, saying that Preferred Lab's results would come sooner. The nurse told him that the lab at Beaumont would run it in less than one hour. Werner was good and stubborn that day. He was going to wait for Preferred. So we called and called the lab until they were sick of hearing from us. We got to two different supervisors and drove them half crazy. So we sat there through the lunch hour patiently waiting blood test results. Dr. Rocher was patient but strained. He explained to Werner that he had to have dialysis because his kidneys had almost completely shut down and he was producing almost no urine.

The blood tests finally arrived after 2 pm. Boy, were they bad. BUN was 256, creatinine over 12. Werner paled with fright. BUN of 100 is red light time and creatinine of 7 is very high. Dr. Rocher looked at the tests and told Werner he could mosey on over to Beaumont hospital and check in right away. Werner and I asked for a private room for him. They said they didn't have anything, but they would look to see if there was a discharge that day.

I rolled him over to the hospital in his brown wheelchair and took him to the admitting area. They put him in an admission booth and started asking for insurance cards, etc. This time he was able to easily answer all the questions put to him. We both yowled over not having a private room, and suddenly as I was about to take Werner home and try again tomorrow the clerk found a private room on another floor. They called over to Dr. Rocher and he approved the room even though it was not on the renal floor. So Werner finished up his paperwork and was taken to a room on the 7th floor of the Beaumont Royal Oak hospital. Werner was scheduled to have a subclavian catheter put in the next morning and to start dialysis the same day with the new catheter. Werner understood that Dr. Frikker was to put the catheter in and he was comfortable with that. But then the next morning a raw intern came into the room and told Werner he was putting the catheter in himself. Werner went wild. He was not about to let a young guy fresh out of diapers cut him down and put a catheter in, especially not after reading the horrendous side effects that can happen if the catheter is not put in right.

Werner bellowed that he was promised Dr. Frikker and that is who he wanted to put it in. They replied that Dr. Frikker was all booked up with surgery and could not find the time on Tuesday to put it in. Werner was off the wall. Dr. Frikker then had Werner booked for surgery for Wednesday afternoon late and he would put in the shunt in his arm and the subclavian catheter at the same time. This satisfied Werner. It did not please the nephrologists as his BUN and creatinine were beyond life threatening levels at this point, and they wanted to dialyze him first, and to do that, they needed a subclavian catheter.

Werner kicked, fussed and hollered over the thought of an intern putting in the subclavian catheter. Dr. Messana was very patient with him even though Werner was driving him half nuts. Dr. Messana and several of the interns had repeated verbal wrestling matches with Werner trying to get that catheter in so they could save his life. No go. He wanted Dr. Frikker to do it.

Wednesday came and Werner was like a cat on a hot tin roof all night the night before, jumping and twitching all over the bed and having almost no sleep due to being so upset. Then he was upset over getting no breakfast as the surgery was not until later in the afternoon. Then we had a big running fight as he didn't want to get into the shower, he just wanted to rest. He was kicking up such a fuss that he had all of us half crazy over all that hollering and cussing. In the midst of all this turmoil I suddenly see bacon and lettuce pieces all over the windowsill around a julienne salad I had had the night before and was not able to finish. "Werner, did you get into that salad?" "Ya, I was f@#\$% hungry" . "When did you eat that salad?" I asked him at about 12 noon. Oh, about an hour ago. I only ate the cucumbers out of it, so there should be no problem, Werner replies. I thought about it for awhile, then figuring he might be having surgery within 2 to 3 hours after eating the cucumbers, I had better tell the staff. So I told them. They told the doctor. The doctor thought it over and decided to cancel the surgery. Werner was furious at me for 1.) telling on him, and 2.) having left that salad on the windowsill where he could get at it . I told him that it never dawned on me to hide the salad as he is an adult and knew he wasn't supposed to eat anything before surgery. But, no, it was all my fault. He was furious that the surgery was cancelled.

Now we had a big problem as he couldn't have dialysis without a catheter. So now he gets stormed by the entire nephrology and intern staffs, telling him that its an emergency, that he has to have the subclavian temporary catheter inserted. One of the interns is removed from Werner's care as the guy has a beard and "beard men" as Werner calls men who grow beards, drive him into a frenzy. The new intern is very clean cut and he is soft spoken and tends to instill a sense of security and well being into his patients. He does the trick for Werner. As a sudden Werner stops fighting and agrees to let this intern put in the catheter. So all the gory looking medical paraphernalia is brought into the room, I am kicked out, and within 10 to 15 minutes the procedure is all finished and Werner is ready for his first dialysis. He is in a calmer state of mind until the x-ray dept comes to take a picture of the catheter to make sure it is not into the lung. X rays frighten Werner so he is once again driven into a frenzy. You can't have dialysis without an x ray, Werner is told. After about 5 rounds, Werner gives in and a portable x ray machine comes into his room and takes a picture. Catheter is in the right place, so now the dialysis unit is called and told to start Werner on dialysis. Two scrubby looking derelicts come and tell Werner that

they are going to transport him to dialysis. Werner and I are totally disgusted with their appearances. In the Florida hospital all these transporters are dressed in blue pants, white shirt and a tie and are very well groomed. Werner gets down there and they hook him up to the end unit. I sit there with him reading an Andrew Greeley book. In the middle of the dialysis in walks our State Representative, Dave Jaye. Werner is very glad to see him and tells him that we were married in August. Dave congratulates us and tells us that he and Sharon Schramkowski are getting married in March and invites us to his wedding. After talking to Dave for awhile, Werner suddenly tells me he is very sick to his stomach. We never had this problem at the Florida Hospital as they were much more diligent in watching the patients and taking blood pressures, etc and constantly readjusting fluids, etc. But here they just leave the patients lay without checking vitals until they get into trouble, and then they run around like a chicken with their head cut off trying to stabilize the patient. Those Philipino nurses were criminally negligent in my estimation. They spent most of their time standing together in the back of the room talking their native language and paying no attention to the patients. The patients were all lined up like in a WWII casualty ward and the nurses never approached any of them to take their blood pressure or assess their condition. (In Florida the dialysis nurses were in constant motion, checking on all their patients.) Not here. None of the nurses moved until a patient went sour. This was so very hard, physically and emotionally on these patients. Those foreign nurses couldn't care less.

The nurse gives Werner an emesis basin and the idiot does not bother to check his blood pressure. I later learned, thanks to the ineptitude of this staff that when vomiting occurs it is because the blood pressure is too low and immediate corrections need to be made. So Werner gets into a life and death crisis a few minutes later and they work on him like a four alarm fire. Werner was in such dire distress that he was about to say to the nurses "don't let me die" when he sees I have mobilized them into action. He then starts feeling better and his eye sight starts returning to normal and he again engages in a conversation with Dave Jaye. Dave brought me a Andrew Greeley book out of the Washington library, the Search for Maggie West, a book that disappeared in my apartment just before Werner started dialysis in Orlando.

Now comes the second episode of the twilight zone. My glasses, which were sitting on a table right next to Dave and I, with no one else around, suddenly disappears. Dave checks his stuff, it isn't in there. I check my stuff, no glasses. I ask the entire staff, and they remind me that no one has been there except me. Those glasses never showed up again. I had to have Peggy bring me an old pair with the wrong prescription strength, which I wore until I was able to buy some new pairs at PACE.

The entire week in the Beaumont dialysis unit was a horror, in contrast to such a good experience we had at the Florida Hospital. Time after time they did not watch Werner's blood pressure and he got into one crisis after another. One time they got his blood pressure down to 53/43 and I thought they were going to kill him. Werner was sure he was dying, he was so ill. He puked himself inside out and his eyes swum and then everything started turning black on him. But after I caused big excitements everything started turning around after they started taking corrective measures. When I had enough of this crisis intervention medicine I demanded that they put a blood pressure cuff on him

and that it be set to take his pressure every 15 minutes. This worked very well. I watched the pressure and started getting excited and causing lots of attention if the pressure got too low. Then Werner stopped having those fainting and vomiting crises.

On the floor, things were at an armed camp stage. The nursing staff did not treat Werner with dignity and respect, and with him, that just doesn't work too well. He retaliates, and before you know it, we have a shouting match going on, with tempers rising on both sides. When he pushes the call button after some 20 year old know it all sets him off, he just screams into the speaker. I'm sure it is so loud on the other end that they probably don't even hear what he is saying. Some nurses, who treated him with dignity, got along very well with him and found him friendly and congenial.

We ended up with the Director of Nurses and several nursing supervisors in Werner's room trying to diffuse the situation. I explained to them as well as to the Loss Control people who came to his room that he was seriously ill, had grave concerns about the possibility that death was imminent, and that he was not being treated with dignity and respect. In addition, Werner had some periods of delirium on and off until the toxins were brought under control, and I told the nursing Director that I felt that some inservicing of her staff was in order as to how to handle a frightened, angry and sometimes delirious patient, and that arguing and shouting back at him was certainly not in order.

Werner had one period of delirium that cut me to the quick, but was a very interesting one: Ya gotta get me train tickets, he told me. Train tickets, I thought, where are we going with him so sick and just starting dialysis. What kind of train tickets, I asked him? To tomorrow. To tomorrow? Why do you want train tickets to tomorrow? Because I've been watching that clock for a long time now and it just doesn't move. If I want to get out of today, I need train tickets to tomorrow. I don't think I can get train tickets to tomorrow, I gently tell him. Then get some to Buffalo, he tells me. I run into the bathroom, turn on the water, flush the toilet so he can't hear me, then burst out crying. When the delirium passed I told Werner what he said and what I did to conceal my crying from him. I don't want you to cry was his reply. I want you to be happy. Oh, ya, my beloved husband in so much distress and so much pain, and all those belligerent incompetent nurses, and him and I awake day and night for days on end, and I'm supposed to be happy? Hardly.

Another period of delirium that Werner had in Beaumont that was very eerie was when he suddenly said to me, "I married you. That makes you my Queen!" He said that several times over the next several days. This immediately brought back to me what the judge's wife had said to me back in 1981, when she had a rapturous experience looking at Werner for the first time in her life and saying "That man was once Wilhelm the Conqueror of Normandy and England". Later on the same day in the hospital after calling me his Queen, he said to me, "You really should be addressing me as "My Lord" you know. He was once again in a state of delirium at that point and had one foot in each world. But I couldn't help but wondering if due to the delirium he was remembering snatches of a former lifetime. In the same vein, the last day Werner was laid out in the casket, early in the morning when I was alone with him before the final ceremonies were about to begin, suddenly I experienced a huge ray of light, conical in shape, the large part

of the cone above, the small part just over my head, pressing down on my head, and a very reverential feeling came over me and someone said "He truly was a King". The weight on my head at that point made my knees feel like they were ready to buckle.

When the transport men in green came to get Werner, Werner started saying to himself, "Here come the undertakers." I get a feeling in looking back that Werner felt that there was a good possibility that he wasn't going to get out of that hospital alive. On his ride in his hospital bed from his room to dialysis he becomes fascinated with their choice of ceiling tiles. He counts the tiles, notices their condition, their style, and how many of them are damaged or discolored. He has purchased many, many ceiling tiles for his nursing homes, his apartment buildings and his home over the years so he had a natural interest in ceiling tiles.

The food there was horrible, but especially the first few days until Werner got on dialysis as they were afraid he was going to go into seizures from the toxins. He was allowed 1 ounce of protein a day and about 1000 calories tops. And forget about fruits and vegetables as they were all dangerous. And we had such a battle over food that finally the doctor suggested that he give me a list and let me go out and bring in his food according to the list of permissible items.

They put a heparin lock in his arm as they fully expected to have a full blown medical emergency with him at any time. They did the same thing at Florida Hospital for the same reason. He was in a most unstable, precarious state of health and everyone was greatly concerned that in the act of stabilizing Werner that he might suddenly go into a medical crisis that they might not be able to control. They also had a fancy airway device taped over his bed as they expected a major crisis where they were going to have to shove that down his throat to maintain a patent airway.

Rudi and Dinora came to visit Werner and brought Christopher with them. We had a very nice visit together. Werner talked over with them all that he is going through and they also talked about current events, etc. He then proudly told them for the first time that he and I got married in Sebring in August. They had not known of that before now. Dinora was very visibly upset, very edgy, very sorrowful, she couldn't stand or sit still. Then Dinora takes Christoph to the chapel to say a prayer for Werner and Werner and Rudi stay behind and talk.

Werner's surgery was rescheduled for Monday afternoon. On Friday right after dinner Hari and Carleen Mali showed up to visit Werner. We were all having a good time, when suddenly Hari asks me a direct question and the answer has to do with my having to have \$60,000 for Wil Mar before 12/31/93. Werner then asks Hari once again to cough it up as Hari's term of that loan is way overdue and now Wil Mar needs to borrow the money. Hari says he will have the money on January 12th. Werner tells him we need it December 31st in order for Wil Mar to get credit for it on the 1991 cost report. Hari blows up and starts a big fight with Werner, putting Werner down and calling him names and saying that Werner never did anything for him and cheated him in the St. Anne's business deal in 1984. Hari was now standing on his feet and dancing around the room. Werner was disgusted and quietly told Mali that it was time for him to go. Carleen was in a great deal

of pain and was very upset over the dust up between Werner and Hari. They both ended up leaving our room in a very bad mood and frame of mind.

Werner was very upset over Mali, saying that it was all over for him and that they could never be friends again. That ungrateful son of a bitch, was Werner's reply. But Werner was too sick to dwell for long about Hari's blow up as he was very worried about the surgery on Monday, December 14, 1992.

Werner and I watched a lot of TV that week and we enjoyed watching the cable programs and discussing what is on. Werner had some problems hearing it due to the pillow speakers and the fact that in the past 1 1/2 years he was becoming rather hard of hearing. But by fiddling with the sound and the position of the speaker mechanism he gets it so he can hear most of what is going on.

Werner had one serious panic attack in this room. He frowns, thinks to himself, then says out loud, "I can't remember my wedding vows!" I'll have to read them again and memorize them, he tells me. And he is really serious about this, too. Those vows were important to him. As I look back on those vows, I think with some degree of chagrin that he promised to protect and I promised to obey, but with the seriousness of his final illness we spent most of our wedded life with me doing the protecting of him and he doing the obeying so as to preserve his life as long as possible.

We had big fights over taking showers all week as Werner hates showers and is allergic to bath water. The young aides insisted he take one and an all day fight ensued. I mostly gave him his shower in order to keep peace around the hospital. Most of the time he sat peacefully on the chair while I washed him from head to toe. I loved seeing fresh, clean, fluffy hair, a rarity in the past 4 years.

The night before his surgery they take blood work and are shocked to see that his potassium is so high that it is threatening to stop his heart. So they bring in a whole bottle of Kaoxylate and tell him he has to drink it as this stuff binds up the potassium in the blood and allows the body to excrete it. Well, Werner is very sick to his stomach due to the toxins and Kaoxylate is making him that much sicker. I try to encourage him to put it down by taking small sips at a time and interspersing it with food. No go. He gets a funny look on his face and says he's going to puke, so I put a wash basin under his chin and he fills it.

The nurse calls the doctor. The doctor says we have to get the stuff down him at all costs because otherwise his heart is going to quit. The nurse tells him he either has to drink another bottle of this stuff or she has to give it to him in an enema. By this point Werner is exhausted, very sick and he simply isn't listening to anyone anymore. He plain and simple doesn't want the medicine. Werner, do you realize that if you don't take it you will die? He doesn't care. He's had enough. This is a shock to me for when Werner was well he said that everything must be done to prolong his life, no matter what. And now with a bottle of medicine being the thing to keep him alive, he doesn't care to swallow it. And he certainly is physically unable to swallow and keep down another bottle of Kaoxylate. Just smelling the stuff is frankly starting to make me a little sick to my

stomach. There would be no way I could swallow the stuff and keep it down, so with Werner's bad stomach I know he isn't about to keep it down. Let's try an enema, I tell the nurse. Werner was beyond endurance and wasn't even with us mentally anymore. He slept through half of it. It was the only time in my life with Werner that I saw him literally give up. It saddened and frightened me a great deal that day to watch such a great man throw in the towel. He had had more than he could take at that point, with the femoral catheters, the temporary subclavian catheter, the daily dialysis, the fighting with the horrid Beaumont staff, etc. Plus the fact that the food was so bad there that it was not edible, in contrast to the food at the Florida Hospital which he so enjoyed eating.

Then we have more excitements at 3 o'clock in the morning. It is so hot and stuffy in the hospital room that Werner and I could hardly breathe. Finally he had enough and pulls his call light and starts complaining. The midnight maintenance man shows up, looks the system over and leaves. Later, he comes back with some tools and tries to readjust the heating system, to no avail. The darn thing probably isn't even hooked up to the heating and A/C thermostat, the repairman says. After fiddling with it for an hour, he gives up and brings a fan in the room, sets it on the counter and blows the air right on Werner. Werner likes that. He still can't go back to sleep and is very irritable and restless. He asks me to do this, that and the other for him, which I do. But finally at 4 am I can't take it anymore as this is the second night that both of us had little sleep and I am beyond my rope's end. I tell him so. I am so exhausted I can't move any more and I desperately need a few hours sleep. He feels real bad, thinks that I am being mean to him and abandoning him, and calls the nursing home and tells them he needs a nurse full time with him in the hospital. Brandy, the midnight nurse on duty, offers to come and sit with him as there is another nurse on duty at that time. So she drives over to Beaumont, gets there at 4:45 am and gets the night guard on duty to let her in the hospital. She then goes to Werner's floor and checks in the midnight staff on duty, introduces herself, then proceeds to Werner's room. This is the first time that Werner or I meet her and we both like her. I bury myself in my chair and try to get to sleep. His feet and legs hurt a lot so she uses lotion and rubs them down thoroughly for over 15 minutes. He really enjoys that because 1.) it makes his feet and legs feel better, and 2.) someone is playing mother to him, which makes him feel loved and cared for. He then settles right down and goes to sleep, albeit a fitful one. I'm desperately trying to get a little of the same myself. Brandy, with nothing to do, picks up my reading material and by flashlight, starts to read. I hear the constant rustling of pages turning and I am about to be totally strung out with nerves. Next thing I know it is 8 am and Brandy is about to leave, so I guess I slept a few hours.

Just before I fell asleep the midnight nurse, who had been very responsive to Werner's needs, comes into his room miffed and hurt because she felt that a nurse there was a direct reflection upon the care that she had been giving to Werner. Werner told her that she did answer his call lights promptly, but that she just couldn't give him the attention and care that a private duty nurse could. That calmed her down a little, but not much.

As Brandy is about to leave, in comes Rob Muehleisen, ready to take over the next shift in the hospital. He fusses around Mr., fluffing his pillows, straightening covers, etc. After Rob is there about 1 hour, they come to take Werner to dialysis. Werner tells Rob he can go back to Wil Mar now as he will be in dialysis for 3 hours, then he will be going to

surgery. I feel real guilty eating breakfast as they are starving Werner for the surgery, but fortunately Werner dozes through my breakfast and doesn't have to watch me eating.

I got cabin fever sitting in that small hospital room so I asked Werner if it was alright if I went across the street and did some shopping. He said fine, that it was his nap time anyway. So I went through Penny's, did a lot of window shopping there, then went to Fashion Bug Plus and Woolworth's. I bought two really nice cotton nightgowns at Fashion Bug, one pink and one mint green. They were large, comfortable and airy. And they breathed. I bought small sundry items at Woolworth's, including toothbrush, toothpaste, comb, etc as I was not planning on staying in the hospital so I brought none of those things with me. Later on, Wil Mar, mostly Peggy, brought me some clean clothes as I didn't want to buy a lot of stuff. Edna went through my drawers at the blue house and packed the stuff in her own suitcase. Peggy made several trips to see us and deliver and pick up things. She even had to go to the downtown post office as Werner's box rent was 4 months overdue and all the mail was being sent back to the sender. Werner was furious! With being so sick and being so much of the time in Florida Werner forgot about paying for the post office box in the Trolley Station in Detroit.

On December 15th as Werner was in the midst of the storm, he suddenly said, "Oh, @#\$% @, I forgot to pay the Comerica St. Anne's mortgage and now there's a penalty! @#\$% @!"

We get a third or fourth, I've lost count at this point, visit from pastoral care. Werner threw the Lutheran minister out of his room a few days before and he wasn't too gentle about it either. He put up with the girl with the dishrag personality, but he wasn't too impressed with her either and started sleeping in the middle of her presentation. Now we have someone who is disguised as Pastoral Care but is really from loss prevention as Werner is now screaming at the top of his lungs that he is going to sue this hospital and he is screaming at me to take the number of the lawyer on TV, "Sam", as he wants Sam to sue. "Call Sam"!! Werner screams at me and to our staff at Wil Mar over the phone. Werner made mincemeat out of her too.

Werner, while waiting for surgery and full of nervous energy, calls everyone and his uncle. He calls Peggy at the nursing home and tells her to call Sam, that he wants to sue. Peggy, getting into the spirit of things, tells Werner that there are 3 more lawyers who advertise on TV, and should she call them too so they can sue the hospital. Werner thinks this is a great idea. Peggy tells him what channels to watch to see these other lawyers. Werner then calls the banker in Sebring's Barnett Bank, Bill West. He also calls Bernstein, Morris and Brown, and Steve Feldman. No one is available, so he leaves his hospital number for them to call back.

He is shocked to the bones to learn that Larry Brown no longer works for that firm. And he is angry at how abruptly she tells Werner that and does not in any way attempt to service Werner. Werner tries to get Larry's number from directory assistance, with no luck. he's miffed now. He calls back the firm to get Larry's number, with no luck. You'd think that stupid CPA firm would give Larry's calls to one of the senior partners in the firm rather than just lose the business. They must have too many clients and can't handle

them all. I want Larry or I want to move my business to Cooper and Lybrand, Werner tells the firm when he calls back. That'll get them moving, Werner tells me. I bet Brian calls right back. He didn't. No one from that firm called back that day.

Who did call back was Bill West from Barnett Bank just as the gurney came to take Werner to surgery. The phone rings. A very know it all older nurse answers the phone and tells Bill West that Werner can't talk on the phone right now as he is going to surgery. Werner then asks who is that. The nurse tries to hang up the phone. I know how important this call is as Werner is trying to get a new mortgage, and I hear it is Bill West, so I tell Werner. A first class wrestling match ensues between Werner, the nurse and the telephone. Werner rips the phone right out of the nurse's hand, calling her a f#\$% bitch. Werner is really upset as he did not want Bill West to know he was having surgery as he did not want his physical condition in any way to hamper his eligibility to get a new mortgage. Bill West was most congenial and talked to Werner about 3- 4 minutes. The old nurse went into seizures. She screamed at the gurney orderly that he could leave and she would tell the doctor that Werner refused to go and that the surgery would have to be cancelled. The gurney orderly preferred to please Werner. not this old bag, so he stood there and patiently waited for Werner to finish his phone conversation. The old nurse grabbed the chart and furiously started charting her version of this latest dustup. Bill West concluded the phone conversation and then Werner was on his way downstairs.

Then came the recurrent fight that we had had all week. Werner is laying there with a hospital gown which is dropped over his chest and stomach in a pile, that does not cover what should be covered and Werner refuses to put a sheet over himself, saying its too hot for a sheet. The nurses take the bait, start screeching that he cannot be wheeled down the corridor in the all together, and another real fun fight is off and running. You can't be wheeled down the hall like that!!! The indignant nurse screeches. Why not, Werner asks laconically. Because there are ladies in the hall and they just can't see you uncovered!! ! Why not? Because that's indecent, that's why. Aw, they can just all look the other way. Werner tells her. Now the nurse is through the ceiling with frustration and anger. When I figure Werner had enough fun and the shouting match has gone far enough, I intervene by simply walking up to Werner's bed, straightening out the sheets. Putting one layer of sheet over the area in dispute, then tell the transporter, "Let's get going. " Circus over.

Werner accepts the fact that I spoiled all his fun and settles down for the humdrum of a ride. The nurse is HOT!! Steam is coming out of her ears, especially when she sees how easily I ended the whole thing and she then realizes I could have ended it a long time ago if I so desired. Now she's not sure who she hates more, him or me.

This time Werner is transported to surgery, with me right behind. They separate us at the entrance to the surgical holding area. telling me to go to a waiting room about 1/2 way down a long corridor and on a different floor. I know we are about to have 3 ring circus with Werner, so I go into the nursing station there and tell them that I will be at the waiting room right across the hall as I am sure they will be needing me with Werner. Yup, it took about 5 minutes. but true to form the nurse comes and tells me that they need me in the surgical holding area NOW! It's the usual, Werner is kicking up a real fuss. He is totally paranoid at this point, as I have never in my whole life together seen him, and he is suspicious of everyone, and I do mean BIG TIME suspicious. So I stand next to him

and start stroking his shoulder, arm and forehead to calm him down. There is no calming him down. He wants me to take every name down as he wants it to be known who they were if they butcher him. I apologetically to the staff do what he tells me to do. Afterwards I stuff the names in my pocket. I then try to calm him down again. I tongue in cheek notice that all the little children have their mommy or daddy with them and that all the adults lie there alone. And I am so very happy to be able to stand there by my little 5 year old and hold his hand and make him feel better during that long wait. He really liked one of the surgical nurses who treated him very well and both he and I were sad that she was not going into his operating room with him. I felt really upset when they were threading in the IV as he had had so many needles and now one more. I was really wondering what his quality of life would be in the future with the dialysis every other day for the rest of his life.

It was a real joke how the nurse in his room upstairs was off the wall saying how Werner was holding up the surgeon, for when we got down to the surgical holding area Werner sat there for over 2 1/2 hours waiting for surgery to begin. Talk about cruel and unusual punishment. I have never seen a hospital more disorganized than Beaumont Royal Oak. Everything about that hospital was a total disorganized fiasco, and the surgical scheduling lie right on the apex of this disorder.

I stayed with Werner until they took him off to surgery, then I sat in the outpatient waiting room which was right across from the surgical rooms. I stayed there until they told me to go to the inpatient waiting rooms which were 1/2 mile away. I then went instead to Werner's private room and sat quietly by myself there. While I was there the phone rang and it was Stephen Feldman, Werner's best and long time attorney. Steve asked for Werner and I told him he was in surgery. Steve asked what was wrong and was very supportive of me and Werner. Just talking to an understanding, friendly person like Steve made me feel a lot better on this black day. After that phone call I figured I'd better get back to the inpatient waiting room so as to not miss the doctor. I walked forever to that room and when I got there they were closing it off for the evening and told me to go back to the outpatient waiting room, which I did. There were still lots of anxious people there waiting for word of their love one. I then settled down to read my book and wait for word of Werner. The phone rang. And rang. And rang. The volunteer was gone for the day. We all just looked at one another and just let it ring off the hook. But each one of us feared that we might be missing word of our patient by not answering it. Finally, after 5:30 pm Dr. Frikker came out and said that the operation was over and it went very well. Werner would be in the recovery room for about another hour to hour and a half.

I went back to Werner's private room and found they had been messing around with his things. No one messes with Werner's things. The roof comes off if you dare to touch just one piece of paper belonging to Werner. What's going on, I asked? Oh, Dr. Frikker wanted Werner moved to the renal unit so they can watch him better there, I was told. Do they have a private room for him, I asked? I don't know was the reply. Where is the renal unit, was my next question? I was given directions. I went there. It was the darkest, dreariest unit I have ever been on. Do you have a private room for Werner?, I asked. No, was the reply. We save our private rooms for our transplant patients. Then we will stay where we are, I replied. But the doctor ordered the transfer, she told me. Then

call the doctor and get him to reverse the order, I told her. I'm staying overnight with Werner and cannot do so in a semiprivate room. And Werner will never tolerate being put into a cubbyhole. The doctor was called and the order reversed.

Meanwhile, unbeknownst to me, Werner is going through the same motions in the recovery room. He is suffering the tortures of the damned thinking of them moving his piles of papers around while he is stuck in the recovery room. And he is also demanding a private room in the renal unit or to be moved back to his old room which is perfectly fine with him. The doctor says that the floor he is on now does not know how to properly care for a shunt, and that is why he wanted him moved. We finally get a hold of the doctor and Werner returns to his old room. I half eat a supper, I am so upset with the whole personnel of this hospital.

Finally, at 7:30 pm Werner returns to his room starved to death as he hasn't eaten since supper of the night before. I have been fighting with the staff since 5:30 pm to get a tray for him and they say they can't get one up to the floor until the doctor orders one. I tell them to at least alert the dietary that a tray will be ordered so they can have one in readiness at this late hour when the doctor does finally order one. Now at 7:30 pm they get the order, send it to dietary and dietary blissfully tells them that it is too late to serve a patient, that they have closed for the evening. But they can send him up a couple of bowls of asparagus soup, which they do. That soup is full of salt and worse yet, potassium which can stop Werner's heart. Werner pours the soup right down his throat he is so hungry. I tell Werner I will run right over to the Woolworth store and get him some liver and fried onions. He said he would love some. I grab some money and am on my way. Who do I meet by the front entrance? That son of a bitch Hari Mali who has another Indian with him as a witness and they are on their way up to see Werner. I tell Hari that he cannot see Werner as he just got out of surgery. He asks me if Werner is conscious. I tell him not entirely so yet. He continues on his way up with his witness. I jump on the phone downstairs and call Werner and tell him that Hari and a witness is on his way up. Werner tells me to get my ass back up in the room now as he needs a witness. I tell him the grill closes in 10 minutes, what should I do, get the food or get back up. Get back up here NOW! Werner says with anger in his voice.

I call the nurse's station and tell them to head Mali off before he gets to the room and tell him Werner cannot have visitors tonight, being just out of surgery as these guys are going to stir up trouble. Just hearing the sickening weakness in this nurse's voice, I know I am going to get nowhere with this request and pony express it back up to Werner's room. I make it there before Mali and his friend, who are sitting on the payphone. Mali and his friend come into Werner's room. Mali has a big frown on his face and gives Werner a letter about 3 or 4 pages long. The first part is all schmaltz about how Werner helped him through the years. The second part dealt with how Mali was going to payoff Werner what he owed him. Mali was bragging about how strong financially he is now due to Jack Feldman's backing and how he doesn't need anyone anymore. Mali tried to give Werner the 3 or 4 pages. Werner told me to take them and read them. Mali then gave Werner some checks and said the rest would be forthcoming before 12/31/92. Mali and his witness then left and Werner was very upset with the whole affair and said that Mali

would never be his friend again. I calmed Werner down, then told him I would go over to a restaurant on Woodward and get him liver and onions to eat, because, due to Mali's visit we were too late for Woolworth's. I then got into his car and drove to the ground Round on 13 & Woodward. They had no liver and onions, so I ordered him and I a steak and told them to cut his steak into baby bite size pieces so I could feed him. It took forever for them to cook that steak it seemed, and I hated leaving Werner all alone like that when he was upset and in pain. But finally the steak was packaged and I got the car back but now the parking lot was closed and I had to park much further away. And then the professional building was closed and I had to walk to the hospital out in the open in the cold. Then I had to wait until a late visitor left the hospital as the doors were locked. Werner was still upset and worn out when I returned. He was glad to see me and brightened up a bit. I took his dinner out of the sack, set it up and fed him the steak dinner. He would have preferred the liver and onions, but he ate all of his dinner and calmed down.

We kept his arm propped up on the pillow as we were told to do. When he moved his arm to get it into a more comfortable position it started to burn, which made him real upset as he was comfortable before. We called the nurse and she gave him a darvon for pain, which did the trick. We then both settled down to a decent night's sleep.

The next day all hell broke loose again. The aide got obnoxious trying to get Werner into the shower. Werner didn't want to go. When the transporters came to take him to dialysis he said, "Here comes the undertakers". Dialysis was not as much of a fiasco as I had learned what to watch for and became quite militant watching the blood pressure. Poor Werner got a breakfast before going down there. Nothing went quite right that day, mostly due to big mouth and stupid personnel who baited Werner into fights. When Werner came back from dialysis, he got into it with the staff on the floor. Then Gary Banish walked in and we had a temporary truce as Werner and Gary enjoyed one another's company. Gary had brought something for Werner to sign. Then in the middle of Gary's visit the loss prevention person came into the room. All hell broke loose. Gary had been filled in by Werner as to what was going on just prior to the loss prevention person coming in, so he just sat back and enjoyed watching the action. The main focus of the interview was to determine whether or not Werner was going to sue. So when Gary saw the way the interview was going, he jumped up, shook hands with the loss prevention person and told him that he was Werner's attorney.

I was beside myself as all this hollering and screaming was for naught. It was just that Werner had not been treated with dignity and respect and he was getting back at them for his poor treatment. I told Werner repeatedly that you can't sue because they don't treat you nice. It has to be medical malpractice. But he was beyond listening. He was just plain and simple, hot. And he was going to get even, if just verbally. And he was doing a real good job of it, too. I was getting hot, too, telling Werner lets just get packed and get out of here. This screaming and setting up an armed camp was just beyond what my frazzled nerves could take. Werner demanded his chart right then and there to take to Sebring with him. They said they couldn't get it together that fast, that he would get it in several days. That wasn't good enough for him, he wanted it NOW!! ! We can't get it now, they told him. Then I'm not leaving this hospital until I get this chart, he screams. He demands to

speak to the doctor. After lots of hollering and frustration on both sides, they finally get the doctor to talk to Werner. Dr. Rocher is very calm and quiet in his response to Werner. He promises to have his chart copied and given to him when he comes to dialysis in two days. Werner is very calm and polite to the doctor and tells him he accepts this and hopes the doctor keeps his word.

Then a sweet little gray haired old lady volunteer comes into Werner's room in the midst of all this hollering and commotion and says to Werner that she has a wheelchair and is ready to take him out to his car. GET YOUR FUCKING ASS OUT OF HERE!!! He screams at her. She's gone out of that room like a bullet out of a machine gun!! I never knew a little old lady could move so fast.

Then an obnoxious nurse comes in and tells Werner he has been discharged and that he HAS to get out of that bed and go home. No one tells Werner that he HAS to do anything, That just doesn't work too well. More verbal combat. Werner is in rare form and is willing to take on anyone. The staff is in rare form and are actually enjoying coming into this room and screaming at this obnoxious old patient. The staff are especially incensed by the fact that Werner took a joke he received from Peggy and pasted it on the wall where anyone coming in could see it. It said "If assholes could fly, this place would be an airport." Boy, they didn't appreciate that one little bit! uh, uh.

In the middle of the latest dust up between Werner and the staff, Werner gets a phone call. It's Edna and she's screaming and crying at the top of her lungs. Werner tries to hang up on her, telling her he's busy having a screaming match with these ass holes. Edna gets hysterical and demands to speak to me. Werner gives the phone to me and tells me to make it fast, I'm crimping his style when I'm on the phone and not listening to him instead. Edna tells me something absolutely shocking; little Bear, aged 14 months, went out to play. He ran around the yard, went to the kitchen window, then ran to Barney's fence, stood up on the fence, then jumped back down, ran around some more, then went back into the house, went to the dining room, stood in front of the copy machine door, then suddenly just dropped over. He lifted his head twice, then dropped his head and stopped breathing. He gasped for air twice, then quit breathing all together. Edna ran to the nursing home for help, screaming that they had to come over to the blue house and do CPR on the Shepherd, and they came, but he was dead and beyond CPR. Edna was off the wall hysterical. I told her we would be home soon and Werner and I would bury the dog. I told her to have the maintenance man dig a hole on the other side of the Grossobringen nut tree for little Bear.

I then became very emotional and turned on Werner, telling him if he had gone home when he was supposed to be discharged, instead of doing all this circus and useless screaming instead, that I would have been home and could have held little Bear in my arms as he lay dying. Werner then started screaming at me, saying now I was accusing him of killing the dog. No, I said, I just wanted to be there when that happened. Some more hollering and screaming between Werner and me ensued. @\$%, I bellowed, let's pack your @\$% stuff and get home so I can bury my poor dead little puppy. Now it was Werner vs. Sandy, instead of Werner vs. the entire hospital. I had become the new

enemy. I didn't give a damn at this point, I just wanted to get home. I'd had enough of Werner's circus for two lifetimes, and I was darn sick of it.

I packed up all of his and my stuff, and then made the first haul down to the car. Werner was bellowing like a stuck pig that I shouldn't carry that stuff, let them SOB's do the work. After the way you've been acting, I told Werner, they're not about to lift a finger. I then came back, helped Werner into his clothes, and packed up the rest of the stuff. They found a stainless steel cart to put the stuff on. Then I helped Werner into a wheelchair and we were off. He wasn't too friendly towards me on the way home. But as soon as we got home I helped Werner out of the car and we both went and looked at little Bear's body laying so silent and so still on the dining room floor of the blue house. Werner sat on a chair and talked to his puppy and cried over his dead body. Werner then started getting very ill and passing out and Rich and I got him real fast into my bed. He immediately felt much better. He tried to sit up again so we could bury our dog, but he started passing out again, so we got him real fast back laying down in bed. I then ran to Mc Donald's and got him a hamburger, coffee and a shake. He ate the hamburger and then felt better. Rich then wrapped Bear in a comforter as Werner had instructed him, then Rich carried the dog all alone from the house to the gravesite. We then helped Werner walk to the gravesite. Werner conducted a fine funeral service for little Bear, saying the Our Father in German. I then said some of the Catholic funeral prayers for our little guy. We then gently lowered him into his newly dug grave, carefully and gently laying him down to face old Bear. I was so concerned about Werner as he sat there on the lawn chair, fearing he was going to pass out. We had put the evergreens under little Bear just as we had old Bear. Now Werner got up, emptied his pockets of change, which he put in little Bear's grave so he could buy himself some hamburgers and ice cream on the long way home. Werner staggered and almost fell into the grave. We caught him and put him back on the lawn chair. Beaumont had overdialysed him, as usual, and as a result the bottom was dropping out of his blood pressure.

We then put boughs on top of little Bear, then gently with our hands pushed the soil into the grave until the body was completely covered. We filled half of the grave this way, then finished with the shovels. I then put a very tired, exhausted grief stricken Werner to bed, where he fell right off to sleep, utterly exhausted.

His next dialysis was on December 17th at the outpatient Beaumont Royal Oak dialysis unit. Werner and I had quite a discussion in the hospital as to where he was going to go for dialysis and we ultimately decided that he would start at Beaumont Royal Oak so we could see what it was like there, then later transfer to Beaumont Troy as it was closer to home, and once Werner was stabilized and feeling better, I could drop him off and pick him up later.

On December 17th we walked into the Royal Oak dialysis center for his first treatment. The staff there was really nice to him. He liked being pampered and babied. But again, they overdid the dialysis and he started feeling sick and faint. They dumped him on his head and poured saline back into him. After the dialysis was over they took his blood pressure. He was not allowed to leave as his blood pressure was way too low. And he felt

it too. He was weak and dizzy when he stood up and he had to sit down real fast or he would pass out.

On the 16th of December Wil Mar had its employee's Christmas party in the day room as usual. Werner was totally wiped out from the hospital and the dialysis so often and the early hours and the low blood pressure and the fainting spells from it and his bed looked really good to him. He had toyed with the idea of going to the Christmas party for an hour or two but then in the afternoon some of the newer employees hurt his feelings so he decided "the hell with them" and went to bed. I was working on the Wil Mar books all day and did not come up for air until the party was ready to start, at 7 pm. I then went to Werner's house in order to help him dress up for it. He was in bed and wiped out, I could see at a glance. He told me how disgusted he was with some of the newer employees so I agreed with him that he should stay in bed and get some rest and the next day was another dialysis session, which would drag even more energy out of him. I then stayed with Werner for about an hour, resting my self, then I went over to Wil Mar to make an appearance at the party. Like Werner, and even more so, I was thoroughly disgusted with the drunken display I was presented with over there, especially by Leonard, a newer aide. He was so drunk it was pitiful to look at him. I stayed till about 11 pm, then went home to Werner. He was fast asleep. He woke up around 11 pm briefly to go to the bathroom and I told him about the party and my disgust and disillusionment. Only one other time was the Wil Mar Christmas party such a drunken orgy.

Werner and I talked it over and we did not want the holiday season to pass without him doing something for our old time employees who have been very faithful to Werner and me through the years. So Werner decided to have a donut and coffee party for them at 2 pm on Wednesday, December 30, 1992 and show them his wedding pictures. So at 2 pm Werner sat himself down on the west end of the long table in the library and I brought in the donuts and the wedding album. Werner then handled the wedding album, turning the pages and showing all the pictures he did the narrating to fill them in on the particulars of what was going on with each picture. They said that they wished we had married at Wil Mar, and frankly, I wished so too. Wil Mar is home, Sun 'N Lake Towers never quite made that rank with me. And by getting married in Florida my mother was not able to attend the wedding, a fact that Werner planned for but which really upset and hurt me. But knowing Werner, I knew if I wanted to get married I would have to keep my mouth shut and swallow this hurt. And it really did hurt my mother, too. She tried to explain it away by saying that she never really treated Werner as well as she could have, but still she expressed her hurt and dismay at not being able to be there. But to be fair, Werner never treated my mother as well as he could have either, and my mother was just defending her daughter when he set a wedding date and then refused to marry me back in 1979. You just don't do that to one's daughter.

I had always hoped to get married in the summer time on Wil Mar's lawn and have an outdoor reception right after. I wished that it had been so.

During this old timers donut party, Werner did hurt two of the old timer's feelings, Marlene and Edna. Marlene cleaned Werner's apartment for him, and Werner said she was making a bigger mess than before she started. Werner was very vocal in telling all

the others at the party about this, which really hurt Marlene. And then Werner ripped into Edna, telling about the dead chicken they were serving in the kitchen, and telling about how they failed to keep the kitchen clean. Both of them were almost in tears. But Werner didn't feel good at all, and he was telling it as he saw it, come what may.

Barbara wanted Werner to distribute copies of his wedding booklet, but Werner thought it over, talked to me about it and decided that he didn't want to do that, so he just let that subject drop.

On the 17th of December Werner wrote a few short lines to his sister for Christmas, telling her he was in dialysis and things were not going one bit better. He explained about his shunts in his arm and shoulder. On the 18th of December he wrote a letter to Tante Henny Brehmer, also telling her about the dialysis and that things were not going any better. He told her about the 2 shunts as well. Werner had lost 81 lbs in 17 days in the Florida Hospital, and since that time, he had a fragile, pinched look to his face. His skin was like parchment and tore very easily. He was unsteady on his feet. He looked white, almost translucent. He was tired, easily worn out. But he was gaining in strength gradually due to ridding himself of toxins in his blood, and I had high hopes that he would stabilize and have some semblance of a normal lifestyle. His diet remained a very big problem. Almost all foods were off his list of permissible foods especially fruits, vegetables, meats nuts chocolate and fluids. He had to watch his potassium as it was getting too high, and a high potassium could stop his heart. Werner wasn't puking anymore so his appetite was gradually returning, which made it difficult to adhere to such a strict diet. But he found one thing that did fit into his diet that he loved very much, donuts. Boy, did he ever love donuts!! I bought him one dozen every day, and every day he ate the whole box of them. This was not without consequence. He went from 217 lbs on November 17th when he was discharged from the hospital to 245 on the day he died, all as a result of those yummy Dunkin Donuts.

Werner now was on dialysis 3 times a week, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. I asked for Monday, Wednesday and Friday as I told them and Werner that I needed Saturday and Sunday to myself as I needed time to recuperate after all I'd been through. They told me that was all they had available, and that they would switch me in the future when an opening occurred. Then they started switching our time from 10:30 am to 7:15 am. I am not a morning person, so those hours killed me, but at least I thought I could get back to Wil Mar and get the books done. What a naive dreamer I was!

Werner wanted them to take lots of fluid off so he could continue to weigh 217 lbs. He loved that low weight, saying he had not been that weight since he was 40. As a result, they took too much off and he was not allowed to leave the unit until the blood pressure came back up. The way for it to come back up was for them to pump saline solution back into him, which he refused to let them do, as saline causes a weight gain and he wanted to stay "skinny". The other way for it to go back up was to drink chicken broth, which he loved. I was pouring chicken broth down his dear little gullet so his blood pressure would come up and we could go back to Wil Mar and I could get some books done. Then he started balking about drinking the chicken broth, which he loved, saying it too would make him weigh more. On December 17th I was beside myself as we had gotten there at 7:00 am, it was now 7:15 pm and we were still sitting there because he wouldn't do what

they told him to do and his blood pressure was way too low as they took too much fluid off. Finally at 7:35 pm we got out of there.

We got back home in Utica after 8:00 pm. I was exhausted and starved and my dog Mopsey had been locked up all day in the house. I let Mopsey out and the neighbor Ann Kay let her dog Barney out and we sat on the swing together. A few minutes later I decided I had better check on Werner to see if he was okay. I walked through the garage, and into the house. No Werner in bed. I called his name, he answered me from the bathroom. Are you alright, I asked him. No, was his reply. What's the matter, I asked him? Can't shit, was his reply. Oh, no, now what? I told him I was exhausted and that I would be sitting on the swing for the next 15 minutes watching Mopsey while he sat on the toilet and tried to do something. He then said he was going to Harper Hospital. I was so exhausted my ears were hanging on the ground. I cannot take you to Harper Hospital, I told him. I am totally done in and I simply physically unable to drive that far, I told him. I'll take an ambulance, was his reply. Take an ambulance all the way to Harper Hospital because you are constipated? I asked him? That's preposterous.

There are 2 hospitals close to us, St. Joseph West or Beaumont Troy. I'll take you to either one, I told him, but no further as I am ready to collapse. I will drive you to the emergency room, drop you off, and when you are done, call me and I will come and get you, I told him. He was not a happy camper. Said I didn't love him and that I was treating him mean.

I left him sitting on the toilet and went back and sat on my swing with my neighbor again. 10 minutes later out of the garage into the snowy backyard walks Werner on the 17th of December wearing a short sleeve shirt and his tan bathing trunks! What a site for the middle of December! I wonder what the hospital is going to think of this old guy walking in in December with bathing trunks on! I get cold just looking at his bare legs!

I then run after him, and catch up with him as he is walking through the nursing home. What will it be, Beaumont Troy or St. Joes West? I hate that f#\$%@ Beaumont he shouts at me. Okay, then it's St. Joes. That ain't the best place either, he grumbles. Tough, I think, in order to dig out a fecal impaction, one does not need a top notch doctor. I put him into the Lincoln, being careful of his arm, then drive him to St. Joes West. I pull up in front of the emergency entrance and let him off. Call me when you get done, I tell him. I'll be in the blue house sleeping. On the way back home, I see the Dunkin Donut shop, so I stop and get him a dozen donuts, figuring they will be closed by the time he gets through, and he did so love his donuts, eating over 1 dozen every day for the last three weeks of his life.

2:15 am I get a call from the nursing home, that Werner called there saying he is ready to be picked up. Werner called them so as to not disturb me, but that lazy night shift just passed the buck and called me so that they wouldn't have to get up off their butts and move a little.

I then drove straight over to St. Joes to pick him up. I found the adorable little guy bright and chipper, sitting up in a wheelchair waiting for me. He had been treated very well by the staff at St. Joe's and even met a nurse who used to work at Wil Mar who liked him.

He was wide awake and very talkative and in a very good mood. I then drove 19 mile Rd west, Hayes north, then Hall Rd west. I told him he had a dozen donuts sitting on the dash board that I had bought earlier. By this point we were

now at a red light one block away from Dunkin Donuts, and Werner spotted the donut shop and wanted to pull in. So I pulled in at 2:24 am in the morning. He had his box of donuts under his arm that he had pulled off the dash board, so he didn't need them. What he wanted was a nice big cup of hot coffee to go with his donuts. So he walked up to the counter, looked over the different sizes of cups you can order and decided on a medium, which was nice and large. He then told the donut shop clerk to only give him, and charge him for, a half cup of coffee as he was on dialysis and couldn't drink a lot of fluid. He then put triple cream in it and sat down to enjoy his box of donuts with his fresh hot coffee. I was ready to let him eat to his heart's content as there was nothing in the donuts or the coffee that was forbidden on his ridiculously strict renal diet. Except that he wasn't supposed to put in that much liquid into his system. But he had had a very stressful day and night and I wasn't about to spoil the one spot of enjoyment in an otherwise bummer of a day. He sat there right around the corner from the entrance in a seat and put his coffee and donut box on the table and started sipping his coffee deciding which donut to eat first. Naturally, he chose his glaze twisty, his very favorite, right off the bat. Then he decided on a French crueller with white icing (chocolate was forbidden to him, too much potassium in it.) Twice in the next 20 minutes he got up and had the most amenable gentlemen behind the counter fill his cup half up with hot water, and then give him another half cup of hot water, and he was in his glory playing with the liquids, pouring the water and the coffee back and forth, diluting the coffee to his taste. We finally left the donut shop about 3:15 am, a very happy and satisfied Werner in tow, heading for home and his own bed, which he dearly loved. Let me tell you, Werner had one dead dog wife trailing along after him, driving him back home.

On the way home, he was a very happy little chatter bug. He wanted to tell me all about his experience in the hospital that night. He liked all of the staff and felt he was treated very well indeed, with most professional service, and in the case of every employee there, with dignity and respect. He went in telling them he couldn't shit, that he was blocked up solid and that 1/2 hour on his toilet at home produced no results. They told him that the meds he was on, especially the Kaoxylate, does tend to produce constipation, and that drinking small amounts of fluids didn't help anything either. First they dug out an impaction. Then they tried 2 soaps suds enemas. Nothing came. Then they tried an evacuation suppository. After 1/2 hour, still no results. Both the doctor and Werner were getting concerned. What should they try now? Just as Werner was about to verbalize his concerns, he suddenly turned red in the face and told them he needed a bathroom. They gave him a bedpan instead. He was very proud of his results from that suppository. He said with feelings of accomplishment, like it was a trophy or something, that he had produced 2 stools, each at least a foot long! Then he became pensive and a bit concerned and said that there was still more left in there, but at least that was a good start. I took him home and sometime after 3 am, we both crawled into bed and after some more conversation as he was in the best of moods, we went to sleep. I was so glad to see my bed again, but I knew that in less than 4 hours I would have to get up and be on my way to the nursing home. I was so sleep deprived at this point that I had tears in my eyes.

The next day I got to work on my books at Wil Mar, but there were a number of things that Werner needed, chief among these was the accounting he wanted to make to see what Mali actually owed him as he wanted to talk to Steve Feldman and to tell him to start papers to make Mali pay up what he owed him. Werner started playing around with the living trust he had made up in October, 1992, changing this and that to suit his fancy. I begged him to take it to Steve Feldman and let him review it and make any necessary changes. Werner said he wasn't ready to take it to Steve yet, but that I could go to Steve's office alone and discuss the living trust, another kind of will, etc with Steve and that that would be okay with Werner. I didn't feel it was my place to be the aggressor in the drawing up of the will and left it up to Werner. Werner putzed and played with that thing all through the latter half of December and into January, making revisions on and off to his heart's content. That was one of his past times while in dialysis; he and I would work on his living trust. The nurses and one of the patient's husbands would stop and watch what we were doing. Are you drawing up a will? The patient's husband asked. Ya, a damn fancy and complicated one, Werner replied.

Werner actually started toying with the idea of a living trust years and years earlier, I found out when I went through his stuff. There were numerous notes on it written in Werner's handwriting and also written information he had gathered from lawyers, CPA's, etc. Larry Brown had tried very hard to get Werner to complete one over 10 years earlier, but Werner did not like tying up his money like that as he didn't trust it earlier. He felt more secure keeping his money in his own name, which is another reason that he refused to marry until the handwriting was on the wall.

Thursday, December 19th found us back in dialysis again, bright and early, at 7 am. We got there at 7:30 am due to bad weather and my having a hard time getting showered and dressed at that hour. Werner just hopped out of bed, stepped into his trousers and shoes and was ready to go. I can't stand starting a day without taking a shower first thing in the morning. After they hooked Werner up to the machine, they rolled up his left sleeve to check his new arm shunt. They were horrified to find it was red and swollen the entire length. They put a call into Dr. Messana, who came over and took a look at it around noon. He said it looked like it was infected. I died inside, as I knew that if it was infected, it probably would close off and be no good and Werner would need another operation shortly. That made me sick all over thinking about it. It was lunch time so I went to Woolworth's, ate a hamburger and ordered Werner liver and onions, no salt on the liver or the French fries, and a cup of coffee. I had them cut it up into little pieces and then brought it back to the dialysis unit and fed it to him piece by piece. He had a very difficult time eating it as his feet were in the air and his head was almost on the floor as that was the only way they could get his temporary subclavical shunt to work properly. But he really wanted that liver and onion dinner and he managed it okay. The liver was making some of the nurses ill just smelling it. But that was Werner's very favorite dinner at that point.

After Werner got off dialysis, the nurses informed him he had to go to the emergency room next door, but then they wouldn't let him leave the dialysis unit for hours as he had very low blood pressure and started to faint when he stood up. He said to them that I could push him over in a wheelchair and as long as he didn't stand he wouldn't pass out.

No go. You're staying right here until your blood pressure rises to within normal limits, they told him. So we sat there for hours, then finally went in the late afternoon to the emergency room. It was a zoo there, just as I expected. It was obvious we were going to spend hours there. They called the surgeon but there was no guarantee that he would ever show up. There were several prisoners handcuffed to gurneys with police watching over them. And there were kids everywhere too. After about a half hour they took Werner to a cubicle about half way down and had him take his shirt off. I put his shirt and shoes underneath the gurney. They were talking about keeping him for hours while they did an IV antibiotic drip. I was so exhausted from the hospital and the early dialysis appointments and staying at the dialysis unit all day and half the evening that I couldn't keep my head up. And Lord knows when the doctor would get around to seeing him.

I asked Werner if it was alright with him if I went home and went to bed until he was ready to be picked up as I was dead on my feet. He wasn't happy about it but he said okay. So I drove home through the snow and when I got there Edna was babysitting Mopsey and Kitsey. I got into my mint green nightgown and jumped right into bed. I plumped up my pillows and surrounded myself with them, when as a sudden the phone rings. It's Werner. The doctor said the arm was not infected, just a reaction to the surgery which sometimes happens with shunt insertion. They gave him some Cipro just in case and told him he could go home. So I just put my coat on right over my nightgown and drove back to Beaumont Royal Oak. He was just inside the door waiting for me. I put him in the Lincoln and we were off. We drove through the snowy night home to Utica. He then went to bed and was almost instantly asleep.

The left arm got gradually better. In a few days the redness greatly decreased and the swelling went down. At the time of the hospital trip, the swelling and redness were the entire length of the shunt. Werner was very concerned as he did not want to have to face having surgery again. All he talked about from the time of the surgery until the day of his death was that the average shunt only lasted 18 months to 2 years. This greatly agitated and depressed him. He was constantly dwelling on that fact. He was especially concerned as the doctors said that not only did the shunts only last that short length of time, but also there were only 4 places to insert them, one in each arm and one in each calf of the leg.

We were given a Christmas and New Year's dialysis schedule, which was all over the playing field. We now had to come in on Sunday as they were closed for Christmas and New Years. The times changed with every treatment, but then with the schedule in my hand, they would change the times continually. We almost didn't have any of the original times as they kept scheduling us early, usually 7 to 7:30 am. We were late on a number of occasions due to me and we were gently reprimanded for it.

One very funny thing happened. There was this girl on dialysis, Janelle. She looked 10 but was a teenager. She was quite dependent and immature. This one time she was in the chair right next to Werner. Werner and I did our usual bantering back and forth and he was his usual gruff old teddy bear self. When the nurse came to Janelle, the girl said to the nurse, referring to me and Werner, "If a man talked to me like that, I'd cry". Oh, honey, the nurse said, don't pay any attention to them. They go back and forth like that all day long.

One thing all the nursing staff in both Florida Hospital and Beaumont remarked on: how much Werner and I loved one another. They said it showed in our eyes. I really enjoyed fussing over and caring for Werner that last month. He was so kind and so lovable, so different from his former grumpy stage. He suddenly became a reasonable person. He started being solicitous of my feelings and my welfare. Would that he had been so all of our 16 years together. What a wonderful life together that would have been! Maybe next time around Werner will have learned something.

Christmas eve was spent very quietly at Werner's house, just the two of us. On the fourth Sunday of Advent and again on Christmas eve Werner lit the advent candles and enjoyed watching them glow. He also enjoyed the angel metallic figure. He liked the tinkling sound as the angels revolved around the bells. Last year Werner whined because I did not make him an advent wreath, so this year I made sure he had a nice one. I made it myself from scratch. I used real Christmas tree branches from his Christmas trees outside. I chose branches from the same area as those we took for Mopsey and Bear's grave. I then bought the artificial decorations from Frank's as well as the candles and the candle holders. Werner loved it. He made a nice little Christmas morning treat for the both of us, special tea, a little cake he heated and a pastry of sorts. Then he poured us each a little bit of Mogan David wine to drink. It was such a nice festive occasion. We briefly burned his mother's birthday candle in memory of her. Something we never did before because the preservation of Martha's last candle was so important to Werner.

Later on that day we went to Rudi and Dinora's for Christmas dinner. She made a complete turkey dinner with all the trimmings. Werner and I really enjoyed it, but Werner had to watch what he ate due to his renal failure. After dinner we took the last pictures of Werner. He enjoyed wearing the coon skin hat I gave him for a present. The first picture I took was in the kitchen by the praying old man picture. Werner and I were together and he did not have the hat on. The pictures at the dining room table were taken next. Lastly, we took the pictures around the tree and by the fire place. Both Rudi and I had cameras so we ended up with 2 sets of pictures.

Werner and Rudi played chess that day as they often did through the years. Werner really enjoyed the game, but I think Rudi won. Dinora and I sat in the kitchen and talked and nibbled while they played. Christoph was with us for awhile. We talked a lot about Dinora's job and Rudi showed Werner and me a video about the fancy no emissions incinerator that her company is trying to sell municipalities in both America and Europe for a multimillion dollar figure. We then talked about how her boss was living high on the hog for as long as this project would last. The boss was making Dinora nervous as he wanted her to do a whole myriad of jobs and she felt that she just didn't have enough hours in a day to do everything.

Just before Christmas Dinora was upset because her boss asked her to balance the checkbook and she couldn't do it. Werner told them over the phone that Sandy could do it in nothing flat after Rudi was so frustrated that he couldn't get it to balance after spending an entire Saturday on it. They were both ready to throw in the towel. So Werner and I went over there on a Sunday, had a real good meal, as is always the case at Dinora's and then Rudi and Werner sat down to a serious game of chess while I sat down to Dinora's

books spread all over the dining room table. Starting from scratch and discarding Dinora's tortuous figuring, I was able to balance it to the penny in exactly one hour. Werner and Rudi were done with their first chess game in exactly the same amount of time and Werner asked me what took me so long. I was afraid that I didn't endear myself to anybody walking in like that and balancing it quickly, but Werner just loved it. Werner loved showing me off like a trained circus animal or something.

Between Christmas and New Years it was just a blur of dialysis sessions, one every other day, and on both Sundays as they didn't work on Christmas or New Years. And we went in every day almost between 7 and 7:30 am, which almost laid me flat with utter exhaustion during that period. After dialysis we would spend hours and hours just sitting there waiting for his blood pressure to come up. It would have stayed up or have come up very quickly if they would not have taken too much fluids off him, which they did time after time despite my asking them not to. Werner kept telling them to take lots of fluids off as he loved weighing 217 lbs. Then he wouldn't let them put it back in him when he was too low on the blood pressure.

Werner loved playing games with the staff and they in turn enjoyed his playfulness. After they disconnected him they would take his blood pressure. When they saw it was too low they told him that he wasn't going anywhere till the blood pressure came up. They then gave him a cup of really salty chicken broth and told him to drink up. The stuff tasted really good. He liked it, but I had such a time getting him to drink more than one as he wanted to weigh out low. After sitting there for three hours I would get real mean and order him to drink up. Most of the time he would. Sometimes I got him to eat saltine crackers too to get the blood pressure up. He didn't like saltines so that was a fight. The easiest would have been to get the nurse to pour the saline IV solution back into him but he forbid them to do that as it would increase his weight. He loved playing that game every session. I want to get home and get some work done, I would wail! I like it here, was his reply. I enjoy sitting here and watching what goes on around me. Don't rush me, he would tell me firmly. I've been rushed all my life and I don't want to be rushed anymore. I'm just going to sit here until I decide to go. If you keep getting so antsy you can go on home and I'll call Wil Mar to pick me up when I'm ready to go. So I settled down and worked some more on his living trust. That went in spurts as well. When he felt like working on it, he did. Often he would dictate parts, then fall asleep in the middle of a revision.

I kept calling the nurses over to him at least every half hour to take his blood pressure as I was hot to get out of there. But hour after hour the darn blood pressure was just too low. They had to take sitting blood pressure, then standing blood pressure and you had to pass both before you were allowed to leave the unit. Typically, after several hours the sitting blood pressure was okay, but when he stood the bottom fell out of his pressure. The nurse would take a look at 90/60 and would take her hand and place it on his chest and just shove him right back into the chair and tell him he wasn't going anywhere. I would groan in frustration and Werner would ask me where did I think I was going that was so important? I soon learned to bring pad and pen with me to take his dictation and a good book when he fell asleep, which was frequently. I also learned to bring money with me and credit cards so I could go shopping and buy lunch at Woolworth's. I often bought

him something to eat when we went passed lunch hour, and I soon learned that if I fed him a salty hamburger or liver and onions that we would get out of there that much sooner. He never caught on to my trick. I also served him cups of coffee which also seemed to raise the blood pressure somewhat. I wore a path in the tile between the cupboard and Werner's chair.

Werner was real cute when he decided that he finally wanted out of there. He would sit way back which would raise his blood pressure, turn on the automatic cuff inflator, keep seated, wait until the blood pressure would start to read, then jump up real fast, make a big commotion so that all the nurses would see him standing up. He would then read the good blood pressure. He then would get out of the recliner chair, lean on me and quickly run over to the scale before he passed out. He would then sit on the chair by the door in order to let his dizziness pass. Then he would hop out of the chair, get over to the scale and then read it fast, record his weight, then jump back in the chair again before anyone noticed he was faint feeling. He would then tell me to put his shoes and sweater on and then he would give them a very jolly goodbye, then sneak real fast around the door and walk holding onto me until he got to the waiting room couch, where he would sit while I went out and brought the car around. I would then drive the car to the entrance, then go in and get Werner. He would then sit in his car and most times once he got in there he did just fine. Most times I drove Werner straight home. Sometimes he would go straight to bed, other times he would sit in Wil Mar and get some work done.

The nurses at the outpatient dialysis unit in Beaumont Royal Oak really liked Werner and they treated him very well. They loved teasing him and he liked to be teased. They fussed over him a lot and he really liked that. He liked all the attention he got when they took his blood pressure, and TPR. They let him play games with the fluid removal and restoration which resulted in our staying there often for another 5 to 6 hours more than was necessary. He was in no hurry and liked being there and playing games with the blood pressure fluctuations. He didn't mind getting up early for dialysis, either. He was chipper and ready to go. I felt like death warmed over. He walked in to the unit very content, happy and loving all the attention and TLC he was receiving from the staff. I walked in, dropped down my bag containing his sandwiches, donuts, steaks, wurst, and the latest revision of his living trust. I then found a hard backed chair and pulled it near him but out of the way and slouched down into it, knowing I was in for at least 4 to 5 hours of waiting, watching, taking dictation and serving Werner.

Werner would also chat with the other dialysis patients on occasion, but more often with their relatives who would also come and sit with them. Werner and I never got out of there by lunch time so I would often go to Woolworth's and get something to eat, and often, bring him back something too, unless he had some extra special goodies in his bag, in which case he'd only eat those. The nurses were admonishing him that he was eating too much of the forbidden kinds of foods. He did what he always did when people tried to ruin his chosen cuisine, he pointedly ignored them and kept on eating.

I used to go to the bathroom just outside of the dialysis unit many times over the course of his almost one month of treatment there. On the way back from the bathroom I would repeatedly read a saying they had on the wall on the bulletin board just outside the

dialysis unit which I thought was so true. It said that 10% of what happens to you in life is chance and beyond your control, but 90% of what happens in your life is your attitude and how you choose to perceive and handle the things that come your way.

We were in that unit over the holidays so most of our time there we observed the Christmas decorations. They had a small tree, and many Christmas cards from present and past patients. Everyone was talking about their holiday plans, who they were going to see, what they were eating, etc. Two of the residents started talking about the automatic bread maker they had received for Christmas and how much they liked it. One nurse promised to bring Werner in some of the home made bread she made with the machine, but Werner died just before she was to bring it in to him. Werner told the story of how his mother used to make good, hard German rye bread for him when she lived with him on 1919 Wyoming. He said it was good hard bread that you could sink your teeth into, not this cotton s@\$ that they make and sell in America. He used to buy her 25 lb bags of rye flour at a time.

We bought special food for Werner for the holidays, mindful that that was not the best thing for his health, but it was the holidays, he was able to eat again without bringing everything back up, and he craved it, so I bought it for him. He started eating his Pflaumenmuss jelly from his brother in law Kurt Diebl, putting it on his Tiefenfurter Landbrot from Nietsches meat market. He also had sausages in his refrigerator from Nietsches , the old fashioned German kind like you buy in a real German Fleisherei in Germany. We had some of his Molson's beer that he always loved but felt guilty about spending the extra money for.

When Werner died and after his entombment these articles of food were so very painful for me to face. There on the back of his bed was the jar of Pflaumenmuss jelly with his spoon sticking straight up in the jar. When I opened the refrigerator door, there were his sausages and his bread. In the freezer stood his special twice baked potatoes in the freezer container. Also in the freezer to this day are the frozen steaks he was feeding first to Mopsy, then after Mopsy had his fill, to me. Those were the worst cut steaks I ever encountered. They were any which shape with very ragged edges to all of them. But they tasted really good, especially the way Werner fixed them as he was a real good cook. (But don't take a look at what he did to his frying pans and Revere Wear pots. You wouldn't recognize any of them, pot black is not just a figure of speech, I learned from Werner.)

In early January the furnace on the Brownell side of Wil Mar gave out for good. Werner never allowed us to get a new furnace, in fact he refused to buy a new one for himself even though he was getting carbon monoxide fumes into the house. We all discussed it and it was imperative that we buy a new furnace to keep the residents warm and safe. So we hired a furnace man and had him rip out the oil furnace and put in a gas one. This we had done while Werner was in dialysis. The guy worked every other day to avoid Werner. They also scheduled the day of inspection to be a day Werner was in dialysis. Then the hospital switched his dialysis days due to the holidays, so it ended up that the inspector came into Wil Mar right in front of Werner, who was sitting at the front desk. Ireta and Peggy whisked the inspector around the corner and told him to get lost until

tomorrow as Werner knew nothing about the furnace and they didn't want into get any trouble.

When Werner came back from Florida we discovered that his house was overrun with moths. They were everywhere in the house. I started killing them with my bare hands, clapping my hands together and squashing them this way. Werner watched me observing the flight path of the moths, drawing a bead on them, then quickly clapping my hands together, sometimes squashing them, some times missing them. Werner looked at me in mock seriousness and said, "My father used to commit his patients who kept staring out into space and then clapping their hands together at imaginary objects. You'd better watch yourself!"

But then one day I came home from work around 5 pm, and not finding Werner in bed, I started wandering through the house looking for him. I found him in the kitchen eating a very rudimentary supper that he had cooked up on the spur of the moment for himself. He was sitting there in the corner with the drawer open, chair in front of the drawer and eating out of his burnt black fry pan. But he had put the fry pan down and was watching the many moths flying just overhead and in front of him. He was watching them intently, then as a sudden he started tracing their flight paths with his index finger, moving his finger in semi arcs through the air, trying to trace their flight. He would start with one moth, jump to tracing the second moth, abandon him and start tracing the third moth, and so on. I smiled to myself, seeing that he was as intrigued by the moths as I was. At least I did something positive about reducing the population. By the time Werner died I had killed over 250 moths. They were all dead within 2 to 3 weeks after his death, almost all killed in mid air by me. But he was so cute that day tracing the moths' flight paths. I think that like me, he was curious as to just how many moths there were so he was trying to keep them apart long enough to get an approximate count on them.

Werner and I had long talked about how I would like to have a full size van to drive Werner to Alaska with. It was a nice pipe dream on my part for Werner never spent any money on cars. He hated cars, saying that Americans waste so much of their hard earned money on cars that they could have saved for their old age. He liked buying a used car where the value was already out of it then driving it for 200,000 miles or until it died or was unrepairable for whatever reason. But then as a sudden he got serious about the idea of going to Alaska and the van seemed like a good idea, with its double bed in the back and all that room to move around in. So suddenly he goes with me to the Chevy dealer at 16 Mile and Gratiot, then to the Dodge dealer on Gratiot in Mt. Clemens, then to Buff Whelan in Sterling Heights. It was a great sacrifice on his part to drive around like that with me as he was sick to his stomach and weak and couldn't take too much travel at that point. We both decided on the Starcraft in Mt. Clemens as it was the best deal for the money and they gave us the best trade in on my old brown van. Then we discovered that we did not have the second seat for the brown van, that I had left it behind in Sebring. So we had the maintenance man take the seat apart and mail it UPS to Utica. So that delayed the deal for about 10 days. Finally the seat came and Werner and I went with the seat and the old brown van to 16 and Van Dyke and bought the new white van. Most of the cost of that new van was born by Werner. He was very proud of himself for buying that van for me. He said he bought the van because I always treated him with dignity and respect and

he was grateful for that. He said that Stephen Feldman and I were the two people who always treated him with dignity and respect always and he appreciated that very much.

After we paid for the van and they warmed it up for us, we got in and off we went southwards. We decided to eat dinner at the Beef Carver at 16 and Gratiot before heading home. It was now about 8 pm and pitch black outside. I was scared to death of parking this new van so I put it at the very end of the lot. Werner laughed at that. Werner chose the Beef Carver as he could not eat much and this way he could pick and choose exactly what he wanted and only had to pay for what he took as you picked up your food cafeteria style as you went along the food line. He and I decided on Beef stew. But it was very salty and I worried about Werner eating all that salt. Werner did not finish it for that reason. Werner was totally worn out but he was in a very good frame of mind. We finished our dinner in conviviality as Werner treated me far better than was his usual. He was totally at peace with himself from this point forward to the moment of his death. He had no more inner struggle and accepted life as it was. He was genuinely content. He seldom raised his voice, seldom hollered, seldom swore. He started berating me gently for salty language, saying most piously that I shouldn't talk that way. (Oh, boy, Werner, who do you think I learned all those words from? And who was the source of 98% of the aggravation in my life that caused me to use such words?)

After dinner we started home on a very cold rainy night, which started turning into snow. What weather for the trip home in a brand new van! But it didn't bother Werner one bit. He sat in the passenger seat and genuinely enjoyed the ride home. He turned the new stereo to a classical music station and thoroughly enjoyed himself. He made the comment that it was a really nice van and he liked it very much. That statement very much surprised me as I thought he wouldn't have approved of a van. That was the only ride Werner ever got in my van in this life. He preferred his own Lincoln as it was low to the ground and much easier to get in and out of. With a van he had to be boosted in due to his weakness from dialysis. The car he could get into and out of himself. And once he had the shunt in his shoulder and his left arm he was wary of falling and injuring those sights.

Werner was very, very tired due to his kidney failure and congestive heart failure. But life at Wil Mar went on and the problems kept rolling in from both Wil Mar and Sun 'N Lake, just as they always have, and we kept asking Werner to solve all of them. When he could not sit in his office a whole day, I ran over to his bedroom or we called him on the phone. Werner was getting wearier by the minute, the more we bugged him. Werner looked at me one day, his eyes showing his total exhaustion. He then told me a story he had told me a number of times before as he had been so very affected by it at the time it happened. His estate manager took a horse and buggy into town and on the way back the weary old horse just could not go one step further as he was totally exhausted due to age, poor health and overexertion. So when he was still several miles from home, his knees buckled and he fell down in the middle of the road and was no longer able to get up. The manager was beside himself as he could not leave the horse and the buggy right there in the middle of the road, and there was no way he was going to get the buggy home himself, and he certainly had no way of getting the horse back home. So he did the only thing he could think of to do, he beat the horse incessantly with the whip until out of sheer terror and desperation that poor old horse stumbled to his feet and slowly made it

back home, there to fall down in the barn and die. Werner told me he is now that old horse and that was what we were doing to him, beating him down with the work so that he would get up on his shiny, swollen legs and carry Wil Mar 'and Sun 'N Lake the last few miles until at last he would fall down for the last time and die. And that is what happened.

New Year's Eve Werner and I spent quietly in bed. He was very tired and had no interest in going anywhere. He watched some television but found only garbage on the set, soon lost interest, made a few phone calls, business mostly, then fell asleep. He was very expectant to receive a call from his sister Astrid in the middle of the night, probably around 4 am, which is the usual time she called him as it was cheaper then. He kept talking about how his sister was going to call him on New Years Day. New Year's Eve and then Day came and went with no call from his sister. He was really, really disappointed. Maybe she called me while I was in the bathroom, he said over and over to me. Or maybe she will call me later. She never called him. Well, she will call me for my birthday, then, he said to me with high expectation in his voice. Several times he wondered out loud if she called him while he was in the bathroom at 4 am on New Year's Day. She had not. I feel the reason she did not call him on New Years was because he had written her and talked to her on the phone in December about donating a kidney to him. So she did not want to be confronted with this as she had no intention of donating a kidney whether or not she was a match. She had written him a letter saying she had a blood test and they told her should could not donate a kidney because she had Mediterranean blood from Mutti! Huh?? It would have been interesting to see if Astrid and Werner had any DNA in common from Dr. Werner.

New Year's Day we did not have to go to dialysis so we stayed in bed and rested up. About 10:30 am the phone rings. Werner answers it. It is my mother. They exchange polite New Year's greetings. Mother asks Werner over to dinner today as the entire family will be at her house. He accepted. You could have knocked me over with a feather, both that she asked him and that he accepted. At 4 pm we go over together. The entire family is seated at the dinner table. Werner sits on the end, as always and I sit next to him. Werner is goofy, happy in love with me and wastes no time telling everyone at the table. He then gets into what nice wedding pictures he has and how glad he is that he has a wedding album. Then he goes into his little speech: "Some people have wedding pictures and no husband. Some people have a husband, but no wedding pictures. Sandy has both wedding pictures and a husband". Very shortly after that speech, I had wedding pictures but no husband. It was almost prophetic.

We had a very nice dinner that day and Werner did almost behave himself, other than telling anyone who would listen, and others who were not really listening, just how very happy he was. He was careful of what he ate, but did finish up a good plate full of food. I gave him coffee and pop to drink as he wanted both. After dinner was over he talked a little bit while I helped with the dishes, then he wanted to be driven home. So I drove him home in his Lincoln, then he said it was okay for me to go back to my mother's and play a little cards while he slept, which I did. About an 1 1/2 hours later I returned home to Werner and we watched a little television, then he fell asleep again.

On January 2nd Werner drove over to Merrill Lynch and moseyed on over to Gary's office, sat himself down in the chair and after a nice social chat pulled out his latest draft of his Living Trust and told Gary he needed to get the accounts into the Trust and he had no idea how to do it. Gary was familiar with the process and the necessary paperwork was completed. Unfortunately that was the only thing that made it into the Living Trust other than our personal possessions, prior to his death 9 days later.

Werner worked the entire next week at Wil Mar, often going back home at 3 pm and falling asleep before getting up and going back to Wil Mar for supper. Wil Mar followed his diet for him, giving him what he wanted to eat. When the diet wasn't to his liking or was too high in potassium, he ate donuts and coffee for supper.

On the 4th of January I begged Werner to give Stephen Feldman the legal descriptions of all his properties so Steve could get them all into the Living Trust. I wanted him to do that soon as I was afraid he might die. But I did not want to address this issue with him as I did not want to frighten or upset him. Then Werner decided that he would make a list of everything he owned that he would have Steve put in the Living Trust, so he laid there in bed with his tongue sticking out of the side of his mouth, pen in hand, writing his little heart out. We are still trying to decipher and make some sense out of all his chicken scratches.

But Werner replied that the best time to do that was April 15th, after he filed his 1992 tax return, as he would have everything he owned on paper for the tax return, then it would be really simple for Steve to transfer all of the properties and accounts at that point with the tax return in hand. But Werner did not live to see April 15th, 1993 and thus left me one big mess to clean up and take through probate. On the 4th of January, per our weekend discussions regarding what needed to be put in the trust, at my urging, Werner did make a listing of everything he owned as a rough draft on a plain piece of paper. I paid no attention to that paper until after he died and I had to start probate proceedings. Then looking at that sheet of paper, I discovered that I was not able to decipher what half of those chicken scratches meant. And neither did Steve Feldman. Gary Banish made some sense out of about half of that sheet of paper.

On the 3rd of January I was cleaning up the blue house when suddenly Werner calls me on the phone and asks me how would I like to fly to Las Vegas today and stay there for 4 days or so. I reminded him he had dialysis. He said he could miss one treatment. I was totally and utterly exhausted and told him so. He was greatly disappointed, telling me he was in a real traveling spirit. I then called him back a little while later and told him I would go. He then changed his mind about today, but was now making traveling plans in earnest for the next 6 months. He had called a travel agency and was in the process of booking trips to the Cayman Islands, a Caribbean cruise out of St. Petersburg, a trip to Alaska, and a trip to Germany. He kept saying over and over to me that he was in a traveling spirit. He was so happy and so upbeat in his attitude. It was a really good thing that Werner was in a traveling mood, because before the week was over he took a real big trip that wasn't in any travel agent's computer.

On the 4th of January Werner walked into the nursing home with at least a 3 days growth of beard. He looked like Santa Claus in the making. It made Toni feel really bad when she saw him like that so she said, come over here, Mr. and I'll shave you. "That's my Toni!" Werner told her with great affection in his voice. Toni got out all the shaving paraphernalia, sat him down in the front office and stripped all that white beard off his face, talking to him with great affection all the while. Toni then felt a little funny, saying she did not want to step on my toes as he was my husband. I was over at the blue house working on the books at the time. Da, ya, Toni, you tell her that its her job, that she should be shaving me, not you! Go ahead, call her on the phone and tell her off good! Mr.! I don't want to get in the middle of this, Toni said with feeling. In the meanwhile Werner is dialing my number on the phone. Sandy, Toni has something she wants to discuss with you. She thinks that since you married me it is your wifely duty to see that I am shaved, my hair is combed, and that I have nice clean clothes on everyday. Toni, get on the phone here and tell her what you told me, Werner bellows with mirth in his voice. Sandy, you should treat this man better, Toni tells me with a laugh in her voice. Its your duty to take good care of him, to shave him, dress him and see that he looks nice and smells nice, she tells me. Ya, Toni, that's right, tell her, I hear from you know who in the background. Toni, should I do the books so we can all get paid, or should I groom him and forget the books? Better do the books, honey, Toni then replies. Da, ya, you'd better do the books Werner also says. Case closed. Toni shaves him, kisses him all up and gets lip stick all over his face, sits in his lap, and giggles and makes him feel like a million dollars. And we all have a good time watching the action. And we all build up fantastic memories that we will carry around with us to the end of our days.

Toni also teased me about the buttons missing on Mr.'s shirts. I told her that when a button is missing I buy him a new shirt. Werner blows up about such a waste of money. He is wearing a shirt today with his belly peaking out of a gap in his shirt where a button should be. It is practically a new shirt so I wash it and take it to my mother to have a button put back on. She finds a matching one in her button can and sews it on beautifully. I take the shirt back to Werner. He likes that shirt and is happy to see it now has all its buttons. We put it on the shelf as he is presently wearing the blue Indian design shirt that he talked me out of in the Florida Hospital as he liked it so much. He never wore the repaired shirt again as he pulled his cowboy shirt out of the back of his closet and died in that shirt.

When we next went to dialysis the nurse realized he was wearing that Indian design shirt for over 1 week so she humorously asked Werner if that shirt was a uniform or did he have others? Werner took the hint and next time he went to dialysis he wore a different shirt. The nurses were concerned over the old dirty shirt as the shoulder shunt was somewhat at risk of being contaminated as it was only taped and dirt could work its way through the tape.

Werner seemed to be getting stronger as January wore on. He started putting on some weight again and generally looking much better. He was able to get around much better and he was even able to start putting on his own clothing again, something he had not been able to do since October. He praised dialysis to the high heavens and told everyone

he should have started it much sooner. He was so pleased with how much better he felt and how much better he was able to think and to get around. He was now able to comprehend and add and subtract figures again, but not to the extent he was able to do formerly before the poisons built up in his system.

One day after dialysis, on the last Tuesday of his life, Werner came out of the nursing home and found Edna and I raking up leaves and putting them in bags to take to the curb, a job that George got paid for before Christmas, then took off without completing. Werner started screaming at the both of us. I looked at him incredulously, then told him quietly and in a nice tone of voice that both Edna and I were off the time clock and were doing this gratis, out of the goodness of our hearts because the fire marshal would have kittens if he saw the driveway blocked with a frozen pile of leaves. It was a good thing we did it that day too, as the very next day we had frost and the rest of the leaves were frozen to the ground till the spring thaw.

Once I told Werner we were doing the leaf removal free, he immediately became very happy and friendly and thanked us for cleaning up that mess. He then went through the garage and went to bed, exhausted as usual these past few most difficult years of his life.

On Wednesday, January 6th the Catholic Church came into Wil Mar to do a prayer service and distribute Holy Communion to the Catholics in the nursing home. After the service Werner got real religious and had a meaningful conversation with the nuns and told them he wanted to go to Communion, too. The nuns then went out to the car to get communion and Werner called me real fast at the blue house where I was working on his latest revision of the living trust and told me he was going to communion, didn't know what to do and I was to get over there immediately and that was an order! I real quick told him what to do over the phone, then ran out of the blue house and over the courtyard to the office of the nursing home. When I got there I found a very contented, very prayerful adorable little Werner sitting there looking like the cat who swallowed the canary. He already said his prayers and went to communion and now the nuns told him to sit quietly and pray for awhile, which is what he was doing. He smugly told me that he didn't need me anymore, that he handled it all by himself. Are you supposed to say "Amen" before or after the communion is placed on your tongue, he asked me. Before, I told him. Well, I got that one wrong, he told me. I said "Amen" afterwards. Well, at least I got the Amen in, he told me contentedly.

Then he told me with great feeling that we had to make sure that we went to mass the next time they did it in the dayroom which was scheduled in 2 weeks from this date. He said that several times, he was so adamant that we don't miss that service. As I look back on that conversation I get goose bumps, for the next mass was the Wednesday after we buried him and the priest used Werner's funeral booklet and resaid his funeral mass. I sat in the next room, totally in shock, and thought to myself how beautiful the music was at that mass and how coincidental it was that they were playing the same music as at our wedding and his funeral. It wasn't until later that I realized that they had redone his funeral mass that day. I really wished I had been in there, but I was just too numb to realize what was going on at the time.

On the same day, Wednesday, January 6th, I was going to run some errands, having to go to the bank before it closed, etc. I was getting into my new van that Werner had bought for me when a car pulled into my driveway behind my van. I then got back out of my van and approached the driver of the car. I didn't recognize Larry Brown at first as I hadn't seen him in years and he had since grown a beard. He was carrying the most beautifully wrapped wedding present in his hand. I talked to him and his wife Marsha for awhile, then when he asked about Werner I suggested that he go over and see Werner as he hadn't seen him for a long time. Larry decided to drop in on Werner even though his wife had another appointment. Larry went over to the nursing home and I called Werner on the phone and found he was in bed, as was usual at 4 pm. I told him Larry was on his way over to the nursing home so he should get redressed and go see him. Werner groaned a little, saying how exhausted he was, but then put on his clothing and trotted back over to the nursing home as he hadn't seen Larry for awhile and he wanted to talk to him. They had a nice visit.

Larry, Marsha and Larry's son Adam were there in the office. Werner was out of sorts with Ireta, the secretary, that day, and he called her a "fucking stupid bitch" right in front of Larry and his family. Larry's wife was aghast and when Werner stepped out of the room she asked Ireta how she could stand to work for someone who talked to her like Werner did. Ireta said she just let it slide right off her back, and let it go in one ear and out the other. Werner paid Larry that day, more promptly than he had ever paid before as Werner knew he was dying, and maybe any day now, as he was feeling so weak. Larry was flabbergasted at the prompt payment before he even rendered a bill, as this was totally out of character for Werner. Adam walked out of Wil Mar happy, telling his father as he got into the car that he was so glad that Werner used the "F word" as he grew up hearing Werner use that word every time he was at Larry's office.

Believe it or not, Marsha's statement about how could Ireta stand having Werner swear at her like that, boomeranged on her. The entire staff of Wil Mar who heard this remark was totally indignant that Marsha would dare to have spoken one word against Werner. Our staff may get mad at Werner and his loud ways and 4 letter words, but they would defend him to the death against an outsider speaking words of criticism against him. Werner was the father of Wil Mar, and no one speaks or acts against the father without repercussions. Marsha was right in what she said, but she shouldn't have said it out loud at Wil Mar.

Larry was just as obnoxious in his own way. He told Werner that he could give a tax free gift to Larry and his family and it could be double as he could give one for Larry and his wife and 2 kids for 1992 and then also one for the 4 of them for 1993. Werner had no intention of giving out tax free gifts to Larry and his family but refrained from saying so that day.

On the 7th of January I found a very big pile of big black feathers from a dead bird in my bathtub in the bathroom of the blue house. Oh, gosh, I thought to myself, with great trepidation, I hope this doesn't portend Werner's death, for it has long been a custom at Wil Mar that when a bird gets into the building, someone dies. Then right after that the cat brought in a bird it had injured, which during the night died under my roof. Mow I was really worried about death entering this house with 2 dead birds. And that is exactly

what happened, we lost two beloved members of our family in less than a week, the big bird representing the loss of Werner and the smaller bird our little Mopsy.

Werner started putting Mopsey in bed with us in January, letting him sleep with us all night. I had a real problem when Mopsey would take up my whole side of the bed, leaving no room for me. Werner told me to sleep on the bottom of the bed so as to not disturb Mopsey, who was sleeping entirely on my side, with his head on my pillows. Most of the time I would bring Mopsey home to Werner's with me from the blue house when I was done working. I left Mopsey in the blue house with the cat a few times when we had a thaw and the back yard was totally muddy and Mopsey was a mess. I never brought the cat home to Werner as he hated cats. Said they were sneaky and undependable like his sister Astrid.

When Mopsey was in bed with us, I would induce him to "sing" for Werner. When I would sing, Mopsey would "sing" along with me by howling in tune to the song. When I would go high, he would also. When I would go low, so would he. He was a prince of a fellow when it came to singing. Little Bear would get so embarrassed when Mopsey would sing. First Bear would get a "Oh my Lord, how could you embarrass us this way" look on his face, then he would attack Mopsey. Mopsey would squeak with fear when little Bear would come after him. We ended up having to let Bear in the backyard when Mopsey would sing to protect Mopsey from getting creamed. Werner always said that Mopsey was the artistic type and Bear was the mathematic type. That explained why Mopsey was a little flaky, as all artists are flaky.

A couple of days before Werner died he had a housekeeper, Karen, completely clean up his bedroom, which had lots of stuff strewn around. It looked so nice and orderly when she got done with it. I really think he knew he was going to possibly die very soon and that if he died in his own bedroom he did not want outsiders to see a messy place, so he cleaned it up just in case. And not a minute too soon. The place looked fairly orderly except for his mountains of papers on his shelves next to where his body lay dead.

On January 7th, a Thursday, Werner went to dialysis at 6:30 am. This time they did not take off so much water and we were out of there by noon. That was a disturbing session as they had a very infantile Negro patient in the isolation room and she caterwauled through the entire 3 hours, whining that she did not want the dialysis and wanted to be unhooked and go home. Her relative was with her and still could not control her continuous outbursts. We went to Wil Mar and had a belated lunch. I then went over to the Blue House to type up Werner's latest additions to the Living Trust. Werner then called me around 1:30 pm and said that I was really to busy to go with him so he would go alone to the downtown post office. I readily offered to drop the typing job and go with him, but no, he said, he could make it on his own. I had done all of the driving to that point and I didn't want him to think that I had taken away all of his driving privileges and he seemed stable as he had not had the bad fainting spells, had had lunch and looked fairly strong. So I said I would be glad to go, but that he could drive if he wanted to. He did want to drive alone. He told me I needed the time to work on his will, but in reality what he really intended was to go downtown to get Dinora and I cheese, then to go to Rudi and Dinora's house and hash over old times before he met me. A lot of the past he had totally concealed from me so he had to go alone in order to preserve the secrecy. So

he got the cheese, visited the trolley street post office, then went to Rudi and Dinora's. When Rudi got home he found Werner in his driveway waiting for him. Rudi let him in the house, then the two of them settled down to a game of chess. It was an unworldly experience for both of them. Within about 10 moves both players were unable to move a single chess piece! They were totally blocked! This had never happened to them in all the years they had played chess together. They had almost all of their pieces, yet were unable to move. They both got goose bumps over this development.

Rudi said that as they were playing Werner suddenly pulled out a carefully folded one sheet of paper and signed it then asked Rudi to sign it as a witness. Rudi looked the paper over as fast as he could while signing it. He found it to be a Last Will and Testament of a straight forward kind leaving everything to me as his wife, with no strings attached. Werner then started carrying on about how he changed his mind and did not want to leave any of his money to the people in Germany, that they did nothing for him all of his life. He went on to say how I stuck buy him through thick and thin, in good times and bad and how I was always there right by his side, pulling right along with him. Therefore I want to leave my money to Sandy, he told Rudi. He also said he made his money here in this country and that is where it should remain. Rudi then witnessed the document. Werner folded it back up and stuck it back into his pocket. Later Dinora came home and served them dinner. Werner did not want to eat. He only wanted a small apple, which Rudi gave him. Werner then scrutinized the apple and said he should not eat the whole thing, just a part of it. Rudi then cut and peeled it for Werner. That was also totally out of character for Werner as he usually ate apples in 4 or 5 bites, including the entire core and the seeds. For the last bite, encompassing the core, he would hold the apple by the stem, lower it into his upraised mouth, then in 2 crunches the entire apple, stem and all, would be history.

Rudi said he went to the bathroom and while he was gone Werner walked into the bedroom where Dinora was and pulled out the will again and unfolded it and asked her to witness it, which she did. He then folded it back up, placed it in an envelope with his name typed on the front, then gave it to Dinora, asking her to put it in a safe place and to give it to Sandy if he did not make it home alive that day as he was feeling very weak and shaky and was not sure if his heart was going to hold out. Dinora took the sealed envelope and put it in the basement in some pile of papers. She went into shock when she learned of Werner's death, quit work, and totally forgot about what he gave her until August. When she and Rudi remembered it, she told Rudi she had possession of it somewhere in the house, but she could not remember where she hid it. She said Werner told her to keep it a secret and keep it hidden. It was no longer relevant as Werner's revised living trust document was used.

About 8:30 pm or so Werner was totally exhausted and very, very weak. Rudi had to literally carry him to the car, supporting him with both arms. It took Werner over 10 minutes to get the short distance from the kitchen to his car. Rudi then helped him in his car. Werner sat there another 15 minutes, hanging over the steering wheel. Rudi repeatedly offered to drive him home, having Dinora follow behind in their car, but Werner refused, demanding to drive home himself.

Werner did make it home, however, and went straight to bed. I noticed that he was totally fatigued and tired beyond endurance. Werner then put his arms around me, told me that he loved me and that he was glad that he married me. He was so sweet that night. He immediately afterwards fell off to sleep. He looked very peaked that night.

Friday he did not have to go to dialysis so he worked at Wil Mar almost all day, going home to bed about 3:30 pm. I joined him for awhile that afternoon, and we had a good talk together, discussing business, the Living Trust revisions and just personal stuff. He was goofy, happy in love that day as usual since he got married to me, and he told me how much he loved me and how glad he was that he married me. He again put his arm around me. He was so sweet and kind and cute those last days of his life, a totally different person than the strict, stern, hollering, cussing businessman of most of the years I knew him. Werner called Bonnie a number of times that day, telling her that he was returning to Florida that weekend. He then started having serious discussions with me as to when I could return with him to Florida. I told him first we had to get the Living Trust done, and then Wil Mar's 1992 books, then I would be free to travel. When would that be, he asked. I replied that I should have everything done in two weeks. He was very happy with that answer, stating that he simply had to be returning to Sebring real soon. He then called Bonnie and told her he would be in Sebring for her son's birthday, which was January 11th. Bonnie invited him to Ben's birthday party and he said one way or another he would be there.

On Friday night, January 8th I again worked late and then came to Werner's to go to bed at 10 pm as we had to get up at 5 am for dialysis on Saturday. I was all strung out and was afraid I would never get to sleep, so when I got to Werner's house I went into the living room and took 3 ozs of Mogan David from our Christmas wine bottle. I then jumped into bed and Werner told me to come over to him, that he wanted to hug me. I went over and then when he hugged me he suddenly developed a frown and told me he smelled wine, which made him very unhappy. I told him I needed the 3 ozs to get to sleep so I could get up for dialysis. Werner hated booze and didn't want me to touch the stuff. He said it was dangerous to start on booze or pills as they could soon get out of control. He had always been so proud of me all through the years that I never drank or took pills.

On January 9th we went to dialysis again at 7 am. Werner got into a haggling session with the nurses there as they wanted to use his arm shunt for both intake and return and Werner said no doing, that he wanted to preserve his arm shunt for as long as possible. So the nurses did the arm for outflow only, using his shoulder shunt for the return. Using the arm shunt for outgoing blood greatly increased the amount of blood flowing through the machine at any given time. I often wonder if the greatly increased flow was what was too hard on his body and that if he might have lived longer if we kept to the original blood flow. Dr. Rocher kept warning me that dialysis would sooner or later cause a stroke, and I feel that is what happened to Werner on Monday evening. I feel he had a massive stroke which I feel could have very well been due to the greatly increased blood flow which may have either knocked a blood clot loose or possibly could have caused an aneurism to break loose.

Dr. Messana came along later and told Werner he wanted to pull Werner's shoulder shunt. Werner refused to let him do it. The doctor said the shunt was almost all clogged up and would have no further useful life. Werner dug in his heels and said no. They compromised. Werner told the doctor he would let him pull it in his next dialysis session on Tuesday, January 12. They both agreed to this compromise. Dr. Messana laughed at what a character Werner could be when he wanted to. Dr. Messana said the shunt would have to be removed between dialysis sessions due to the heparin used in dialysis increasing the likelihood that severe bleeding might result.

We had a lot of haggling over blood tests as this was the day they did them on all dialysis patients both before and after dialysis to see how effective the dialysis was in removing toxins. Even though they did not have to stick him, only take it out of the lines they were running in and out of the machine, he dug in his heels and refused to let them do it, saying his lab would run the tests. His lab could not run the before and after, he told Werner. Finally they ran some of their before and after tests and showed Werner the results, which he was interested in. But they kept warning him that he built up potassium too easily, which diabetics were wont to do as they did not retain potassium in their cells as they should and they tended to have it swim around in their blood stream instead. I studied the potassium chart they had on the dialysis room wall very carefully to help Werner avoid foods high in potassium. Avoiding potassium is a hard task as almost all foods have it. He could forget orange juice, grapefruit juice, oranges, grapefruit, tomatoes, potatoes, cut way down on meat due to potassium, and BUN, as well as most other fruits and vegetables. Life as a kidney dialysis patient is not worth living unless you are an anorexic. They gave us a chart of high potassium foods to take home and study. I now use that chart to eat those foods as a lot of potassium gets rid of muscle spasms in my back.

His Saturday dialysis session was used to do many changes to the Living Trust. In the middle of all the changes, Werner looked at me and said, "My bank and my father's bank is the Schweizerische Bank." In looking back, I now realize that Werner knew that death was very close at hand, otherwise he would not have imparted this information to me.

In the middle of the dictation Werner's blood pressure went very low and they had to tilt the chair downwards so that his head was lower than his chest and abdomen. At that point Werner lost interest in dictation and soon dozed off.

Dr. Messana came around, tried to talk Werner into using his arm shunt, to no avail, and then warned Werner that his potassium was on the high side and that he would have to watch his diet very closely as the potassium could as a sudden stop his heart. The doctor repeated this warning several times, telling Werner that he has seen on a number of occasions where a man's heart would stop without warning from too high potassium. With this in mind I had discussed with Werner that I thought he should have his potassium checked, and if necessary, take Kaoxylate to reduce the potassium. Werner hated that medication, being unable to keep it down as it was such an obnoxious tasting medication, and not wanting to go through the hassle of 3 enemas, he just waived me aside. I again repeated Dr. Massena's warning, and again, Werner waived me aside. I thought to myself at the time and afterwards that Werner was not too serious about

having every heroic measure taken to sustain his life if he was unwilling to save his life by drinking or otherwise ingesting a liquid medication.

Every time Dr. Messana came around in January he repeatedly warned me that Werner would very probably suffer a stroke as a result of the irregular heartbeat and the dialysis. I held my breath and felt the tension build up. I just couldn't take it if Werner had to suffer the indignities of a stroke. I prayed fervently that this would not happen to him. As it was Werner was so ill and took up so much of my energy and time, day and night that I was about to drop from exhaustion. The girls at Wil Mar told Werner he could sleep in room # 6 and that they would take real good care of him. He was very touched and flattered that they offered to do this for him. I didn't want to leave his side, but on the other hand one good night's uninterrupted sleep sounded like heaven to me.

Werner was barely urinating anymore as his kidneys had almost completely shut down. The decline in urine output occurred when we were at Pelican Bay's Registry hotel in Naples with the Burgermeister and his wife. After twelve hours between urinations, he only put out 150 cc of urine. That frightened him greatly. He became very pensive over that thought.

We got out of there around 1 pm when his blood pressure finally stabilized. He was hungry and out of sorts, not feeling too hot from low blood pressure and all. As usual we walked to the lobby together, I left him in a chair and went to get the car and brought it around to the entrance. He then came out, I would open the passenger door and he would get in. I would rearrange the pillow and the mermaid comforter so he would have a soft high place to rest his arm. We then drove to Woodward and 13 mile to the Mac Donald's, which he loved. I bought him a hamburger. He had nothing more to eat and nothing to drink. After we ate and looked over the old cars on display there we went back to the car. I had the car keys in my hand, ready to jump into the driver's side, but then Werner said he would drive and fished his set of the car keys out of his pocket. I was very fearful of him driving, but kept my mouth shut and my fingers crossed. He got in, started up the car and drove out of the parking lot and south bound on Woodward, heading for the downtown Trolley Street Post Office. We got less than a mile, were in the 3rd outside lane doing the speed limit when suddenly he says to me that he sees gray before his eyes. I go wild with fear as when he sees gray he immediately starts to pass out. How do I stop the car or even control it with him behind the wheel, especially if he slumps over it, I ask myself. I holler to him to pull over. Why, he innocently asks. Because you see gray before your eyes, I tell him. Ya, I do see gray before my eyes because the windshield is so dirty was his reply. I'm gonna kill him! was my response to myself. He scared the heck out of me for nothing! The rest of the drive was uneventful. We got downtown to the Trolley station post office and then back home.

When we got back home we had the second edition of the Twilight Zone. There was a beautiful ruby and clear crystal cut vase in the bathroom on the counter. Where did you get that beautiful vase?, I asked Werner. I didn't get it, you did, he replied. Oh, no I didn't, I told him. You had to, I never saw that vase before in my life, Werner replied to me. But I never saw it before, either, I tell him. He gets a quizzical look on his face, picks up the vase, examines it and tells me that is not the kind of vase we would have purchased; it is

a very expensive vase, the kind his sister would have purchased. But she didn't send it to us, I reminded him, she sent us the Rosenthal vases and bowl. Werner then lost interest in the ruby vase and set it back down on the counter. Over the next few days we both remarked to one another that we really enjoyed looking at that new vase and wondered where it could have possibly come from. When I talked to a medium in October she asked Werner where it came from and he replied that his mother Martha said she put it there as a present as she was around knowing he was being taken out of this world in a matter of days.

On Saturday and Sunday of this week Werner ranted and raved about how he had a big fight with the secretary Ireta's husband Chuck and how we were going to lose our secretary because of her @\$% husband. On and on I heard about this. I thought to myself that with so little time left together why do we have to spoil it with all this hollering about the secretary's husband.

We spent most of Saturday afternoon and Sunday afternoon together in bed, resting up from the ordeal of dialysis and the constant going back and forth to the hospital. Werner told me repeatedly, over and over, how he loved me and how glad he was that he married me. That made me feel really good, that after 16 years together I was still able to have him love me and be happy with me. The last week of his life he looked at me reflectively and then said, "You know, you are a lot of fun to be with." And the previous week when he came home he looked at me and said he loved coming home to me, that coming home to me was like coming home to a warm, friendly puppy. I was so glad that I made his last days so happy for him. On Friday morning and then again on Monday of the day he died, Werner put his arm around me and told me how he loved me, which was unusual for him as he had two shunts in and his skin hurt all over and he really didn't want to be touched. On Monday he also told me, "you smell so good". I felt chagrined that after 16 years of my taking a shower every morning he suddenly noticed that I smelled nice. Plain and simply told, Werner was so wrapped up in his businesses and making and preserving money that he had no time left over for me. Everyone qualifies my statement by saying that Werner really loved me, but again I feel he loved me more for what I could do for him rather than simply loving me for myself alone.

On Sunday while I was typing the living trust for the umpteenth time, Werner suddenly barreled over to the nursing home with his zipper of his shorts open and his boxers sticking out, calling to Toni, his favorite aide, "Quick Toni, get me some toilet paper. I have to take a shit and we are out of paper next door." Toni looked at Werner, saw his fly was wide open and that his boxers and possibly something else was sticking out of the opening. She then flew to the janitor's supply room and got him a roll of toilet paper, flew back down the hall and gave it to him. Werner was now in a much more relaxed mood than before and he started a long, involved conversation with Toni at the back dayroom door of the nursing home. Toni was embarrassed because of his open fly. She tried to cut the conversation short and finally said to Werner, "Mr., don't you think you should be going home now and go do your little business"? Werner then left out the back door and made liberal use of his new roll of toilet paper.

He then told me that he was so appreciative of the fact that he always knew where I was and whom I was with, something that was very important to him. He was so proud of me that I was always faithful to him all through the years. He then told me that I was always honest and truthful with him, almost to the point of stupidity.

When Werner got back home he wrote out his income tax quarterly payment check for \$20,000, something he never did until the 14th or 15th. I'm sure in looking back and hearing all what everyone told me about what he said and did that weekend, he knew he was dying soon. Werner also made out all his property tax payments and mailed them a few days before he died, which was also out of character for him.

Werner visited or called many of his friends that last week. He visited Rudi and Dinora twice on Wednesday and on Thursday, reminiscing a great deal about the old days and what he should have done differently back then. He said he should have bought the little house on Crooks road for Dinora that she wanted at that time. He told Rudi that all the Wilhelms die on heart and that he would probably just drop dead on the spot just like his father did that long ago day in Kassel on the 3rd of October, 1970 when he was looking at the Meissen china in a jewelry shop display window and then suddenly just dropped right on the pavement. Kurt tried to give him artificial respiration, but in checking his pulse, the good Doctor was already dead.



Mopsy

On Friday I told Werner that I really had a hankering for corned beef and cabbage soup but that I was just too darn tired to make it myself. I had already brought home all the ingredients and had put them into the refrigerator. Werner was full of enthusiasm and said he would make the soup, which he did, springing out of bed and chopping up all the ingredients. His soup was simply delicious, the best ever. He also roasted up a handful of steaks for Mopsey. I was so hungry I could have died on a number of occasions that last week and Werner responded by cooking up steak and potatoes, but always he would feed Mopsey the first frying pan full while I watched with my tongue hanging out dying of hunger. But Mops got the first, and sometimes even the second. When I complained

bitterly he would grudgingly give me the next one, telling me that I was depriving the dog.

That last week I was exhausted beyond endurance. I could hardly move and when I dropped into bed I felt like I was glued to it. But Werner was feeling and acting quite chipper most of the time due to the dialysis and so I started taking advantage of it by having him act as fetch it boy for me. He looked at me with such sad knowing eyes when I asked him to get this and that for me from the kitchen. Had I known he was so close to death I never would have even thought of doing that to him. That week was a paradox, for he alternated, it seems, between being his best and his worst. When he felt good, he felt very very good, and when he felt bad he felt horrid.



Hari Mali

Saturday, January 9, 1993 I had told Werner that now that he could eat without puking it would be so nice if we could go out to a nice restaurant for a nice dinner for two. He asked where I would like to go and I told him the Outback, a new restaurant on Hall Rd and Schoenherr. He was in a very congenial, mellow mood and said okay. I said we should go about 5 pm so as to miss the supper crowd. Werner said we would be going to dinner about 6 pm as that was the time Mali would be at Wil Mar. What a blow! There went that idea of a nice quiet romantic dinner for two by candle light. That was the last time I would have been able to have a nice dinner for two alone with him and he blew it by inviting Mali. I told him what I thought of that idea, but he just ignored me and was happy that Mali was on his way over. I was kind of dizzy as just a few days before Mali was Werner's professed enemy and Werner had already contacted Steve Feldman and told him to start foreclosure proceedings against Mali if he didn't pay up to date. And now I guess they made up and were again the best of friends. Looking back, I now realize that going to dinner with Mali was Werner's opportunity to say goodbye to an old friend, albeit one who always had his hand in Werner's wallet. Werner always gave him the money as Werner knew from the beginning that Mali would be a very successful businessman some day and Werner wanted to have a hand in helping Mali obtain this success in life. Mali was sort of like a baby brother to Werner. Mali sucked up to Werner and Werner basked in the glory of it all. Werner would look at me and shout why didn't I show him the same amount of respect and praise that Mali did. Because I always tell you the truth and Mali doesn't; he tells you what you want to hear in order to stay in your good graces and get more out of you, I would tell Werner.

We went to the Outback at about 6:30 pm right after Mali got there. Werner wasn't feeling too swift, as usual. He had a fit over Mali's driving. Mali had a new Lincoln and

you wouldn't know what a smooth riding car that was from riding in it with Mali. Mali is probably the world's worse driver. He has no coordination and drives the car in jerks and spurts. Smack the gas pedal hard, jack rabbit forward, then hit the brake by standing on it and see whether you can make that old car stop on a dime. Oops, the traffic is picking up speed, so now its time to kick start the gas pedal again. I couldn't make up my mind which was worse, the whip lash he gave my neck or my stomach from his driving. Werner just bellowed at Mali to learn to drive right. Start up slow, drive at one speed, and slow down gradually. We got to the Outback in about 5 minutes, I told Mali and Werner to stay in the car and I would go inside and see how long the wait was as it didn't look too promising when one looked at the jam packed lot. I had tried to make reservations but the Outback will never take reservations, telling me it is always first come, first serve. An hour and a half, they told me. That would never work, I knew as Werner was sick and he wanted to eat now and be seated now. So I suggested that we go to our usual hangout, the Ponderosa down the street. Mali prefers the Bonanza but that went out of business in our neighborhood earlier in the year. So off to Ponderosa we went, only about 4 blocks away from the Outback. Werner sat down at a table and Mali and I got him his food and his salad bar items. Werner always bought the senior citizen menu items and usually got the lowest price one he could find which aggravated Mali to no end. Mali later began changing Werner's order without him knowing it as the chopped sirloin really was not too edible, and in fact when Bear was alive Werner always ended up giving it to Bear along with other items Werner would purloin from the Salad Bar.

But tonight Werner ate very little, in keeping with his new eating patterns due to his illness. I got him some ice cream and a few dessert items, but he left most of it. Hari and Werner talked nursing home business and they discussed Hari's newest motel purchase at US 27 and I 4 in Orlando. Both felt that Hari made a very good buy. We talked and ate for 2 1/2 hours then we were ready to go home as it was past Werner's bedtime. Mali didn't eat very much either as he learned that his arteries are over 80% occluded and he is now afraid of fats. He now eats a lot of fruits and vegetables instead. We got back home after 9 pm and Werner was totally exhausted. Mali let us off at the entrance to the nursing home on Mc Clellan and Werner tapped on the door and the nurse unlocked the door and let us in. We then walked through and out the day room door and through the garage and into his bedroom, where he kicked off his shoes and trousers and hopped right into bed.

Once into bed Werner started reminiscing about his life and soon got on the subject of his sister Astrid. Every night since New Year's Eve he talked about his sister calling him on the phone. Maybe she'll call me tonight, Werner said. And he would wait for that phone call. But it never came. He said maybe she called on New Years eve when he was in the bathroom, because on Christmas she promised she would call again on New Year's Eve.



Astrid



Mutti Dr Werner Werner

Then he got on the subject of his father's inheritance and then he told me with tears running out of his eyes that his sister Astrid had cheated him out of his inheritance from his father. It was not the money that bothered him, but rather that they thought so little of him that they would cheat him like that. I felt so bad for him as I watched the tears well up over the brim of his eyes and course downward over the pillow. If Astrid only knew how bad she and Mutti hurt Werner they might have thought twice before stealing his inheritance right out from under his nose.



Ann Kay



Puppy

On the last Sunday of his life Werner called in Ann Kay and Puppy into the nursing home lobby. He thanked her for all she had done for him and me and thanked her for being my friend and a good neighbor. He showed her the shunts in his arm and in his shoulder and he told her all about his operations and about the dialysis he had had. He was so nice to her that she left the office feeling a little disoriented as she never experienced him to be so kind and congenial to her before. I was at the blue house typing up his latest version of the living trust while he was in the office visiting with the staff. Werner then went home and I came home with him and stayed with him until about 7 pm when I told him I had to go to the blue house and do some more of his revisions on the living trust. He begged me to stay with him in his house. I told him I would only be about 1 hour or so and then I would be back. His eyes begged me to stay. Not knowing this was the last evening of his life, I again reassured him and went next door to type.



Dinora Pitz

While I was gone Werner called Dinora on the phone and had a long, reminiscent conversation with her, talking in great length about the good old days and what might have been. He told her that what God has joined together no man can put asunder and that they were joined for ever, in this world and the next. And then he told her that if he couldn't have her, no one else could either. She said it was a weird, very detailed conversation and really upset her a great deal as she was already greatly disturbed by his frail, pinched, other world appearance since he returned from Florida. She knew he was dying and she couldn't bear either the thought or to look at him.

I got home about 9 pm after he called several times and finally asked me point blank to come back home to him, which I did at that point. He wanted to talk, which we did at length. Then for some reason I will never know, we got on the subject of guardian angels and I said the 3 guardian angel prayers I knew for him. He listened appreciatively and enjoyed the poems.

The first one was:

Angel of God, my guardian dear,
To whom God's Love commits me here, ever this day be at my side,
To light, to guard, to rule and guide, Amen.

Angel of God, my guardian dear,
To whom God's love commits me here,
Ever this day be at my side,
To light, to guard, to rule & guide.



Amen.



The second one:

Guardian Angel from Heaven so bright,
Standing beside me to lead me aright,
Fold thy wings round me, oh guard me with love,
Softly sing songs to me of Heaven above.
Beautiful angel, my guardian so mild,
Tenderly guide me for I am thy child.



Guardian Angel from Heaven so bright,
Standing beside me to lead me aright,
Fold thy wings round me,
O guard me with love,
Softly sing songs to me of heaven above.
Beautiful angel, my guardian so mild,
Tenderly guide me, for I am thy child.

The third one:

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Bless this bed that I lie on,
There's 4 posters to my bed,
And 4 angels overhead,
One to watch, one to pray,
Two to carry my soul away.

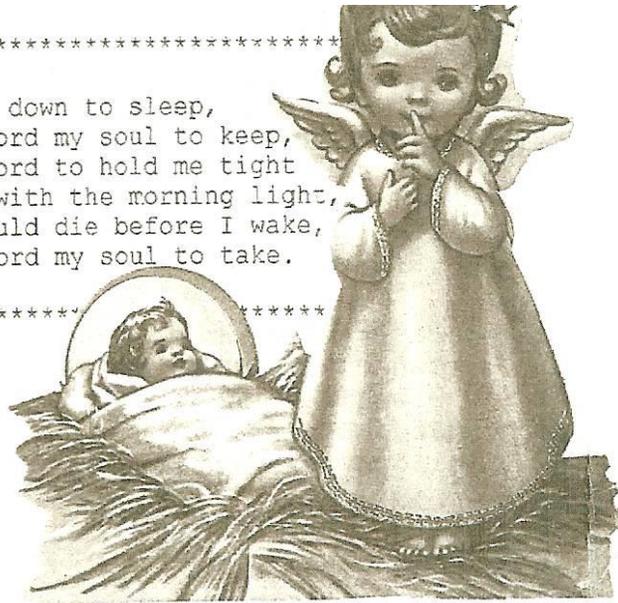


Matthew, Mark, Luke & John,
Bless this bed that I lie on;
Four posters to my bed;
Four angels overhead;
One to watch, one to pray,
Two to carry my soul away.

The fourth one:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
I pray the Lord to hold me tight
And wake me with the morning light,
But if I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
I pray the Lord to hold me tight
And wake me with the morning light,
But if I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.



When I finished this poem Werner remarked, "That's a real sobering thought." He was then very pensive. What ever possessed me to recite all these angel prayers to Werner is beyond my comprehension as I never in our whole life together prayed aloud for him, only on this, the last night of his life had I done this. Very strange indeed. I asked at the Camp Chesterfield who made me recite these prayers, and they said no one did, that those prayers came from my own soul, that I had been very religious in a past life and it was carried forward into this life. They also said that with those prayers I had summoned the Angel of Death. They said that my prayers for Werner's recovery were constantly being

carried to the highest heavens by my little messenger angel, and they were heard, but that it was decided that it was really his time to go, so they took him regardless of my prayers.

I tried and tried to remember this prayer that night but simply could not bring it fully up to consciousness. It went:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.



Dr med Werner Wilhelm



Kurt Wilhelm

After the prayers Werner told me that all the Wilhelms die on heart disease and that he felt that he might die the same as his dad, of a sudden heart stoppage where one is dead and gone before CPR can be performed. I never dreamed at that point that when I came home the next night, Werner would be dead on the floor.

Just before we settled in and went to sleep for the night I rested my head on Werner's chest and then for the first and only time I heard the "swoosh, swoosh, swoosh" of the blood traversing through Werner's arm shunt. So I then put my ear directly on Werner's arm and was surprised at how loud the sound of the blood was. Werner again agonized over the fact that that shunt would only last for 1 ½ years.

Monday morning, January 11th dawned crisp and clear, a beautiful January day, better than one could ever ask for at this time of year, mild and sunny. Werner hugged me, told me he loved me and that he was glad he married me. He also told me I smelled nice. I then removed myself from his embrace and was ready to start off to work. Werner asked what time it was and when I told him after 8 am, he got up too and got ready to go to the nursing home. I got ready to help him dress as I had been doing since we got married as dressing was so hard for him and was in fact an impossibility before dialysis. However this morning he put on his own clothing and he needed only minimal help in putting on his blue tennis shoes. Then I was off to my mother's for breakfast and Werner was off to the nursing home for his breakfast of coffee and donuts. Donuts were the safest for him as they had little potassium, although even bread has potassium and has to be watched in

the diet. Werner ate 1 dozen donuts every day for the last week or two of his life as he loved donuts and they were a safer food to eat.

As I was preparing to start the day I suddenly realized that I didn't have a birthday present for Werner yet. That made me very sad as I wanted to have something extra nice for him and I had no idea what I wanted to get. I was overwhelmed with exhaustion at this point, knew I had to go to dialysis every other day for hours and hours and to do Wil Mar's books for Dan as it was now past the end of the year and we had to start preparing accruals and to plan for the cost report so we had the right base-support ratio. And we had to go to Steve Feldman's office and get Werner's property and money transferred into the living trust, so what time did that leave for shopping. Besides the fact that I never wanted to leave Werner alone for any length of time for fear something would happen to him. So when would I get time to go shopping? I felt so overwhelmed and pressed for time. (Little did I know what horrors lay just ahead of me in settling this up side down estate of Werner.) I had said to Werner to get everything in the living trust so I would not have to go through probate. Werner replied to me that when he died the probate would be an unbelievable and complicated mess. Boy, did he ever know what he was talking about!

I went to the office in the blue house and started making the rest of the changes that Werner had made to the living trust over the weekend that I had not yet had a chance to finish typing as he had wanted me to return to him at 9 pm. At around 12:30 pm the girls at Wil Mar called me, saying that Werner's and my lunch was up in Werner's office in front. I went over and sat down in the front office about 15 to 20 minutes after they called me as I wanted to finish the paragraph I was working on. Werner had had very little for lunch and almost everything was eaten off his tray by the time I got there. He had only a little bit of pineapple left in a small dish with a spoon in it. He was back hard at work on some thing that was taking up all of his attention at the time.

I sat down to lunch. There was little conversation between us as he was concentrating very hard on some problem at hand. I told him that the living trust was finished but that as a sudden the computer suddenly turned itself off, then back on again and that I had lost whatever I had not saved. I now had to go through the whole document, comparing the old with the new to see what was lost when the power went off and then back on again, so it would be another hour or two yet before it would be ready. He showed little interest, giving only a noncommittal grunt.

I looked at him while I was eating, and told him in all sincerity that he hadn't looked this good in ten years. He looked up at me and said, " I haven't felt this good for the last ten years" . Innocently, I had thought that all was going well and that in a few more weeks when he gained back some weight and continued to gain strength that he would continually improve.



Christopher, Rudi & Dinora

What I didn't know is how desperately sick he was at Rudi and Dinora's on Thursday or that he had told Ireta on this very day that his right hand was numb right up to the last joint, so numb in fact, that it was painful. Werner had gone to medical school and wasn't ignorant of the fact that this was a highly probable indication that his heart was seriously failing him. He and I also didn't know that pain in the hand and up the arm could be indicative of an impending stroke. I also didn't know that he had been visiting and calling everyone he knew and cared for and was saying goodbye. This I learned much later in talking to these people after his funeral.

I then told Werner I would dearly love to have some more of his corned beef and cabbage soup, just like he had made for me over the weekend. I'm out of corned beef he said. I asked him to send Peggy to get some from Bazley's, which he did. He then put the corned beef on the boil when he went home to use the bathroom. The girls at Wil Mar teased me unmercifully about him cooking instead of me. That's a girl's job, they told me. I told them that Werner made such wonderful soup and that he liked doing it. He loved being told that I should make the soup, not him. He called me 1/2 dozen times on the phone and discussed what the girls were saying about my lack of domestication. He reveled in it. Werner was in such a wonderful mood that day, as he had been for most of that month. He was so cuddly and so lovable. He was calm and much quieter, but he was very mirthful and was genuinely, positively happy and totally at peace with himself,



Dr med Werner Wilhelm



Pharmacist Kurt Wilhelm

although he was talking a lot with a number of people about his heart and how it might give out very fast, just like his father, Kurt and the rest of the Wilhelms.

I then went back to the blue house and finished the revisions, checking and adding what had been lost in the power failure. That was a mess as pieces here and there were lost. There was no set order to what was there and what had disappeared. Around 3:15 pm or so I had the document together and took it to him in the nursing home. He screamed for Ireta and when she didn't answer and he let loose with a few choice 4 letter words, Peggy showed up and asked him what he wanted. Before he could even answer her Sharon wandered in the front office to take a call on line 2, which cannot be accessed from the nurse's office or nurse's station. Werner wanted his and my signature witnessed. Werner then took the living trust and put it in his pile of work papers and I went back to the blue house and started working on the Wil Mar books for Dan. Margie said that Werner held the living trust in his hands, ruffling through it, reading every page, and then ruffling back and forth over the pages. Werner told the staff very proudly that he had finished his very fancy will. He had a smile on his face and his head held high and his shoulders back. Then the smile faded, his shoulders slumped and he said that he was calling his lawyer tomorrow and giving the living trust to him, and that he might not like it at all. He had a pensive look on his face, and then said that if he didn't like it at least it would give him a starting point of knowing what Werner wanted in it. I believe that the only reason Werner signed this trust at this point was that his numb, painful hand scared him and he wanted to make sure he had the latest edition signed just in case.

About 3:30 pm or so, shortly after I left, Werner went home and laid down to rest. I went over to see him shortly after that to ask him some questions about Wil Mar's year end books. I laid down next to him, he told me once more he was glad that he married me, and I was so sad that I couldn't stay with him as he seemed to want me to stay there, but I had to get some work done as everything was far from done due to his hospitalizations and dialysis and I had to make hay while the sun shone.

Werner called me every ten to fifteen minutes after that, telling me how wonderful his cabbage soup was turning out and that he thought it was going to be the best ever. He was so proud of himself and he was SO very happy and mirthful, completely proud of himself and totally at peace with the world, which formerly he so cussed out and hated most of his life. I kept answering the phone, knowing it was him. I was so happy for him that he was in such a good mood, but I was silently so exasperated at the same time as it is so frustrating to try to run up a column of numbers when the phone keeps ringing off the hook and we keep having these disjointed telephone conversations. Oh, Werner, let me get some of these books done, I silently pleaded to myself. Tomorrow is dialysis and I have no computer there and no adding machine, so I won't get too much done. I packed the remittance advices and an accounting pad and I was going to spend the day proofing the cash received to see if I agreed with Ireta's journal entries. Today how I wish that my work would once more be disturbed by his happy voice on the phone. How very much I miss that jolly fellow in his shorts and sandals.

At 5 pm he said that the meat and cabbage were done and it was delicious. He asked me to come over and have a bowl. I really wanted to go, but Edna had asked me to go out to

the Americana to eat with her, so I told Werner that I wanted to get the work done and that I would come over at 8 pm and have a bowl at that time. I could hear the disappointment in his voice when I told him that. I didn't know what to do as Edna was waiting to go and I felt that the cabbage soup really would go better at 8 pm than now. He accepted that, but with great disappointment and sadness in his voice.

At 5:40 pm the nursing home called me and said that Dr Grewal was there and that Werner wanted to see her to get a medical excuse signed for Sebring so he could get a court hearing postponed. His line had been busy as he had been talking several times with Sun 'N Lake Towers that day. I called over to him and told him Dr Grewal was there. He sounded so very tired when he talked to me. I don't know if he had been asleep for a few minutes or not, but he sounded so bushed you would think he was 100 years old. The doctor is over at Wil Mar I told him, and you wanted to get that note I typed for you signed. Werner was totally exhausted, I could hear he didn't want to get up out of bed, and he then said to me that he was on his way back over there. He then said, "I can't take these 10 hour days anymore". Those were the last words he said to me.

Werner went over to the nursing home and I went to Americana to eat with Edna and my mother. We sat in the first booth just around the corner from the entrance. I ate chopped sirloin. I got back to the blue house at 6:40 pm. I looked at the clock and then thought seriously of going over to Werner's house and spending some time with him. (I didn't know he was still in the nursing home or I would probably have gone over there to him.) I then started to work again in the dining room of the blue house on the computer. I immediately wondered why he wasn't calling me, then thought he was asleep as he always fell asleep between 7:00 pm or so and woke up again at 10 pm and would talk to me when I came in from work.

After Dr. Grewal signed the note Werner sat for quite a while in the office of the nursing home and just stared out the Mc Clellan windows with a very far away look in his eyes according to Toni who was working that night. She said he was so very pensive and seemed to be a million miles away. Werner made some more calls to friends from the Nursing Home, then started home at 7:45 pm. He stopped and talked again to Dr. Grewal, who had signed his letter for the court in Sebring.



Marge Couch

He then talked to Margie quite pensive and seriously, asking her if she thought he would make it as he felt so weak. Margie told him to go home and rest and see what happens. Margie is psychic, her mother having been a medium, and she knew he was going to die that night, but she did not want to tell him that. Werner then talked to Nancy Lee from the kitchen, and then asked her to give him some potatoes, onions and carrots for his cabbage soup. He also asked for a bottle of vinegar and gave her a dressing bottle to fill. Nancy Lee then asked him for a raise, which he promised her. Werner then asked Nancy Lee if she would be interested in becoming the kitchen supervisor. "I can't Mr., was her reply, because I can't do the paperwork." There isn't much bookwork, Mr. replied. But Nancy again told him she was not able to do it. She then ran down to the basement and got him a sack full of vegetables that Peggy had bought for him from Bazley's and a bottle full of vinegar that he had asked for.



Toni



Rosemary

As he passed the nurse's station Rosemary asked him how he was feeling. He told her that he felt fine, but he felt funny. He then put his right hand up in the air and wiggled it back and forth with open fingers. Toni, his favorite aide, then walked him to the dayroom outside door, being very solicitous of his health. She then turned the outside light on for him and told him to be careful not to fall or hurt himself. She told him to say hello to Sandy for her. "Goodbye, Mr." was the last words little Toni ever spoke to him. She was the last one to speak to him on the face of this earth. He went out the back door of the

dayroom with 2 sacks in his hand, one was plastic and contained his vegetables. The other one was paper and contained his check books, his letter from Dr Grewal, his letter telling him of the Florida court date, his check for \$20,000 to the IRS, his living trust that he had just completed, and his bottle of vinegar. He walked out of the nursing home, through the garage, opened the door to his apartment and turned on the light, stepped inside, shut the door, dropped the plastic sack of vegetables right at the door that he had been carrying in his right hand. He then walked half way across the bedroom, kicked off his blue K Mart tennis shoes, which he left standing in the middle of the bedroom floor, one standing neatly on top of the other, then he took two more steps, the first one in his bedroom, the second one into eternity. He was dead on his feet before he hit the floor, that was obvious as he never put his hand up as he was falling. Therefore we know he was totally unconscious on his feet and fell afterwards. According to the clocks he has stopped, he died at 7:51 pm, about 4 minutes after he left the nursing home. (He has also stopped the nursing home clock at 7:47 pm, the exact time he left the nursing home for the last time.)



Mopsey



Edna with Kitsey

I was working in the blue house, trying to get caught up between dialysis sessions. All of a sudden at 7:57 pm I heard someone say to me, "He hasn't called you because he is dead". I then wanted to run over to his house and check on him, but then my common sense took over and I told myself that if I went over there I would wake him up from a sound sleep and that would be the end of my work for the night, so I should keep plugging for another hour or so, then go home. Then Mopsy, my dog and Kitsey my cat went totally bonkers. Mopsey and the cat cried and cried and Mopsey was running everywhere whimpering. They ran back and forth in the house, and both of them literally tried to climb up the walls in the dining room where I was working, then whimpering and asking out, so I let them out the doggy door. Mopsey whimpered, ran in circles, then went in the back yard, faced Werner's house and howled and howled. The cat ran up the elm tree by the garage, then continually ran around the tree, screaming and whimpering. I had no idea at the time why my animals were acting so weird.

Then, suddenly, for no reason whatsoever, I had a powerful overwhelming urge to tape some songs on the 30's radio station for Werner as he loved the old fashioned songs. I never in my life before had taped anything for Werner, but now I was compelled to do so. There was such a feeling of urgency that I had to do this as fast as I could. Even at the

time I marveled at the sense of urgency that I felt in getting this new recorder and its batteries out of its packing. Why the rush, I thought both then and later. I took a tape recorder out of its new bubble pack, ripped the packing from the batteries, put the batteries in the recorder and then taped 4 songs, which were almost contiguous to one another. But in between one or more of the songs I stopped taping then when the next song started playing I began taping again. Then for no apparent reason I then had no feeling for taping any more songs, and turned the recorder off and put it away. Why? It made absolutely not sense to me at the time. I just did it. I had no idea what I had taped and when I was with Werner, standing over the casket, I wondered what those songs were. It took me over a week to get up the courage to replay those songs. While I was taping those songs, which I did in the front bedroom with the door closed, the tape recorder left the cat's perch where I set it and levitated itself to the kitchen floor. I was flabbergasted as to how the recorder got so far away by itself, grabbed it back up and returned it to the cat's perch and recorded the rest of the songs.

I was genuinely frightened one week after I buried Werner to play those songs. It just felt so scary, so other worldly what had happened. There was nothing normal about what had happened. In no way was I myself when I taped those songs or when I responded to how crazy my dog and cat were acting. So now with goose bumps up and down my arms I turned on the tape recorder and listened to what I had taped that night of January 11th, 1993.

The first song was "The Old Lamplighter" .Werner and I loved this song, in which an old man turns the lights on in heaven when night is new and turns them off when night is through. Werner had often said to me that his father had said to him that if there was life after death that he would greet Werner from the stars, and then Werner said he would also greet me from the stars if there is life after death, which he did in a dramatic way with this beautiful old song.

The words to the song are as follows:

THE OLD LAMPLIGHTER

He made the night a little brighter where ever he would go, the Old Lamplighter of long, long ago.

His snowy hair was so much whiter beneath the candle glow, the Old Lamplighter of long, long ago.

You'd hear the patter of his feet as he came toddling down the street, his smile would hide a lonely heart, you see.

If there were sweethearts in the park he'd pass a lamp and leave it dark, remembering the days that used to be, for he recalls when dreams were new, he loved someone who loved him too, who walks with him alone in memory.

He made the night a little brighter wherever he would go, the Old Lamplighter of long, long ago.

He made the nights a little brighter wherever he would go, the Old Lamplighter of long, long ago.

Now if you look up at the sky you'd understand the reason why the little stars at night are all aglow, he turns them on when night is new, he turns them off when dawn is near, the little man we loved of long ago.

The second song was Old Durham Town. "I gotta leave old Durham town and the leaving's gonna get me down." It also has 1944 in it, the year I was born. Substitute the word "Wil Mar" for "Durham Town" and this song is so close to what Werner would have said it was absolutely spooky. It also goes on to mention about the father leaving the boy, something that happened to Werner in 1944 during the war when Werner was left alone with a strange family in Gera while his dad was in Derenberg. Werner also used to sit on the banks of the River Elbe and watch the ships going up and down that wide river, which he used to call "the Mississippi". The words to Old Durham Town are:

Durham Town

I've got to leave Old Durham Town, I've got to leave Old Durham Town, I've got to leave Old Durham Town, and the leaving's gonna get me down. Back in 1944 I remember daddy walking out the door, mama told me he was going to war, he was leaving, leaving, leaving, leaving me.

Now I've got to leave Old Durham Town, I've got to leave Old Durham Town, I've got to leave Old Durham Town, and the leaving's gonna get me down. When I was a boy I spent my time sitting on the banks of the river Tide watching all the ships going down the line, They were leaving, leaving, leaving, leaving me.

Now I've got to leave Old Durham Town, I've got to leave Old Durham Town, I've got to leave Old Durham Town, and the leaving's gonna get me down.

The third song was "So long, it's been good to know you. That song is a hilariously personal one for me for it says in there "Do you know she can't cook, do you know she can't sew", facts that Wil Mar and Werner were teasing me so very much with the very day Werner died. They were teasing me unmercifully over the phone and also when I went over there with the Living Trust because Werner was making corned beef and cabbage soup for me that very day. The song then goes on to say that he hates so very much to leave me but he's been away from his family too long and he has to be traveling on. The reference of one lb of butter for 2 lbs of gold happened to Werner in Germany after World War II. Then towards the end of the song it says that the preacher is on the phone and he says you're getting married whether you like it or not, which after a 15 year procrastination, fit Werner's situation to a tee. The words to the song are:

SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU

So long, it's been good to know you, So long, its been good to know you, So long, it's been good to know you. It's been a long time since I've been home and I've gotta be drifting along. I've sung this song but I'll sing it again, of the people I've met and the places I've been. Some of the troubles that bothered my mind then a lot of good people that I've left behind.

So long, it's been good to know you, So long, its been good to know you, So long, it's been good to know you. While a long time since I've been home and I've gotta be drifting along.

The sweethearts they sat in the dark and they sparked, they hugged and they kissed in that dusky old dark, they sighed and they cried and they hugged and kissed, but instead of marriage they talk like this:

Honey, so long, it's been good to know you, So long, its been good to know you, So long, it's been good to know you. While a long time since I've been home and I've gotta be drifting along. I went to your family, I asked them for you, they all said, "Oh take her, oh take her, please do, she can't cook or sew and she won't scrub your floors", so I put on my coat, tiptoed out the door, singing

So long, it's been good to know you, So long, its been good to know you, So long, it's been good to know you. While a long time since I've been home and I've gotta be drifting along.

I walked down the street to the grocery store, crowded with people both rich and both poor, I asked the man how his butter was sold, he said" One lb of butter for 2 pounds of gold" , I said:

So long, it's been good to know you, So long, its been good to know you, So long, it's been good to know you. While a long time since I've been home and I've gotta be drifting along.

My telephone rang and it jumped off the wall, that was the preacher making a call. He said we're waiting to tie the knot, you're getting married believe it or not. Well, the church, it was jammed, the church it was packed, the pews were crowded from the front to the back a 1000 friends waited to kiss my new bride, but I was so anxious I rushed her outside, told them,

So long, it's been good to know you, So long, its been good to know you, So long, it's been good to know you. While a long time since I've been home and I've gotta be drifting along.

When I finished listening to the 3rd song and waiting for the 4th song to start playing I said to myself that I was just going to be beside myself with emotion if that last song is "Somewhere, My Love" as that was his favorite song all through the years.

The Fourth song was Somewhere My Love, which all through the years was his theme song.. I got chills when I replayed all these songs of farewell.

The 4th song was a real shocker when I heard it after the funeral, for it was Werner's theme song all throughout his adult life, Lara's Theme from Dr. Zhivago, Somewhere My Love. And it certainly fit as the final farewell from Werner to me. It certainly is a song of farewell and a hope of an eventual happy reunion. And this particular song is a very poignant song of farewell, with a promise of meeting again some day. And all the horrible things that happened in the Dr. Zhivago movie happened to Werner in Germany under the communists. The words to this song are:

SOMEWHERE MY LOVE

Although the snow covers the hope of spring.

Somewhere a hill blossoms in green and gold, and there
are dreams, all that your heart can hold.

Someday we'll meet again, my love.

Someday, whenever the spring breaks through.

You'll come to me out of the long ago, warm as the wind, soft as a kiss of snow. Till then,
my sweet, think of me now and then.

God speed, my love, till you are mine again.

Somewhere, my love, there will be songs to sing,

I later called the CKLW radio station to see when exactly these songs were played. They said that they couldn't tell me exactly when because for some reason they couldn't figure out, these songs were moved from their regular slot that night. They were slated to play around 5:30 – 6:00 pm but for some unknown reason they were taken out of their time slot and played at a later hour.

I then continued working until about 9:55 pm, when I figured I'd better stop and leave the rest of the work for another day. I had previously packed up and put in my burgundy briefcase and my soft flowered carryall bag the work I was going to do while in dialysis the next morning. I thought I'd better get home quick as it was so late to be getting into bed if I was going to get up at 5:30 am. I then packed up everything, put my overcoat on, and headed for Mr.'s house without Mopsy, who I left behind in the blue house then went home with a full load in my bag, again wondering why Werner hadn't called recently.

I walked through the blue house back yard, through Mr.'s open garage overhead door, through the garage, through his back yard. The back door to his bedroom was shut but unlocked. I opened the door and immediately saw the sack of vegetables sitting at the back door just inside the door. I had such a warm soft spot in my heart for Werner that he had brought his little sack of vegetables over to his home to later add to the soup the next time he got up to go to the bathroom. The bedroom light was on. I then saw his tennis shoes, one piled on top of the other and I smiled, it was so cute, the way they were laying there. I then saw his two cute flat feet, one laying on top of the other, sticking out in the middle of the room. His body lay between the bed and the shelves against the wall. He had just missed getting into his side of the bed. Oh, dear, he fell and can't get himself

back up, was my first thought. I then walked closer to him and I saw immediately that his chest was completely still. It was painfully, horribly obvious that he wasn't breathing anymore. I went into deep total shock at this point. I then leaned over him and looked at his face. Then I had to try very hard not to keep from fainting. His face was very blue and quite swollen and his beautiful blue eyes were open just a little bit, like when he was just waking up. The face made me very mentally sick then and for weeks afterward and even now as I write this and think back on that night. I knew then that he had been dead for hours. Numb all over, I tried to think of what I should do next. Forget artificial respiration. He was very dead and had been so for quite some time. Call the doctor. Yes, that made sense. But are you going to get the doctor at 10:10 pm? Well, let's give it a try, I thought. Where do I find the number? Oh, yes, they gave us a slip of paper with numbers on, I think it was in my bag. Yes, I found it in my bag. Now, where is a phone? Werner's phone was blocked by his body, which was lying right in the path of the phone which he kept by his bed. I couldn't get to the office phone. That door was locked and completely blocked by boxes of papers. I had forgot about the living room phone as I had not been in the living room more than 4 times in the last 6 years. So I ran back to the blue house and called the emergency number. A woman answered. I told her I had to talk to the doctor, my husband was lying dead on the bedroom floor. She said she would try to get a hold of a doctor and to hang on. I hung on. I sat on the edge of the bed there with the phone on the over bed table and waited for the doctor. The doctor then came on the line. He suggested first of all that I call 911 to try to revive him, if that was what he wanted. I told him that Werner did want to be kept alive, but that his face was very blue and very swollen and that he had been dead for quite some time. And that it had taken me over 10 minutes to find the body, find the phone number and then wait on the line for the doctor to be patched through so the 5 minute time limit for resuscitation had long been exceeded. The doctor then said I should call the police. I got sicker at that thought as Werner never got along with the Utica Police, was a very dignified and private person and I did not want to expose his dead body any more than I had to as those were his last wishes, that the after death exposure of his body to the public be kept to a bare minimum. So I asked the doctor could I put a nurse from the nursing home on the line and she could first examine Werner, then report to the doctor Werner's lack of all vital signs. The doctor agreed. I then called Rose, the nurse on duty who appeared to really love Mr. She came over to his bedroom, felt for a pulse, listened with a stethoscope, checked for breath, then told the doctor who she was and that there were no vital signs. The doctor then pronounced Werner dead. The doctor, Dr Messana, was very solicitous and told me to call him if I needed anything at all.

I then called the funeral parlor, Sullivan, as we had used them in the past and Werner had picked them out when we buried my brother Bill in 1982. They said they would send someone out to pick up the body. I told them to come to the nursing home and then they could pick the body up from there. It took them almost a whole hour before they came. I was totally beside myself by then. I always thought I would want to spend some time alone with the body when he died before it was removed, but now with the swollen blue face, I was just unable to remain there for very long without getting really upset and ill. As much as I loved Werner, I just could not bridge the transition from 3 pm when he looked so good, better than he had looked in the past 10 years, to 7 hours later when he

looked so swollen, blue and so absolutely dead. I had always thought I would have been there at the moment of his death, but fate just did not so ordain. I went back, looked at him and went into deeper shock. I looked at his arm, and thought, if he had still been alive, I am sure he had totally ruined his arm shunt and would have had to have more surgery to have a new one installed. I don't think he could have handled that too well. Then I noticed his new 14 carat gold watch that I had given him for his wedding present. I then lifted his arm, unclasped his watch with great difficulty and removed the watch from his arm. His arm did not feel human. It felt funny as I held it up in the air. His whole skin felt funny due to the kidney failure. Very soft and flabby, whereas a few short years ago it was very hard and very firm. I checked his shirt pocket. He had 2 \$100 bills neatly folded there. I removed that and the pen from Merrill Lynch. I knew I would have to wait for the undertaker to check the rest of his pockets and to remove the ring he had worn since the early 1950's. I knew I would have to keep my wits together, for sure as ever, if I did not remove the ring in the bedroom I would never see it again. And I so wanted that ring, as that ring was Werner. He had worn it every day for almost all of his adult life. He bought that ring in about 1951 on a trip to Zurich Switzerland. I went in and out of his bedroom that hour, going from his house to the nursing home to the blue house. I was just so wound up and so much in shock. I wanted to be with him and yet I couldn't stand the way his face looked. His body was so much like it always looked and his feet were absolutely adorable with one foot on top of another, and he always did have such adorable bear paws. But one look at his face - it was pure horror.

Finally, a few minutes before 11 pm, the undertakers finally arrived. Rose took them from Wil Mar through the garage to Werner's house. In the past few months I had been so afraid that they would not be able to get a gurney through Werner's garage full of junk, as there was such a narrow path. But when I had thought of gurney, I had thought of ambulance, not of funeral parlor. It was a very tight fit, but they made it through. There were two men. They looked at Werner's dead body, then said they would have to call the police first before they could remove it as he died at home. Rose then led them to a phone in the nursing home. The police came very shortly, coming through the nursing home to Werner's bedroom. They looked at him. They asked me if he was sick. I told them he was in end stage heart and kidney failure. I gave them the name of Dr Messana and told them he could fill them in on Werner's health status. I sat on the end of Werner's bed right next to his body and thought, oh, no, I hope they don't start anything funny being Werner had given them so much hell over the years. After what I have been through these past 41/2 months, I'm in no mood for anything. But then the police put on gloves and said they would help remove the body.

The young police man said several times that he never thought Werner would ever die. (referring to Werner's strong determination.) They asked me to step out of the room, but I did not want to do so, as Werner said one always takes the last walk with the body. So I got out of their way and stood by the closet and watched as they worked. The men grabbed Werner by the lower legs and pulled his body out from next to the bed and slid his feet towards the bathroom, kind of bending him around the corner. They then slid him forward, getting him next to the gurney. I then asked them to give me his ring and whatever was in his pockets. They then gave me his ring and his wallet. I was so sorry later that I didn't insist that I remove his ring myself as I had put it on his finger in

marriage and I should have been the one to have broken the marriage bond by removing the ring the night of his death.

They then all put on gloves and the 4 of them hoisted him from the floor to the gurney, then sprung the gurney upwards to its travelling height. They then rolled it toward the door. I then stopped them just as they were about to zipper him in, saying that I wanted to say goodbye to him. I then looked at him for the last time before the funeral. His body was the same as it had been in life, but his face was blue. It now looked less swollen than before. His eyes were mostly closed, with just a slit in them. His eyelids were soaked with fluid. I touched his face goodbye, and found that the left side of his face was wet from drooling after death. Full face, he looked more normal and less ghoulish, the face being more recognizable and less swollen appearing.

They then zipped him up into two coverings, the top one red. They then rolled the body over the threshold and out of the door. They then went through the garage and into the nursing home. They wheeled him through the day room, past the nurse's station, and out the front office, right past the desk where he had sat for most of the 22 years he was at Wil Mar. The undertaker was parked right outside of Werner's office and they wheeled him almost into the street and when they were about to load him into the hearse I again stopped them for a minute, kissed his protuberant belly, and then rubbed his belly with my hand, then said goodbye to him and let them load his body into the hearse. I then returned to the nursing home and then to his home, feeling completely empty, like the life had been drained out of me. I knew that the greatest part of me was gone forever, and there would forevermore be this big black empty hole in my life. The King was dead. Gone from Wil Mar, gone from my life.

One thing bothered me when I thought about it afterwards as I did not do it. Werner had said over and over that all his German relatives, even his father, had repeatedly told him that when you remove a dead body from the house, you open and shut the door real fast. If you do not do that, the angel of death will return real soon and take another member of the family. The door was left open for a long time that night, and 8 days later the angel of death came back and took Mopsy.

The day after Werner died I got a real but pleasant shock when I went into his bedroom. A pendant and chain, which had been very dear to me and which had been stolen from me a number of years before, suddenly appeared all by itself in the middle of the bedroom floor very close to the place where Werner had kicked off his shoes the night before. There was no earthly way that pendant could have been there for the past 5 years for we walked that path every day and would have walked right over the pendant as that spot is in plain sight every time you walk in the door.

The night Werner died, just after the undertaker had removed his body from the bedroom, I went over to the blue house and went into the bedroom there. I immediately noticed that the clock in my bedroom, which had been fine that afternoon, was not at the right time, but was still operating correctly. When I looked at the dining room clock, then

again at the bedroom clock, I calculated that the bedroom clock was off by 2 ¼ hours. I then reset it and it has run fine ever since. In talking to the help who were on duty that night at the nursing home, it was discovered that the time between Werner's death and the time I discovered him was 2 ¼ hours.

I spent the night wandering aimlessly through Wil Mar, his house and the blue house. I could not lock his house as in my shock I couldn't find the key. I hated to leave it unlocked all night, but on the other hand I was in no mental set to sleep right next to the spot where he had lain dead for hours. I tried to sleep in the blue house, with no success. My heart was beating over 200 beats per minute and this just was not sleeping time. I was up all night, although in bed for half the night.

The next morning I went to Werner's house and when I looked at the spot where he died I found a brown paper bag sitting up where his body had lain. I looked inside the paper bag. In there was a salad dressing bottle full of vinegar which Nancy had filled up for him the night before and which he had labeled "Vinegar". Also in the sack was his Neumarkt coffee cup which his sister had given to him on his last visit to Muehldorf in March, 1992. He loved that cup and had used it in both Utica and in Sebring. In looking further I found the living trust, two bank books, the IRS \$20,000 check, and the notice from the Sebring court and the letter that Dr Grewal had signed stating he was too sick to go back to Sebring at this time. Little did we know how very sick he really was.

I tried to rest until about 10:30 am at the blue house, then figured the next step was to call the funeral parlor and then call Werner's lawyer, Steve Feldman and make an appointment to see both and make arrangements.

Astrid knew through some kind of ESP that there was something really bothering her about her brother for starting on the 12th and continuing right on through the day we buried him she was calling the nursing home and Werner's phone every day. Some times she would call, sometimes she would have Wernerli call. She never called like this before in the entire 17 years I knew Werner. It was uncanny how persistent she was all the while Werner was in the funeral parlor! And just as we were going to bury Werner, Wernerli sent over the FAX a birthday message for his uncle. So I took the FAX with me and put it in Werner's breast pocket. Just before we closed the casket the funeral director took all the pictures we had put on the back lid of the casket and put them all inside Werner's suit jacket next to his heart.



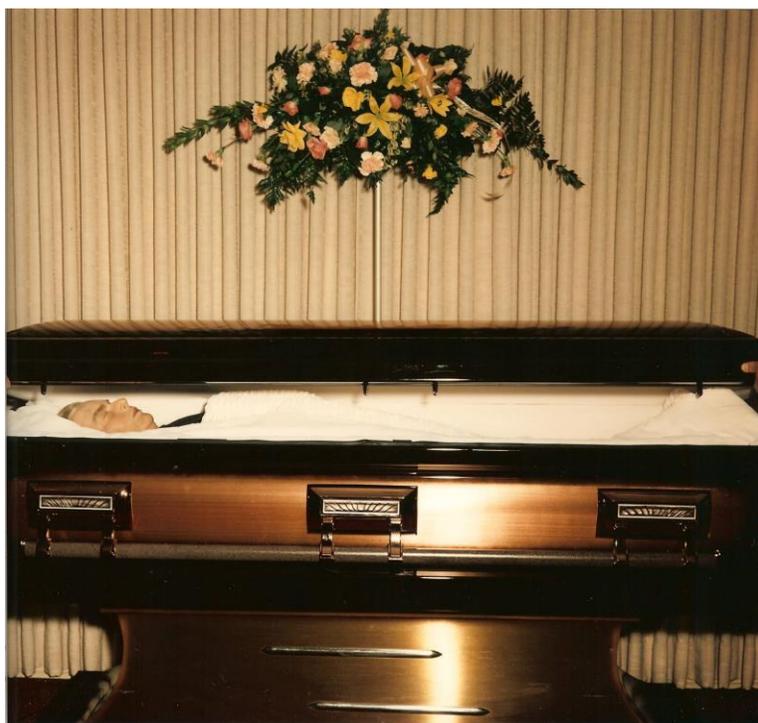
Edna & "Kitsey" our cat

At the last moment Edna was very upset as there was no picture of the cat in Werner's casket. I told Edna to forget the cat, that Werner said he hated cats because they were sneaky and undependable like his sister Astrid, and there was no way he would want that darn cat in the casket with him. But true to a cat, at the last moment Edna pulled out the picture of her and the dog and put in a picture of the cat and her instead. That picture just sprung in his casket just like a cat would! Boy, I hate to hear his comments about that darn old cat being in the casket with him!

The day after Werner died, I had the phone ringing off the hook. Mostly it was Astrid so I refused to answer it. It turned out to be Dr Berj Boulgarian, Dinora's brother from Padua also, so when he could not reach me he sent me a telegram expressing his condolences. Steve Feldman told me I had to tell his sister, but when I thought about it I realized that Werner had bearer bonds in the house, Lord only knew where and that if Astrid came she sure as shooting would find them, not to mention the \$178,000 in platinum coin that was also missing, and that both would be easily converted to cash by whoever held them. Werner may have been robbed blind by her, both at this father's death and when the will disappeared from Werner's house, but I'd be darned if I was going to let her fleece him again. And besides Werner had stated in writing and orally to me many times that he wanted only me at the funeral, so that is what I did.

I went into the funeral parlor on the 12th of January and made out the death certificate. What was his occupation, they asked me. Werner had listed several occupations in his lifetime, chief among these was nursing home owner/operator, investor, and senior scientist in charge of nuclear ray instrumentation. Which of these should we use, I mused. Nursing home owner/operator, was the reply. That was what everyone around here knew him to be. Then I knew he would have wanted to have his birth place in the records, so I made him squeeze Grossobringen into the record, not just Germany. Then we corrected the spelling of his mother's name, Brehmer, not Bremer. (Actually Bremer was the earlier

spelling of her family name when they lived in Braunsberg, East Prussia, and was later changed to Brehmer when they moved to Wiehe, Germany.) We then listed his father as Dr med Werner Wilhelm. This is the German spelling, but I figured that any intelligent American could figure out that med meant medicine. For an address, I used the address Werner had listed on his driver's license. We then had the death certificate all filled out on that Tuesday afternoon.



Werner in his one piece solid copper casket

We then went into the casket room to make the selection. I knew exactly what Werner wanted, he had said he wanted the same thing as he bought for Kurt - a solid copper casket with a one piece lid. So I looked at all of their caskets and none were what Werner wanted. I told them that Werner must have this casket, and I jokingly told them that Werner would haunt me if I settled for anything else. Little did I know how true those words would turn out to be! No, they couldn't get it. Try harder, I replied. Nope, can't find it. Try again, I told them. This went on for 4 or 5 times, when he came back and told me that he found a casket that I wanted in the hills of West Virginia. A funeral parlor had it forever in their stock as no one wanted to buy the thing. This is a European design and not acceptable to most Americans. But in order to get it it would have to be shipped overland and would take two days to get here, delaying the funeral by two days. I counted up and discovered that instead of him being buried on January 14th, the burial would be on his birthday, January 16th. That would be just great, I told him. Werner would have loved to be buried on his birthday. So it was all set. The casket was on its way, and Werner's body would be in cold storage until January 14th. That would give me time to see Stephen Feldman, give him the living trust, start the probate process, and type up and get printed a nice funeral and mass booklet, together with some pictures to

remember him by. Yes, that was much better timing, actually. I had an appointment to see Steve on Wednesday, January 13th at 9 am.

That turned out to be a real stressful morning. I was in too much shock to be put together enough to go to the AAA office and get a map of that area as I never go on that side of town and I had only a vague idea of where the office was from when Werner drove me there twice, on Dec 19, 1991 and April 15, 1992. I put a letter from the firm to Werner in my purse for the address in case I didn't remember exactly where it was and I was off. I could hardly get dressed that day due to being in great shock and having almost no sleep since Werner passed away, and darn little before that due to dialysis and his health needs in the middle of the night, plus worry over what was happening to him. The car windshield was caked solid with ice. I went out there in my slip and started the car. I then noticed I forgot to put a dress on and went back in, put on a dress, then got a pail of warm water and went out and slowly poured it over the windshield. That melted the ice, and after another pail full the defrosters started being able to take over and hold their own. So now I noticed that my coat was wet from the pails of water, but it was time to leave and the traffic was horrid outside the blue house.



Richard Valleriani

I called over to the nursing home and had the maintenance man back the van out of the drive as I was in no mental shape to try to get the van out with the street full of cars two lanes deep. So he did it for me, thus blocking one of the curbside lanes from moving traffic. I'm sure I was real popular with the work bound motorists that day.

Finally wet coat and all, I was on my way, at 8:45 am. Maybe I will make it on time if the traffic cooperates, I thought. I got onto the freeway and discovered that the roads were ice slickened. Oh, just great. A head full of cotton where my brains should be and I'm about to embark on an icy road. Lord have mercy on me! I got to that side of town without mishap. I drove M 59 to I 75 to I 696. I saw the exit that said Farmington /Farmington Hills, but I remembered that the both times Werner drove me there he got off at the next exit, so I drove there. I was apprehensive as I remember that both time Werner got off at the next exit he was totally lost and cussed his head off while driving like a maniac. So when I got off at I 696 by Grand River, nothing looked familiar and I had no map. I then figured I had to be south and maybe west of the office, so I pulled out the letter, saw the address was on 12 mile Rd and started north on Drake Rd. Drake Rd was a horror, nice slippery ice and full of twists, turns and hills. Wonderful. But at last I found 12 Mile Rd. I checked addresses. Yes, I was west of the office. So I simply drove east until the right address was found. I was now about 25 minutes late, but I got there alive and in one piece. I should never have been allowed to drive myself in the mental condition I was in at the time. Half the time I had no idea what street or highway I was on. I would look for

the next sign for some reality orientation, then I would forget again. I really didn't know Steve Feldman at this point as I only met him twice quite briefly with Werner and I did none of the talking, only listened and answered when spoken to. And my mental set at that time left a lot to be desired as well. But when I got there he noted that I was quite late but figured I would get there sooner or later. We then started the long, arduous probate process that day. Our biggest hurdle at that time was getting the probate opened so I could get the money to bury Werner. The conference lasted about 1 1/2 hours. Steve told me he would be at the Sullivan Funeral parlor about 4 pm tomorrow to pay his respects to Werner. I told him Werner would be honored by his presence. He then gave me the address and some directions to the Holy Sepulcher cemetery as I had to pick out a family room for Werner, and possibly a temporary crypt if we had to finish the family room. The directions were wrong in that it was west of Telegraph, not east. So I doubled back and found it. I then talked to Mr. O Conner and told him that he had toured Werner and I when we were here in 1988. He then drove me over to the mausoleum, telling me that all but one of the family rooms were bare and had to be finished by the new owner. That entailed having an architect, and workers to measure, cut and place the marble, etc. That is beyond my capability, my having no artistic ability whatsoever. There is one that is finished, but it is much larger than what you need, having 12 crypts in it, he said. Let me see that one, was my reply. We went along to the mausoleum, he showing me finished ones and unfinished ones for sale. Nothing more had been sold than when Werner and I were there, in my estimation. I was able, after some mind searching, to remember which ones Werner and I had been interested in. I could almost feel Werner next to me, as he had been before in 1988, as I walked along those corridors.



Divine Word Family Room with 12 crypts

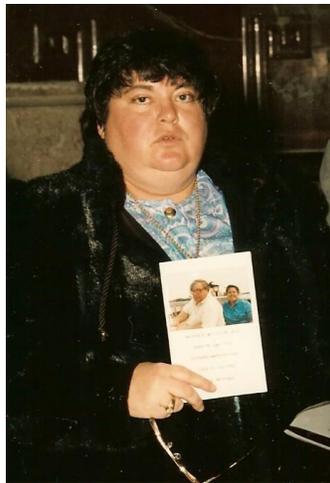
When we went around the corner and Mr. O Connor showed me the Divine Word room at the end of the corridor, I fell in love with it. This was the family room that Werner kept coming back to time after time, staring at it and drooling over it. Buy it, I told Werner. It's your money and it's about time you bought something for yourself. No, I can't afford it, he told me, and besides, with just me, my mama, Uncle Kurt, and you, I could not justify buying 12 crypts, he told me. Nonsense, was my reply. But as he kept staring and drooling, he kept insisting that he couldn't afford to buy it now, that he would lose a ton of interest on his money if he bought it ahead of time. But it might not be there when you want to buy it, I told him. He looked some more, then walked down other isles and priced other far more reasonable crypts. But he knew he had to have a family room, he just couldn't bear to part with the money. So I felt very happy and comfortable buying this family room, knowing that it was Werner's first choice, and that it was absolutely the best thing that Werner had ever seen in all his mausoleum sojourns. Then when I found out that the price was now several hundred thousand dollars cheaper than when Werner was looking at it, I was very pleased. It would have cost Werner \$500,000 in 1988. When you considered that he would have lost 6 years interest on this money, you would have to add in another 75% of the cost of the room. So \$304,000 was a real bargain. And then later as we were burying him I figured out that I would have paid the same thing for a 6 crypt room after I got done finishing it off. So that made me twice as happy. So I put down money on the room and then they told me that half of the cost would have to be paid off before I could entomb him.

I then called Steve Feldman back and told him that I would have to be able to get my hands on Werner's Merrill Lynch account and his checking account by Friday if we wanted to bury Werner on Saturday. Steve said he would get working on it right away. Steve and his office were familiar with working with Oakland Co probate, not Macomb Co. They found out when they got there that they could not open up an unsupervised probate until 5 days after the death. By that time it would be Saturday, the courts would be closed and I was about to bury Werner on that day. Otherwise, we would have to wait until Tuesday to bury Werner as Monday was Martin Luther King's birthday (boy did that ever frost Werner during his lifetime to have that guy's birthday right next to his). Steve then got the thing to work by opening up a supervised probate on Friday and getting me permission to get into Werner's funds. I then ran over to Gary Banish at Merrill Lynch and got the checks for the burial. I got the money from both the local and the Sebring Merrill Lynch accounts. I then took the checks over to the local branch of Comerica on Woodward by Square Lake and after wrestling around verbally awhile with the manager of the bank after she told me that the check was on uncollected funds and I would have to wait a day to cash them, I got her to call Mr. Ward at the commercial loan office downtown and he vouched for me and gave her permission to deposit the checks in Werner's new estate checking account and then give me a cashier's check for the cemetery. Everything went smoothly after that, but the downtown Comerica gave me a frantic call that those cashed checks did not have my signature on the back and did I myself cash them. They were greatly relieved to hear that I had cashed them and got a cashier's check.



Gary Banish

Gary Banish had a real nice surprise for me. Werner had stopped into his office on January 2 with his living trust in his hands and had had Gary start the process of transferring the accounts into the living trust, so this was over half done when I got there. But Pelican Bay Registry Hotel was going to be a snarl up before we were done as it was both an investment and a real estate transaction. The investment was put into the trust, but not the real estate.



Sandy Wilhelm with funeral booklet

In between all this running around to see Steve Feldman, the funeral parlor, Gary Banish, the cemetery, etc, I wrote Werner's mass booklet and a thumb nail sketch of his life. I then went through his pictures he had in his basement and found some to put onto the booklet. We then went to a 24 hour photo place and had them made up. We ended up going back 3 times as more booklets were asked for that what we had originally planned on. I ran the first 2 times to Murphy's home video, then Marlene went later as I was in the funeral parlor and we needed more pictures for the booklets. Meijer's pictures weren't half as nice as Murphy's. I then took the booklet over to Champ's printing to have it printed overnight. They didn't know if they could get it done or not as they had a lot of printing. I was about to take it someplace else, I didn't know where, when she decided she wanted the business and said she would have it for me the next morning. They were a little late but they got it there after Werner was laid out.



Sandy Wilhelm

Another twilight zone occurrence occurred every day that Werner was laid out in the funeral parlor. Every morning before going to the funeral parlor I would go over to my mother's house for breakfast. Werner was always aggravated when I went there for breakfast, saying why couldn't I have 6 eggs at the nursing home like he did. Well every morning I would eat at mom's, then leave by the front steps, get in my car and drive the 2 blocks to the funeral parlor. And believe it or not, every day when I stepped off the porch and on to the first step I would fly through the air and land sprawled out on the pavement at the foot of the stairs. Now after this happened on the first morning I would carefully step down one step while holding on fast to the hand rail, and whoosh! I would land on the ground again! Same thing the 3rd day. I was so careful, and as soon as my foot would touch the second stair I would go down so swiftly that there was no recollection of the fall – I would be on the second step one instant and on the ground the next. I never got hurt in the least. It was as though Werner was showing his great displeasure at my being at mom's for breakfast! I had never slipped on those steps before or afterwards, just those 3 days.



Marie Bender

The same sort of thing happened to my mom the day after Werner died. I asked her and Edna to help me straighten up Werner's apartment as I had no chance to do that while he was so sick and always on the run to dialysis, hospital, Sebring, Wil Mar, etc. Well my mom got up on a chair to wash the top of Werner's refrigerator and while she was

standing firm on the chair she said she was suddenly pushed off the chair with great force and landed fanny first in the trash can!

Another funny occurrence happened while Werner was laid out. Werner had been so hopping steaming mad at Ireta's husband the day before he died as he got in a big verbal fight with him and felt we lost Ireta because of it. Werner hollered and screamed the whole weekend about how angry he was with Ireta's husband. So one day Ireta's husband was helping her carry the groceries in when as a sudden a picture jumped right off the wall and the pointed end of the frame hit Charlie in the head with considerable force, causing the glass to shatter and land explosively all over the floor. Charlie immediately cried out to Ireta, "Wilhelm got me!".



The Sisters from St. Lawrence visiting Werner

The funeral parlor said Werner would be laid out at 1 pm on Thursday, January 14, 1993. I got there a little before 1 pm. The doors to the room were still shut, but I had learned that the Catholic nuns had already been there about an hour ago. I then went in to view him for the first time since he left his bedroom. He was gorgeous, and with a little impish smile on his face. He was dressed in his new gray suit from Mali that he had never worn. But I had thought twice about what he should wear and I had his two sport jackets that he always wore with me and a pair of matching pants. The funeral director looked at me with a look of pure pain on his face and said to look at Werner in his suit first, that he really didn't want to redress him as it was such a chore getting such a big man dressed the first time around. So I went in and agreed that he did look most distinguished in his charcoal gray suit. So we left him in this suit and he did look very nice, indeed. (I had asked Steve Feldman the day before what I should dress him in and he immediately replied, in shorts and sandals, then everyone would immediately recognize him.)

I had wanted to be alone with Werner from 1 pm to 4 pm, with the first visitor being his beloved attorney of 9 years, Steve Feldman. Werner had a lot of respect for Steve which he had never shown for any other person in his life. It was uncanny, and probably did not have its first roots in this lifetime, as such feelings were just not Werner.

A few people from Wil Mar came that first afternoon, even though I told Wil Mar that they were all to come in a group on Friday at 3 pm. Then at 3 pm on Thursday Ann Kay the photographer came and took her first group of pictures of the funeral.



Stephen Feldman

After she left I was alone with Werner until around 4:15 pm when Steve arrived. He paid his respects to Werner and we visited for about 20 minutes. He had some court papers for me to sign. I used his pen and signed the papers, using the edge of the casket to write on. Rather a ghoulish thought, when I look back. He asked when and where the funeral was to be and I gave him times and directions and he said he'd be there. He then left, saying he had a housewarming given by his daughter that he had to be at by 6 pm.

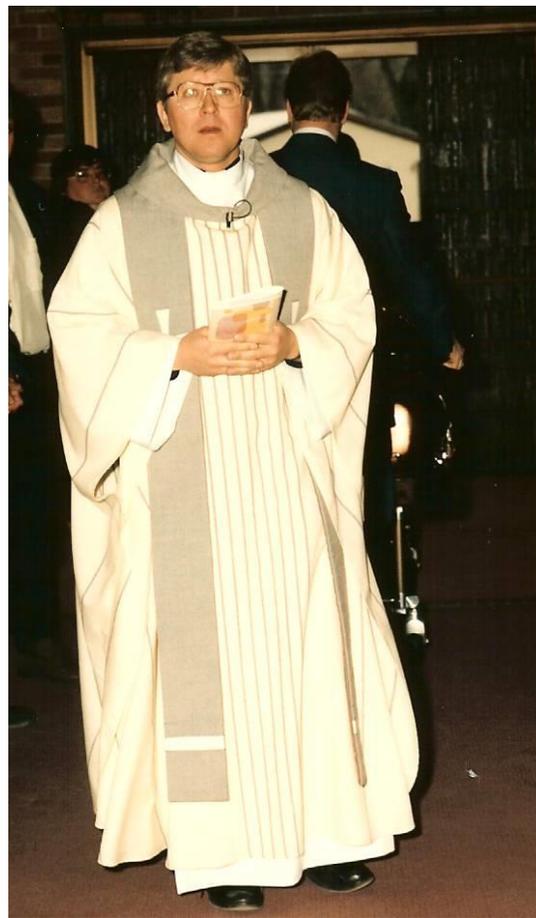
In the evening some of the Wil Mar people came, but mostly I got to be by myself with Werner, which I dearly cherished. I was not expecting to lose him this soon, and I cherished that time alone with him to say goodbye and to talk many things over with him. A medium I later went to said he was there at his funeral the whole time, but that he stood a little to one side and away as his body disturbed him and he did not want to be too close to it.

The next day I had to run to Merrill Lynch, which I deeply resented as it took me away from my last few precious hours with Werner. But I got there and back in an hour and a half, then had to go to Comerica at 21 and Van Dyke to open up an estate checking account, using the papers Steve and Diane had gotten from the court for me. We had to disturb Steve in the middle of a meeting to ask what kind of checking account we were opening. The bank was most cooperative and had me on my way in about a half hour.



Sandy conducting Werner's memorial service for the Wil Mar people

I had a memorial service to give for the Wil Mar people at 3 pm and was running a little late. I got there a few minutes after 3 pm, grabbed a funeral book that I had printed, and began the service. It was lovely and everyone liked it.



Father Bogden

But in the middle of it I was interrupted by the priest, Fr Bogden, who was going to say the funeral mass on Saturday. We had to go over the mass and the songs, etc, which took about ½ hour. Fr Bogden said that I should be a lector at mass or a commentator as I was doing such a good job of giving Werner's eulogy. Fr. Bogden wanted to go to Werner's property in Florida, which I told him he was more than welcome to do. I then went back to the Wil Mar people and finished up my eulogy.

Werner would have been very pleased to have Father Bogden say his funeral mass because Father had just come over from the old country and he would have felt a connection with him because Werner also came over from Europe and had some problems speaking English, just like Father Bogden had.



Norma Caldwell, Ann Kay, Liz Kirchner & Helen Kent



Helen Kent & Edna Smith

My neighborhood friends came to the funeral parlor Friday afternoon and put together the mass booklets for me. Ann Kay, Helen Kent, Betty Kirschner, and Edna Smith put the pages together, folded them and stapled them. They then put the pictures on the front and back, using double stick tape. In record time they had all the booklets done. During this time Diane, a runner from Steve's office came over first to have me sign something, then later in the day to drop off papers so I could get the money from Merrill Lynch to pay for the mausoleum family room.



Holy Sepulcher Mausoleum in Holy Sepulcher cemetery 10 Mile & Beech Daily

I gave Diane a booklet to give to Steve, then took off to Merrill Lynch with the papers, then to Comerica bank to put the Merrill Lynch checks in Werner's estate account, write a check on Werner's account, then get a cashier's check from Comerica for Holy Sepulcher. After some haggling as explained earlier, with Mr. Ward's assistance I was on my way back to the funeral parlor with the Holy Sepulcher check so we could entomb Werner. The Sullivan funeral home called the Holy Sepulcher to tell them they had the check in hand, which they agreed to so I wouldn't have to drive all the way down to Holy Sepulcher in the middle of Werner's funeral, and I was back at Werner's side. (Werner's funeral was as hectic and emergency filled as was my life with him, it was unbelievable, what I went through all by myself that week.) After all that running around, and screwing up probate by having to accept supervised in order to get the check for the burial, Monsignor Gordon later tells me he would have buried Werner on Saturday and accepted the money the following Tuesday. I could have spit tacks when I heard this!



Marie Bender. Dave Jaye and Sandy Wilhelm

When I got back I learned that Wil Mar had called Dave Jaye, the local representative to tell him of Werner's death, so I shortly got a visit from him. Then my family and Wil Mar really thought I should have called Rudi and Dinora. Werner had not said to do this, but they were long time friends, so I agreed to have them called. Someone called for me as I was busy in the funeral parlor greeting guests as I was Werner's only family. My family then had me eat supper with them at Paul's restaurant, then they came enmass for the funeral and the rosary at 8 pm. Many of my friends, relatives and neighbors were also there for the rosary. I tried to get the Catholic nuns to come as Werner would have liked that, but they said they don't go out at night. We offered to drive them but to no avail. The nuns were very good to him that last Wednesday as they said they knew he was going to die very soon and they wanted him to have the benefit of the last sacraments. I am upset with myself that I didn't remember to call the priest for Extreme Unction when I found him dead on the floor, but I was in such a state of shock that calling the priest never entered my head until much later.



Sandy, PeggyAllagreen, Betty Holdwick,?, Shirley Berlinger, Barb Hewitt, Marlene Kaminski

Many of Wil Mar's employees were there at the funeral. Wil Mar provided most of the pall bearers. My brothers insisted on doing this honor, saying I would appreciate it later. I certainly did. But I was very concerned about my brother Mike as he often has a bad back and he later said that that was the heaviest coffin he ever carried, between Werner's 245 lbs and the heaviness of a solid copper casket.

The medium laughed and said that as Werner was often admonished, he was indeed late for his own funeral! She said he was putzing around, kibitzing with his relatives on the other side and he lost track of time. When all the Wil Mar employees came in was when Werner came back to the funeral parlor. The funeral director lined up all the pall bearers, my brothers and employees from Wil Mar. Gary Banish, Werner's stock broker, offered to be a pall bearer, but they had enough at that point. Werner would not have permitted me to allow his professional friends to carry his casket. That was a Wil Mar job. Larry Brown, his long term CPA, would also have liked to help carry the casket, but couldn't due to a bad neck.



Sandy & Marie, Doug, Kathy, Marilyn & Mike

The funeral director then conducted a brief prayer service, then he lead the procession in front of the casket and out the door. After everyone left, I had Ann Kay the photographer come in and take the last set of pictures of Werner as they closed the casket for the last time. We took a series of pictures, all of which turned out gorgeous. As they were closing the casket, just as the lid was almost down, I spied a wonderful image of Werner and told them to partially open the lid again to that same place and then asked Ann to snap that picture. It was one of the best taken. Before the funeral was over Ann had a picture of everyone who had attended the services, either at the funeral home or at the Holy Sepulcher mausoleum.



In one of the pictures Ann may have captured ectoplasm. I will have to show the picture to one of the mediums to know for sure. What this picture does not show is Edna dropping a picture of Kitsey in the casket just as the lid is being lowered. (We had put a picture of Werner's beloved Shepherds but decided not to put the cat's picture in the casket as Werner did not like cats. When asked why, he said they were sneaky and undependable like his sister.) But Edna loved the cat Kitsey so she wanted our beloved cat in the casket with Werner, which she managed at the last minute to drop the picture of him in.



Sandy next to Werner on the last day before burial

In the morning of the last day I was all alone with Werner in front of his casket. I suddenly wondered which songs I had played for Werner the night he died. I had no idea. I had not chosen those songs. It took me a whole week before I got up enough nerve to listen to the songs. I was shocked! They were 4 songs of farewell, obviously chosen by Werner for me. The Old Lamp Lighter, Old Durham Town, So Long, It's Benn Good to Know You and Somewhere My Love. And on August 24, 1993, our very first anniversary Werner chose for me a 5th song – You Are The Wind Beneath my Wings. This song is so apropos to our life together.



Closing Werner's casket at Sullivan's funeral home

After the casket was closed the pall bearers came in and moved the casket onto the rollers and out the front door to the waiting hearse. The casket was loaded into the hearse and we were then off to St. Lawrence Church for the funeral mass. Many of the Wil Mar people rode with me in the funeral parlor limousine, including Cindy, and little Toni. Ann Kay the photographer and my neighbor and good friend, also rode along with me the entire way.

The casket was removed from the hearse and carried up the stairs, then placed on the rolling stand. One could see the weight of it by how hard those 8 to 10 men strained getting it up the steps. It was very impressively heavy, about 500 lbs at the least.



Father Bogdan meeting Werner's casket at the back of the church

The priest, Father Bogdan, met the casket at the entrance to the church and said the entrance prayers. The organist sang the entrance song. We all walked down the aisle behind the casket. I sat by myself in the first pew to the left of the casket and the altar. My family sat to the right. The priest had me do all the readings by myself. I guess he figured if you kept the young widow busy she wouldn't break down during the service. I had written the entire funeral service by myself, using the church's guidelines for a funeral service. I picked the readings that I thought would be the most reflective of Werner and his life. The priest wanted to shorten the readings. Nope, I said. I wanted just as written. There was no reason to shorten Werner's funeral service. We had all the time in the world that Saturday morning. We were not going to short change Werner one little bit. He was going to have the best of funerals, which I felt he did. I chose all the songs as well, most of them being our wedding songs which Werner loved so much. It did seem a bit ghoulish to me to sing the very songs which 4 1/2 short months ago we sang at our wedding, but after all, they were Werner's favorite songs, and this was Werner's final farewell and I wanted it to please him. The mass service was very nice. Rudi and I placed the baptismal pall over the casket. Rudi, I and little Toni brought up the gifts to the altar. I was a eucharistic minister, distributing wine to the communicants.



left: Doug Bender, Mike Bender, Sandy in back, funeral director pushing Werner's casket

The exit song was "How Great Thou Art". It brought chills to mom and me. We then followed the casket out. It was wheeled to the front of the church, then carried the rest of the way to the hearse. Rose, who pronounced him dead on Monday was teary eyed. I kept my composure for the sake of the other Wil Mar employees. If I broke down we would have ended up with an Irish wake on our hands.



Stephen Feldman, Sandy Wilhelm & Larry Brown

It was a long ride from St. Lawrence to Holy Sepulcher cemetery at 10 Mile and Beech Daily, the other side of Telegraph. It took about an hour to get there from Utica as we were driving slow, although we only had one car officially following us with the pall bearers and my mother inside. When we got to the cemetery we stopped just inside the gate to get the burial permit. Werner's attorney Steve Feldman was waiting inside the cemetery office and when we approached, he got into his car and followed the procession to the mausoleum. The hearse pulled up to the front of the mausoleum and the men had to carry that heavy casket all the way up those many stairs to the front entrance. What a heavy load that was. But they got it to the top and then put it on the roller stand. The casket was placed in the middle of the marble floor. The priest went to the podium. I stood close by him and the casket. The prayers for the dead were said by the priest and the participants, who had the prayers in their funeral books that I had made for Werner and distributed to everyone. Larry Brown was there. He had gone to the mausoleum ahead of time and waited for us there, as he had told me he would over the phone.



Ann Kay

After the prayers were complete Ann Kay took pictures of everyone there. Ann did a most beautiful job of taking pictures.



Sandy & Werner in front of the Divine Word family room

The casket was rolled down the isles, heading for the Divine Word family room that I had purchased after several big hassles due to the fact that Werner's money could only be accessed after going to probate court. That could have all been avoided had I went to the cemetery office and spoke to Msgr. Gordon. He said he would have allowed me to bury Werner there and pay for it in a week.



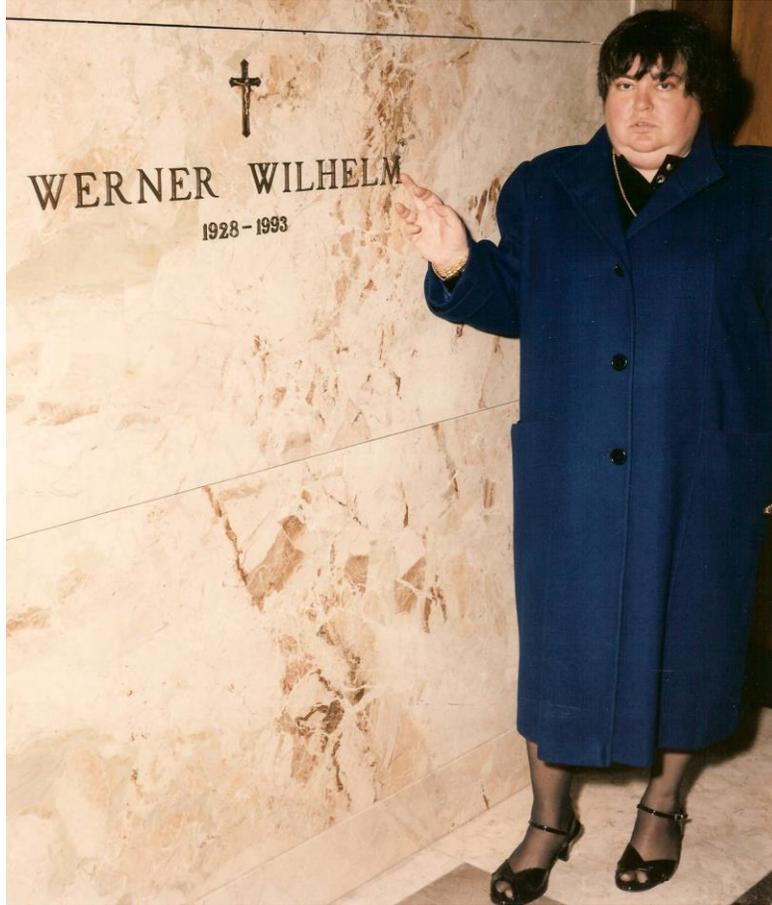
Sandy in the Divine Word room in the mausoleum

On the way down the last isle one could see the Divine Word wording very plainly. Larry and I made a very irreverent comment as to what the divine word was in Werner's book. Larry told a very funny story of Werner and his lost records in regard to the Dearborn apartments and how Larry and Werner finally got everything to come out all right in the final story.



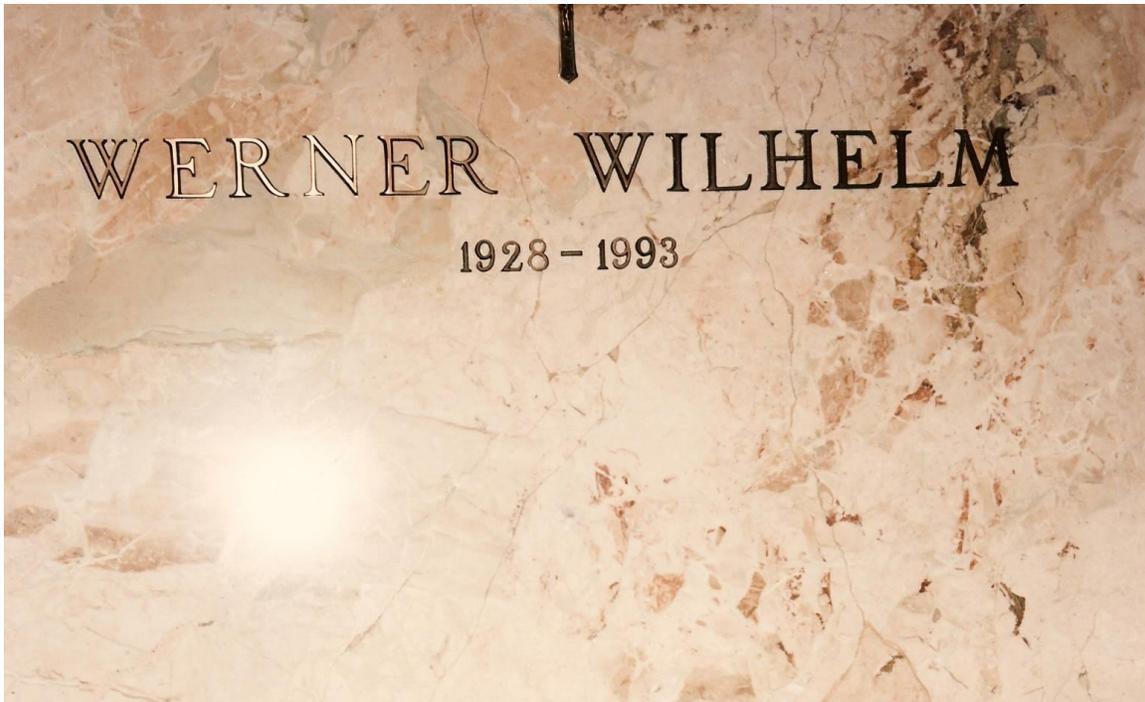
Sandy standing in front of Werner's open crypt

The workmen had the front off Werner's crypt and they set to work in earnest getting the casket into the crypt, which was no easy task as they had to lift it a bit from where it stood on the rolling stand. While they were doing the work, we were all reminiscing about Werner in his finest hours as nursing home owner, especially in regard to his financial peccadilloes in regard to his apartments and St. Anne. We all laughed at how he got paid 3 times for the St Anne clinic building. And how he out-foxed the auditors in regard to his apartment building books. I also spoke somewhat about what he went through with the heart and kidney failure and the dialysis. Steve said dialysis is always hard on the heart. Rudi, Dinora and Christopher were present at the entombment. Toni was also present.



Sandy in front of the cover of the crypt

After the workmen got the casket into the crypt, they then set about sealing it up. They put an inner cement cover on and then plastered it shut all around so as to seal in the smell. Then they put the marble face cover on and pulled the pins down into place to hold the cover in place.



! crack going from above H past 93 on right to bottom

In looking over the cover carefully I realized what the delay was in getting the cover in place – it appears that they had broken the marble completely into two or three pieces and had to seal it back together. We then dispersed back to the main office in the mausoleum where the cemetery wanted me to sign some papers. Larry and Steve said goodbye to me there. My family and Wil Mar remained in the hallway. After I got out of the office I took the Wil Mar people down to see the family room and the crypt with Werner's lettering on it. We then all went home in the limousine, mom included as my brothers had left earlier.



Toni Camargo

On the way home Toni told stories about Werner that had us all in stitches, especially the one about Werner and the toilet paper the night before he died. I laughed so hard I got stitches in my ribs and I really suffered from muscle spasms on Mound and 11 mile road.

Mom had some Tums for me to chew, so the spasms got under control after awhile. Ann thought that the limousine driver would think that we didn't have 'em all together the way we laughed, but we were remembering Werner in his finest moments and enjoying excerpts from his life.



Marie Bender



Rudi, Christopher & Dinora Pitz

We went back to the funeral parlor and all got into my van and then drove over to St Lawrence for the funeral luncheon. The church ladies were put out with us because we were quite a bit later than we had planned to be as the entombment took a lot longer than I had anticipated. Many of the Wil Mar people had ate and left, so they were faced with feeding two shifts. The food was luke warm when we got there, but we were so hungry it didn't matter. I sat with mom, Rudi, Dinora and Christopher for most of the time.

I was very disappointed with the funeral luncheon at the church. I feel I kind of got sucked into it. The funeral parlor kind of presented it as an option that I was expected to take. I later found out that it cost as much or more than if we had gone to the Sweden house. But the church has done so much for Wil Mar and its patients and for Werner in his last weeks that I dare not offend them. The funeral dinner cost me \$250.00.

After the funeral I went home and the awful emptiness and loneliness and aloneness set in hard. I stayed away from Werner's house as much as I could for the first 6 months after his death other than to sort out stuff for Steve. I lived mainly in the blue house, which Werner almost never visited, and therefore was more of a neutral ground than Werner's house which is so jam packed full of memories of him and his life.

After the funeral dinner I went to Werner's house, went to the living room to the advent wreath and lit all the candles in celebration of Werner's birthday, which was this day. It was his 65th birthday, but he would never turn 65. He will remain at a perpetual 64. Most of the last year Werner told everyone that he was 65. Whenever I heard him say that I would wonder if he was ever going to make 65, which I highly doubted. I turned out to

be right. I meditated a lot on Werner that afternoon and then wondered where his soul was at this time.



right: Werner's mother Martha Brehmer Wilhelm on Zschippach Wintergarten

It was 4 o' clock as I did this, and I wondered if he got his wish and was having high tea at 4 o'clock in the winter garden at Zschippach, as he always said he would do if there was life after death. It was a very poignant sad moment. The first birthday without Werner in over 17 years. At the last birthday as we celebrated with Mali and Carleen at the Bill Knapp restaurant I pretty much knew that unless we were awfully lucky there would be no more. I was so upset to think that the Health Department had ruined his very last birthday by coming in for the annual survey that day. Instead of having our usual birthday celebration in the hall outside of room 12 and 14, with all the food, fun, presents, home made cards and laughter, we had been running up and down the halls trying to please a bunch of people whose job it is to try and hang you with your own rope.

Werner is gone now, in body form at least, if not in spirit. We miss him terribly and look forward to some sign that he is still with us, watching over us and Wil Mar. We love it when the TV turns itself on or off, lights turn themselves on and off, his chair rocks by itself, papers fling themselves off his chair or through the air, telephones interconnect that have no wires in common, or he sends messages to you in your sleep, telling you what he wants done. Yes, Werner gives us many not so little hints that he is ever with us and will watch over us as we run Wil Mar or Sun 'N Lake Towers.

If you have a taste for the occult and are curious as to what Werner has said and done after he traveled over to eternity, ask to see the 1993 volume of “Some Good Ghost Stories, 1993 Style.”



In Memory

WERNER WICHEM

Grossbringen, Germany

Birthplace

January 16, 1928

Date

January 11, 1993

Date of Death

Residence

Place

Age

64
Years

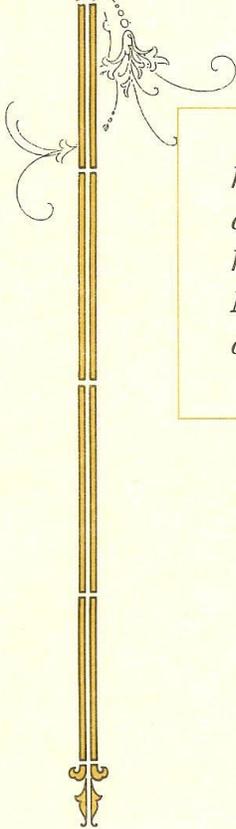
11
Months

26
Days





his Memorial Book



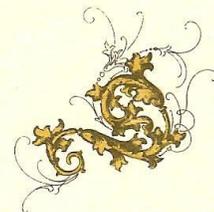
*has been prepared as a means by which the
cherished memory of your loved one may be
kept ever near.*

*May this book serve as an expression of our
deepest compassion and abiding sympathy.*

Wm Sullivan & Son
funeral homes since 1906

705 W. Eleven Mile Rd
Royal Oak, Mich. 48067
Tel. (313) 541-7000

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Utica, Mich. 48087
Tel. (313) 731-2411

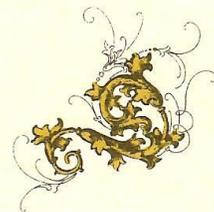




Turn Again To Life

*If I should die and leave you here a while,
Be not like others, sore undone, who keep
Long vigil by the silent dust and weep.
For my sake turn again to life and smile,
Nerving thy heart and trembling hand to do
That which will comfort other souls than
thine;
Complete these dear unfinished tasks of mine,
And I, perchance, may therein comfort you.*

—Mary Lee Hall





Services

Mass of Christian Burial

St. Lawrence Catholic Church

Place

Saturday, January 16, 1993

Date

10:00 A.M.

Time

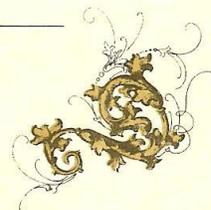
Fr. Bogdan Milosz

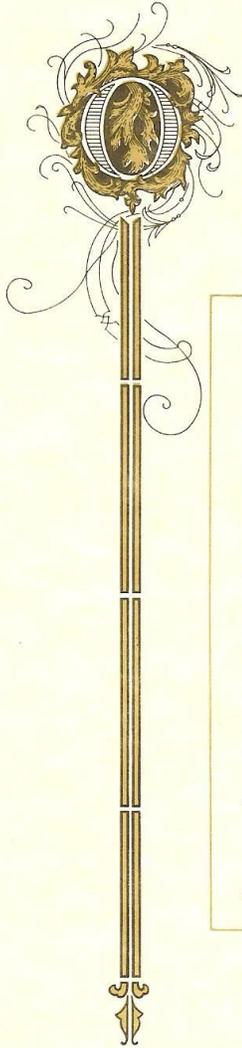
Celebrant

Rosary or Vigil Service

Led by

Organizations Attending

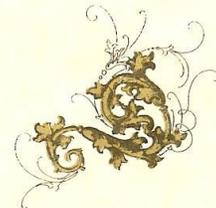


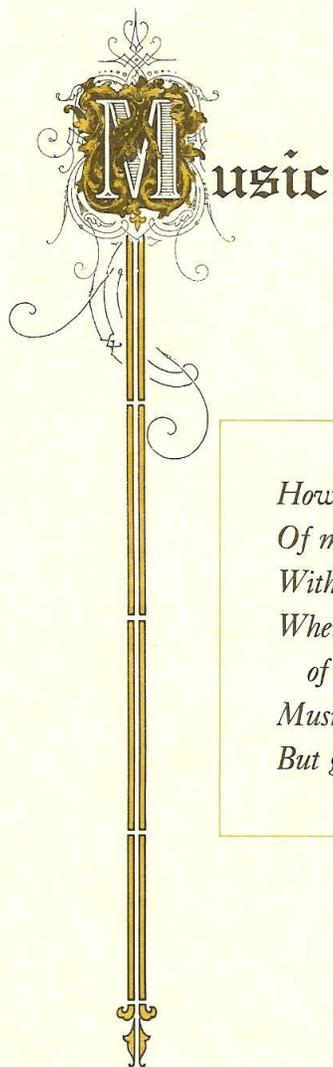


Gentlest Heart

*O Gentlest Heart of Jesus,
ever present in the Blessed Sacrament,
ever consumed with burning love for
the poor captive souls in Purgatory
have mercy on the soul of Thy departed servant.
Be not severe in Thy judgment but let
some drops of Thy Precious Blood fall upon
the devouring flames, and do Thou
Oh merciful Savior send Thy angels
to conduct Thy departed servant to a
place of refreshment, light and peace.*

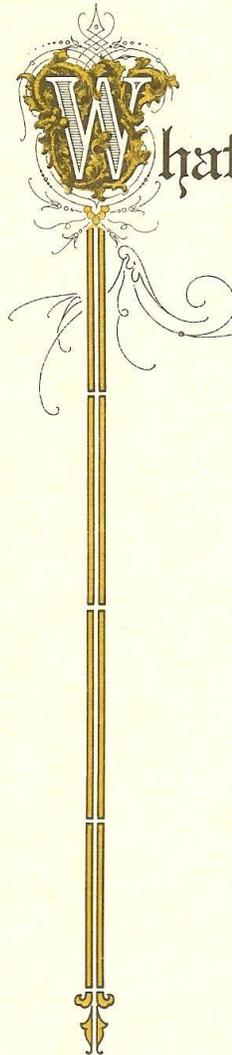
Amen.





*How many of us ever stop to think
Of music as a wondrous magic link
With God; taking sometimes the place of prayer,
When words have failed us 'neath the weight
of care?
Music, that knows no country, race or creed;
But gives to each according to his need.*



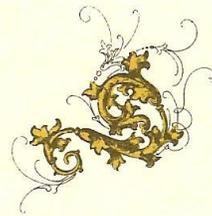


What God Hath Promised

*God hath not promised
Skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways
All our lives through;
God hath not promised
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow
Peace without pain.*

*But God hath promised
Strength for the day,
Rest for the labor,
Light for the way,
Grace for the trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy,
Undying love.*

—Annie Johnson Flint



Bearers

SHAJI THOMAS

Name

25693 SALAM CT ROSEVILLE MI 48066

Garry Bookwalter

Name

4780 DREON CT STERLING 4830

DAVID COCK

Name

7850 Carpenter Utica 48317

TED KAMINSKI

Name

45327 UTICA GREEN E UTICA 48317

Richard Valleria

Name

14980 24 mile RD UTICA 48035

MICHAEL BENDER

Name

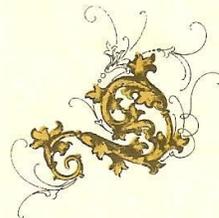
DOUG BENDER

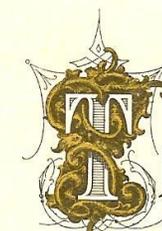
Name

Name

*“Now the labourer’s task is over;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.”*

—John Ellerton





They Softly Walk

*They are not gone who pass
Beyond the clasp of hand,
Out from the strong embrace.
They are but come so close
We need not grope with hands,
Nor look to see, nor try
To catch the sound of feet.
They have put off their shoes
Softly to walk by day
Within our thoughts, to tread
At night our dream-led paths
Of sleep.*

*They are not lost who find
The sunset gate, the goal
Of all their faithful years.
Not lost are they who reach
The summit of their climb,
The peak above the clouds
And storms. They are not lost
Who find the light of sun
And stars and God.
They are not dead who live
In hearts they leave behind.
In those whom they have blessed
They live a life again,
And shall live through the years
Eternal life, and grow
Each day more beautiful
As time declares their good,
Forgets the rest, and proves
Their immortality.*

—Hugh Robert Orr





*I cannot think of them as dead,
Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of life I tread—
They have but gone before.*

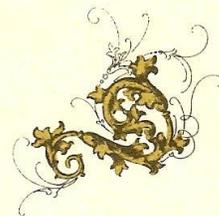
*The Father's House is mansioned fair,
Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are His, and here or there
Are living unto Him.*

*And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me,
And met me face to face.*

*Their lives are made forever mine;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.*

*Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to love to keep
Its own eternally.*

—Frederick L. Hosmer





No One In Sorrow

*Let me come in where you are weeping, friend,
And let me take your hand.*

*I, who have known a sorrow such as yours,
Can understand.*

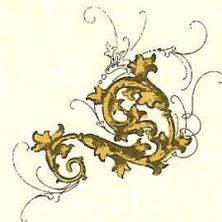
*Let me come in — I would be very still
Beside you in your grief;*

*I would not bid you cease your weeping, friend,
Tears bring relief.*

*Let me come in — I would only breathe a prayer,
And hold your hand,*

*For I have known a sorrow such as yours,
And understand.*

—Grace Noll Crowell





Relatives and Friends

Name Nancy Parsian St. Lawrence

Address _____ Zip Code _____

Name Sister Janet

Address St. Lawrence Church Zip Code _____

Name Barbara Hughes

Address 8826 Janis - Utica Zip Code 48317

Name Steve Feldman

Address 33533 W Twelve Mi - Farmington Hills Zip Code 48331

Name Sharon Lorey

Address 4691 Cribbins Kenosha, Wisc. Zip Code 48006

Name Leo & Shirley Burlinger

Address 5577 Writen Pl. Utica Mich Zip Code 48317

Name Helen Kent

Address Box 180142 UTICA Zip Code 48318

Name Edna Smith

Address 8288 Hahn Utica Zip Code 48317

Name Marlene Kaminski

Address 45327 Utica Gr East Zip Code 48317

Name Sister Mary Deelan, O.P.

Address St Lawrence Convent
7026 Greeley St
Utica, Mi. Zip Code 48317

Name Sister Marie Elizabeth Babity

Address 7026 Greeley Utica, mi Zip Code 48317





Relatives and Friends

Name Brian Benning
Address 45210 Keding #164 Utica Zip Code 48317

Name GARRY BOOKWALTER
Address 4780 DREON CT STERLING HEIGHTS Zip Code 48310

Name Mrs L. Potts
Address 45095 Platt Zip Code 48317

Name Walter Mich
Address _____ Zip Code _____

Name Laura Wheeler
Address 11349 Erdmann St. Hgts. Zip Code 48314

Name Linda Heloki
Address 44096 Utica rd, Utica Zip Code 48317

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Address 25693 SALAM CT ROSEVILLE MI-2 Zip Code 48016

Name Valena Dorso
Address 542 Georgian Ct. Troy Zip Code 48098

Name Blanche Sells
Address 39450 Kingsbury Sterling Hgts Zip Code 48313

Name Lvelyn Schmiedt
Address P.O. Box 180275 - Utica Zip Code 48318

Name Rosemary Le Grand
Address 21056 Dean Warren Mich Zip Code 48091





Relatives and Friends

Name Margaret Couch

Address 7850 Cypress Zip Code 48319

Name Dani Muehlisen

Address 48548 Roma Valley B-60 Zip Code 48317

Name Cindy Jones

Address 18302 Manorwood Ln Zip Code 48038

Name Peggy Allagreen

Address 7700 Smiley Shelby Twp Zip Code 48316

Name Brenda Horn

Address 12187 Strawberry Zip Code 48313

Name Brandy Harris

Address 11124 Paige Avenue Warren MI Zip Code 48089

Name Elizabeth Kerchner

Address 45155 Brannell, Utica, MI Zip Code 48317

Name Mr. + Mrs. Doug Bender

Address 15424 STAMFORD, LIVONIA Zip Code 48154

Name MAKILYN & MICHAEL BENDER

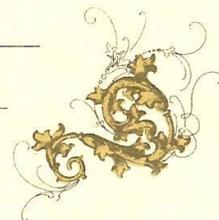
Address 7312 MOHANSIC BLOOMFIELD HILLS Zip Code 48301

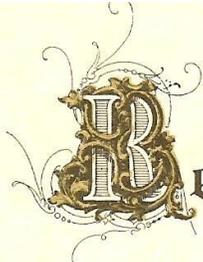
Name ANN KAY

Address 45276 BROWNELL, UTICA Zip Code 48317

Name Marie Bender

Address _____ Zip Code _____





Relatives and Friends

Name _____

Address _____ Zip Code _____

Name Miriam Zalew

Address 174 W Meador Zip Code 48203

Name Det. F. Mich H 820

Address _____ Zip Code _____

Name David Couch

Address 7830 CARPENTER ^{UTICA} Zip Code 48317

Name MARLENE KAMINSKI, TED KAMINSKI

Address 45327 UTICA GREEN E. Zip Code 48317

Name GARY BANISH

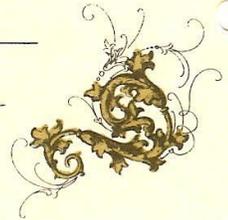
Address 2566 GRETCHEN CT W. BLM., MI Zip Code 48324

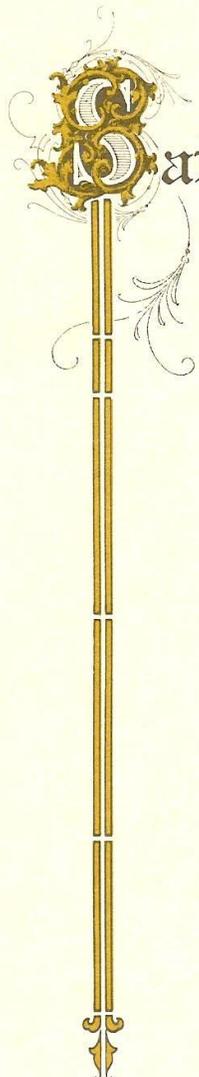
Name Rudi, Dinora, Christopher Pitz

Address 4113 CHRIS STERL HTS Zip Code 48310

Name _____

Address _____ Zip Code _____





Safely Home

*I am home in heaven, dear ones;
All's so happy, all's so bright!
There's perfect joy and beauty
In this everlasting light.*

*All the pain and grief are over,
Every restless tossing passed;
I am now at peace forever,
Safely home in heaven at last.*

*Did you wonder I so calmly
Trode the Valley of the Shade?
Oh, but Jesus' love illumined
Every dark and fearful glade!*

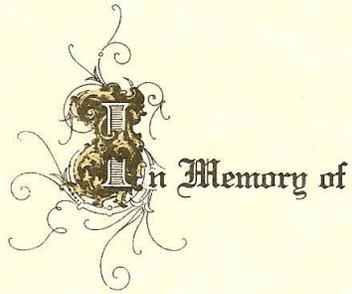
*And He came Himself to meet me
On the way so hard to tread;
And with Jesus' arm to lean on,
Could I have one doubt or dread?*

*Then you must not grieve so sorely,
For I love you dearly still:
Try to look beyond earth's shadows,
Pray to trust our Father's will.*

*There is work still waiting for you,
So you must not idle stand;
Do your work while life remaineth—
You shall rest in Jesus' land.*

*When that work is all completed,
He will gently call you home;
Oh, the rapture of the meeting!
Oh, the joy to see you come!*





WERNER WILHELM

Mass of Christian Burial

St. Lawrence Catholic Church

44633 Utica Road

Day of Service

Saturday, January 16, 1993

Time

Funeral Home - 9:30 AM

St. Lawrence - 10:00 AM

Clergy

Fr. Bogdan Milosz

Rosary or Vigil Service

Rosary Friday Evening

7 PM

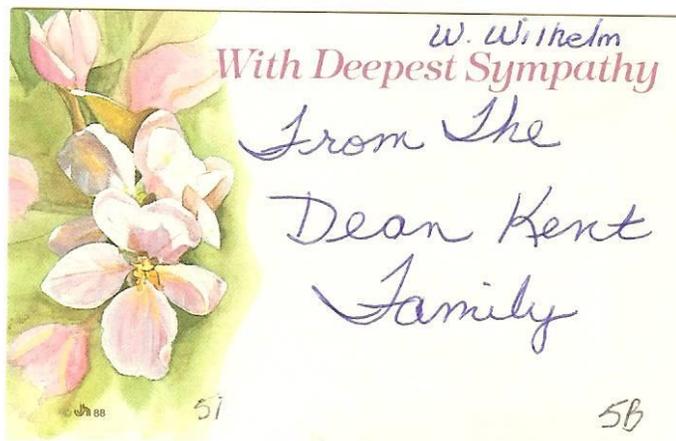
Place of Interment

Mr. Wilhelm

With Deepest Sympathy

Ann Kay

66



Mr. Wilhelm

With

Sincere Sympathy from
Edna Smith
Blanche Sells

7A

WARRANTY

**75 YEAR
INSURED
WARRANTY
CERTIFICATE**

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Telephone 812/934-7500

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This Warranty gives you specific legal rights, and you may also have other rights which vary from state to state.

BATESVILLE CASKET COMPANY, INC., Batesville, Indiana ("Batesville") hereby warrants, to the licensed funeral director who purchases this casket and to any purchaser, for interment, of the casket from him:

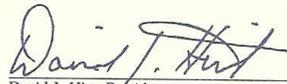
That upon completion of, and immediately before the shipment of this casket, it successfully passed the vacuum test devised by Batesville to assure that, at the time of shipment, it was completely resistant to the entrance of air and water, and,

That upon notice to it, Batesville will within ten days replace this casket with one of similar value if, at any time within 75 years, it has failed in any way to resist the entrance of air, water or any element found in the soil in which it is interred provided that this casket was purchased from and interred under the supervision of a licensed funeral director, and further provided an opportunity is afforded for examination of the casket by Batesville representatives and/or impartial experts designated by it.

Batesville shall not be responsible for any consequential damages arising out of any breach of this express Warranty or of any warranties implied by law. Some states do not allow the exclusion or limitation of incidental or consequential damages, so the above limitation may not apply to you. The purchaser's remedy shall be strictly limited to replacement of the casket as stated in the preceding paragraph.

This Warranty shall be void in the event the casket is not properly sealed prior to interment or if the integrity of the casket structure is compromised through improper handling. Batesville employees or representatives are not authorized to change this Warranty in any way or grant any other warranty.

Batesville's performance of this Warranty has been insured and guaranteed under a surety bond No. 2763998 issued by SAFECO Insurance Company of America for the entire warranty period after purchase in an amount equal to the market value of the casket at the time of disinterment, but not to exceed \$10,000.00.



David J. Hirt, President
Batesville Casket Company, Inc.

Wm. Sullivan & Son Funeral Home
FUNERAL HOME
Utica, Michigan 48317
CITY, STATE, ZIP

Werner Wilhelm
NAME OF DECEASED
January 11, 1993
DATE OF PURCHASE



WERNER WILHELM, M.S.

Born 16 Jan. 1928

Grossobringen, Germany

Died 11 Jan. 1993

Utica, Michigan

Rite at the Church Entrance

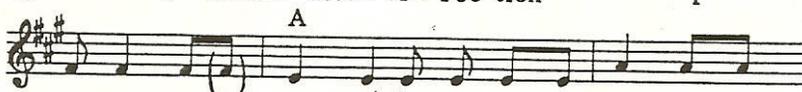
During the entrance procession a hymn may be sung (see pages 56-64). The priest venerates the altar and goes to his chair. The penitential rite is omitted, and the priest sings or says one of the prayers on page 7.

1. I WILL RAISE HIM UP

Org. Acc. 433 (465)



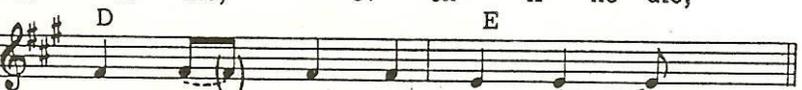
1. I am the Bread of life. He who comes to
2. The bread that I will give is my flesh for
3. Un - less you eat of the flesh of
4. For my flesh is food in - deed, and my blood is
5. As the liv - ing Fa - ther sent me, and as I live be -
6. I am the Res - ur - rec - tion I



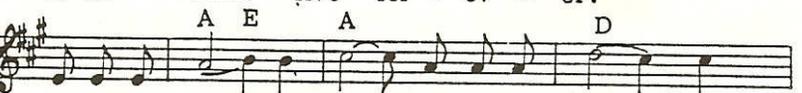
1. me shall not hun - ger; he who be - lies in me
2. the life of the world, and he who eats
3. the Son of Man and drink
4. drink in - deed. He who eats
5. cause of the Fa - ther, so he
6. am the life. He who be - lies



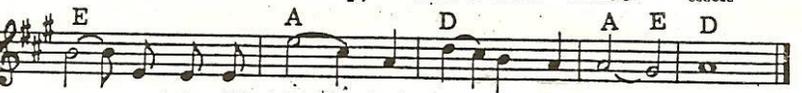
1. shall not thirst. No one can come to me un -
2. of this bread, he shall live for - ev - er,
3. of his blood, and drink of his blood, you
4. of my flesh and drinks of my blood a -
5. who eats me shall live be - cause of me, shall
6. in me, ev - en if he die,



1. less the Fa - ther draw him.
2. He shall live for - ev - er.
3. shall not have life with - in you.
4. bides in me.
5. live be - cause of me.
6. He shall live for - ev - er.



And I will raise him up, and I will raise him



up, and I will raise him up on the last day.

WERNER WILHELM'S RITE
AT THE CHURCH ENTRANCE

GREETING:

Priest: The Lord be with you.

People: And also with you.

Priest: Praised be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all consolation! He comforts us in all our afflictions, and thus enables us to comfort those who are in trouble, with the same consolation we have received from Him.

People: Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

(The Priest may then sprinkle the body with Holy Water saying these words:)

Priest: I will bless the body of WERNER with the holy water that recalls his baptism of which St. Paul writes: All of us who were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into His death. By baptism into His death we were buried together with him, so that just as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, we too might live a new life. For if we have been united with Him by likeness to His death, so shall we be united with Him by likeness to His resurrection.

(A white pall, in remembrance of WERNER'S baptismal garment, may now be placed on the coffin, and the Priest will now say:)

On the day of His baptism, WERNER put on Christ. In the day of Christ's coming, may he be clothed in glory.

2

DAILY MASS FOR THE DEAD

STAND

Introductory Prayers

ENTRANCE ANTIPHON

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.

Priest: In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.

People: Amen

GREETING:

Priest: The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you all.

People: And also with you.

PENITENTIAL RITE

Priest: Friends in Christ, to prepare ourselves to celebrate the sacred mysteries, let us call to mind our sins.

Priest & I confess to almighty God, and to
People: you my brothers and sisters, that
I have sinned through my own fault,
in my thoughts and in my words, in what I
have done and what I have failed to do; and I
ask the Blessed Mary ever Virgin, all the
angels and saints, and you, my brothers and
sisters, to pray for me to the Lord our God.

Priest: Lord, we have sinned against you:
Lord have mercy.

People: Lord have mercy.

Priest: you plead for us at the right hand
of the father, Lord have mercy.

People: Lord have mercy.

Priest: May Almighty God have mercy on us,
forgive us our sins, and bring us to ever-
lasting life.

People: Amen

KYRIE

Lord have mercy.	Lord have mercy
Christ have mercy	Christ have mercy
Lord have mercy	Lord have mercy

OPENING PRAYER

Priest: Let us pray.
Lord God, you are the glory of believers and
the life of the just. Your son redeemed us
by dying and rising to life again. May our
brother WERNER share in this mystery: as he
has gone to his rest believing in Jesus, may
he come through Him to the joy of the resur-
rection. We ask you this through Christ our
Lord.

People: Amen
SIT

LITURGY OF THE WORD

FIRST READING

A reading from the book of Wisdom.

The souls of the just are in the hand of God,
and no torment shall touch them.
They seemed, in the view of the foolish, to
be dead; and their passing away was thought
an affliction and their going forth from us,
utter destruction.

But they are in peace. For if before men,
indeed they be punished, yet is their hope
ful of immortality; Chastised a little, they
shall be greatly blessed, because God tried

them and found them worthy of Himself. As gold in the furnace, He proved them, and as sacrificial offerings, He took them to Himself. In the time of their visitation they shall shine, and shall dart about as sparks through stubble; they shall judge nations and rule over peoples, and the Lord shall be their King forever. Those who trust in Him shall understand the truth, and the faithful one shall abide with Him in love; Because grace and mercy are with His holy ones, and His care is with His elect.

This is the word of God.

People: Thanks be to God

RESPONSORIAL PSALM

THE 23RD PSALM

(This is the Psalm that was used at every major religious occasion of Werner's life. It was said at his baptism, at his Confirmation, and now at his funeral. Werner also used this Psalm when he buried his beloved "Bears". This Psalm had a very deep meaning for him. He also wanted to use this Psalm at his wedding but the booklet was already written, but he was really upset that it wasn't included as part of his wedding ceremony.)

Priest: Though I walk in the valley of darkness, I fear no evil, for You are with me.

People: Though I walk in the valley of darkness, I fear no evil, for You are with me.

Priest: The Lord is my Shepherd;
I shall not want.

In verdant pastures he gives me repose;
Beside restful waters He leads me;
He refreshes my soul.

People: Though I walk in the valley of darkness, I fear no evil, for You are with me.

Priest: He guides me in right paths For His name's sake. Even though I walk in the dark

valley I fear no evil, for You are at my side
With Your rod and Your staff You give me
courage.

People: Though I walk in the valley of dark-
ness, I fear no evil, for You are with me.

Priest: You spread the table before me in the
sight of my foes;

You annoint my head with oil; my cup
overflows.

People: Though I walk in the valley of dark-
ness, I fear no evil, for You are with me.

Priest: Only goodness and kindness follow me
all the days of my life;

And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord
for years to come.

People: Though I walk in the valley of dark-
ness, I fear no evil, for You are with me.

SECOND READING

A reading from the letter of Paul to the
Romans Rom. 6:3-9

Are you not aware that we who were baptized
into Christ Jesus were baptized into His
death? Through baptism into his death we
were buried with Him, so that, just as Christ
was raised from the dead by the glory of God
the Father, we too might live a new life.

If we have been united with Him through like-
ness to His death, so shall we be through a
like resurrection. This we know: our old
self was crucified with Him through likeness
to His death, so shall we be through a like
resurrection. This we know: our old self
was crucified with Him so that the sinful
body might be destroyed and we might be
slaves to sin no longer. A man who is dead
has been freed from sin. If we have died
with Christ, we believe that we are also to
live with Him. We know that Christ, once
raised from the dead, will never die again;
death has no more power over Him.

This is the word of the Lord

All: Thanks be to God.

STAND
ALLELUIA

Priest: Alleluia
People: Alleluia
Priest: I am the resurrection and the life,
said the Lord: He who believes in Me will
not die forever.
People: Alleluia.

GOSPEL
Priest: The Lord be with you.
People: And also with you.

Priest: A reading from the holy gospel
according to John. John 14:1-6
People: Glory to you, Lord.

Jesus said to His Disciples: "Do not let
your hearts be troubled. Have faith in God
and faith in Me. In my Father's house there
are many dwelling places; otherwise, how
could I have told you that I was going to
prepare a place for you? I am indeed going
to prepare a place for you, and then I shall
come back to take you with Me, that where I
am you also may be. You know the way that
leads where I go."

Lord, said Thomas, "we do not know where You
are going. How can we know the way?" Jesus
told him: I am the Way the Truth and the
Life; no one comes to the Father except
through Me." This is the Gospel of
the Lord.

People: Praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ.

STAND
PRAYER OF THE FAITHFUL

Priest: God, the Almighty Father, raised

Christ His Son from the dead; with confidence we ask Him to save His people, living and dead.

Our brother WERNER was given the promise of eternal life in baptism; Lord, give him communion with your saints forever.

People: Lord hear our prayer.

WERNER ate the bread of eternal life, the body of Christ; raise him up, Lord, at the last day.

People: Lord hear our prayer.

We pray for our brothers and sisters, our relatives, for all who were close to us and good to us; Lord, give them the reward of their goodness.

People: Lord hear our prayer.

We pray for all who have died in the hope of rising again; welcome them, Lord, into the light of your presence.

People: Lord hear our prayer.

We pray for all who have gathered here to worship in faith; Lord, make us one in Your Kingdom.

People: Lord hear our prayer.

Priest: Lord, hear our prayers for our dead brothers and sisters; forgive them their sins, and bring them to the fullness of your salvation. We ask this through Christ our Lord.

All: Amen.

LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST

SIT

OFFERATORY SONG

We will now sing: Praise to the Lord, the Almighty. This song was played & sung by Werner's grandmother, Rosa Wilhelm, at every major family feast or gathering, such as birthdays, funerals, etc.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING
 Praise to the Lord 175

J. Neander, d. 1680

Tr. C. Winkworth, d. 1878, alt.

Stralsund Gesangbuch, 1665



1. Praise to the Lord, the Al-might-y, the
2. Praise to the Lord, who doth pros-per thy
3. Praise to the Lord, O let all that is



1. King of cre - a - tion: O my soul,
2. work and de - fend thee; Sure - ly his
3. in me a - dore him! All that has



1. praise him, for he is thy health and sal - va - tion.
2. good-ness and mer - cy shall dai - ly at - tend thee.
3. life and breath come now in prais-es be - fore him!



1. All ye who hear, Now to his al - tar draw
2. Pon - der a - new What the Al-might-y can
3. Let the A - men Sound from his peo - ple a -



1. near, Join - ing in glad ad - o - ra - tion.
2. do, Who with his love doth be - friend thee.
3. gain: Now as we wor - ship be - fore him.

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Priest: Blessed are you, Lord, God of all creation. Through your goodness we have this bread to offer, which earth has given and human hands have made. It will become for us the bread of life.

People: Blessed be God forever.

Priest: By the mystery of this water and wine may we come to share in the divinity of Christ, who humbled himself to share in our humanity.

Priest: Blessed are you, Lord, God of all creation. Through your goodness we have this wine to offer, fruit of the vine and work of human hands. It will become our spiritual drink.

People: Blessed be God forever.

Priest: Lord God, we ask you to receive us and be pleased with the sacrifice we offer you with humble and contrite hearts.

Priest: Lord, wash away my iniquity; cleanse me from my sin.

INVITATION TO PRAYER

Priest: Pray, brethren, that our sacrifice may be acceptable to God, the almighty Father.

People: May the Lord accept the sacrifice at Your hands for the praise and glory of His name, for our good, and the good of all His Church.

STAND

Prayer over the Gifts

Lord, receive the gifts we offer for the salvation of WERNER. May Christ be merciful

in judging our brother WERNER for he believed
in Christ as His Lord and Savior.
We ask this through Christ our Lord.

People: Amen

EUCCHARISTIC PRAYER

Priest: The Lord be with you.

People: And also with you.

Priest: Lift up your hearts.

People: We lift them up to the Lord.

Priest: Let us give thanks to the Lord our
God.

People: It is right to give Him thanks and
praise.

PREFACE OF THE DEAD

Father, all-powerful and ever-living God, we
do well always and everywhere to give You
thanks through Jesus Christ our Lord.

In Him, who rose from the dead, our hope of
resurrection dawned.

The sadness of death gives way to the bright
promise of immortality.

Lord, for your faithful people life is
changed, not ended.

When the body of our earthly dwelling lies in
death we gain an everlasting dwelling place
in heaven.

And so, with all the choirs of angels in
Heaven we proclaim your glory and join in
their unending hymn of praise:

SANCTUS

//

6. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD

Choir Org. Acc. 317

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, God of power -
 and might, heav - en and earth are full of your glo -
 ry. Ho - san - na — in the high - est. — Bless - ed is
 he who comes in the name of the Lord. — Ho -
 san - na — in the high - est. —

EUCHARISTIC PRAYER II

Priest: Lord, You are holy indeed, the fountain of all holiness.

Let Your Spirit come upon these gifts to make them holy, so that they may become for us the body and blood of our Lord, Jesus Christ. Before He was given up to death, a death He freely accepted, He took bread and gave You thanks.

He broke the bread, gave it to His disciples and said:

CONSECRATION

Priest: Take this, all of you, and eat it: This is My body which will be given up for you.

When supper was ended, He took the cup. Again He gave you thanks and praise, gave the cup to His disciples, and said:

Take this, all of you, and drink from it: this is the cup of My Blood, the Blood of the new and everlasting covenant. It will be

shed for you and for all men so that sins may be forgiven.

Do this in memory of me.

Priest: Let us proclaim the mystery of faith:

People: When we eat this bread and drink this cup, we proclaim your death, Lord Jesus, until You come in glory.

Priest: In memory of His death and resurrection, we offer You, Father, this life giving bread, this saving cup. We thank you for counting us worthy to stand in your presence and serve you.

May all of us who share in the Body and Blood of Christ be brought together in unity by the Holy Spirit.

Lord, remember your Church throughout the world; make us grow in love, together with John Paul our Pope, our bishop, and all the clergy.

Remember WERNER whom you have called from this life. In baptism he died with Christ: me he also share His resurrection.

Remember our brothers and sisters who have gone to their rest in the hope of rising again, especially WERNER'S parents Dr. Werner and Martha, bring them and all the departed into the light of your presence. Have mercy on us all; make us worthy to share eternal life with Mary, the virgin mother of God, with the Apostles, and with all the saints who have done your will throughout the ages. May we praise you in union with them, and give you glory through your Son, Jesus Christ.

Priest: Through Him, with Him and in Him,

in the unity of the Holy Spirit, all glory and honor is your, almighty Father, forever and ever.

People: Amen
STAND
COMMUNION RITE

Lord's Prayer

Priest: Let us pray with confidence to the Father in the words our Savior gave us:

Priest & Our Father, who art in Heaven,
People hallowed be Thy Name; Thy
Kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it
is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily
bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we
forgive those who trespass against us; and
lead us not into temptation, but deliver us
from evil.

Priest: Deliver us, Lord, from every evil,
and grant us peace in our day. In your mercy
keep us free from sin and protect us from all
anxiety as we wait in joyful hope for the
coming of our Savior, Jesus Christ.

People: For the Kingdom, the power and the
glory are Yours, now and forever.

SIGN OF PEACE

Priest: Lord Jesus Christ, You said to your
Apostles: I leave you peace, my peace I give
you. Look not on our sins, but on the faith
of your Church, and grant us the peace and
unity of Your Kingdom where You live forever
and ever.

People: Amen

Priest: The peace of the Lord be with you

always.

People: And also with you.

Priest: Let us offer each other the sign of peace. (The people now shake hands with those on both sides, in front of and in back of them.)

BREAKING OF THE BREAD

Priest: May this mingling of the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ bring eternal life to us who receive it.

7. LAMB OF GOD

Choir Org. Acc. 318

Lamb — of God, — you take a - way the sins
All
of the world: have mer - cy on us. Lamb — of
God, — you take a - way the sins of the world:
have mer - cy on us. Lamb — of God, — you
All
take a - way the sins of the world: grant-us- peace.

COMMUNION

Priest: Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, by the will of the Father and the work of the Holy Spirit your death brought life to the world.

By Your holy body and blood free me from all my sins and from every evil.

Keep me faithful to your teaching, and never let me be parted from You.

Priest: This is the Lamb of God who takes

away the sins of the world. Happy are those
who are called to His supper.

Priest & Lord, I am not worthy to
People receive You, but only say
the word and I shall be
healed.

Priest: May the Body of Christ bring me to
everlasting life.
May the Blood of Christ bring me to everlas-
ting life.

THE PRIEST NOW DISTRIBUTES COMMUNION TO THE
PEOPLE.

Priest: The body of Christ.
People: Amen.

COMMUNION SONG

We will now sing The Old Rugged Cross, a
favorite hymn of WERNER that he sang at his
wedding 4 1/2 months ago. This song brought
tears to his eyes as he sang it.

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who are called to His supper.

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JESUS CHRIST THE SON

93

The Old Rugged Cross

OLD RUGGED CROSS. Irregular with Refrain

GEORGE BENNARD, 1873-

GEORGE BENNARD, 1873-

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
 2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross so de-spised by the world, Has a won-drous at-
 3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won - drous
 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re-

suf - fer-ing und shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
 trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
 beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf - fer-ed and died,
 proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,

REFRAIN
 For a world of lost sin - ners was slain.
 To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
 To par-don and sanc - ti - fy me. cross, the
 Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.

cross Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rug-ged cross,

old rug-ged cross, And ex-change it some day for a crown.
 cross, the old rug-ged cross,

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STAND
PRAYER AFTER COMMUNION

Priest: Let us pray.
Lord God, Your Son Jesus Christ gave us the sacrament of His Body and Blood to guide us on our pilgrim way to Your Kingdom. May our brother WERNER, who shared in this Eucharist, come to the banquet of life Christ has prepared for us.
We ask this through Christ our Lord.

People: Amen

BLESSING

Priest: The Lord be with you.
People: And also with you.

Priest: May Almighty God bless you, the Father, and the Son and the Holy Spirit.
People: Amen.

DISMISSAL

Priest: Go in peace to love & serve the Lord.
People: Thanks be to God.

Recessional Song will be the one that WERNER most enjoyed singing and used at his wedding in August, HOW GREAT THOU ART.

32 How Great Thou Art

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised. Psa. 48:1

Carl Boberg, c. 1885
Trans. by Stuart K. Hine, 1949

O STORE GUD 11 10 11 10 Ref.
Swedish Folk melody
Arr. by Stuart K. Hine, 1949

1. O Lord my God, when I in awe - some won - der Con - sid - er
 2. When thro' the woods and for - est glades I wan - der And hear the
 3. And when I think that God, His Son not spar - ing, Sent Him to
 4. When Christ shall come with shout of ac - cla - ma - tion And take me

all the worlds Thy hands have made, I see the stars, I hear the roll - ing
 birds sing sweet - ly in the trees, When I look down from loft - y' moun - tain
 die, I scarce can take it in, That on the cross, my bur - den glad - ly
 home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in hum - ble ad - o -

Refrain

thun - der, Thy pow'r thro' - out the u - ni - verse dis - played.
 gran - deur, And hear the brook and feel the gen - tle breeze. Then sings my
 bear - ing, He bled and died to take a - way my sin.
 ra - tion, And there pro - claim, my God, how great Thou art.

soul, my Sav - ior God, to Thee; How great Thou art, how great Thou art! Then sings my

soul, my Sav - ior God, to Thee: How great Thou art, how great Thou art!

*Translator's original words are "works" and "mighty."
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FINAL COMMENDATION & FAREWELL

Priest: May the angels lead you into Paradise; may the martyrs come to welcome you and take you to the holy city, the new and eternal Jerusalem.

Priest: Our brother WERNER has gone to his rest in the peace of Christ. With faith and hope in eternal life, let us commend him to the loving mercy of our Father, and assist him with our prayers. He became God's son through baptism and was often fed at the table of our Lord. May the Lord now welcome him to the table of God's children in heaven, and, with all the saints, may he inherit the promise of eternal life.

Let us also pray to the Lord for ourselves. May we who mourn be reunited one day with our brother WERNER. Together may we meet Christ Jesus when He, who is our life, shall appear in His glory.

SONG OF FAREWELL

Priest: Saints of God, come to WERNER'S aid!
Come to meet him, angels of the Lord!

People: receive WERNER'S soul and present him to God, the Most High.

Priest: WERNER, may Christ, who called you, take you to Himself; may Angels lead you to Abraham's side.

People: Receive WERNER'S soul and present him to God the Most High.

Priest: Father, into Your hands we commend our brother WERNER. We are confident that with all who have died in Christ he will be raised to life on the last day and live with Christ forever. We thank you for all the abundant blessings you gave him in this life

to show your fatherly care for all of us and the fellowship which is ours with the saints in Jesus Christ.

Lord, hear our prayer: welcome our brother WERNER to Paradise and help us to comfort each other with the assurance of our faith until we all meet in Christ to be with you and with WERNER forever. We ask this through Christ our Lord.

People: Amen,

Priest: I am the resurrection and the life. The man who believes in Me will live even if he dies, and every living person who puts faith in me will never suffer eternal death.

PROCESSION TO THE CEMETERY

AT THE MAUSOLEUM

Priest: Let us pray. Lord Jesus Christ, by the 3 days You lay in the tomb You made holy the graves of all who believe in you; and even though their bodies lie in the earth, they trust that they, like You, will rise again.

Give our brother WERNER peaceful rest in this grave, until that day when you, the resurrection and the life, will raise WERNER up in glory. Then may he see the light of Your presence, Lord Jesus, in the Kingdom where you live for ever and ever.

People: Amen

Priest: Let us pray for our brother WERNER to our Lord Jesus Christ, who said:
"I am the Resurrection and the life. The man who believes in Me will live even if he dies, and every living person who puts faith in me will never suffer eternal death."

Lord, you wept at the death of Lazarus, your friend: comfort us in our sorrow.

We ask this in faith.

People: Lord, hear our prayer.

Priest: You raise the dead to life: give our brother WERNER eternal life. We ask this in faith.

People: Lord, hear our prayer.

Priest: You promised Paradise to the thief who repented: bring our brother WERNER to the joys of heaven. We ask this in faith.

People: Lord, hear our prayer.

Priest: Our brother WERNER was washed clean in baptism and anointed with the oil of salvation: give him fellowship with all your saints. We ask this in faith.

People: Lord, hear our prayer.

Priest: WERNER was nourished with Your Body and Blood: grant him a place at the table in Your Heavenly Kingdom. We ask this in faith.

People: Lord, hear our prayer.

Priest: Almighty God, through the death of your SON on the cross, you have overcome death for us. Through his burial and resurrection from the dead You have made the grave a holy place and restored to us eternal life. We pray for those who died believing in Jesus and are buried with Him in the hope of rising again. God of the living and the dead, may those who faithfully believed in you on earth praise you forever in the joy of heaven. We ask this through Christ our Lord.

People: Amen.

Priest: Give WERNER eternal rest, O Lord,

People: and may Your light shine on him forever.

Priest: Since almighty God has called our brother WERNER from this life to Himself, we commit his body to the earth from which it was made.

Christ was the first to rise from the dead, and we know that he will rise up our mortal bodies to be like His in glory.

We commend our brother WERNER to the Lord: may the Lord receive him into His peace and raise up His body on the last day.

A SHORT BIOGRAPHY OF WERNER WILHELM. M.S.

When I thought back over the many years of Werner Wilhelm's life, I tried to think of what was his single most important accomplishment, and immediately this thought came to mind - that he provided a safe, comfortable, caring place for thousands of people to spend the last days of their life. All Mr's nursing homes and retirement centers had one thing in common, a warm, caring family environment. Residents, staff, and resident's and staff's family were all part of this family. His employees had a smile on their face and a kind word for their residents and fellow workers. And Mr. fiercely protected his staff from unfriendly out-siders such as bill collectors, irate boyfriends, etc. Many a time he answered the phone in the middle of the night, then pulled on his trousers and bailed an employee out of the local jail. Other times Mr. gave hundreds of dollars to workers for their sick children, and once even rushed mother and child to U of M hospital and gave the mother \$400 living expense money so she could remain with her child. And Mr's interest free loan company was well known to all his employees - anyone was instantly good for an immediate loan from Mr's own pocket for up to \$400, depending upon the need. He even gave his long term maintenance man Charlie the down payment of several thou-

sand dollars so he could buy a home he had his heart set on.

What was Mr. Wilhelm? He was a stern father figure to all of us. He kept us in line. He was also a lenient father, he very seldom fired anyone, and if they were fired it was due to loyalty or honesty problems where their continued employment would be detrimental to the good of the nursing home. He was brutally honest, and as his good friend Marvin Stadler said, Mr. told you right to your face and bluntly what your deficiencies were and no one really likes that, but as you go through life and experience others who are your friends to your face and stab you in the back, then you come to appreciate Mr's blunt but honest to your face friendship.

Mr. Wilhelm was a big Teddy Bear at heart despite his sometime gruff exterior facade. There were days when Mr. got so off the wall with his hollering and carrying on that just when we were about to do great bodily harm less than murder, he would catch on that he had overstepped his boundaries, then he would turn on his charm and we would all feel guilty and wonder why anyone ever wanted to hurt that dear man!

Mr. loved a circus, and if one wasn't going on at WIL MAR, he'd create one. Life was always very colorful when he was around.

Utica City Hall will certainly never forget him! Their ears are still ringing over his

colorful 4 letter words at Council meetings when Bourland and Cross were threatening WILMAR'S well being. And of course no one will forget when Mr. ran for office. We still laugh over his crazy off the wall campaign material. One politician asked him, you're not seriously running for office, are you? You're just trying to tick off City Hall, right? And remember election day when Mr. wore the Viking hat with the wide horns on top which he used to string his WILHELM-BENDER bumper sticker across the top of the hat? And remember that same hat with DAVE JAYE'S bumper sticker and the big Bear feet that he wore to Dave's victory parties? Remember on his election day when he roasted hot dogs, hamburgers and steaks outside the polling place, and passed them out to voters while wearing his Viking Hat? And remember the musical bullhorn he had that day that he made good use of? Remember him in the courtroom when he made his comments to the enemy when they were on the stand? When he said out loud, "Damn liar!" "Like hell!" Remember when the judge threw him out when she had enough of his asides? Remember when he grumbled on the way out of the courtroom, "I thought this was America and that we had freedom of speech rights here. This courtroom is worse than Nazi Germany. At least they let you have your say." And of course it was so much fun to hear Mr's lawyer tell the

judge that "he saw her favorite person today, Mr. Wilhelm!" That would get the judge all worked up and out of sorts for days. She told the lawyer that she never forgave him for bringing that man into her courtroom! And remember when Judge Jansen came out to WILMAR and told the lawyer, referring to Mr. Wilhelm, "I like that old codger, he stands up for what he believes in!" Mr. Wilhelm had a very rough childhood. He was the poor little rich boy in many ways. His father was a brilliant doctor of medicine who graduated from medical school with highest honors, "primus Omnium". But his father, being so brilliant, had no patience whatsoever with people less intelligent than himself. So poor Mr. was constantly in trouble due to less than perfect grades in school. Oh, little Werner, his mother would beg him, please learn this, cause if you flunk you know that daddy is going to beat both of us! And beat both of them he did. The whole village said they could hear both of them screaming when Vati pulled his belt off after seeing a poor report card. When Mr. was confirmed at age 14 his father was so disgusted with Mr's progress in school he asked Werner's rich Uncle Otto would Otto teach him farming if Werner's father pulled him out of school! Werner went on to medical school in Zurich, Switzerland and then immigrated to Canada and the US and earned a Master's

Degree in Physics. He was a Senior Scientist at the GM Tech Center working on Nuclear Ray Instrumentation. He came to America because his entire way of life was destroyed by the Communists when they confiscated his \$3 Million estate in East Germany in 1945 and threw him, his mother and all land owners in jail for being "an enemy of the people" because they owned over 100 acres of land! Mr did every bit as well as his father, and maybe even better when all is said and done. It was too bad that Werner's father did not live long enough to see just how well Werner had done.

Werner was very devoted to his mama, and loved her dearly. His mama suffered horribly under the Nazis and then the Communists, and her health never recovered from her incarceration under both systems. Everything she owned was flattened in 1945. They bulldozed her mansion flat, and all her family heirlooms and possessions, such as Meissen china, silverware, damask tablecloths, etc were lost. From being a well to do landowner, she dropped to the status of an unemployed person with no possessions. She had to walk 5 miles to get a duck to cook for Werner.

Werner left East Germany in 1948 by jumping across the barbed wire border under gunfire at 4 o'clock in the morning with no possessions other than the suit on his back which got torn on the way across. Mr is a totally

self made man. He had nothing in his pocket in 1945 and he made every nickel by his own hard work, no one gave him anything. He was deeply hurt by his own family when they kept all of the father's inheritance and did not share any of it with him. Why didn't you force them to give you your share, everyone asked him? His reply? - I wanted to see if they loved me enough to share with me - now I know how little I mean to them. The money was not the thing that hurt, Werner said. It was that I feel that they didn't love me. Mr died the same way as his father did. They both had very bad hearts that they nursed along for years. And both of them simply dropped dead on the spot when their heart suddenly stopped. Mr's father was on a window shopping trip with his brother Uncle Kurt and he was standing in front of a jewelry store admiring some china when Kurt suddenly heard a thud and when he turned around, his brother was dead on the pavement. Mr. died the same way. He was at Wil Mar all day, and then when he went home his heart suddenly stopped and he was gone. And so ended a most rich and full life. He died a little too early, but we all have to say that Mr. packed far more into his lifetime than most of us did.

And I'm sure most of us feel the same way about Mr. that his mother felt about his dad, "We miss him so much, and we so wish that he

could be back here hollering at all of us again!"

Mr was very happy for the last month of his life. And he thought of Wil Mar's well being right up to the very last. Mr pumped in an awful lot of his own money so that his old time nursing staff could have a nice holiday check. Mr was planning to take a nice journey this month. He was calling travel agents to see what was available. But the journey that Mr made this month is not in anyone's computer. I asked Mr a little while ago, "If you could be any place in the world at any time, where would you want to be?" And his reply without hesitation was, back home on my estate in Zschippach with my mama. And I am sure that's just where he is today. Having 4 oclock tea with her in the Wintergarten on the south side of the mansion.

However, the trip from Zschippach to Wil Mar is but a short journey and will be one that Mr. will often be making. So when you feel a tension in the air and things suddenly become a circus again, you'll know who's come to visit us!



**Werner Wilhelm was born in
the brown house in the
upper left hand bedroom
Grossobringen Germany**