

Merry Christmas & Happy New Year 2016

y Saludos de la Tierra Encontado

(and Greetings from the Land of Enchantment)



1/10/15 Rio Gallinas

A quiet life was the plan for 2015, but in the words of the immortal Bobby Burns...

*“The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men
Gang aft agley.”*

With the departure of mother Hazel we were left with an extra house to care for—first bountiful rain provided a bountiful field of weeds where there had been a graveled yard then there was snow—and then to sell. The rejoicing of closing the sale on the 17th of February was diminished by the irony of Peter suffering a mild heart attack the following day on our way to see the VA cardiologist and the subsequent call to 911, local ER, ambulance to Albuquerque Heart Hospital, open heart surgery, for Kathryn, the worry and frantic travel twixt Albuquerque, Las Vegas and Santa Fe—Peter just lay there drugged to the eyeballs—and then months of Rehab and doctors. In his own words...

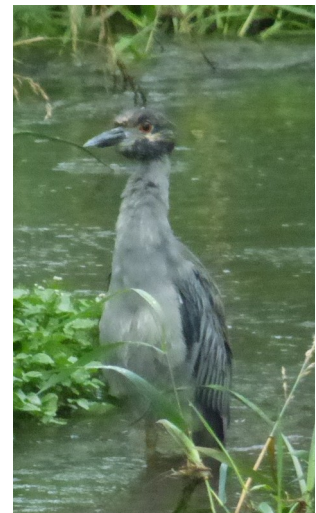
“Actually I guess I am doing ok for someone who had his breast split open, his heart yanked out-oops, that was the Aztecs, Kathryn keeps telling me they left it in and only fixed it with a new valve job.”

As a result of all this we have found a new humbling sense of mortality and a new appreciation and love of life. Now, once more there is a sense of normality to our life.

Kathryn went to Iowa in May to spend time with her mom before Margaret Lenihan passed on at age 96 on Sept. 26th. She also visited with her bothers William and James and stayed with her bother Jim's girl friend Amber.

In July Peter became ambulatory enough to take his favorite walk in Gallinas River Park where he discovered some *rarae aves* for New Mexico, the Yellow-crowned Night-herons which kept him busy for three weeks. You can read all about it on his web-site at:

kayakpeter.net/gallinasJournal/



7/31/15 from the same bridge from which Waits and Jessens said good-bye to Hazel Wait



a guardian Hoodoo

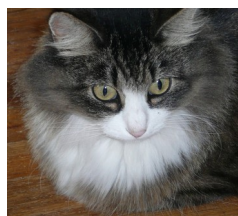
Our good friend Kristin paid us a visit in September and got us moving just for fun. We went raspberry picking and touring to the Pecos National Historical Park; the Ghost Ranch of Georgia O'keeffe fame with the cliffs of Shining Stone, Piedra Lumbre; the Puye Cliffs, an ancestral village of the Santa Clara people; Kasha-Katuwe Tent Rocks National Monument, an area of fantastic rock formations including a slot canyon, tipi shaped rocks and giant hoodoos.

Recently we have acquired a new member to our household. For the last four or five years we have been caring for some Street Cats. It started with two tabbies who turn out to be pregnant but despite neutering, sad death from car and dog and transforming Street Cats into distant Barn Cats the tribe increases. We now feed Tigre, Tigresa (los tigres were born this year), occasionally Bent-tail (one of the original mamas), Gray-baby and Gordito (both brought in by Bent-tail after her babies were sent to the barns). Our new household member, Princesa Loca is one of two long-haired mamas. Peter suspects that they were impregnated and introduced to the tribe by Gordito who up to that time had not been fixed. Los tigres being the result. Loca, after casing the joint for two days decided to move in. We think she was a House Cat in an earlier life as she immediately adapted to life in the castle with two minions to do her bidding, hence her name Princesa. Her favorite waking activity is maniacally chasing and pouncing on moving lights and shadows, hence her name Loca [crazy].



Piedra Lunbre (Shining Stone)

With all our Love and best wishes



Princesa Loca

Kathryn
& Peter

P.S. 1700s New England, Dawn... I'm so warm and cozy laying here in my own bed, the crackling fire shedding a warm orange glow over the floor of my cottage by the sea... I've got to finish taking this thing apart... what's this stuff, adhesive tape, can't tear it, where's my knife... what's this, plastic tubing, safety pin... Anachronism!! what's going on? Where am I? Help! Help!!

And so I awoke under the influence of morphine and television on December 22nd not in my cozy bed in a colonial cottage but in hospital clutching the twisted tubing that had been inserted into my stomach the previous day. The crackling fire was the snapping cracking machine that had been emptying said stomach through that tubing and the warm glow was the night light under my definitely not cozy hospital bed. Leading up to this there were three ER visits: to ABQ for a cardiologist, for a uncontrollable nose-bleed and for an attack of pancreatitis. After resetting the pancreas with five days of Nothing-by-Mouth we were released on Christmas day in time for a two day blizzard.

Kathryn is the real Hero of this little saga, I just the pitiful victim. She performs all the Herculean Labors such as shoveling and hauling fire wood through frost and drifts, all the Heroic Battles with the Kafkaesque bureaucracy of the American medical non-system as well as acting Florence Nightingale to this whimpering hunk of clay.

Hence the lateness of this card/letter. Fear not, we shall prevail.