

The knitting keeps me sane

My Mom had come up for Easter and we'd had a good week, although I noticed that she was weaker. On her return home, things didn't go well. She was weak, and had fallen once and couldn't get up. The Fire Department came and got her up. But then she fell again.

I made plans to go to her - I thought I could wait the night and drive down the next day, and made plans to be away. When I got to the house, I found the curtains drawn, and nobody answering. There was a message on the front door - she'd fallen one more time, and the paramedics took her to the ER.

Since then it's been a rollercoaster. The good news is that today my Mom got up out of the bed and sat in a chair on her own for an hour. Considering where we'd been, this is very, very good news.

Fortunately, I packed a lot of knitting - I knit a sock while Mom was in the ICU -



and the second sock is almost done.

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I've also been working on a top-down raglan cardigan for Afghans for Afghans (photo soon). I think I might have gone crazy without the knitting and the iTouch. Hour after hour I've been sitting and fortunately educated, entertaining, and contributing something to the world at the same time that I've accompanied my Mom on this journey.

Right now, we can see some light on the other shore, and I hope that the rest of the journey is smoother. But I won't let the knitting out of my sight yet.