

Christmas, New Years Eve and My Final Story



It's New Years Eve 2021 and the two of us are sitting in our living room together watching television. I'm feeling sad because, let's face it, we are too old to party much anymore. Our friends, many of them who are older than us, no longer go out much at night. Driving at night has become a challenge. My driving has always been bad but I'm starting to trust it more than I do Bob's. I'm also very grateful that we have each other after sixty five years. We have very good memories of New Years Eves in the past. Lots of parties and celebrating with good friends.

I'm also afraid of what is ahead for us in the coming year. Bob is so much weaker than he was a year ago.

Christmas this year wasn't the Christmas of past years either. We can never come up with a time for everyone to get together. It's been a long time since we had a Christmas with gift exchanging

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and fun times and everyone together as a family.

Covid is also hanging over everyones' heads for the second year in a row. I'm hoping that this next year will find some way medically for people to start living without fear of this horrible disease.

As Rhonda knows I'm very happy for this to be the last story I have to write.

Sorry I complained so much about it but I'm just not a story teller!