

A Fine New Day

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Last night Alfie didn't wake me with his "wanna pee" whine until 5 AM and I must say that I liked that much better than the previous 2 AM and 3 AM calls, mainly because of the light outside. At 5 AM the sky is lightening a bit in the east, over the lake. At 2 AM, particularly on a moonless night, it is VERY dark here in the country, and as I make my way by Braille around the grassy peeing territory, I am very aware that we have had both bears and coyotes prowling this acreage.

I liked it out there at dawn. There were birds on all the feeders, the grass was dew-covered, and the sky was pink over Long Lake. It felt as if it would be a fine new day.

I didn't know this at the time, but at 4 AM this morning my dear friend Deborah (I'll add a photo of her) was taken into surgery at Mass. General Hospital and given a new transplanted heart. Deb was born with a congenital condition that had virtually destroyed the heart she had, and since age 45 - nine years ago - she has been living on borrowed time, but with enormous grace and optimism.

There have been some complications, I'm told, but the new heart is functioning, and someone whose name we do not know has given Deborah - and her beloved husband, Jack - a chance at a life together they would not otherwise have had.

I have an organ donor card in my wallet. I hope everyone who reads this will make certain that they do, too.



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