

Let's review the body from head to toe: tedious brain loop, dry, sticky mouth, queasy stomach, tight muscles, loose bowels, and bone fatigue. Fear, anxiety, despair, and hopelessness, with a niggling curiosity.

I'm networking and reaching out to loved ones in person and virtually. Searching for facts, trust, and people to follow. I've stopped almost all pundits in print, audio, and video. My feeds are changing with more music, comedy, animals, and sports. And algebra—why algebra?

I'm sticking with following [Heather Cox Richardson](#), [Jon Stewart](#), [Kareem Abdul-Jabbar](#), [Virginia Heffernan](#), [the Bulwark](#), [Your Local Epidemiologist](#), [Men Yell at Me](#), [the Guardian](#), and [Sue Heatherington's fresh sight from the quiet edge](#).

I've added [AOC](#), [Jeff Jackson](#), and [Isaac Saul's Tangle](#).

More music: My Latin Band, Lechuga Fresca, is on hiatus, so I joined a Dixieland Band.

I'm still losing weight—30 pounds so far. I just noticed less abdominal flab to pinch when taking my shots. I can do 20 push-ups and 16 squats and can get myself up off the floor. I walk about 3,500 steps a day. I'm getting a new travel wheelchair.

I have several priorities: don't fall, progress with MS as slowly as possible, maintain much of my pathological optimism, continue to play my horn, and contribute to inclusive, nurturing communities. The hardest priority may be maintaining optimism.

MS has forced me to exercise my patience muscles. What choice do I have? I can't run to the bus. If I miss it, I miss it. What muscles will we strengthen over the next four years? I'm a terrible crystal ball gazer, but I know the self-care muscles will need attention. At this moment, I don't feel the urge to do much of anything except take care of myself and those with whom I'm fortunate enough to share an existence. When a plan comes to me, I'll share it. If someone else comes up with a plan, I'll check out the someone and the plan with others I trust. If it makes sense and feels possible for me, I'll act and maybe even join.

I'm already connected to many extraordinary, trusted communities nationally, internationally, and locally, and I'll stay connected. However, my priorities, my communities, and the tint of my lenses will likely change.

My comfort will be challenged. I'm very nervous about that. I am so privileged. These muscles will need a strengthening program.

I'm grateful that during our 50 years together, my wife and I built a house, had a kid at home, cared for dying family, home-schooled, and changed locations and careers several times. Our sons are fine dads, married to strong partners, and live nearby.

We could do the unthinkable. We still can. Those muscles are strong. My Opa survived the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp, and my mother and her parents survived hiding for almost five years. People saved them. I'm grateful for that, too.

So, let's see what happens. Our paths will unfold. You know where to find me. Comment. Keep in touch. Take care of you and yours. Open yourself to help when you need it. Help can come out of the woodwork.



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