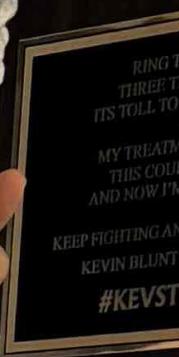




March - 2025

Issue No: 410



Carol Rings That Bell



# CAROL CONQUERS CANCER!

By Jeff Benesch

As most of you know, Carol was diagnosed with breast cancer in her right breast on August 30th, 2024. To be exact, she had invasive HER2 Positive ductal carcinoma. It was particularly frustrating because:

1. She was in great shape
2. There was no genetic connection
3. There was no lump or tumor to be felt, and
4. There were no mitigating circumstances (smoking, alcohol, disease, environmental factors, obesity, etc.)

While age can play a factor, there was no reason that Carol should have contracted breast cancer other than bad luck. (Did you know that 1 in 8 women get breast cancer, and even more than that in California?) For all our modern diagnostics and research, they still don't know why most women get breast cancer. Carol's affliction was found through a routine mammogram, and thank goodness, was also detected early.

The GREAT news is that they have developed drugs to attack this particular cancer and as of March 6th, Carol is CANCER-FREE. It's been a 5 1/2-month journey, filled with good days and bad days, highs and lows, pain and anxiety, sleepless nights, hair loss, surgery, (with more to come), and lots of "why me?" But one thing has stood out through this ordeal: The love and support she has gotten from many, many people, that has helped to get her through it, (the 6 chemo sessions, neuropathy, the chemo-caused brain fog, itchy skin, mouth sores, acid reflux, a port that sticks out of her chest, bone pain and many more side effects, a mastectomy and drains.)

If you know Carol, you know she's sort of a fitness freak. Throughout her treatment, she made a point of walking nearly every day, around our big block, at the lake, at the beach, at various parks and wilderness paths, anywhere from 4-8 miles per outing. Even on post-infusion days, she made a point of getting her workout in. She believes that staying in good shape and getting outside every day helped her mental outlook and physical positivity.







Carol's siblings were absolute champs in the caring department with all her brothers and sisters constantly sending her good healing energy and vibes. Her 3 sisters never stopped buying her stuff she needed, making meals, bread, snacks, going on walks with her, taking her out to lunch and shopping, and supplying the kind of love and support that goes above and beyond what was expected! I don't know how people without family support get through this horrible disease.

My siblings, too, were a great source of compassion, suggestions and well wishes. On the day of her surgery in late February, Pete and Teri just showed up at the hospital, all the way from Los Angeles, letting Carol know they were there for her and happy to see her get through it. They listened to the surgeon inform us in the waiting room of the great initial diagnosis and his expert opinion that he had removed all the cancer, and the lymph nodes looked negative in regard to the spread of the disease.

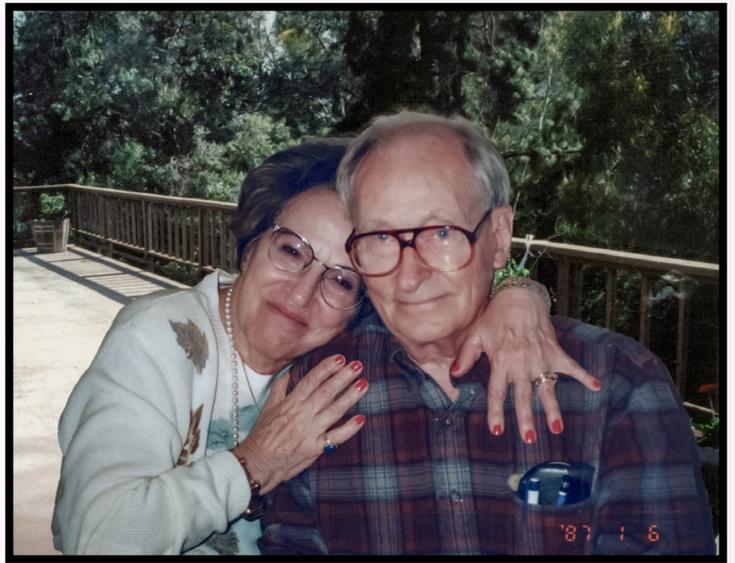
Carol has lots of “groups” in her life: Our extended family, our camping group, her hiking pals, the Tennis Tuesday gang and pickleball pals, her teacher friends, best friends Ruth (who spend several of the Chemo sessions with Carol and I), Laura and Debbie, the cul-de-sac club (our neighbors), several on-line breast cancer support groups, and various friends and relatives from Carol’s San Diego past.

There were several women who were breast cancer survivors themselves that offered advice, wigs, gifts, flowers, food and good wishes. At one point, she received so many cards and flowers, our house resembled a florist shop. All incredibly appreciated by Carol and me. No one should get cancer, but the outpouring show of love and support was incredible through it all. I can’t neglect to mention the doctors and nurses, (there were dozens!) and their constant caring and compassion. From her oncologist, her surgeons, the infusion nurses and staff, the primary care doctors (one a cancer survivor herself) and the positive energy and prognosis they provided, it was so fortunate to be with this Sharp-Rees Stealy support team.



There are several reconstructive surgeries ahead, which can take 12-18 months, and continued drug therapy, primarily hormone blockers, for months and years. But it's the mountain she has climbed to get to this point so far that lets her look forward to many great years ahead, a Greek reunion trip in June, and a sense of normalcy in every way.





# IMAGINATION BECOMES REALITY

Ok so which of these photos are real in the sense that the picture resembles what the camera saw, and which ones are “imaginary”?

All pictures have been edited for clarity but only some have been altered from reality.



# March 2025

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						1
2	3	4	5 <i>Madeline's 9th Birthday</i>	6 <i>Margaret's 75th Birthday</i>	7	8
9 <i>Daylight Savings Begins</i>	10 <i>Cleo's 1st Birthday</i>	11	12	13	14	15
16	17 <i>Jessica's 42nd Birthday St. Patrick's Day</i>	18	19 <i>Craig's 42nd Birthday</i>	20	21	22
23 <i>Jeff's 73rd Birthday</i>	24	25	26	27	28	29 <i>Kieran's 5th Birthday</i>
30	31					

# April 2025

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		1 <i>April Fool's Day</i>	2 <i>Bridget's 40th Birthday</i>	3 <i>Dustin's 40th Birthday</i>	4	5 <i>Brian's 36th Birthday</i>
6	7	8	9 <i>Robert's 68th Birthday</i>	10	11 <i>Kevin R's 46th Birthday</i>	12
13	14	15	16 <i>Kevin M's 43rd Birthday</i>	17	18	19
20	21 <i>Jan's 77th Birthday</i>	22	23	24	25	26
27	28 <i>Frank &amp; Sam's 7th Ann.</i>	29	30			



## *A Memorable Weekend in Las Vegas: Music, Art, and Adventure*

By Birdy Hartman/Hall

Last weekend (March 7-8), Lyle and I embarked on an unforgettable trip to Las Vegas, filled with spectacular music, world-class art, and plenty of excitement. We couldn't have asked for a better way to recharge and enjoy some quality time together.

Our weekend kicked off on Saturday night with an incredible concert at the Sphere. We were lucky enough to catch the legendary Eagles live, in concert, and it was a night to remember. The atmosphere was electric, and the Sphere, with its jaw-dropping visuals, made the experience feel like we were part of the music itself. The Eagles played all the classics, and the crowd sang along to every word. It was one of those moments where you could feel the power of music and shared memories filling the entire venue.



Sunday evening brought a completely different yet equally amazing experience when we headed to Caesars Palace to see none other than Garth Brooks. His performance was nothing short of magical. The intimate setting of the concert allowed for an up-close experience with one of country music's greatest stars. Garth's voice filled the theater, and the energy was contagious. We left the show on a high, still humming his songs well into the night.



But our trip wasn't just about music. On Sunday afternoon, we visited the Arte Museum, and it quickly became one of the highlights of the trip. The museum features a stunning collection of contemporary art that is brought to life through light and movement. Each exhibit was a beautiful fusion of technology and creativity, making it an immersive experience. We were completely mesmerized by how the art seemed to shift and evolve in real time, making it an experience that was both personal and ever-changing.



Our Las Vegas getaway was a perfect blend of music, culture, and adventure. We left feeling inspired and grateful for the opportunity to experience such extraordinary performances and artistic expression. It was a weekend Lyle, and I will treasure for years to come!

# MARGARET TURNS 75!



By Margaret Riel

*2 Years Old*



A birthday card I received from Birdy reminds me that I am not old, I have just been young for a very long time. In fact, it is three-quarters of a century. However, as Addy and Emily know, I have arrested my development at the age of about five. I love playing with little kids, and unfortunately for me, they do not stay young for as long as I would like. They are now 8 and 11 -way past the age of uninhibited play. But they do play with me and even let me win from time to time.

Celebrating birthdays is fun, and truth be known, I look forward to it each year. This year started with a surprise lunch with my sisters the day before my birthday. I thought we were celebrating Carol's good news. It was fun to have lunch with my sisters, something that we have done throughout our lives.

They got me new happy shoes which will motivate me to move with strength. (As I got another Platelet Rich Plasma (PRP) shot this time in my left leg with a booster in my right and I seem on the road to having more bounce in my step). I also received new golf shirts encouraging me to get back into golf.

On my birthday I had to be good and skip Pickleball. Bud took me to a Peruvian restaurant for dinner called Q'ero. The food was excellent, and we enjoyed it so much that we ordered food for the family birthday on Saturday night. But first came the Pickleball celebration. I was still not able to play pickleball, but hopefully that will change soon. Carol and I walked and talked while the others pickled their way across the courts. Pickleball was followed by the traditional mud pie celebrating my birthday.

Later, the Mehan/MacMitchell clan came over to celebrate my birthday with a party. The grandkids brought me the perfect present, a video they made themselves. When I play it, it always makes me laugh. I must have watched it a dozen times so far. And it ended with the second mud pie of the day. So, do I have any words of wisdom? I would say not to give up on being young. I want to be young for a very long time.



# IS THIS THE FIRST "SISTERS PHOTO?"

AUG 62



## FAMILY SHORTS



Anyone remember what was originally in the pouches they are holding?



If you picked these two photos as the only unaltered pictures you are correct! Pat yourself on the back, you can spot Fake News!

