

I read material, I couldn't understand why people had different opinions and why they didn't agree with each other. Now I realize that they just have different opinions.

My only regret is that I didn't think to urge my husband to go back to school when he retired. He was a real brain. For enjoyment he used to read the dictionary and the encyclopedia. I wish I had persuaded him to come to Mount Alison with

me. I do know that I wouldn't have gone to university by myself if he were still alive. I would have stayed and taken care of him.

Even though I enjoy school, I do get depressed every once in a while. I feel sorry for myself, get really "down" and start thinking that no one *really* cares about what *I* think, say or do. I feel really bad until I give myself a good talking to: I tell myself to be thankful for what I *have*

got — a loving family, kind friends and fairly good health. At least I can get myself up in the morning. I am able to wash, dress and feed myself. I can still count out my own pills. I can think, read and write. So stop complaining!

If I have made wise or unwise decisions, it is all in the past. Today is what really counts, so I may as well enjoy it as best I can — with a joyous spirit and a positive attitude.

## PATIENCE WHEATLEY

### Sleet

Sleet falling  
and all the  
sugar huts steaming  
along the road to Rawdon  
suddenly hilly  
with falls  
lake, cottages, and  
Heather Hospital.

It looks like  
a country hotel  
beside the river  
where the sleet rests  
on mica-thin ice.

The friendly door  
of Heather Hospital opens easily  
clicks shut.

Nurses in blue and pink  
nylon dresses, white shoes,  
bustle about  
between thick  
walker-pushing women  
in pearly sweaters (buttoned wrongly)  
who smile graciously  
with wide eyes like kittens:  
"Is someone looking after you?  
Won't you come in?"

I see her far away  
in the dark  
at the end of the hall

shuffling off the elevator

holding  
her shoulders high  
head sideways and down  
as always  
through seventy years  
as if to apologize  
for having weighed  
one-and-a-half pounds at birth  
and lain beside the  
wood stove in Murray Bay  
for three weeks in a padded box  
expected to die.

She shambles  
foot by foot  
towards us as

time creeps by  
like smothering sleet  
*Can we go out for tea?*  
low voice and trembling lips

and I wrench the latch of  
the white-painted  
friendly door,  
the door perhaps  
of a summer hotel,

from the inside  
it won't open.