Boy this past month has been a roller coaster. SueAnn and I took up the project of Heritage Month for the Sons and Daughters of Italy. Our mission is to continue the Italian Heritage and enjoy our history and the contributions the Italians made to America. During the month we celebrated Christopher Columbus and had a tremendous speaker talking about the real history of Columbus and not the made up liberal attacks.

We had a fried dough pizza night with and Italian singer/comedian/educator. We finished with a pasta night and a sauce making contest. Everyone had a great time (except a few of the losers, you know how Italians are).

Then came November. I ordered my usual dosage of Ozempic which has been really helping me control my blood sugars. My eyes have cleared up, my energy level was up and I lost some weight. You would have expected my ire (I could only image what you would have done) when I was told that I had to take a lower dose as the higher dose was not available. I asked an obvious question, “Can I double up on the lower dose, until the other arrives?” The answer was simple, “No the insurance won’t cover it.”

Let me get this straight. The insurance will cover two units a week in one shot but they won’t cover that same dose with two shots. Remarkable. So in a few weeks my sugar numbers have risen up the scale, my eyes are a bit blurry again and I am tired. So much for my great progress.

I was feeling tired and achy and one night I coughed up a lung. I originally thought it was allergies from cleaning out the garage (it was finally bulk pickup). But no, I had Covid. I am going to attribute it to low immunity from high sugar but I guess that is not an official diagnosis.

I immediately called the doctor and they are unable to put me on that Paxlovid. After some consideration they told me I am not a candidate because they would have to take me off the blood thinner I need for my pacemaker and the risk of a stroke would override possible death from Covid.

 I knew I wasn’t going to die as I am too nasty, and you guys as well as the big guy aren’t ready for my attendance at your Thanksgiving table. Besides someone has to put out all the grave blankets next week.

It wasn’t terrible. I couldn’t get around much the first two days and I had to take a few days off from work(which I don’t like to do). I was weak and exhausted from not sleeping with the cough keeping me awake. They recommended some cough medicine for people with diabetes and high blood pressure. This foul tasting stuff almost made me puke. Mom use to say “it’s not fruit punch it’s medicine. It’s not suppose to taste good.”

I think the plan is to make you puke so all the phlegm will come up and clear you out. Well, I didn’t puke and the cough didn’t stop.

I finally went old school. A shot of my homemade cherry brandy, followed two hours later buy a shot of my homemade lemon cello heated with honey. A miracle. No more cough, more sleep and the strength was soon restored. My sugar went through the roof but as you use to advise, “just take an extra few hits of insulin”.

The timing was perfect. My hectic October schedule was done. I wound up getting a great deal of rest and caught up on a number of items on the computer that were making me anxious. I do know that if I ever become home bound due to a long illness, I will not make it too long. I even took a ride to see you on your birthday. I figured there was no way you guys would catch it. They always said the distance was six feet and I guess you guys would be okay being six feet under.

Well, it’s time to start getting the Thanksgiving meal going. Frank and Ana are coming up for the week. Even though the menu is now limited (I’ll spare that rant this time), the meaning is still important. Family together to thank God for all of our gifts and to contribute and pray for those who have less than we do.

We are luckier than most and I think we owe that to our family values and heritage.

Say hi to all and wish them a Happy Thanksgiving.

I’ll see you soon.