

Farewell to B dad,

I made it home home. I said goodbye to Bdad just over a week ago. Whenever one of the docs leaves we all go up on the roof the Sunday before departure and smoke a cigar and take pictures. We promise to keep in touch; we offer farewell. Finally, it was my turn, and it was a lot of fun. I have enjoyed working with a lot of these guys. My boss COL Schriver was a good guy. When he and the new surgeons showed up in December I had just started doing yoga in addition to a regular workout during the day. I had this bright orange mat someone loaned me, and I would bring it to ICU rounds in the afternoon so that I could leave for yoga as soon as rounds ended. He harassed me constantly about the "pink" yoga mat and my effeminate qualities. Schriver is a big burly dude with a manly moustache and a bench press well over 300 pounds. So I took it like a man. At this point though, I have given up the yoga, and Schriver has started a new workout routine called p90x that involves yoga once a week. So I have been really giving him hell the last few weeks. My departing gift for him was the "pink" yoga mat. I threatened to take pictures of him doing yoga and post them on the internet. I am also going to mail him a pink leotard as soon as I get home. He ought to like that.

One of the things that I won't miss about Bdad are the bathrooms. The plumbing is horrendous and TP must be placed in garbage cans next to the commode. Therefore the bathrooms smell horribly at all times, and the toilet almost always has a log jam. Fifteen dudes and two bathrooms makes for a smelly place. Even taking a shower is a smelly experience because it is right next to the toilet. One rarely feels clean. The worst of it is, these accommodations are princely compared to what most Joes are living in. The porcelain throne at home is easily taken for granted.

Reuniting with Sara and the kids has been great. It is amazing to me how much they have changed in just six months. I definitely have some catching up to do, and I look forward to it.

This was not an easy time for the Graf family; however we have been able to keep a positive outlook on life and our situation. This has been in large part due to the love and support of our friends and family. Corresponding with everyone has been a fulfilling and wonderful experience during a tough time in my life, and for that I am grateful.

Hearing from friends and family via email, letter, or a care package always gave me a reason to smile and in some cases laugh really hard. I learned early on here that there is great value in that. I am grateful to everyone for sharing their time, thoughts, and prayers with Sara and I.

I look forward to catching up with all of you

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