

## *Alert the Media*

Frank has a cold, wait- I'll alert the media.

"Maybe I should go to the hospital," he said.

What! – The hospital! "You're not birthing a baby and have no broken bones. It's a cold. Rub some Vicks on your chest and put a little dab under your nose. Carry a Kleenex box around with you," I advised.

"I don't know," he said.

Luckily he had a V.A. appointment on Wednesday and this had all started on Friday night. So, on Wednesday, off he went to the V.A. in Clarksburg. His appointment was at 2:00 so he didn't get home until after 5:30.

"Well, how did it go?" I asked.

He said that the doctor said he has a cold. Hmmm....isn't that just what I said a few days ago? I got him some pills to take for his cough. In the meantime we had lots of hot soup and tea. We have mounds of used Kleenex which I had to remind him to put in the woodstove and burn. We have complaints about a sore nose from blowing it and sneezing. I suggested he put Vaseline on it. Guess what- it worked.

In the meantime, I'm trying not to get his cold. I'm breathing steam from my kettle a few times a day to kill any germs that may have latched onto my nose. I take a few tablespoons of honey every day. I don't swallow it just let it dissolve by itself. It coats the throat. Plus, at night I went to bed with cut up cloves of garlic in my night booties. You may laugh but it works. Garlic is a cure for a lot of things.

He got over the cold and the things that I did to protect myself worked. I did not get a cold. I never knew that one cold could cause so much drama! It's a cold. Get over it.

Til' next month... Happy Easter to all.

~ Judy ~