

My Mom, the Iron Lady

The "Iron Lady" has nothing on my mom. A couple weeks ago she was in for a checkup and asked about a mammogram. Seems they generally give women a pass on them, past a certain age (she's somewhere on the upper side of 85; I not quite sure really because she doesn't act like someone over 70 maybe, if that?).

Anyway, she asked if she could have one, and they said sure. Turns out there was a 1.4cm tumor hidden in there. So a couple days ago she goes in to have the offending side removed ("side?" Sorry, but my Mom y'know? My wife can have a breast or boob, but my Mom? Ewww...).

A few hours after surgery we're visiting her at Kaiser; she's up in her chair and smiling and eating an no paid meds stronger than Tylenol? Gets discharged the next morning and it's like nothing ever happened. Still just Tylenol.

I have a really great photo of her taken that evening at Kaiser, which she admits is a great photo, but she won't let me post it. You'll just have to imagine someone with a big smile on her face, sitting in a chair, looking maybe 70 or so, without any indication that she's just had a major operation.

My grandmother lived to be 102 by the way. She was quite upset when it became clear she wouldn't make it to 103, because that would have been the record at her retirement home. :-)