



Coucher de soleil dans la Matapedia Claude Picher @CanadianPaintings

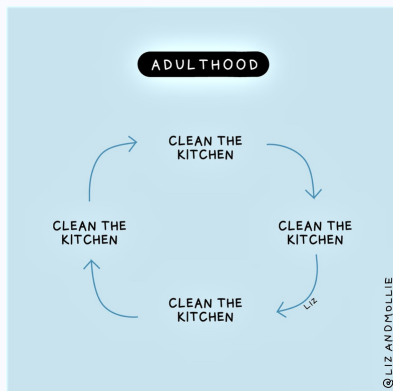
Hello everyone,

How are you?

What can I say except I wish you continued strength and support as you navigate work, kids, parents, school, winter, politics, social media and everything else in your life while the pandemic continues. It's a month since I retired and I'm a bit surprised at how easy and normal it feels. Retired colleagues said I would know when the time was right and that they didn't look back. That's my experience too.

Sue's News is the only "commitment" left from my professional life and I'm not sure how it fits going forward. I think I'll continue a newsletter of some kind, but it will change from this format.

I'm grateful to the Dept. of Anesthesiology for hosting Sue's News on their website for the last few years. This will be the last issue archived [there](#). My website is under construction courtesy of my son. TBA!



Retirement so far:

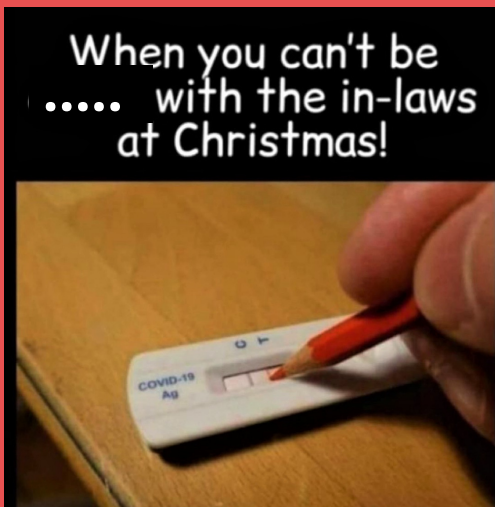
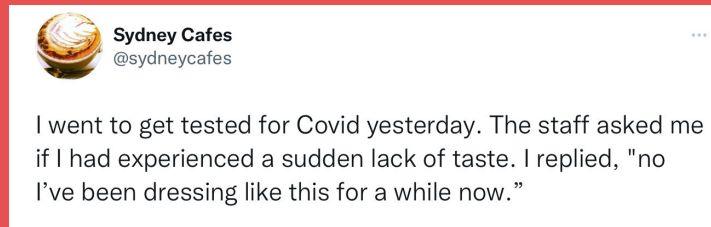
A lot of this!

More of this



Holiday leftovers!

What should I wear for New Year's Eve?



country.

Hope was over, entirely over, and when Jane could attend to the rest of the letter, she found little, except the professed affection of the writer, that could give her any comfort. Miss Darcy's praise occupied the chief of it. Her many attractions were again dwelt on, and Caroline boasted joyfully of their increasing intimacy, and ventured to predict the accomplishment of the wishes which had been unfolded in her former letter. She wrote also with great pleasure of her brother's being an inmate of Mr. Darcy's house, and mentioned with raptures, some plans of the latter with regard to new furniture.

Elizabeth, to whom Jane very soon communicated the chief of all this, heard it in silent indignation. Her heart was divided between concern for her sister, and resentment against all the others. To Caroline's assertion of her brother's being partial to Miss Darcy she paid no credit. That he was really fond of Jane, she doubted no more than she had ever done; and much as she had always been disposed to like him, she could not think without anger, hardly without contempt, on that

which conveyed the assurance of their being all settled in London for the winter, and concluded with her brother's regret at not having had time to pay his respects to his friends in Hertfordshire before he left the country.

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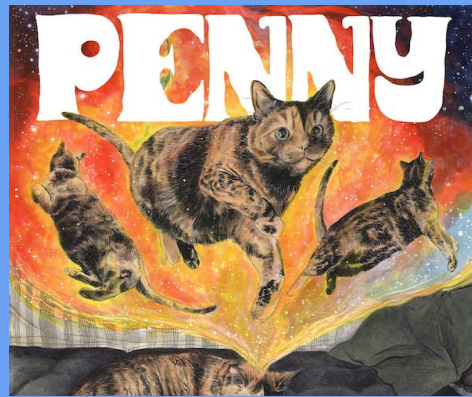
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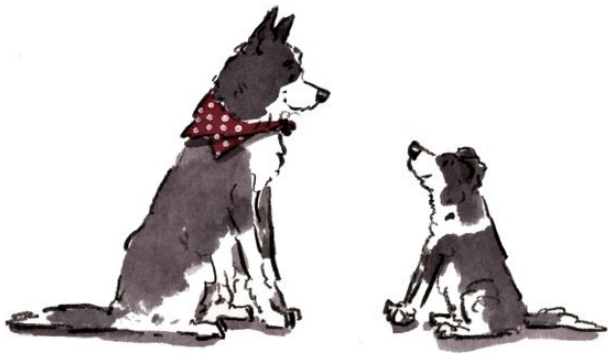
@1tomtoday I am being a book



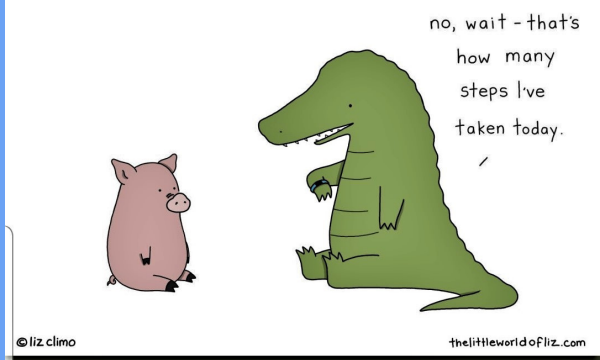
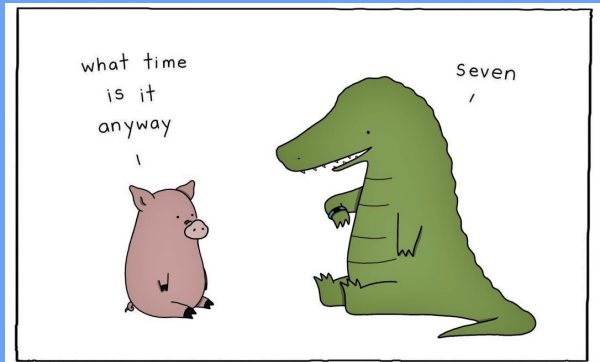
The philosophical and existential musings of a cat named Penny. Bought it for my sister Penny who's a cat person obviously! Has to get a copy for me the dog person it's BRILLIANT! [HERE](#)

Paul Bronks for Lovina Animal Welfare @slender_sherbet · 15h
"are we a joke to you?"





Don't let them find out that we understand exactly what they are saying, we're just ignoring them a lot of the time.



©liz climo

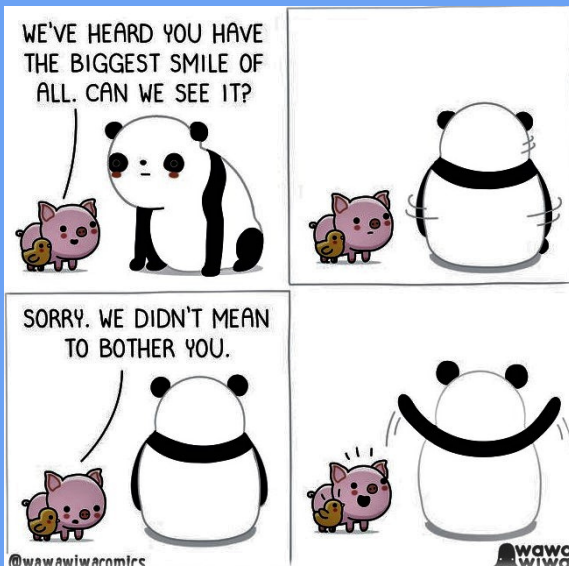
thelittleworldofliz.com



lingvistov.com

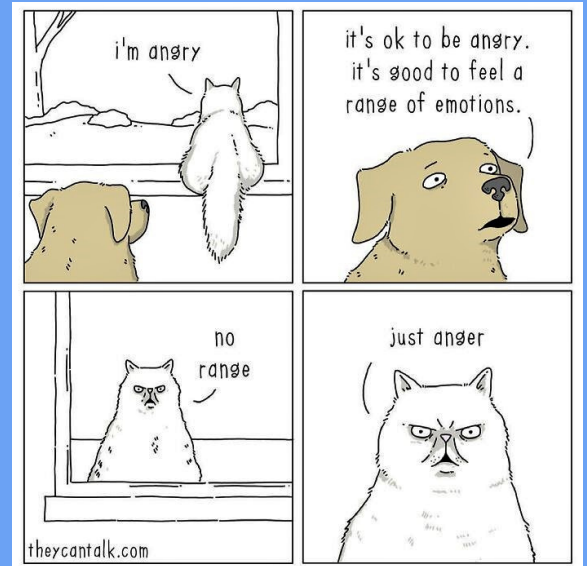


theycantalk.com



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'The warm winter' Olga Kvasha #WomensArt

Small Kindnesses

I've been thinking about the way, when you walk
down a crowded aisle, people pull in their legs
to let you by. Or how strangers still say "bless you"
when someone sneezes, a leftover
from the Bubonic plague. "Don't die," we are saying.
And sometimes, when you spill lemons
from your grocery bag, someone else will help you
pick them up. Mostly, we don't want to harm each other.
We want to be handed our cup of coffee hot,
and to say thank you to the person handing it. To smile
at them and for them to smile back. For the waitress
to call us honey when she sets down the bowl of clam chowder,
and for the driver in the red pick-up truck to let us pass.
We have so little of each other, now. So far
from tribe and fire. Only these brief moments of exchange.
What if they are the true dwelling of the holy, these
fleeting temples we make together when we say, "Here,
have my seat," "Go ahead — you first," "I like your hat."

Danusha Laméris

Thank you to writing coach Asifa at fireflycreativewriting.com for sharing this poem.



Road Trip Playlist Jack Bishop

**Our goal is not to prove our worth, but to show who we are,
so that the people who will thrive with us can find us.** Fireflycreativewriting.com

Among my retirement cards there are two that stand out because they're from people who noticed and valued the parts of Sue-at-work that mattered most to me. Reading them made me cry because I felt truly seen.

Two weeks ago my mother died peacefully in England aged 88. As my sister and I put together her funeral we're thinking about what was important to mum and what other people appreciated most about her.

I firmly believe that a career is not a life, but I'm touched that "welcoming, inclusive and kind" are among the words chosen to describe both of us.

We're all just walking each other home. Ram Dass



I love Proper English Robins but have to say this Australian **PINK** robin is pretty amazing! Discovered on Twitter of course!

Thank you so much for reading,
All good things and much love,
Sue



Ravi Arora