



Dear transplant nurse,

WHEN YOU READ THIS YOU ARE HEARING FROM AN 87 YEAR OLD MAN THAT HAD AN HEART TRANSPLANT 21 Years ago. It happened at Temple in Philadelphia. I was 66 years old . Pretty much past the age of the usual candidate. In fact one of the doctors was nice enough to tell me, " Mr. Aubrey you're to old. We can't waste a heart on a person your age when so many young people need them" I've never let her forget it . The fact that I had a 99 year old aunt and an 87 year old uncle may have helped.

Shortly after May 2,1987, when I woke up I met my three angels. Bawled me out, scolded me and you name it, but, they were there and pulled me through the next three weeks until I was ready to go home. I felt great. In fact after dressing, my wife and I were at the desk waiting for transport to wheelchair me to the entrance. 35 minutes later I asked one of the angels, "What would happen if I walked out?" She laughed and went to do her chores and 21 years later no one has said anything.

Perhaps you know the story but a few years later most of the transplant team left Temple and moved to Hahnemann, also in Philadelphia. Many patients stayed at Temple but some followed the team. I followed the nurses, not the team. Again in a few years things didn't work out at Hahnemann. My three angels followed the doctor , I followed my angels to the University of Pennsylvania hospital

So I continue to go for my yearlies and in between where the girls are. The same doctor was important and we are real friends, one of the girls went on to higher up places that appealed to her but two of them and the doctor still greet me by my first name.

So if you often feel fed up and tired of it all and wonder if you are appreciated, when you get to heaven I plan to be there to see that you all go in to your proper niche there.

My very best,

Al Aubrey