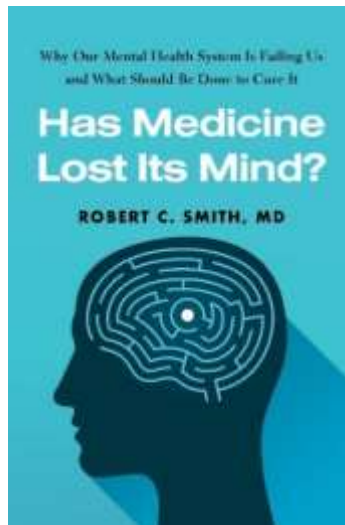


HAS MEDICINE LOST ITS MIND?



Newsletter 13: *Happy Holidays!*
December 2024

Dear (name),

It has been a pleasure and an honor to be in touch with so many of you over the last year—and to learn about all the exciting things you're doing. For this newsletter, I want to update you on what's been going on with us aside from my book.

After a cold month in Chicago, Susan and I and our two dogs (Daisy-black, Petunia-brown) spent the month of February in San Diego on the beach. Driving four days each way went better than expected with the dogs and seeing the beauty of the Southwest made the drive worthwhile. I did get some help driving from Petunia.



Unfortunately, Chicago did not work out for us. Susan was stalked twice, and we moved to our place in New Buffalo. In April, our group presented a depression workshop at the ACP in Boston. Susan and I then went to the wedding in Nashville of her great-niece, Caroline Matis, to Austin Lassiter. I then presented psychiatry grand rounds at the University of Illinois in Champaign-Urbana. In May, I participated in an exciting review of MSU's role in developing the biopsychosocial model. Next came the wedding of our grandson, Alex Press, to Renee Allison in June. We then traveled to France for Susan's presentation honoring one of her mentors, extending the trip to travel for a week that included Giverny and Monet's Gardens.

Now, things got hectic. We had sold the apartment in Chicago and put the New Buffalo condo on the market. After looking many places, we found our dream house in Battle Creek. Interspersed with the move, however, was our trip to Columbus, OH for Susan's presentations and book signings of *Indigenous Prosperity and American Conquest* and *Why You Can't Teach US History Without American Indians*. Next, we had an amazing celebration of her 80th birthday with her nieces and nephew at a beautiful beach house in North Carolina.



We returned to our new house on Lake Goguac in Battle Creek. This proved a wise move for us. Indeed, it's the first time I've ever fallen in love with a home. The dogs love the yard, playing and running constantly. And the cranes, swans, geese, and ducks along with the beauty of our surroundings have brought me back into nature. While an old place has many issues to be resolved, Susan is successfully addressing them. What a joyous, if surprising, outcome this has been.

But all has not gone well. My dear friend, Howard Brody, died in July and, just recently, our longtime friend, sports expert, and son-in-law, Charlie Beach, died after a short bout with cancer. But our family has persevered, and all the kids and grandkids and their families are now prospering. We're most grateful for that, even as we mourn our losses.

Susan and I look ahead to the new year with excitement and anticipation and with the prayer that all of you are well and hopeful in these tumultuous times. John Barrymore, the actor, captured the essence of the challenge for me and I hope for you: "A man is not old until regrets take the place of dreams."

Take care and please let me know how and what you're doing—and have a Happy Holiday Season!

Bob

