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**Win Apel's  
Journal**

**Tuesday, August 16, 2011 8:44 PM, EDT**



**Outer Banks**

More than a year ago Lorrie said that all she wanted for her 60th birthday was a vacation with her family on the beach, and in particular at the Outer Banks. This was long before my cancer diagnosis and long before we ever anticipated moving to North Carolina. As a result, we rented a beach house with 22 beds in Nags Head, North Carolina, from July 23 to August 6. More than 40 of our closest relatives joined us. Primarily, my relatives joined us the first week and Lorrie's relatives joined us the second week, but there were several people who overlapped.

Overall, I believe the beach vacation was just what we all needed, especially for Lorrie. She had "Happy Birthday" sung to her every day, sometimes more than once! The weather was good, and we all enjoyed the beach and the local color. Many people went for long walks; the kids (and some fun-loving grownups)

went crabbing several nights and caught dozens of sand crabs. This involved flashlights, headlamps, buckets, lots of running and screaming in the dark and a few tears for the captured crabs which were released later the in the evening or the next morning. Beach activities also including building sand castles, and Ted Marconi was the master. Several of his creations can be seen in the photographs in the link below. [Outer Banks Photos](#).

Some people did venture off for sightseeing to Cape Hatteras and the Wright Brothers Memorial and Museum. Other activities included seeing the [Lost Colony show](#), scuba diving, golfing, souvenir shopping, and everybody went to the grocery store at least once.

Six of us chartered a fishing boat on July 31. It took six of us 8 hours to catch three fish! As it turned out, no one on any boat that day did very well. All the other boats had radioed to our captain that they caught nothing, although when we returned to the [marina](#), we discovered that one boat did catch one fish. We caught one tuna and two mahi-mahi ([dolphin fish](#)), and so we actually caught three times as many as the other boats. Some days are like that. The best part of the fishing, however, was that my nephew Liam Addy, age 9, caught one of the dolphin fish. It made his day! Meanwhile, the rest of us caught up on our sleep, as the 57-foot boat was air-conditioned inside and had room for at least four people to lie down.

Because I am taking cilengitide twice a week, and because I could not skip the treatments simply because I was on vacation, I needed to make arrangements to get back to Winston-Salem twice each week. The original plan was to drive the five hours one way, get the two-hour treatment, and drive back--all with the assistance of a volunteer. However, several weeks before the vacation started, I learned of a nonprofit organization called [Angel Flight](#). They are a group of volunteer pilots who fly medical patients to and from medical

treatment. They volunteer their time, their planes, and their fuel. It is a two-hour flight to the Outer Banks from Winston-Salem. There is a small private airport in both towns into which small planes, and even occasional small jet, can fly. I thus began calling the Angel Flight coordinator to see if she could find volunteers. She was successful in finding flights to and from the Outer Banks (10 min. from our beach house) and the Winston-Salem private airport (10 min. from the hospital) for all four days: July 25, July 27, August 2, and August 5. The pilot scheduled to take me over and back on July 25, though, called the night before and said the weather would be too bad to fly—thundershowers. My brother Scott volunteered to drive me over and back. Although long, it worked perfectly, and we had a long chance to visit. July 27 had good weather, and so I was flown over by two pilots from Luray, Virginia, and flown back by a pilot from Richmond, Virginia, who had flown from Richmond to Winston-Salem to pick me up, and then was gone back to Richmond after dropping me off in the Outer Banks at the Dare County Regional Airport. August 2 also had good weather, and I was flown over and back by a pilot who kept his plane in Nags Head, but lived in Kitty Hawk. His wife accompanied him as the copilot. They waited in Winston-Salem while I had my cilengitide treatment and then brought me back. August 5 was Friday, and a Winston-Salem pilot flew to the Outer Banks and took me over to Winston-Salem. Since Lorrie and I were planning to leave the next day anyway, I just stayed in Winston-Salem on Friday, August 5, and Lorrie drove back on August 6 alone, albeit with her brother Jim and his wife Linda following in another car. They were driving all the way back to Boise, and had accepted our invitation to spend the night with us in Winston-Salem. I am very grateful for such a dedicated group of pilots who made it possible for me to be able to participate in Lorrie's birthday party/family reunion and not miss any treatments.

Win