



THE TROPICS EXOTIC BIRD REFUGE

July, 2015

Some of you may already know, and to some this will come as a huge shock. This writing is in memory of my husband John Thomas Bradford, of 52 years and an additional 2 years of dating.

I am writing a pamphlet about the details of what happened, but this will touch on the important points for now.

On May 9, 2015 we took a very inexpensive flight to Orlando, FL in order to travel by rental car to visit our friends in Kissimmee, FL. These friends are very special to us because over 16 years ago they adopted Rufus a male Yellow Nape Amazon parrot, and he's still alive, well and living happily with them. Also, Rufus is now over 65 years old!

After picking up our rental car in Orlando, in less than a few miles we were t-boned at 45 mph by a female driver with no insurance, and a wrap sheet as long as an arm. She is a professional drug runner down there. I was driving and that's where she hit me.

We were rapidly transported by ambulances to Orlando Regional Medical Center, one of the top 1% trauma/rehab hospitals in the nation.

At first they thought I was more critical, but John was the one. We both had massive surgeries, but John had a heart attach, amongst many other things. He was brought back after one hour of CPR and 6 shocks, only to be told he'd have to live the rest of his life on total support of machines. He was conscious, I was in surgery, but our sons were there to witness his NO, he did not want to live like that. He was ultimately put in Hospice and died 5 days later, 2 days after his 72nd birthday.

I had many critical injuries that I obviously survived and will cover in my later writing. After 7 weeks in 3 hospitals covering 2 states. I am now home with bones still repairing and coping with a new infection.

BUT, The Tropics is still open for business. In our absence, our younger son, Andy, stepped in and took care of everything here on the home front while our partner of 15+ years continued her work with all the large birds.

I have no idea how long my recovery will be, or when I can even drive again, and at that I may need rehab to be able to get behind the wheel again. *****The emphasis of this letter is to reiterate that we still are caring for birds, AND still need donations, now more than ever.

I promise, as my body will allow, I will continue writing the longer version to help you understand more fully what I've been through and now a widow. I can tell you that if it weren't for my birds and two little Shih Tzu dogs, I don't think I could've gotten through all this, especially emotionally. The birds do what birds do, talk, scream, sing, amaze you as always, and the dogs never leave my side.

I hope to finish my other writing soon, but until then I look forward to the help you've always given us in the past and possibly pass the word on to others about the donor help we need.

Thanking you for the past, and look forward to the future with all of you.

Sincerely,

Mary Bradford
The Tropics Exotic Bird Refuge