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DEAR ALL

The NHS's 72nd Birthday

Well done to all of you who have helped make this 72nd birthday happen. As you know there will be some celebrations this coming weekend and I know that many of you will be involved in these. A special well done to all of you who are still working and contributing their talents to the NHS.

What's new this Issue

At the same time as the NHS celebrating its birthday there will, as we all know, be some easing of restrictions upon our lives. The number of infections and losses are dropping but all will agree that we are not out of the woods yet. May I urge everyone to continue to follow the guidelines given but also to exercise personal judgement in deciding what is safe to do and what is not safe to do.

I am pleased that John Rostill's letter has resulted in more members coming forward with email addresses. This is really helpful. Please everyone beware of online scams. I understand that at least one member has received an email which claims to relate to NHSRF whereas in fact it does not. If in doubt do not click on any links and make Central Office aware.

Reluctantly I have to advise you that cottages.com/Hoseasons have decided to streamline their business and they are no longer able to offer NHSRF 10% discount. Please be aware though that you will still be able to get the discount' along with many other discounts, if you are a member of NHS Discounts. To join please visit www.healthservicediscounts.com

Update on Live Talks – 564 members registered this week - wow!

I am pleased to say that the numbers taking part in these fortnightly events continue to grow. Another excellent talk took place earlier this week.

Registration couldn't be easier just visit www.mirthy.co.uk/NHSRF If you have any difficulty with this at all please contact me. **The live chat starts just after 10.45am with the talk starting at 11am.** This together with the Q&A session after the talk makes an enjoyable experience. The next 3 talks will be:

14 July – 10.45am Travels with a Penguin to Antarctica – Pen Turner

28 July – 10.45am History and Mystery of Hypnosis – Alan Jones

11 Aug – 10.45am A Tibetan Journey – Alan Clements

Mirthy Talks



Thanks to Pat Willis, Barking, Havering and Brentwood Branch for the following poem:

CARPE DIEM (Seize the Day)

Lockdown is here, we should be of good cheer
A time to reflect and look at our lives
But what did I do, What did I pursue?
But a drawer of much cleaner knives!

I will practice my German, re-learn my Greek
A return to Academia I seek
But what did I do, What did I pursue?
But make a pie of chicken and leek!

I will de-weed the garden, disinfect the phones
Clean the patio, re-paint the gnomes
But what did I do, What did I pursue?
But re-stream the Game of Thrones

I will master the Internet, be a real go-getter
Practice my emails and try to get better,
But what did I do, What did I pursue?
Got my fountain pen out and wrote a long letter.

This dark time will not last, just look at our past
The Black Death and plagues did not destroy us
So hand in hand, united we stand
While we await our New Promised Land.

Keep safe and be brave.



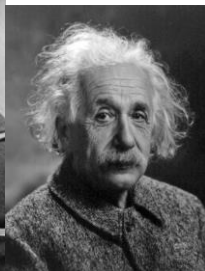
Fairly Easy Photo Quiz

Answers in the next issue

One



Two



Three



Four



Five



Six

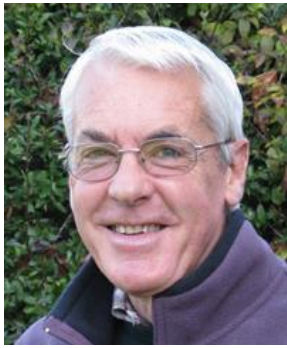


Seven



Eight





‘Growing old is no fun, you know’

Peter Sykes

Peter is one of the Fellowship's postal members. He worked as a consultant surgeon for 25 years and later in his career as a medical director of an NHS Trust. He is currently a medical novelist and speaker. Peter's latest book entitled *All in a Doctor's Day - a collection of 45 short medical stories* has just been published and is available from Amazon as a paperback or Kindle. Peter is a great supporter of hospices and all the proceeds from his books go to two hospices in his local area.

Ed

As a young man, I often heard old folks remark, usually with a sad smile and a knowing shake of the head, ‘*Growing old is no fun, you know*’. At the time, I didn't take much notice but I'm now beginning to understand what they meant. I'm discovering that Old Father Time creeps up on you insidiously.

I was in my forties when I started to use reading glasses but found them to be a nuisance. When I was working in the surgery they were on, then off, then on again, as I alternated between reading the notes and focussing on my patient. Finding the situation unsatisfactory, I invested in some bifocals, but these proved to be a waste of money. It didn't matter whether I used the upper or the lower lens, the computer screen remained out of focus.

In my fifties, I became deaf in my left ear. For several years, a sense of misplaced pride caused me to shun a hearing aid but, eventually, tired of being told I was shouting, I had to accept that I needed it. It brought a dramatic improvement, the only downside being a greater awareness of the driving instructions coming from a certain lady sitting in the front passenger seat of the car. ‘*Left, left*’, she would say, indicating wildly with her right hand. Yet more expense. I had to invest in a ‘Satnav’ to solve that problem.

I'm now in my seventies, and though I'm pleased to report I still have my own teeth, I'm developing arthritis in a couple of joints; I guess a walking stick may soon be added to my list of medical aids. Despite being otherwise healthy, active and, I believe, still of sound mind, I'm beginning to wonder what's next: a walking frame, an in-dwelling catheter?

The present problem is that my wife says I'm becoming doolally. I don't honestly believe that I am, though I'm prepared to admit I may not be very good at remembering names. If Jane, that's my lady wife, tells me that a distant cousin of hers has three children, well, that's fine, I'll try to remember it. But if she goes on to give me their names, ages, then tells me which one has passed grade four on the piano I'm afraid those facts don't register in my memory bank.

Recently though, I must admit that I've forgotten a couple of things I really ought to have remembered. There was that birthday card I was supposed to post to one of my wife's relatives, (no – not to the distant cousin who has three, or was it four children, one of whom played the guitar, or was it the flute). And there were the Euros I forgot to buy for our next holiday, and, unfortunately, our wedding anniversary – now that really did get me into trouble! There really was no excuse for overlooking it because I'd made a forward planning note in my diary which I'd actually read a few days before the big day this year. Unfortunately, I then forgot to do anything about it!

Now I seem to be in trouble most of the time. If I'm busy in the garden, and a few moments late picking up the grandchildren from school; I'm a ‘scatterbrain’. I'm ‘empty-headed’ if I forget to put out the rubbish or come home without the most important item on the weekly shopping list.

Recently though, I saw my chance to turn the tables. It was Jane's turn to be forgetful. She'd promised to arrange for some flowers to be sent to a friend in hospital and forgot to do it. *Great*, I thought, *now my chance to get even*.

I didn't say anything at the time, but made a mental note, that the next time she accused me of being forgetful, I would remind her of the flowers that didn't get sent.

I didn't have long to wait. Within a week, we ran out of milk and yes, - you've guessed it - it had been my job to call at the corner shop to buy some. I'd forgotten it and was being reprimanded. *Now*, I thought, *an opportunity to get my own back, I'll remind her that I'm not the only one who's absent-minded*.

But dammit, I realised that I'd completely forgotten what it was that she had forgotten, that I had been so desperate to remember!



John Rostill OBE

My career in the NHS spanned six decades from 1964 to 2011 but I thought that rather than write about that, I thought I would give you more of a personal insight. My four main interests are the four Rs, rugby, racing, rotary and relaxation.

I played rugby until I was 59. My playing days finished when I foolishly played in a Boxing Day social game and injured my shoulder. I took my son when he was 6 to the local rugby club and by the time, he was 7, I was coaching the under 9s mini team. It does not seem that long ago,

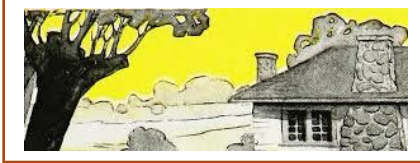
but it must have been because he is now retired from playing veteran rugby. I have been an ardent supporter of the England Rugby Team, having been to Twickenham for the first time in 1965. Since then I have been a regular to the Six Nations games and have very fond Guinness fuelled memories of Dublin. Not such fine memories of Murrayfield though, where in 1990 the Scottish team beat England to win the Grand Slam when England were overwhelming favourites to win the game. I vowed that I would never go back to Murrayfield, but I did in the following year to see England beat Scotland in the semi-final of the World Cup. My experiences in Wales have been pleasant but England rarely beat Wales at Cardiff. I am also a great believer in the traditional British and Irish Lions and have seen them play in both Australia and New Zealand but on neither occasion did they win the series.

Surprisingly my horse racing interests were started by my son when he took a strong interest before he became a teenager and appeared on a radio quiz show, his specialist subject being horse racing. He narrowly failed to win the quiz. Since then, I became a member of Cheltenham and I have been to a number of the festivals including this year's when a number of people actually believed that it would be cancelled. Twice I have been to see the Grand National and twice I have been to Paris to see the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. I have also been to racing events in Hong Kong and the Melbourne Cup in 2003 when I had an extended trip to see the England Rugby Team win the World Cup. Naturally at the moment I am missing rugby, but I am pleased that horse racing has now started again 'behind closed doors'.

In 1981 I was fortunate enough to go on a Rotary sponsored group study exchange to Ohio for six weeks spending a week each with a different family. This was a trip of a lifetime which I thoroughly enjoyed, and which also gave me additional confidence to speak to large groups which helped me tremendously in my work career and personal life. In 1983 I joined the Walsall Rotary Club which had sponsored me, and I became its President in 1994. Rotary reminds me very much of the Fellowship in so far as its members are of a similar age group.

Relaxation is not a word that is usually used to describe me. I find it difficult to relax. I still get up at 6am every morning, rarely go to bed before midnight. However, during this lockdown, I have got used to reading again some of my favourite authors who include Wilbur Smith, Dick Francis, Jeffrey Archer and Frederick Forsyth. With the weather being so good this Spring I would have hoped that I could have spent time at our caravan which is located halfway between Ludlow and Bridgnorth. That is the only place where I truly relax. Of course, I haven't been allowed to go there for over 3 months so am pleased that this restriction will be lifted on 4 July. The site also has a 9-hole golf course. Golf is my other hobby although I am not very good at it as others will confirm but look forward to a regular game with my daughter. I am marginally better than her, but she is very competitive (I don't know where she gets that from) and if I am not on my game, she will invariably beat me as she did last week.

My first boss in the NHS was Roger Stokoe when I was a trainee at Good Hope Hospital but that is another story.



Oh dear!

Two young men were on a walking tour in Wales. They stayed one night at a lonely house, where they were offered a room each by the owner, a middle-aged woman living alone who was clearly doing her best to conceal her age.

Next morning, they left after paying their bill.

Nine months later one of them received a solicitor's letter which surprised him. He rang up his friend and the following conversation ensued:

"Do you remember the house we stayed in during our walking tour in Wales last year, where there was a blousy looking woman living alone?"

"Yes, I remember her well." Did you leave your room during the night and visit her room?" "Yes, as a matter of fact. I did."

"Did you, you by any chance, give her my name instead of yours?"

"Yes, I'm sorry about it, and I should have told you before – I hope nothing has gone wrong."

"That explains it. Today I received a solicitor's letter saying that she had died and left me, in her will, £10,000."

What great energy,
intelligence, and
magnificent
beautiful eyes...
But enough about
me, how are you
doing?

YOU KNOW THAT
MOMENT WHEN
YOU GET UP IN THE
MORNING, YOU'RE
FULL OF ENERGY
AND YOU CAN'T
WAIT TO GET TO
WORK? ME NEITHER!



Wouldn't it be nice if you read a medicine bottle that says.....

Warning: May cause permanent weight loss, remove wrinkles and increase energy.



Some news from our Fellowship friends in Cardiff, Wales

Cardiff Bay Walking Group from **Bob Holbrook**

Usually the group meet regularly on Tuesday morning for a chat and a walk around the Cardiff Bay. At the beginning of lockdown it was decided to try starting a *WhatsApp* group so that we could all remain in touch. Every Tuesday morning, we message each other and send pictures about what walks we have done and anything interesting seen.

Bob and Sheila phone everyone, including Christine who is not in the *WhatsApp* group as she does not have a Smartphone. Hilary and Sharon sent pictures of the homemade facemasks they had made.



Cardiff Bay Wetlands Reserve

Carole has been sending pictures and video of the Canada geese and goslings seen on her daily exercise in Roath Park. I cycle to the Bay to check activity in the wetland area, as we often call in on our walks to see the swans and coots.

Communication is not confined to Tuesdays as texts about decorating, re-upholstering etc. and jokes are often exchanged. We are fortunate that, apart from the first week, Cardiff have kept all our local parks open except that, due to social distancing pressure, they recently closed the bridge over the Blackweir which I use to get to Pontcanna and Llandaff Fields.



The beautiful Cardiff Bay

I have walked around the Bay many times. I can confirm it is a simply lovely walk.
Ed

Do not wash your hair in the shower

(at last a health warning that is really useful)



It involves the shampoo when it runs down your body when you shower with it..... a warning to us all. Why didn't I figure this out sooner?

When I wash my hair when I take a shower the shampoo runs down over my body. Very clearly on the label it is written '*for extra body and volume*'..... No wonder I have been gaining weight!

Well I have got rid of that shampoo and I am now using a dishwashing soap instead, as the label reads '*dissolves fat that is otherwise difficult to remove*'!!

Problem solved – If I do not answer the telephone – I am in the shower!



"You have a rare condition called 'good health'. Frankly, I'm not sure how to treat it."

And finally, keep well everyone. If you would like to contribute to the next issue or you know of anyone who would like to be added to the mailing list or sent a hard copy then please do make contact via phone 07960 425956 or email london.eastanglia@nhsrf.org.uk

Sally Bundock
Development Officer