



Isle of Wight Heart Care Club

TICKER TAPE

Affiliated to The British Heart Foundation

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2017

COMING EVENTS

December 2017 – Onwards

Christmas Lunch
Channel View Hotel
Shanklin

Friday 15th December 2017
12.30 for 13.00

April 29th 2018
Variety Show

Riverside Centre
Newport

19.00 Start to be confirmed

All events will be advertised by posters in
classes or visit our website:

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DON'T TAKE THE MICK - OR ELSE

Let me introduce you to a member of the Heart Care Club, Mick Staines.

Mick is not your normal sort of bloke, Mick likes motorbikes. Mick likes Yamaha VMAX motorbikes.

Mick has had around 60 bikes including Harley Davisons. Mick is a member of the Yamaha VMAX Owners club. Mick also likes snakes he has four, which he invited me round to his house to see. I declined as I'm not very fond of snakes. Mick lives in Sandown where he looks after his Mum as her carer. Mick also likes tattoos, he has plenty, and he has a few spaces left for a few more.

Mick has just raised £1,000 for the Heart Care Club as a thank you for making him fitter after his heart attack.

Mick goes to the Heights Class in Sandown; he started at the Riverside Centre about two years ago. He suffered a heart attack at home, he had been having chest pains for about a week then one morning the pains became more severe so he called 999. The Ambulance was parked close by and turned up within 3 minutes. When they knocked the door Mick answered it and the paramedics asked where the patient was. They were shocked when Mick told them that he was. They took him to St. Mary's then transferred him to Portsmouth where he had an Angiogram and three stents. They really wanted to do a CABG but they wanted to try stents first, they proved to be successful.

In October Mick turned up at class and asked to speak to Lyn. He said that he had organised a VMAX reunion on the Island and around 21 Yamaha VMAX motorbike owners stayed in Sandown at the Chester Lodge Hotel. He arranged for a special rate for the visitors with the Hotel owner. They did a few rides around the Island drank a few cans of beer and all had a great time. On the final night as is customary they had a meal together then held an auction. All of the visitors donate something to be auctioned off, including riding shoes, whisky, clothing and t-shirts. The owner of the hotel joined in and bid £60.00 for one of the items a really nice t-shirt.



At the end of the auction all the money was counted up and they had raised £920.00. Mick and his mother wanted to make it up to £1,000 so they gave a further £80.00 to round it up. When he gave Lyn the cheque she was speechless. Now that doesn't happen very often. She told me the story and I said we should try and get together and find out a bit more. So I contacted him and we met at The Heights and had a really good chat for nearly an hour.

I'm sure you all would like to know more about his Yamaha VMAX motorbike. The bike comes in two different engine sizes, the smaller one is a 1198cc engine with 140 bhp, it's big brother has a whopping 1679cc engine with 197 bhp. Mick has recently sold one of his VMAXs and has just bought another one which he wants to give to his daughter, once she passes her test. The one thing that really surprised me about the bike is that it will only do about 100 miles on a tank full of fuel; that's only if you ride it sensibly.



The VMAX club in the UK is restricted to owners of this iconic bike. From the information the Mick gave me all the members love to help each other. They also like to get together and help each other whenever possible. They also make trips abroad to Europe and they recently visited Belgium and Luxembourg.

When I set off to meet Mick I asked Lyn how will I recognise him, as you can see from his picture he has the type of face, once seen never forgotten. I arrived early and waited for him to get up on his VMAX, unfortunately he turned up in his car, but he did bring a photo of his bikes. Lyn told me that when he goes to class you can hear his bike arrive even when you are inside the Heights.

We sat down in the Cafe, then Mick started talking very softly, you can't see his lips move because of his beard. I recorded the interview as I wanted to get as much information out of him. I wasn't disappointed, he could talk for England, he is so passionate about his bikes and the VMAX Club, I didn't have to push him at all to make home talk. We discussed his past life in Reading, where he worked first as a plumber then as a long distance lorry driver. He then moved to the Island to look after his parents.

He spoke about his tattoos when he had his heart attack, he only had four on his arms. So he thought he might as well get the rest of his body done. He is planning the others now. We then discussed his snakes he has six Royal Pythons which he keeps at home. He assures me that they are very friendly and completely safe, the largest one is over 4 feet long. They get fed every three or four days on dead rats, which he keeps in a special freezer. Apparently you can buy their food from specialist suppliers.

Back to his bikes he started off riding mopeds and moved upwards to faster and bigger ones as time went by. He had one of the fastest Harley Davisons available at the time and but he now prefers the Yamaha VMAX. His current bike is a 1700cc V4 which has been tuned to enhance its performance. The bike is worth around £18,000. He has just bought another one

1000

for his daughter from a man in Salisbury, she hasn't passed her test yet. When he went to see the bike, another VMAX owner from Gosport, offered to drive him there to have a look at it, he picked him up from the ferry and drove him there and back.

Mick is now 52 years old and has lost 3 stone in weight since his heart attack,

he has also built himself a gym at home with weights and a rowing machine. He intends to keep staying fit and going to the Heights class when he can. He really appreciates everything the club has given him, which is why he wanted to raise the money.

I would like to thank Mick and all of the members of the VMAX for thinking about the Isle of Wight Heart Care Club, they have also raised money for the Air Ambulance in the past. I'm sure that if you want to see his pet snakes he will be only too pleased to let you see them. Not for me though!!!!

Gary Smith and Mick Staines



WHERE, WHAT, WHY, WHEN OR IF. ANSWERS ON A POSTCARD, PLEASE.

Where - do we go from here? In last issue of Ticker Tape Lyn managed to raise the blood pressure of a few members with her article. This has made some of you to look at the club through different eyes and realise without changes the club will need to look at things differently.

The problem as I see it is, the members of the club are only there because of health problems. Some are able to attend classes and get fitter, but do not want to help and add any more stress to their lives. Others are of an age that they cannot help and would find it difficult to offer any assistance to the club.

But that still leaves many members who have the time and the ability to help out even if it's only once a year.

What we need is a core of helpers who can give some time, when we need it. Since Lyn's article we have had offers of help and donations from the most unlikely sources. Please read about one donation in this issue from Mick Staines.

Why do we need to do this? Things they are a changing and if we do not change, what will happen to the club in the future, for the next round of members? We have to evolve, to ensure the exercise classes still take place by qualified instructors in a safe friendly environment. We cannot let all the good work done in the past go to waste.

When will this happen, how long is a piece of string, (twice as long as half its length). As long as we have have a strong committee who are still dedicated enough and instructors like Lyn we cannot fail. But my crystal ball cannot see into the future. But one day we will need your help, the Club has given you help, fitness, social activities and health, so we may need your help in any small way that you can.

If, the Club cannot hold the classes or we have to cancel the less profitable ones as we do not have the funds to cover the shortfall, this would be a backwards step. We have all built the Heart Care Club, in a small way, so let's make sure it keeps on going for another 25 years.

Please help, volunteer, or attend the Social events, spread the word about the Club, look at the web site, even if I say so myself, it really is very good.

Gary Smith Editor

WWW.ISLANDHEARTCARECLUB.CO.UK

AN UPDATE FROM LYN

I would like to thank the members who responded to my last Ticker Tape article.

I've had a few offers of help, people who do not want to be on a committee but are very willing to help out. That's great.

Sue Young and her husband have offered to run a quiz for us. This will not have a high degree of difficulty so we can all participate comfortably. We're thinking of holding it in May, at the Riverside Centre. Harry has his Variety Show in April so we don't want to hold it too close to that. More information to follow.

Gary and I are thinking of holding another Race Night in October, as this one was so good. We haven't booked a date yet.

I've also received a few donations since the article, thank you again for those. A report of Mick's fund raiser is included in this edition.

The committee is now looking at the suggestions we've been given. We may have to raise the weekly subscription, it's a year since we last raised it, but it won't suddenly shoot up.

Several of our members pay £5.00 a class now, and some pay for the classes they miss, I'd like to thank them for that.

The suggestion that a yearly amount is paid is also being considered but this will only be an option, it won't be forced on anyone! I've heard mutterings that a lot of members do not want this to happen, and I want to make it clear that only those who want to pay that way, will.

If you have any worries please let me know.

We've a great club with a lot of members and classes are a joy, I absolutely love my job! Have a HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Posters are up for the Christmas closures, and 'parties'. Steve is also holding a couple of classes at the Fitness Factory between Christmas and New Year for those who want to exercise after the Christmas excess!!



Lyn Smith

RACE NIGHT

What a great evening!

It takes a bit of work to put it on but it's lovely when the members support it, and have a good time.

Gary produces an A3 size of the Race Card in early September and I (helped by Barbara Brown and Stella Page) start to sell each horse, twice. The fact that the horses have great names is a help! Members also generously sponsor a Race, and call it whatever they wish.

When this is done Gary produces the race card and we buy wine/sweets as prizes for each winning horse owner.

The next bit is the hardest! I encourage/nag members into attending at each class. It's actually quite hard work.

Stella and John Page collect the plates etc stored with Gary at WBS and make sure they're clean.

Armed with prizes, floats, race cards and food we get to the venue early. I was hoping for around 80 people to attend so we had to work out how to fit the chairs and tables in. Stella and Maureen Lankshear set up the food tables but didn't have room to lay everything out!

Gary, Barb, David Lankshear, Harry Lawrence, John and I got the tables and chairs out and realised that if more than 80 arrived we might not have enough chairs!

Barb positioned herself at the entrance ready to sell the race cards at £2 each, Keith Lane was set up, we were ready and hopeful

Well, around 80 did attend! I was so pleased, the atmosphere was brilliant. Gary, Barb and I ran the tote, taking the bets and paying out the winnings. We didn't stop as the race was run as soon as the bets were placed, the winnings collected as soon as the race finished, then there was a queue to put bets on the next race!

At half time we stopped for food. There was a fantastic amount, all delicious. As they were short of room Stella and Maureen put out the savoury first then later the cakes etc. We had so much Gary took some out to the bar staff who were very grateful.

We raised £660 which was brilliant but for me it was the way the members supported the event that meant most. The Social Committee have struggled to get support for different events but maybe things are turning round.

Thank you so much to those who bought the horses and to those who came to the event.

Lyn Smith

THE TALE OF A RACY VIRGIN

As I approached the desk to pay my dues, Lyn smiled persuasively (Warning Bells!). "Derek", she said, "we're giving you the chance to buy a racehorse!"

In a lifetime of working on things that either fly, float or drive, I've never been involved in transport of the equine variety. My first thought being - will it fit in the garage? Then it clicked! The Race Night at Wootton Community Centre.

I was shown the list of runners - 64 in all - and was bewildered by the names and pedigrees. Who thought that lot up?! Then one name leapt out at me - Bumpy Landing by Pilot out of Control - just made for me!! Cash changed hands and I became an Owner.

Unfortunately, Race Night coincided with an important rehearsal for the 'Curtain - Up' drama group production, so my wife, Mary, couldn't attend. Our long term friend, Sue, agreed to come along.

We met up at the Centre, a modern building just off the main road, with a very convenient car park, right opposite. On entering, you pause in the bar area, then carry your drinks into the main hall, where long tables had been laid out, facing the cinema screen.

Although we didn't initially know anyone else there, we were soon busy chatting to our neighbours. The Clerk of the Course explained the workings of the event. You could back your selected horse by buying a 50p ticket (as many as you like), then after the race, collect your winnings! Easy! We chose our horses for the first race, got the tickets and awaited the start.

The races shown come from racecourses all around the world, some on the flat, others over sticks. For the first race the vocal encouragement was fairly subdued, but as the evening progressed, the enthusiasm increased (more trips to the bar, perhaps) and by the interval, was becoming more encouraging.

Sue and I totted up our various winnings and losings, and realised we were a whole £1 in front!

Now, the original notice of the event had mentioned "American Supper". This bit, I know, meant that you take along your own favourite snacks - then eat someone else's!

During the early races, the food helpers (dinner ladies?) had been laying out all the donated goodies and when the covers were taken off, a wonderful spread was revealed.

continued....



With our pre - Xmas diet in mind, Sue and I ate modestly, but then the desserts were revealed! Blow the diet....!

After the interval, the racing was resumed, and my horse was about to run. At the start, he (?) was a bit slow taking off(?) but flew down the inside, just pipping the others, to land in first place!! Wow!! A bottle of wine for the winning owner (a peace offering to Mary, perhaps). With the prize money we were now well ahead.

However, the next two races didn't go according to plan and by the last race we were 'evens'.

For the final race, the horses are not pre-sold, but auctioned on the night, the winning owner sharing the money with the Club. Sue decided that this would probably be her only chance to claim that she had 'owned a race-horse' and generously bought one of the runners.

However, our luck had run out, and the race was won by one of the Stewards, Barbara Brown, who sportingly donated the winnings back to the Club. Well done!

After a final chat to our new friends, I went across to thank the 'dinner ladies' for their hard work, and was pressed into taking some spare sausage rolls and sandwiches for a snack next day!

Summing up, my first horse race, my first ownership, my first winnings. An entertaining evening, diet shot to pieces, would I do it again! You Bet!!

Derek Harvey

RELUCTANT BELIEVER

I went to an Inter-Religion Integration Meeting.

The Bishop came, laid his hands on my hand and said, "By the will of Jesus Christ, you will walk today!"

I smiled and told him I was not paralysed.

The Rabbi came, laid his hands on my hand and said, "By the will of God Almighty, you will walk today!"

I was less amused when I told him there was nothing wrong with me.

The Mullah came, took my hands and said, "Insha Allah, you will walk today!"

I snapped at him, "There's nothing wrong with me"

The Hindu sadhu came and said "Beta, you will walk on your legs today."

I said "Babaji - nothing wrong with my legs" The Buddhist Monk came, held my hands and said, "By the will of The Great Buddha, you will walk today!"

I rudely told him there was nothing wrong with me.

After the Meeting, I stepped outside and found my car had been stolen.

I believe in all religions now.....

CPR TRAINING 4 ALL

Each year I report that the instructors and most of the class helpers complete CPR and DEFIBRILLATOR training. One of our class members commented that they would like to train too.

I asked our training providers, the Ambulance Service, if it would be possible. As a result, in the New Year, we are going to start a course or two.

We're planning to hold it at the Fitness Factory at first and at the moment Tuesday morning seems to be the most popular time.

We can only take twelve people at a time and the cost to each person will be £10, the club will pay for the venue. I have quite a few names on my list already but if this proves popular and the Ambulance Service can find the time, we will run more sessions.

This training provides us with the confidence to 'have a go' when someone is taken ill and to understand the use of both CPR and a defibrillator.

I have a defibrillator with me in class, Steve has one at the Fitness Factory and Jo has one with her. There are quite a few situated on the outside of buildings around the Island.

Gary has put information locating all of the defibrillators on our website, it's a good thing to know where they are!

www.islandheartcareclub.co.uk

If you want to look at the defibrillator, come and ask and if you want more info on the course, also come and ask. It's essential to be prepared.

Lyn Smith



THE FEARS WILL NEVER GO AWAY

THE STORY OF A HEART PATIENT'S PARTNER

The emotional impact of a heart attack can be hard to deal with for all involved. Sue Hawkesworth tells Sarah Brealey how her husband's illness turned her life upside down.

The memory of the night Sue thought her husband would die has never left her. Two years on, Sue, 63, from Worcestershire, says: "It haunts me always."

It was the night that Tim, 64, her husband of 40 years had a heart attack, just a few days after he'd suffered a mini-stroke. "This illness changed the pattern of our lives," says Sue. "Suddenly, my splendid, strong, 'in-charge' bloke became a patient, a victim, and me along with him."

Mini-stroke, major impact

The first traumatic experience was witnessing Tim's transient ischaemic attack (also called a TIA or mini-stroke). This happens when there is a temporary disruption in the blood supply to part of the brain. This can cause symptoms similar to those of a stroke, but the effects often only last for a few minutes and usually resolve within 24 hours.

"In an instant, out of the blue, use of arms, legs and speech had gone. Thankfully, the effects only lasted ten minutes. But the fear of a repetition has stayed with me and clouds all my days," says Sue. "In fact, those fears will never, I've concluded, go away. And I have to find a way of dealing with that – not as a heart patient, but as a heart patient's partner."

Heart attack

Sue did the right thing and called an ambulance as soon as she saw Tim's symptoms, which hospital tests confirmed as a TIA. He was waiting to have more tests when he had a heart attack at home a few days later.

Sue and Tim Hawkesworth This time, Sue says, she felt quite calm. "It was about 1.30am. I was downstairs doing something on the computer and he came to the top of the stairs and said 'I am having a heart attack,'" she explains. "I called an ambulance and I thought to myself, 'We can do this, we can get through it.' I don't remember feeling emotional – that only came afterwards."

It wasn't Tim's first heart attack; he'd been through it all before seven years earlier. Tim, who was then working full time as an architectural technologist, was quickly treated with an angioplasty and stent and gradually life had returned to normal. This time, though, Tim's recovery was less straightforward. He developed atrial fibrillation (AF), a type of abnormal heart rhythm.

Six weeks later, he was admitted to hospital for a procedure to treat it called a cardioversion, where controlled electric shocks are delivered to the chest wall. But, at the last minute, it turned out not to be necessary. "They did an ECG beforehand and then the doctor came back and said he could go home, the AF had gone away on its own," says Sue. "We had been so frightened, we both sat there and cried with relief."

Emotional recovery

Sue discovered that dealing with her fears took much longer than Tim's physical recovery. Her anxieties meant

she wanted to be with him all the time. She felt guilty about leaving him, even to do the shopping. "Deep down, I knew that being with him all the time wasn't the answer," she says. "I did feel I had

"Those fears will never go away. And I have to find a way of dealing with that"

to always keep my mobile phone turned on, just in case Tim needed to call me. But you can't always do that – for example, in the cinema or yoga class."

For more than a year after Tim's heart attack, Sue didn't dare go to bed before him. "I wanted to know he's tucked up safe." As time has passed, she no longer feels she has to be "on duty", as she puts it, all the time. But she still takes two different telephones to bed with her every night, just in case.

These days, the couple sleep in separate rooms. "It is the only way I can get any rest," Sue explains. "If I had to lie next to him wondering all the time if he is going to draw his next breath, I would never get any sleep. I have the phones with me and the doors between us are open. I feel I shouldn't think about my own needs, because what matters is Tim, but I know I have got to carry on; I have learnt that you cannot help other people unless you are well yourself."

Sue, a retired teacher, has had her own health issues. She has high blood pressure and has been trying to lose weight. "I have lost two stone so far. I go to the gym, swim, walk and practise yoga. I need to stay healthy so I can still be here for Tim.

"I worry about who would look after Tim if I wasn't here. We haven't got children so there isn't anybody but us. It is a very real anxiety."

Equally troubling is Sue's fear that Tim might die. She describes it as "excruciating" at first. "I remember standing at the top of our field and thinking 'What'll I do if he dies? What would become of our house and how would I mow the field? What would I do with the two garages, all those tools and our kit cars? Our finances?' And I cried.

continued.....

I was so afraid, not only because I love him dearly and don't want to be alone, but because there would be so many problems to solve and I could not face them alone. I would want to die myself. I knew that. I've never owned up to these fears until now."

Gradually, she has become less afraid. The anniversary of the mini-stroke and heart attack was an important stage in moving forward. Around that time the couple returned to their favourite holiday spot, Derwentwater in the Lake District, for the first time since Tim's TIA and heart attack. Being 'off the beaten track' and far from the hospital where Tim had been treated was difficult, but felt like a kind of progress.

"We go partly to watch the ospreys, which has become a ritual for us," Sue says. "Those birds have the strength to travel here from Africa every year. They always come back, and that seems like a good sign – surely heart patients can do it too."

Taken from the British Heart Foundation

HEART CARE MENTORS

When the Heart Care Mentors project was first set up it was anticipated that much of the patient contact would be by telephone and to this end the Mentors were provided with mobile phones.

As events developed however personal patient contact proved to be more productive and although phone contact is still available and has its place face to face contact is the favoured approach.

Meetings with patients in the main take place in the hospital. Generally they are people awaiting or have just had treatment and welcome the opportunity to speak to an ex-patient someone who is non-uniformed and a non-medical who has previously undergone treatment themselves and can identify with any of the patients' apprehensions.

Sometimes Mentors visits occurred during visiting times and family members of patients had as many questions as the patients themselves.

This was an aspect of the service that had not been foreseen but has proved to be a fruitful and interesting development.

Because this met a need the Cardiac Rehab Nurse arranged for Mentor's visits to coincide with visiting times obviously with the agreement of the patient and family.

When a cardiac event occurs a host of questions arise in the minds of the patient and their families questions as basic as what will happen when I go home, questions about mortgage finance benefits. What will I be able to do when I get home? When will I be able to drive? and a host of other questions besides.

It is important to stress that Mentors do not attempt to provide medical advice but as ex-patients seek only to provide empathetic support and encouragement.

They clearly are not able to answer every question but often do have access to sources of information on other services, phone numbers etc to help in some situations.

Having access to patients and their families does provide an opportunity to reinforce the benefits of a healthy diet regular exercise and a sensible lifestyle.

It is not hard to see that these things have implications for other members of the household.

The work of Mentors is just one component in the patients path toward rehabilitation which hopefully will have an ongoing benefit for the rest of their lives.

Alan Davison

**Isle of Wight
Heart Care
Mentors**

**FAMILY &
PATIENTS
HELPLINE**

07531 779 337



Isle of Wight



TERRIBLE CHRISTMAS JOKES

How will Christmas dinner be different after Brexit?
No Brussels.

What do workers at Sports Direct get for Christmas dinner? About 5 minutes.

How do you recognise a Christmas tree from BHS?
All the branches have gone.

I bought my mum Mary Berry's cookbook for Christmas, I tried to get Paul Hollywood's but he'd sold out.

What's David Cameron's favourite Christmas song?
All I Want For Christmas is EU.

Why has Hillary Clinton asked Santa for a 23-letter alphabet? Because she is sick of F.B.I.

Why didn't Roy Hodgson go to visit Santa at The North Pole? He couldn't get past Iceland.

Why are Jeremy Corbyn's Christmas cards on the floor?
His cabinet collapsed.

LIFE CHOICES

It is my opinion that the worst thing about having a heart attack is not the pain; not the sense that perhaps you should have painted the garage door when you said you would; nor the way everyone talks to you in the voice you used for the grandchildren when they were two.

None of these. The worst thing is the gleam in the other half's eye.

You finally get your discharge papers, are chauffeured home, walk unsteadily past that garage door and sink into your favourite chair. Then you notice the gleam as they hover before you.....

"Well, things are going to have to change."

"They are?" you mutter weakly.

"Oh yes! I'm not going to let you put me through that again."

You think to yourself that perhaps you had had the worst of the deal, but wisely stay silent.

Then the bombshell....

"Mediterranean diet!"

"What?"

"Mediterranean diet, that's what you're going on. I've always fancied being on that."

"Mediterranean diet?"

"Mediterranean diet! What are you, an echo? Lots of olive oil, tomatoes, salads."

Your (recently repaired) heart sinks. Thoughts of plates full of colourful strange vegetables with odd names float into view.

But suddenly hope dawns.....

"You mean more pasta and pizza? Oh fine, fine, I like those."

"Oh no! None of that. Bad for you. Carbohydrates, fat. No, no, no! Only oils from now on. No more butter, no more deep fried chips."

You stare dumbfounded. Everything you enjoy eating in life is disappearing into some cosmic recycling bin. A vision of an endless life as a bunny causes the ensuing moment of foolish rebellion.....

"But I like butter and chips."

"Yes. And look what it got you!"

You think "a free ride in a helicopter and a week of lovely, helpful nurses". Fortunately the clot hadn't wiped out all your common sense.....

"But why?"

"You need to lose weight, so do I as a matter of fact. A few pounds wouldn't hurt," she says, preening sideways in the mirror.

You sit thinking. What do you know of Mediterranean people?

"Err..."

Yes?" snapped back.

Mediterranean people aren't all thin. In fact I think they're very often much fatt....."

You tail off as the look is turned on you.

They're what?"

Oh.....err.....nothing."

Who does the shopping in this house?"

You do, dear."

And you can't help for weeks now, can you?"

"No dear."

"So, I'm expected to carry all those heavy bags by myself, am I? Full of that nasty, unhealthy muck you like to eat, whilst you just lie around at home?"

"Yes dear....I mean....no dear."

"You do realise salad is much lighter than chops and sausages, don't you?"

You nod dumbly.

"Right. So, we don't want me putting my back out, do we? Not whilst you're a helpless invalid for months. What would happen to you then, eh? All that work those nice people at the hospital did for you. You need to be more grateful, you do! All this isn't just about you."

You think back to the point where the consultant said "Well, take it a bit easy for a while, old chap, but you're better now than you've been for ten years."

Then slowly you realise the other half wasn't party to that conversation and a plan begins to form.....

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"The Mediterranean Diet is supposed to be very healthy. Can you write me a prescription for a vacation in Greece?"



"I'm not sure that's the Mediterranean diet your GP had in mind"

continued.....

“Oh alright, dearest, if it makes you happy and does me good. A Mediterranean diet? Sounds lovely. Its only a few salad bits, after all. I really do need to take it carefully for some months now.”

You are regarded with silent suspicion at this sudden change of tack

You stare innocently back, then add a sudden wince for effect.

“What? What was that?”

“Oh, nothing, dear. The surgeon said I’ll get the odd shooting pain, but it shouldn’t prove fatal.”

“Fatal !!!”

“Yes, sometimes it will, but its not common. No need to worry. Much. He said I need to rest and avoid stress.....a lot..... Why don’t you pop down the shops now and start buying for our new lifestyle whilst I just carefully potter about for a bit?”

Sensing victory, feeling Sophia Loren should look to her laurels, the other half beams.

“OK. I knew you’d see sense. I won’t be long!” and she is gone.

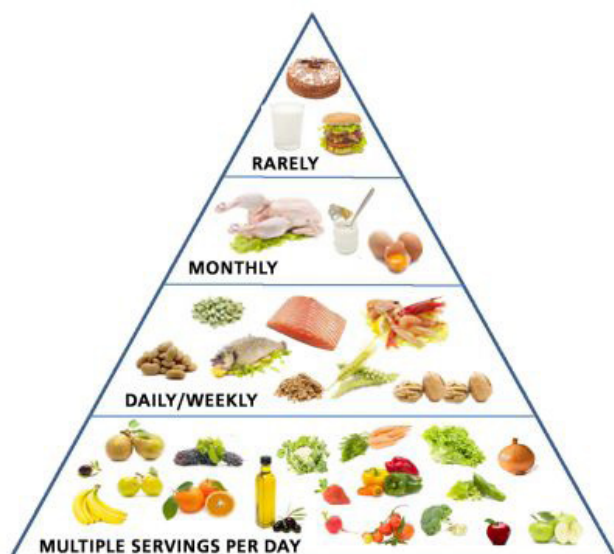
You breathe out with relief, wander over to the window, avoid looking at that garage door and let your eyes come to a rest on the lawn, uncut for a fortnight.

In the middle a rabbit is chewing your grass reflectively and with relish.

You sigh and briefly consider joining him for some practice.

Life is full of trade offs.....

*Paul Monary
Member of the Club Heights Class*



HARRY BRINTON

Harry Brinton, born in Cowes, is 95 years young! He regularly attends the Fitness Factory in Newport and has done so for a number of years. He is well known in class for his whistling hearing aid. Harry has been deaf since the age of 3 when he caught measles. On school trips to the cinema and church, he learnt to lip read.

Harry’s wife died eighteen years ago and he has looked after himself ever since. His daughter, who is a doctor, and his son, a Chartered Accountant, both live on the mainland and visit regularly. He has four grandchildren and currently three great grandchildren.

He was a keen sportsman in his younger days – a sprinter, footballer and cyclist. He ran for the Royal Navy against the Royal Marines in the war. He managed to get into the Navy through a mix-up by the medical board whereby he didn’t have a hearing test, and served in the Fleet Air Arm for a short period at Chatham and Lee-On-Solent. However he had to leave after about 7 months because of his hearing problem.



During his working life he was an apprentice at Saunders Roe in Cowes, worked on the Princess Flying Boat, and became an inspector. Subsequently Harry moved to Bristol with British Aerospace in the Technical Publications department and worked on publications for the Bristol Britannia, Concorde and Airbus.

In later life he has enjoyed fell walking in the Lake District, wood carving and woodwork, and he has an orchard garden. He enjoys travelling and has visited Yugoslavia, Malta, Majorca, and been on cruises to the Mediterranean, the Fjords and the Canary Islands.

In 1987, Harry retired to Cowes and you may have read that in June 2011, he was invited through ‘Action On Hearing Loss’ to visit Buckingham Palace and met HRH the Duke of Edinburgh (full Ticker Tape report in Issue No.70).

In 2014 Harry had a heart attack where 2 stents were successfully fitted at the Queen Alexandra Hospital in Portsmouth.

May his whistling hearing aid continue to whistle for many years to come!

Robin Burnett

BHF MEETING. BRISTOL 2ND NOVEMBER 2017

Gary and I attended the above meeting as we are affiliated to the BHF and our insurance is with them. It's a long time since anyone has attended one of their yearly meetings!

There were around twenty heart support members at the meeting, three BHF staff and Dr Kerrie Ford from the University of Bristol. Each group attending (they were from Glastonbury, Gwent, Bristol, Salisbury, West Glamorgan, Somerset, Newquay, and, of course, the IOW) had to introduce their group say what was a highlight and what the problems were.

Interestingly our problems were very similar. A lack of members wishing to be on committees and how we are affected by the staff changes within the NHS.

Only two of us were Instructors, the rest being patients and their wives (not the other way round).

We had a very interesting talk by the Doctor, a scientist, Heart Disease and Diabetes: from heart surgery to the lab and back. There were a couple of workshops and a lovely lunch! Teas, coffees biscuits, fruit, cake provided morning and afternoon too, not always healthy!

I exchanged email addresses with the other Instructor, from Salisbury, and Gary and I chatted to the other groups.

We found others were also experiencing problems with buddy schemes, as our mentors are having a problem these days getting to patients on the ward. It comes down to the NHS staff, and their attitude to "outsiders". We all know it works but can't seem to get them see it.

They also have fluctuating numbers coming from Phase III, again it often comes down to the NHS staff.

There were suggestions that we didn't call groups, committees but just had people together to discuss events etc. I think that's something I'm going to try as I've had some response to my Ticker Tape article, from one or two of our quieter members.

We all have financial issues and several have had money given to them by the ASDA scheme, Barbara Brown has already put us forward with the Newport branch. Most of the groups attending were only support groups and no exercise was included in their get togethers so their funding was for speakers or social things.

We were told that we should be able to advertise ourselves in the BHF shops, some members have found that not to be happening, we will try that again. There was also the suggestion that we advertise in the pharmacies as we're all being advised to go to them and not the GP surgeries.

There was a lot of discussion around websites. We are extremely lucky to have Gary! Most haven't got websites and if they have they are nowhere near as good as ours. The BHF staff left Gary to present our website to the others and advise them on their way forward! They were all impressed and I hadn't realised how lucky we are, it took going away to see it!

In fact we were the most established group and also ahead of the others in virtually everything. I also have the best relationship with the NHS in Phase III.

We were pleased we went and have contacts with the ICD group in Gwent as well as the Salisbury Instructor.

We have been emailed everyone's contact details, by the BHF, and will endeavour to keep in touch and find out what they're up to. Working together can only help us all.

Next year there's a possibility of visiting one of the labs working on BHF funded research, we would love to attend.

Lyn Smith



**FIGHT
FOR EVERY
HEARTBEAT**
bhf.org.uk

A VIEW FROM THE CHAIR

Christmas that time of year when we tend to forget about our diet, we look forward to our Christmas dinner with all the extras.

It's also the time when families and friends get together. So let us all hope we have a Happy and Merry Christmas and New Year. I wish you all the very best.

On Monday the 6th November 5 members of the HCC, John, Len, Eileen, David and Harry were invited to Portsmouth Uni Paramedic training department to be used as patients for the paramedic's final exam.

Each paramedic had 3 tests to do on us .1, Cardiovascular, 2. Respiratory, 3. Nervous System.

We all had 4 Paramedics each one took one hour so it was an all day event.

Harry Lawrence. Chair HCC

A SHOPPING SHOCK OR A BRIEF ENCOUNTER

In the 1980's, I was working in a "Stock Broker" type housing estate in Surrey, where the word Beeches puts another 50 grand on the house values.

Just along the road running along side of the expensive properties was a small parade of shops, one of which was an old fashioned greengrocer, highly regarded for his fresh vegetables delivered daily from a selection of small holdings, just two miles down the road, and displayed as "just dug", complete with dew, dirt and the occasional caterpillar.

As I started to fill my wooden basket, I noticed a mature lady of the type we used to refer to as "county", i.e. always seen in brogues, twin-set and pearls, coming along the aisle towards me.



We arrived at the freshly filled carrot display, and there on top was a superb example of an excited male carrot, whose size and shape would instill envy in the heart of any red blooded male.

Suppressing a smile, I stepped back to allow the lady to examine the carrots on display. Having selected a couple for her basket, her eyes focused on the "masculine display". She picked it up carefully to examine it closely for several seconds.

She turned around to me and enquired in a very "Queenly Voice", "Aye wonder if one can get batteries for this?". Then with a polite nod, she glided past to continue her shopping, leaving me, for once, speechless!

Derek Harvey

If you had purchased £1,000 of shares in Delta Airlines 2 years ago, you would have £49.00 today.

If you had purchased £1,000 of shares in AIG insurance company 2 years ago, you would have £33.00 today.

If you had purchased £1,000 of shares in Lehman Brothers 6 years ago, you would have nothing today.

If you had purchased £1,000 of shares in Northern Rock 5 years ago, you would have nothing today.

But, if you had purchased £1,000 worth of beer one year ago at Tesco's, drunk all the beer, then taken the aluminium cans to the scrap metal dealer, you would have received £214.00.

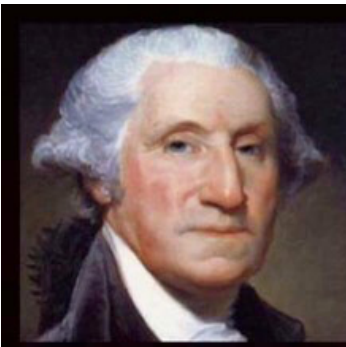
Based on the above, the best current investment plan is to drink heavily & recycle.

A recent study found that the average Briton walks about 900 miles a year.

Another study found that Britons drink, on average, 22 gallons of alcohol a year.

That means on average Britons get about 41 miles to the gallon!

Makes you proud to be British doesn't it?



*I cannot
tell a lie.*

- George Washington



*I cannot
tell the
truth.*

- Richard Nixon



*I cannot
tell the
difference.*

- Donald Trump

A FAIRY STORY

A man on his Harley was riding along an Australian beach road when suddenly the sky clouded above his head and, in a booming voice, God said, "Because you have tried to be faithful to me in all ways, I will grant you one wish."

The biker pulled over and said, "Lord, build a bridge to Tasmania so I can ride over anytime I want."

God replied, "Your request is materialistic; think of the enormous challenges for that kind of undertaking; the supports required reaching the bottom of the Pacific and the concrete and steel it would take! I can do it, but it is hard for me to justify your desire for worldly things."

Take a little more time and think of something that could possibly help mankind."

The biker thought about it for a long time. Finally, he said, "Lord, I wish that I, and all men, could understand women. I want to know how she feels inside, what she's thinking when she gives me the silent treatment, why she cries, what she means when she says nothing's wrong, why she snaps and complains when I try to help, and how I can make a woman truly happy."

God replied: "You want two lanes on that bridge, or four?"



Dear Santa,
I'm writing to let
you know that I've
been naughty and
it was worth it!

A SMALL GLIMMER OF HOPE IN THE GLOOM !

'Viagra' is now available in powder form for your tea.

It doesn't enhance your sexual performance but it does stop your biscuit going soft.

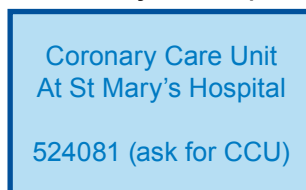
Health Questions

Answered by NHS 111 or your Coronary Care Unit

If you are at all worried by an ache or pain which you do not understand – professional help is at hand, just telephone:



OR



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Mentors**

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'They will take the worry away'

Isle of Wight 
NHS Trust

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The next issue of Ticker Tape is due out on the March 2018. The latest date for copy to be included in this issue is 2nd March 2018. Copy can be hand written, typed, preferably on disk, or emailed in Microsoft Word or PDF to Gary Smith.

Email: garysmith250@me.com

Please put Ticker Tape in the subject line

Or given to Lyn at any of the classes.