

Emergency at Stanton Lodge

Saturday 19 September 2009 was an eventful day – one that I have been told not to repeat by my friends, relations and carers at Stanton Lodge.

The day had started well. Moira and Peter came to visit me and we carried out the usual practice – lunch at the Rat Trap which has easy access for wheel chairs and good staff and food, followed by shopping at Sainsbury's, a quick visit to Hobbycraft, that veritable cornucopia where we bought ball point pens (including gold and silver ones for use on our Stanton Lodge Christmas cards which members of the Art Club are producing) then back to Stanton Lodge.

Moira and Peter left me to go to a barbeque at Stony Stratford – then soon after, my adventure started. I started to prepare myself for bed, went into the bathroom walking with the help of my Zimmer frame, went to move from my commode chair, using grab rails, missed a grab rail and fell on the bathroom floor entangled in the Zimmer frame. Fortunately I fell on my bottom and did not bang anything on the way down. This left me entwined in the frame but lying awkwardly on the bathroom floor. Amid some swearing I had to think of a way to get help. I sorted myself from the frame then started to crawl on my belly using my elbows to propel me (just as I used to do in my early days in the Army).

I crawled into the bedroom where there was a phone. This, however, exhausted me. You would not believe I could lose so much skill in a mere 70 years.) So just inside the bedroom I came to a halt. I lay there for perhaps half an hour calling out to attract attention. Finally Dominique heard me and came to my aid. She called for Janet and the pair of them summoned a paramedic from the hospital.

The paramedic turned out to be an attractive young lady who introduced herself. However I cannot now recall her name. This would never have occurred in my prime! I flirted with her while she asked for a winch to get me onto the bed. I assured her that a wench was exactly what I needed. Like Queen Victoria she did not seem amused! I never did understand women!!

P.S. Since that day I have worn my personal alarm locket night and day.