



## Laurie Lindsay.

Back in April, Laurie was in hospital with a badly infected knee and being a big sook, he kept complaining that it hurt. Soldier on we say!!! We heard he was restricted to male nurses too, wonder why??

*Laurie in hospital with his great grandson, born on 10<sup>th</sup> Jan. What a happy healthy little fella. But?? great grandson??? No-one's that old.*



Apparently, everyone has infection beasts on the outside of their skin and these are always looking for a way in, and as they go for the weakest link (his head was too far away) they went for the knee. He woke up early on a Monday morning (9th April) with what he thought was cramp which quickly

turned into a sore knee. At first, he thought it was an old football injury as he used to play for the Ladies College Old Girls, and being terrified of needles and doctors, he thought it would go away in the morning. It didn't! So, gritting the teeth, and with Carol holding one hand and his man-bag in the other, it was off to see the doctor where, being the sook that he is, he managed to pass out whilst sitting in the waiting room.



He had an x-ray on Wednesday and the pain was getting worse. It was back to the Docs on the Thursday for a debrief on the X-ray and a blood test. On Friday 13th he went straight into hospital and next day (Saturday 14<sup>th</sup>) he had a knee arthroscopy with a penicillin antibiotic. Whoops!, he forgot to tell them he was allergic to penicillin and he soon came out in big red (very itchy) welts on his back. On Tuesday, 17th April, he was back under the knife for another arthroscopy and this time with non-penicillin antibiotics.

### *Is this a proud old grandpop - or what??*

Worried that the beasts had gone to his heart, (be lucky to find his we reckon) he was given a heart ultrasound and a camera stuck down his oesophagus into the heart to take photographs. He stayed in hospital with a permanent intravenous drip until 2nd May when he was sent to the Cabrini Rehabilitation Centre where they normally send old blokes to convalesce. Knowing

he was such a sook, the physiotherapists took it in turns to torture him and within a week, 2-3



days after which a normal person would have done it, he was walking on crutches without supervision.



Laurie's little great grandson giving professional advice on great grandpop's knee.  
It's actually a toss up who has the most hair.

He was finally allowed to go home on the 11<sup>th</sup> May, when twice a day, Hospital at Home called and administered him with antibiotics. This was to go on for 2 weeks. Poor old bloke, he was too sick to take a tablet on his own.





His oldest child, who turned 56 recently, and who lives in Sydney, told Carol that if she comes down he's got to know that he's dying. She came down anyway and said to him; "You're not dying you silly old bugger - toughen up." Laurie said: "Damn kids, I used to smack her back side; where is the filial respect?"

We make light of it, but he was pretty crook there for a while – all the best mate, hope you're up and about real soon.

The Lindsay dynasty.



L-R: Grand-daughter (Ramona) and mother of the bub, daughter (Nicole), handsome hulk, great grand-son.

# THE RAM

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**REMEMBER WHEN YOU COULD REFER  
TO YOUR KNEES AS RIGHT AND LEFT?**



**INSTEAD OF GOOD AND BAD.**