



Sick Parade.

If you know someone who is a bit crook,
let us know so we can give them a shout out.



Bill DeBoer.

Bill has frequented the local newsagency recently – buying lotto tickets. He now reckons he's the luckiest bloke in Yeppoon in Queensland. A few weeks ago, he was mowing the lawn at home and felt a bit funny and being a bloke thought nothing of it. He sat down, had a bit of a spell, then went and finished off the lawn.

Next day, he got that funny feeling again, tingling in the left arm and a bit of a thump in the chest – and once again didn't think much of it – thinking perhaps it was just an ageing thing.

Next day he and wife Sandy were driving and he mentioned the episodes to Sandy who immediately took charge and booked him in to see the doctor. The doctor plugged Bill into a few doctor things and then immediately admitted him to the Rockhampton hospital as local doc reckoned he's had a couple of serious heart attacks.

The docs at Rocky hospital started their checks and the next thing you know, Bill is in the air ambulance and headed for the Holy Spirit hospital in Brisbane. On the Monday he was wheeled into theatre and several hours later, after they had performed double bypass heart surgery, he was placed in ICU, then transferred into a private ward for recovery. The surgeon who worked on him came to see him shortly afterwards and told him he was on very short finals in that big heaven bound aircraft and if he'd left it a few weeks longer he would have arrived. One of the major arteries that supply blood to his heart was completely blocked and the other one was 90% so.

Amazingly, after only a few days in the ward, he was allowed to leave – it was only Friday. He was told not to fly for a few days so he and Sandy decided to take it easy in the local motel near the hospital. On Monday, one week since he was wheeled into the theatre, he was enjoying lunch with some mates at the Kedron Wavell Ex-Services Club.





Who said we have a problem with our Health Service??

Arthur Fry

I had been meaning to write to you after I read the [April 2016 edition of RAM](#). Seems you and I had the same 'life-changing bug' thrown me as you did. As I told my surgeon, if I could had chosen my own disease, I would have picked measles!

Your fix apparently took a lot less time that mine, but still a bit of a hardship nevertheless as you so eloquently described in your article.

It appears they took the long road around with me. After being diagnosed in May 2015, I first had to undergo radio therapy and chemo therapy concurrently, which laid me flat on my back for ten weeks while the grubby little chemo gremlins exited my once perfect body!

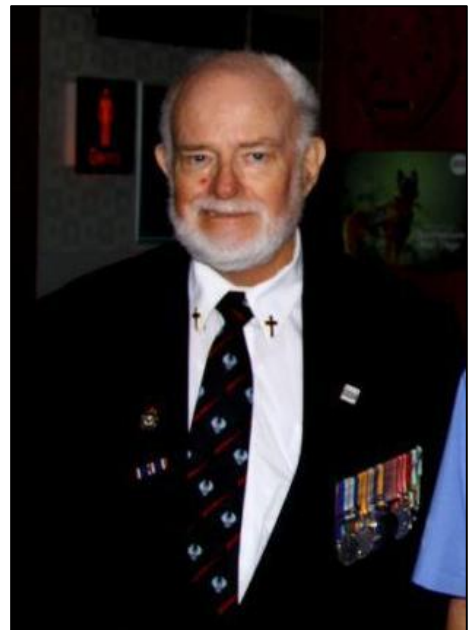
Then I had the first operation which left me with an ileostomy bag which leaked more times than it didn't! Blue Care nurses attended three times a week and finally gave in and watched my wife, Annette, manage the situation as she somehow had reduced the leakage days considerably. Still, I concur heartily with your comments about our wonderful nurses and I did write them up in one of my columns in 'Ricochet'.

Then setback Number One came along and tests showed that as my cancer was so close to the entrance, they may not have taken all of it, so I went on another round of chemo for four months. As with the first time, towards the end of the session, I was flat on my back for another ten weeks.

My surgeon says I am doing better than he expected and better than most of his other patients walking the same road. Sometimes I wonder!

When we met last Wednesday, that was the first time since Anzac Day, which was two days before my reversal surgery, that I had been able to take part in any form of ceremonial activity.

You met Colin Rose that day. Colin has been stepping in for me to officiate at any services I couldn't attend. We have been friends for well over 50 years. Colin preceded me at Radio School both on our Mechs and Techs course. He retired as a Radio Officer about the same



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time as I pulled the plug and both finished up in the same church as we did on our first postings out of Radio School to Amberley 55 years ago.

In fact, as I type, Colin and Annette are out at the church counting the collection from last Sunday, then they bank it in Caloundra at the same community bank where Colin has been a Director for about ten years since it opened a bank in Caloundra.

If you ever are looking for a sponsor for any event in this area, Caloundra's Bendigo Bank has sponsored more functions than I can count. Here endeth the commercial!

All the very best in your recovery from this dreaded hiccup. I'll find out next Tuesday if the little rotter has completely been annihilated by the chemo and radiation. My surgeon says I have managed to keep my humour throughout this ordeal, a reason for staying on top. I am sure you have done so also. It's been a mite uncomfortable, but compared to the alternative, well, there is no comparison. As a clergyman, did I just say that?

With every blessing,

Arthur F

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