

THE ENGLISH LETTER SEPT 2025



It has been a big 3 or 4 months since we last wrote up this diary.

I have to talk matters medical because it has been the major factor during that time. No diary could omit them however boring for you.

Stage IV prostate cancer is the new norm so I will not keep referring to that. I had the replacement stent op that went well. This clears the route from Kidney to bladder.

I am beginning to forget what order events happened but next came the SCC removal from my chest that has proved to be cancerous. Then came the knee replacement. Out of hospital one day before collapsing on the floor with no strength to get up. Back in again by ambulance and now a failed Kidney (only 11%) and a catheter. Each one of those I think I could handle easily but the combined nature of them all has left my body battered. I am feeling a little sorry for myself.

I am not in the clear yet with removal of stitches due plus the catheter issue and a deeper and broader cut into my chest. Goodness gracious. Leave me alone for a while please.

I must record my nightmares that started with the kidney story. They occur about 3 am and are seemingly designed to stop me. I am not sure who "they" are but the first was a real out of body experience that was very scary. Also not sure what they are trying to stop me from doing.

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Surely something else happened to tell you about?



Of course there is with Melanie and Alex coming down for a visit to the Coven in St Anne's and 18 holes of pitch and putt with Alex, plus the requested seaside fish and chips. I could not tell you whose birthday it was for or even perhaps Xmas but it did not matter. We were together and had fun.



A handful from Sandhurst Grange went off to the Lowther theatre to see a really good tribute to Roy Orbison with an ex Animal drummer

performing like a main act himself. This pic will not win any competitions but does tell you we were there.



A pre theatre dinner at The Trawl Boat (W) and bus in.

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We went up to Heysham Village to the old churches and had a lovely afternoon tea at the Cumbria Grand. The stone graves lie by the side of the remains of the St Patricks chapel dating back to around the 11thC but with human artefacts found to be some 12000 years old. The functional church of St Peters goes back to around 1340. Morecambe Bay is in the background.



Here we are having that great afternoon tea.

St Anne`s has this wonderful kite festival that we went down to have a look at being illuminated kites for night viewing and the day time monsters.





An evening braai and a fine dinner at Miller and Carter concluded our activities being a steak restaurant I had always wanted to visit. Well worth a return for that

special occasion.



Now all of this took place a mere 2 weeks or more ago but today I have crutches, a catheter and seek explanations for my failed kidney. It is as if the pictures and activities mentioned above were from a different time.

But one must not get caught up in this self pity and with Bev`s great help we are getting through these challenging times. It would seem so ridiculous to have a knee replacement unless I can use it.

I now must face mortality in a way that I used to see immortality.

Another take out is that SCC, keep out of silly sunbathing. Help your own body.

I will try and limit these medical references but no true diary can do so. Sorry.

I think that takes us up to date and hope for more positive input next time.

Once again we say farewell for now and so it is good bye from me and cheers from Bev.

Do try and keep in touch as we do really enjoy hearing your news.

Bye for now.

Alan and Bev