

Roll: **20120819-6203**

Camera: **Premier DS-30805:**

Film: **Digital**

Subject:

Holiday in North Yorkshire 18th - 24th August 2012.

Notes:

In April 2012 I came close to dying of acute pancreatitis. I had suffered a series of unexplained acute abdominal incidents during which I experienced astonishing levels of pain but was only ever prescribed Gaviscon. I think I was taken to hospital in an ambulance on at least one occasion, possibly two but I was anxious to avoid these trips for fear of distressing Joseph.

On the final occasion I had eaten a lovely piece of gammon for breakfast and then went to the Lady Bay trading estate to shop at B&M Bargains. In the car park I was hit by even more extreme pain. I got myself home but by that stage I could hardly stand. Rahel got me to A&E. As we queued I was unable to stand and was screaming in agony. The queue cleared and other patients got me to the front for immediate attention. I was put on a trolley in a side room but writhing in agony I fell off. I was admonished by nursing staff. I was begging for morphine but was denied it until after I had been examined by a doctor. Then I went into intensive care and given as much morphine as I wanted. I found much to my surprise that I was not afraid at all of the prospect of death but I felt my responsibilities were such that I had to survive. I was reminded of Winston's near death experience of drowning when he was ready to go until he remembered that he had not renewed his insurance and that his partner would be left destitute. I mentioned this to my brother Royston when he came to visit, it was important to me because always previously I had been very frightened of death. He dismissed it by saying that it was "just the morphine talking" so that was the end of another opportunity to engage on subjects either of feelings or philosophy.

I called Sillitoe's Mum and arranged for Joseph to stay with them for a few days. I told the medics that I had an eleven year old boy, that his mum was severely mentally ill and that they had to save me.

Joseph was badly shaken by the events and refused to come and see me in the hospital. That hurt but I think I understood.

After about a week in intensive care I was returned to the ward. The first doctor/consultant who saw me on his rounds looked at my notes and said "Pancreatitis level 5... and you survived. Well done you."

When I returned home from hospital I found that I had lost fourteen pounds in fourteen days. Recovery was very slow. I had been given a large pack of morphine tablet and was taking four a day at six hour intervals which meant setting alarms during the night. I was able to cut that to three a day but getting below that became a struggle. I was physically addicted and trying to make severe cuts induced shaking, sweating and vomiting. I bought a tablet cutter and tried 1/2 a tablet four times a day. That worked and by reducing by just half a tablet a day at a time for a period of several days, I finally got clear of the stuff. I was given a small supply to hold in reserve should the problem recur.

As we started to do things again I found that I had to eat every 4 hours or I went into uncontrollable shakes. I was trying to avoid fats entirely as the pancreatitis was secondary to a deranged gall bladder and Dr. Jelpke said that it was the contraction of the gall bladder to expel bile into the gut to digest fats that ejected the gall stone that blocked the biliary duct just below the pancreas (leading to my digesting my own pancreas).

I was put under some pressure to have the gall bladder removed but although it is apparently the most common operation in the UK, the risks still seemed unreasonably high to me. I was also convinced that the constant drip of bile into the stomach would be problematic.

The mother in law of a colleague at work had had the same feelings and had walked out of the hospital after being prepped for the operation. This was ten years earlier and she had since avoided repetition of the pancreatitis through diet. This inspired me and I talked it through with Dr Jelpke. He was of the opinion that I would be back within five years begging for the operation but as he also told me that the delay would be unlikely to affect the outcome of the operation decided to try going the same route.

When I returned to work I was given a formal written warning.

As I tried to get back to normal life I discovered that if I didn't eat every four hours I would get uncontrollable shakes and sweating. Try to deal with this while avoiding all fats was difficult and it was not unusual in a rural environment to find that Haribos were the only solution. Again Joseph found this very distressing

and if he saw me starting to relapse he would try to get as far away as possible.

This was our first holiday after these events and I find I am a little vague on the details. I do remember that we had a little difficulty finding the place. I don't remember the interior at all. Joseph was practicing his football skills at the time and would practice flipping the ball over his head with his heel to evade a tackle. I was a bit worried that he was doing this in the road between parked cars which required considerable precision.

The cottage is right opposite the Cross Keys pub in Bellerby and I cannot imagine why we do not seem to have gone there. Certainly I have no pictures but then for some reason the pictures I do have seem not have much in the way of metadata not even the date and time of shooting. I have guessed at the camera being used.

I do remember that we rested at the Buck Hotel in Reeth more than once. There was a lot of military training ground around Bellerby which maybe why we ventured further afield or maybe it was name of Swaledale that provided the pull. I remember walking around the army camp, I think in the rain.

I believe that at some stage we went to Leyburn library. Joseph and I joined and we took out some books, why? I don't recall, the weather doesn't seem to have been too bad although Rahel and Joseph are wearing rain coats. Rahel has raised some big smiles for the pictures although I don't recall her being any happier than usual on this trip.

Eastvale Cottage, Moor Road, Bellerby, NR Leyburn DL85QY

People: Joseph, Rahel and Clifford.

Dates:

Dates and times I think have been manually added to the exif data although I would imagine the dates are accurate.

Frames:

Photo01_0A 20120819 11:30:00 Husband and wife.

Photo02_1A 20120819 11:32:00 Husband and wife.

Photo03_2A 20120819 11:34:00 Mother and son.

Photo04_3A 20120819 11:36:00 A very happy dad.

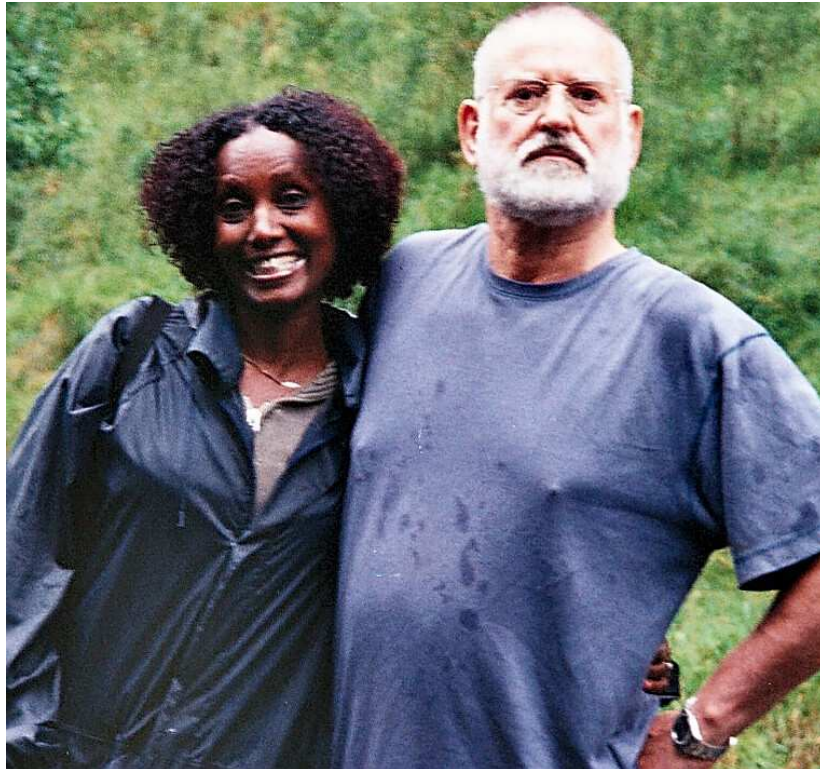


Photo01_0A - Well done you.

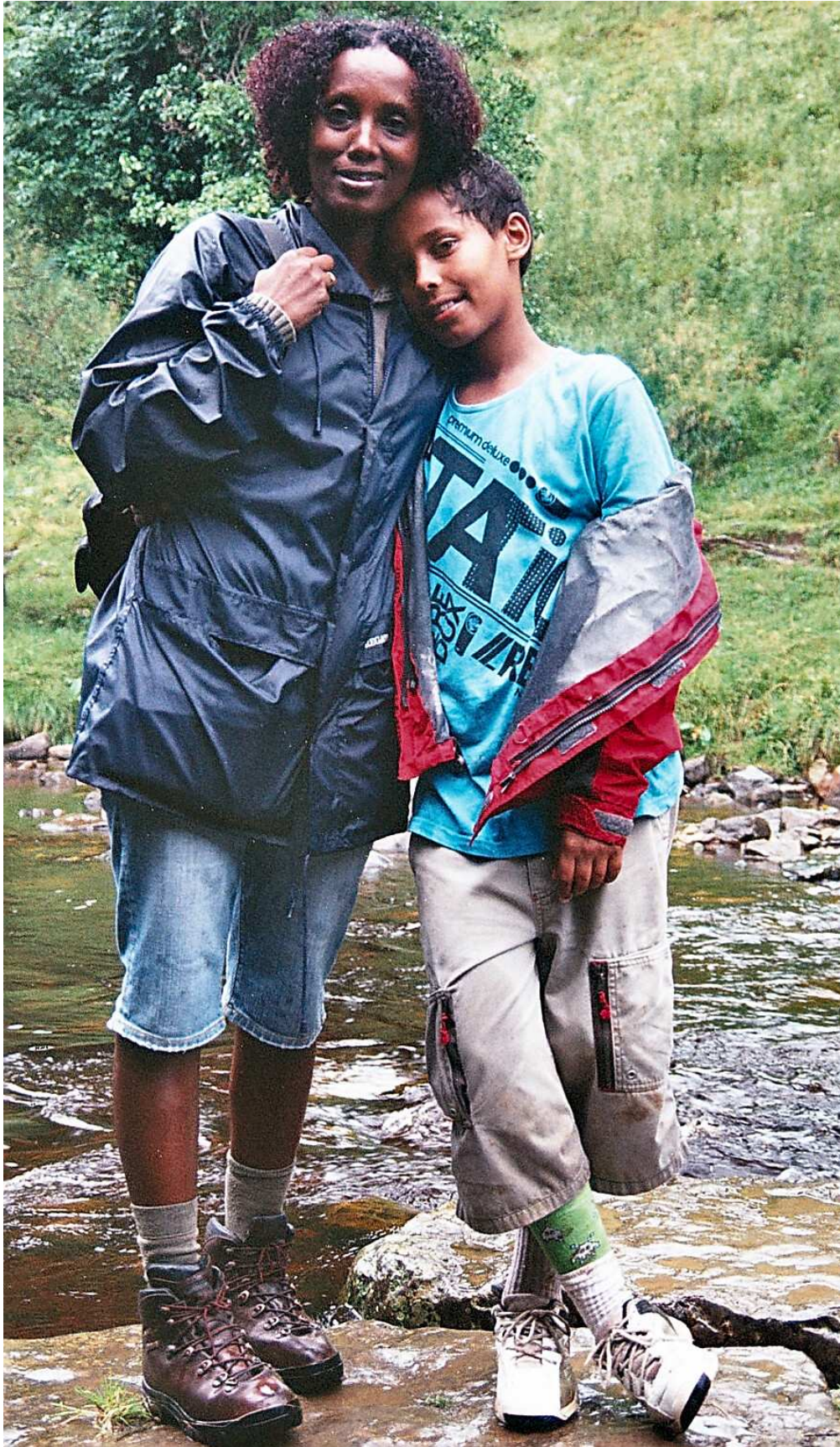


Photo03_2A - Mother and son.



Photo04_3A - A very happy dad.