

# KING OF HEARTS

## The Committee

**Dr. Andrew Deaner President**

**Honorary Members**

Trish & George Scott

Henry Phillips Chairman  
0208 500 7095

[maureen\\_henry2003@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:maureen_henry2003@yahoo.co.uk)

Durham Holbourns Secretary  
0208 554 6779  
[durhamholb18@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:durhamholb18@hotmail.co.uk)

Karen Hughes Events Organiser

Peter Knight/Henry Phillips Treasurer  
0208 478 8464

Peter Knight Membership  
[peter.knightsite@ntlworld.com](mailto:peter.knightsite@ntlworld.com)

Janet Knight  
0208 478 8464

Evelyn Wilson  
01708 557910  
[evelyn.123@btinternet.com](mailto:evelyn.123@btinternet.com)

June Sheen  
0208 595 6120

Stephen Granditer  
0208 590 3605

Sylvia Daly  
0208 599 3188

Molly Ghosh  
0208 597 2308

Meetings are held at  
**Fullwell Cross Library**

On the second Wednesday  
In every month  
At 7:30pm

**COMING SOON**

July 10th To Be Announced.

## Newsletter

July 2019

Cardiac Support Group

Dear Members and Friends

July 2019

Welcome to my July newsletter, I hope that my July newsletter finds you all well this goes out to our dear friend Terry West who is being treated for a serious facial Melanoma Terry we all wish you well. Two weeks ago whilst out shopping at Tesco's in Barkingside I was approached by two young ladies who were canvassing on behalf of the disabled in Redbridge. I fell for many cardinal rules before being relieved of the money from wallet. I obtained a crime sheet number from the police and our dear friend Paul the local PSO has also been informed, if anyone would like to hear what also happened please give me call.

At our June meeting we had no official speaker so I gave a short account of the time when I was evacuated in 1940 to a village in Cambridgeshire where I remained for the rest of the war with the most wonderful people you can imagine. My account was opened up to the group which then proved to be a useful forum for other memories were on passed to us in a jovial manner.

I am sorry if this newsletter is not as informative as my usual effort but what happened to me has caused me to lose the plot which I hope will not last much longer.

I was able to ask my friend Eric Simmons if he could give my suggestion of joining our committee some serious thought which he has promised me he would do.

As always I would like to thank Janet and other dear friends for making the tea, well done for your help. I look forward to our July 10<sup>th</sup> meeting please keep well, best wishes, and please be careful out there.

Regards.  
Henry Phillips Chairman.

## *Parking is such sweet sorrow.*

A Gentleman in his mid-forties found himself increasingly exasperated over his wife's extensive collection of parking tickets, While other people collected sensible items such as old dolls heads, Empty bottles and egg cups in the shape of Margaret Thatcher, this particular lady was the proud owner of a collection of penalties dating as far back as 1980, obtained from such exotic climes as Los Angeles, Melbourne, Belgrade and a tiny French village in the Pyrenees called Cauterises;

A ticket which was especially dear to its owner on the basis of its having been presented to her by the mayor.

With such a fine record, perhaps she shouldn't have been so aggravated when upon announcing to her husband that she was off onto town for a spot of shopping, her husband jumped up from what he was doing and rushed into his study and emerged clutching a bag of one-pound coins.

For the parking meters he said, smiling sweetly.

And who says I'm going to use one? She snapped back I might decide to park outside of town and walk.

Well, why don't you take them. Just in case he murmured smoothly

Just in case of what? I'm not a total imbecile, she fired back, before departing with the bag of coins begrudgingly held in one hand and her car keys in the other.

On reaching town, she parked the car and soon found herself in a wonderful comfort zone of cloths shopping, followed by an espresso, followed by more cloths shopping, followed by a spot of lunch.

By the time she arrived home, she had purchased two beautiful skirts, a digital wonder watch that she could tell the temperature in four zones and speak five different languages, some new jeans and a pair of shorts for her husband. Entering the house, she had a sinking feeling that the shopping expedition hadn't gone entirely to plan.

Good day? Her husband enquired innocently, as she thoughtfully poured herself a large gin and tonic.

Fantastic, she brightly turning towards him. You're going to love the shorts I bought you.

No, um, parking tickets? He asked.

No she said quietly No parking tickets. He grinned and kissed his wife affectionately.

That's brilliant he said, So we should always keep a bag of coins in the car. Yup she nodded, then glanced down at her digital wonder watch, hoping that it might somehow provide her with a helpful solution, but it only managed to tell her the time in Afghanistan.

Good thinking, Now why don't you go upstairs and try on the shorts.

Never one to shirk his duties her husband readily jumped up from the sofa and bound upstairs to the bedroom. Just enough time for his wife to shout out that she had to pop out for a moment and hastily beat a retreat via the bus, back into town to pick up the car. Not only had she forgotten to put money in the meter, but she had spent the bag of coins on a taxi ride home, exhausted after a long and arduous day of retail therapy.

*Taken from book of Senior Moments by Shelley Klein.*