

KING OF HEARTS

The Committee

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Meetings are held at
Fullwell Cross Library

On the second Wednesday

In every month

At 7:30pm

COMING SOON

Newsletter

July 2020

Cardiac Support Group

Dear Members and Friends

July 2020

Welcome to my July newsletter, as we are now halfway through 2020 and I pleased to say it is now our official summer, again I hope that you are all staying well and safe, I am pleased to say my family are all well.

I would like to thank Angela Banner who was concerned about the wellbeing of our dear friend Stephen Granditer who has not been involved with the group for since leaving the committee, another good friend Janet Knight made it her aim to find out about Stephen by making a phone call which was answered by a young lady caring for him who reported that Stephen was well but needed constant care, thank you dear ladies.

Our secretary Durham Holbourns had heard via the grape vine that the company Vision from whom we rent our meeting room at the library is in financial need of help, so I asked another member of the committee Eric Simmons to find out if this was so, he informed me that the company was indeed having money problems but Eric was convinced that this might only be temporary and that we should not be too concerned about losing our venue, watch this space, thank you Durham and Eric.

It would appear that the lockdown is slowly coming to an end but when it does please be careful what you do and where you go. As soon as I find out about the library if and when they intend to reopen I will get Durham and Peter to inform you all of our situation.

I am pleased to tell you that the family of George Scott had room for me to attend his farewell I took up this invitation, the service was extremely peaceful and sad I learnt much about his past which was very interesting. I was allowed by the family to ask if those assembled would like to join me in walking to see the plaque we had made for Trish I was pleased that all at the service accompanied me and were pleased at what they saw.

I will sign off now so that Durham and Peter can get this letter out to you all, so I wish you all my very best wishes, and as usual please keep safe.

Regards

Henry Phillips Chairman

POOTES STORY

Have you ever wondered why dogs never get tired of fetching sticks, or why if you've only left the house for five minutes. Your four legged friend always greets you as if you've been away for five years? The answer is quite simple-he's suffering from senor momentitis. Indeed, your beloved Fido could probably write a whole book on the subject, if he could write that is, And if he could remember where he buried the pen. Cats on the other hand, are far superior creatures, or are they?

Enter the tale of Poodle, a beautiful marmalade feline, nearing his dotage. Over a period of a few weeks Poodle increasingly had been plagued by unwanted attentions of a feral cat who had modelled himself on *A Nightmare on Elm Street* villain Freddy Krueger. Every time Poodle ventured through his cat flap there ensued a brawl of considerable ferocity. Claws were drawn, teeth bared and fur was sent flying. As the neighbours were subjected to a caterwauling worthy of *The X Factor*. Mrs Smith, Poole's owners, later remarked that on the sole occasion she caught a glimpse of Freddy, she understood why Poole so anxiously crossed his legs and hovered nervously around the door whenever he was in town. The Smiths convened; it was decided that action was required, and so Mrs Smith dutifully trotted to the RSPCA to pick up the cat trap.

Setting the trap up was easy enough. Mrs Smith placed some lovely tined tuna at one end, and carefully balanced the door on its prop and set the whole contraption up in the garden. Nor did she have to wait long for the results. On hearing the metal door slam shut, she rushed eagerly into the garden only to find Poodle sitting inside, disgruntled and glowering.

Reasoning that any normal cat, once realised would not go near the contraption again. Mrs Smith undid the latch and set Poodle free but Poodle was no ordinary cat. On the first day alone of owning the trap, Mrs Smith court Poodle a total of fourteen times. A number of the neighbour's cats were also caught. In fact, the only cat that was not captured that day was Freddy Krueger.

Nor were the second days attempts any more fruitful, for it seemed that Poodle simply could not recall having been caught in the trap beyond a couple of minutes. Each time his owners came to the rescue, there he sat in the cage, a quizzical look etched upon his features as if to say. I think I've been here before.

Proof at last that animals fall foul to the dreaded senor momentitis too.

Taken from the Book of Senior Moments.