

GIBBONS

— SOLICITORS —

Howard in Ipswich Hospital

My dear readers, July has not been a particularly good month for me. I had to have an operation at Ipswich Hospital.

Although the procedure was fairly straightforward, it was to be a daunting prospect for me since I had not been in hospital before. The morning of admission dawned and I had to arrive at the Hospital by 7.30. I was fortunate to be accompanied by my mother and a good friend and so I did not feel quite so alone. I had never had an operation before let



alone have to be anaesthetised. From the time of my arrival until the operation at a little before 12 noon, I was called in to see the various specialists involved. I did not know though when the moment of truth would be upon me. At 11 I was asked to don a gown (a fairly mundane affair without trimmings) but it was another 45 minutes before a nurse took me to the operating theatres.

I must admit that I was fairly scared as we arrived outside the theatres which were a buzz with activity. I remember seeing all sorts of cylinders and medical staff running around. I was taken into a small room and put in a bed where I was wired up. I was then pushed through some double doors and into the operating theatre where there were large oval lights on the ceiling, machinery and various surgeons all in their overalls and they seemed to be wearing short wellington boots. By this time, I was in something of a tizz, however, the nurse looking after me was very kindly and re-assuring. I was told that I may feel a sting in my arm and that was the last that I remembered. I came round at about 2.30 in the afternoon and was wheeled in a motorised bed to the new Garrett Anderson building. I was so delighted to find that I had my own room with a lovely bathroom. I had to stay in hospital over night where I was so well looked after and I even came across one or two of you – my readers. Soon after I came round I had rather a nice dinner of turkey lasagne and a jam sponge pudding with custard. There is always an up-side. I am grateful to my readers and clients for their best wishes and I am now feeling much better.

One never knows what is around the corner and so if you do not have a Lasting Power of Attorney in place then please have a word with me. This is a document that will enable those that you appoint to run your affairs in your place even after you have lost mental capacity. There is something of a procedure to go through, however, we can handle all of that for you. Do telephone to enquire.

I wish you well for your Summer Holidays.

Howard Gibbons

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