

As a seven year old just nearing the end of going to infant school in Lincoln during 1957, the energies in life were endless. It must have been the final half term in April, there it was me and my friend climbing on play equipment in the local park without a care in the world, when it all started. There was me feeling very unwell. I remember the pain in my body was getting worse, so I returned home as fast as I could knowing the one person would be there for me, my Mum. With Dad at work, my twin brother out with his mates and sis as I called her then, was helping Mum in the kitchen. Mum, without hesitation seeing my condition getting no better, ask sis to stay with me whilst Mum rushed to the neighbours four doors down in our row of terraced houses to ask if she could use their telephone. With the nearest public telephone box at the post office 10 minutes away, it was a bonus, mums very seldom worked in those days as our kind neighbour answered the door and let Mum phone the doctor. On his arrival, with me on the settee stretched out, his diagnosis was swift.

He and Mum went down to the neighbour again who by this time was waiting with the passage front door open ready and concerned for them to return. A short while later the cream coloured ambulance with its bell ringing so loud came to the excitement of most of the neighbours in the street who all came out to watch while I was carried out on a stretcher to be placed in the back of the ambulance. On arrival at St George's Hospital Lincoln the Dr immediately put me in isolation in a glass cubicle with others either side. Being so young I had no idea what was going on as I was unable to move. Laying there paralysed, the nurse came in, gowned up to and said " o dear I feel it best if we changed your sheets" I'd lost all lower body feeling and control.

I remember being transferred to a room with a big box iron lung and laying there so must have had difficulty breathing at some time as Mum confirmed in later years on re-visits to St George's. After a time I was transferred to a ward where children laid in bed. I recall drinking from a teapot lying flat on the bed stretching out my left arm. Mum, aunts, crying, wiping tears from their eyes, uncles looking on, all unable to verbally ask anything through the glass observation area. Over time and treatment St George's Hospital transferred me to the County Hospital in Lincoln as I regained movement slowly in the recovery children's ward.

My whole life of hard work eventually started to show areas of weakness in my late 50's. I thought its time to start having words with the Dr. Sleep Apnea was ruled out after tests. I had a word with the Dr after the hospital test who was a polio specialist. Enquiring he commented there are possible signs of PPS. I carried on with work until I felt a four day was needed so I could recover over a long weekend.

Going to see the local Dr in 1963 and asked the question again about PPS, not a chance she said, I've had no case of that in my working career but I'll get you to see a neurologist to check it out. I had to travelled to Nottingham for test only to find the

young neurologist just making snide remarks of how mild my condition was at 70 years old, how I'm looking for answers nobody seem to little about. No dedicated person at The County Hospital, my local Dr has no time to listen, even with EMG carried out by the neurologist assistant and when neurologist turned up briefly, he was constantly interrupted by a trainee neurologist.

My life goes on at the age of 73, and thankful to wake up with a pulse and plan my day around my condition now. Plan B kicks in and lots, with planning and adjustment it keeps my independence ticking over. With the help of my power chair this gives me a way of being able to make the days routine more comfortable, happy days.