

# God doesn't want you ... yet

That is what our vicar Jennifer said to me in February.

Well my goodness, this has been a humdinger of a year. Started well enough, we went to Fuerteventura for Christmas. The sun shone and we met some lovely people which made it more special. Our return was fun and games with the flight being delayed, but we did get home eventually.

So, January began and it was a bit up and down with the odd sniffle but things turned a bit worse with both of us coming down with the flu. Started mid-January and I was due to visit some friends in London but, with what I thought was a cold, I decided not to infect anyone else. Days following are a blur to me, the only thing I can really remember is that I fell out of bed sometime on Sunday night/Monday morning. Dave was sleeping in the other room at the time, so didn't find me till the morning and who knows how long I had been on the floor. Poor Dave, who also had the flu, had to try and manhandle me back into bed with no help from me. Dave wasn't sure what to do so phoned the doctor straight away and was told that someone would be round. Unfortunately, this took longer than first hoped and Dave kept ringing them and when someone did come, they called an ambulance straight away. The medics at Great Western were amazing and found me a bed in the ICU. The list of problems was very long and I was connected up to life support and put into an induced coma. I was in the ICU for 16 days with another 2 weeks in a recovery ward. Dave was told that I was so lucky as another half an hour later, I may not have pulled through. I was so unaware of all this. Terry who had been in New Zealand for 3 months came home as planned the following day to find a very poorly sister.

To say I was off with the fairies is a bit of an understatement. In my world, I had to go and stay with the Doctor in his house. I moved around a lot but I was not in hospital. Dave's brother died and I had to do my own shopping even though I had no money. None of this was true but seemed very real to me. The strangest thing is to feel I could have died and I would not have known it, hence Jennifer's remark when she visited later. I was in hospital in all for 28 days. I was very weak when I came home but with Dave's love and support, I am now as strong as ever and doing really well.

The picture was taken when I returned to intensive care and met the nurses who had looked after me so well.





After the blip at the beginning of the year, Dave managed to finish our redesigned utility room, all so I can hang my coats up downstairs now and it does look rather splendid. We had a new boiler fitted too as the old one drew its last breath. The new one is outside so we can jiggle the kitchen around too, work will start before Christmas but we will be doing it in stages.

This year has been good since then; we realised how lucky we are, sometimes it takes a lot for us to realise that, but we do and we are, so that is what matters. I now go to the gym three times a week and it does me good. Dave has started walking around the village. He would love a dog but we both realise they are a bit of a tie, so not yet. My family was very good when I was poorly, and of course we have lots of good friends who bring us joy.

Once I had regained some strength, we have been out and about. We both went to Edinburgh in August. Dave went to the Fringe with some others, and I went to visit friends and then we met up to take the plane back. Late again but not too bad. In the summer we went to a wedding in Amsterdam. The wedding was lovely and we met up with good friends, but boy has Amsterdam changed and, as often happens, not for the better. So busy, and now really car unfriendly and then to top it off all public transport goes on strike, they even closed the tunnels, just in case some stupid pedestrian doesn't know the difference between walking above ground or below it. We went via Dunkirk, having seen the film, and when we were there, eating our sandwiches in the peace, trying to imagine what it must have been like all those years ago. On our way



back we went to Waterloo. I was wearing my Abba trousers and we sang that classic song from 1972 at full volume out of the car window. How daft we must have looked. We also learnt a lot of stuff about the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon. Did some shopping as well but not that much. Dave bought some wine to lay down but I am not sure where there will be that much left even for 2020.

Dave is busy working hard; one of us has to after all. I still make cakes for the tea room and sometimes do other bits of catering. I love doing the networking for Dave and I have been part of a women's networking group for some years now and it maybe that I take over running the group next year, all very exciting.

Our big holiday of 2020 will happen in January. We are going to Norway on the Hurtigruten voyage and we are both very excited. Cold and snowy and hopefully lots of the Aurora Borealis. We are going with our neighbours but as we have seen the price of a bottle of wine then it may be teetotal.

Dave here with a few snippets. Although Mum died back in August 2018, we have still to sell her McCarthy & Stone Apartment! We had a little problem in September when the garage cupboards (which had been OK for 10 years) fell off the wall. The MX5 was heavily dented and, although written off by the insurance, we have kept the car and I will sort it out when the warm weather arrives. Unfortunately, many of Lizzie's prize vases were completely smashed in the process.

On a more positive note, Lisa is pregnant again so another grandchild is arriving in May 2020. Lisa's daughter Willow will be two in January and Ben's daughter Ada was one years old in November. Aren't they lovely?



We would like to wish you Happiness and Health in your worlds for 2020. Where does all the time go?

Lots of love

Lizzie & Dave