

Monday 15th June

Dear Lois & Peter, It is now over a month (just) since I escaped from hospital. I celebrated by spending my first day on the cardiac rehabilitation program (I can't remember ever being habilitated, but if it happened it is happening again).

We went down to see them (the unit), as requested, last Wednesday and also saw a Dr Tagan who is standing in for Dr Wayne (still overseas spending my money). He weighed me (84kg), checked me over to see that I was still breathing, gave me some fatherly advice (which must have been hard for him at about 1/2 my age), patted me on the head, and showed me into another room for another E.C.G. (Do you stock E.C.G. tapes? There seems to be a steady market for them.) We met some of the unit staff, and saw some of the inmates carrying out peculiar exercises - like walking around weights in plastic baskets etc. It was arranged that I should start at the 'school' this morning - which I did. There were three other new boys (I would have been the oldest) and two women - who felt compelled to interrupt continuously with inane questions or comments on their own lives & experiences. I found myself thinking unchristian thoughts about Daisy and Miler (their names) - such as, why didn't they have strokes instead of heart attacks? Why men have lost their powers of speech.

Today was mainly an introduction and orientation session followed by an introduction to exercise. Our youngest member (age 36) had to drop out. The rest of us walked around with our plastic baskets carrying various loads. Tony (abt 50 - a chemist) and I were picked on to carry the heaviest loads, and to spend double the time of the others walking up & down steps - which we managed without difficulty. They progress people in the same group.

at different rates according to their abilities - taking pulse² & blood pressures before & after exercise.

The buildings we are in were the latest thing in army hospital accommodation when they were built - in 1915 - but the equipment is up to date - mostly supplied by the cardiac support group - private individuals who have survived the course. They have a large number of staff - doctors, nursing sisters, social workers, physiotherapists, occupational therapists, cardiac technologists, dieticians, medical secretaries, outpatient receptionists etc. etc. Between them they should be able to get me roadworthy again. I boasted earlier about my weight (84kg) Our scales still show (87kg) so one of them is wrong. My height is, however not in doubt at 1.814 Metres. I seem to have shrunk a little over the years - or maybe there is slightly less hair on top. More on this exciting subject at a later date.

Jan drove over here on Friday morning - arriving abt 7.15pm. We drove him the rest of the way to Dullmarine and his flight to Winnipeg. He would have arrived last week-end. They all return on 5th July, so we have a slight excess of automobiles until then.

Went to church yesterday for the first time since before my 'episode' (that's what they call them at the C.R.S.). Got a very good welcome. As the family was coming for afternoon tea (I'm still in Australia territory), we had a quick lunch, a walk at Burrary Park, and a short rest (watching the football) until they came. Ann had a better offer (a friend's birthday party.)

Good to hear from you on Sunday.

Love,
Gene
and Glen. XX