

School Memories – apple and custard crumble



Custard, even better, custard with apple crumble, brings me back to my school days. I was basically lonely at my secondary school, often bullied. Comfort eating became part of my life. This was at a time when cooks prepared food in kitchens in the school and not bought in frozen from some central supply depot. The canteen at the RUH Hospital in Bath is pretty good. I told the server lady that I liked custard and she definitely took me at my word.



I often get ideas for cooking from going out and this one was a very nice beef stew with carrots. What intrigued me was the pastry parcel – whatever it is called – which was cooked to perfection and beautifully complimented the stew. I had the main course together with early potatoes apparently cooked in butter or with lashings of butter on. So this really was a ‘melt in the mouth’ job.

Today was my day for an eye examination. Unfortunately I have more fluid in the eye than I should have and also a small bleed. I mentioned that after spending in the sunshine I could not see detail for about 10 minutes when coming into the shade. They asked me if I had had a cataract operation. Maybe this has to come. I hope I keep my sight enough to read. My right eye is perfect at the moment and the left eye is at least stable.

There was a lady patient who must have been 90 years of age. She fell over in the corridor. She sat there, shaking, if for no other reason than shock. The doctor invited her to sit on

the floor and then he gently lifted her up onto her chair. The same lady was still disturbed and when she had her eye injection she moved at a critical time and there was a small tear created in the iris. This made her more upset than ever and it took the diplomatic skill of the doctor to calm her down but she still cried and felt she was a failure and said so to her friend, who had brought her.



As you know the corridors of the hospital full of paintings which people can buy and thus contribute towards hospital funds. This image struck me. They say the eyes of the window

of the soul. There is no question that this man is looking into your soul but is there love or just perception? I think there is some suffering, some empathy, some understanding, but also some distance. This person is an observer no less.

Off to the cafe for very nice latte and a peach croissant then to catch the bus. As you know I'm a great fan of the signage here at the GUH and this is a particularly good one. What about helping the helpers?

**If you look after
someone, who looks
after you?**



Trudy and Mark
Photo by Blind Veterans UK

**Drop into the Carer Hub for information
on your local carers' organisation.
You can call
0800 0388 885 (Bath & NE Somerset)
or 0800 181 4118 (Wiltshire)**