***Lucy, 92***

*I remember Dr Johnson our doctor – he was lovely and like a “granddad” to all the children. When I was about 8 I went into Wathwood Hospital with a fever. I should only have been there for two weeks and was there for 14 weeks because I deteriorated. My family could only see me through a glass window. A friend of the family worked at the hospital and she told my dad that he needed to get me sorted out because I was in a bad way.*

*My mum told my dad that she was going to get me home and she did.*

*The hospital van brought me home from hospital and the driver said to my mum “I’ve brought your daughter home”. My mum replied – that’s not my daughter it’s a bag of skin and bones.*

 *I remember I wasn’t eating at all in hospital and from then on my mum was determined to fatten me back up and she did. I remember the first thing I ate was pickled cauliflower and I couldn’t get enough of it !!*

*From the minute I went home I never looked back and went from strength to strength. I remember a doctor visited me every day and he was really nice – he had to massage my legs to make sure that I kept moving. My dad borrowed a pushchair and would take me out along the towpath to visit relatives.*