

# Virtual Volunteering Times

**A GREAT PLACE TO VOLUNTEER**

Volume 2 Issue 20

8 October 2021

## Thank you to Addenbrooke's Anita, Survey Volunteer

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### Travel Expenses

When you return to volunteer with us, please remember to claim your travel expenses by **25th of EACH MONTH**.

We will only keep a volunteer's last 2 claims on the system so please ensure you keep your own records.

Many thanks

### Mandatory Training

To be able to return to volunteering at CUH your mandatory training needs to be up to date. Login to DOT <https://learning.addenbrookes.nhs.uk/login/index.php> to access it but if you have problems logging in, please email the DOT team: [DOT@addenbrookes.nhs.uk](mailto:DOT@addenbrookes.nhs.uk)

Many thanks.

It was not so long ago that I was at Addenbrookes Hospital, not as a volunteer worker walking along the corridors of the hospital moving from ward to ward asking patients' questions from my iPad, this time I was the patient myself. It was the afternoon of the 6<sup>th</sup> of January 2021 the third day of the serious lockdown in Britain; Prime Minister Boris Johnson was very concerned of the rocketing figures of people dying due to COVID.

As it was the start of a complete lockdown and no one was allowed to leave home unless it was for the most essential needs and for exercises, I took the opportunity to walk into town to witness a rare and noiseless, calm and clean environment of the city as a part of my daily walk and at the same time to see the city for what it actually is.

I chose to walk into town hoping to see the quiet river flowing along the backs of the colleges, to see the empty old buildings standing tall on the narrow streets of Cambridge and the courts of the various colleges with their rich green lawns standing behind the iron gates all sadly locked.

Did I get to see this?

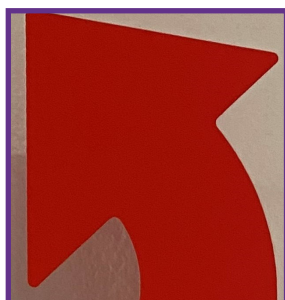
No, it was not meant to be. For as I walked along the streets of Cambridge leading to the city, not a soul was to be seen on the road, not a car nor a van in sight, when a car from somewhere or nowhere came at breakneck speed which I can still almost see and feel and knocked me down. I can still remember clearly what happened to me the details of which are much too gory to mention. I was then taken to Addenbrooke's Hospital. Needless to say I was most seriously injured.

The team of doctors and nurses who attended on me immediately with the speed and efficiency is something I will never be able to describe. One never really personally experiences exactly how the doctors and nurses work in general, especially in situations of emergencies; I did, albeit not in the best of circumstances. Such dedication, I feel must come not only from the heart but their very soul. The doctors and nurses have sold their souls to the NHS. It is a vocation they are dedicated to.

**Continued overleaf**



## Where in the Trust? Riddle



What can go up a chimney down, but can't go down a chimney up?

**Answer's to last week's puzzles:**

*Riddle:* Mushroom

*Where in the Trust?* Main Corridor to ATC

## Thank you to Addenbrooke's.... continued

A doctor kept vigil on me for two nights and nurses during the day which made me think one does not need to be the Prime Minister to have nurses and doctors keep all-night vigil on one through one's period of crisis but they looked after 'a little old me' too just in the very same way. The NHS treats every human being alike, whether you are a poor old me or the Queen. Caring for patients to them is morally and ethically intrinsically in their psyche.

I was in the hospital for two weeks, and since I help around at hospital with the iPad asking patients questions, it was my turn now to see actually what goes on in the wards. I realised how nurses work relentlessly, with a smile, sometimes cheering patients if they seem down; they check on their patients to make sure they are clean, fed and comfortable. They are worked off their feet. I can only describe them as angels personified. You may think I am exaggerating, but that is how they came across to me.

The food you would think is institutional, again, even the food was served hot and more than acceptable.

I would like to thank all the nurses from the bottom of my heart who looked after me so lovingly and caringly in ward 4A (Neurological ward) and then ward J2 where I was moved to.

I would also like to thank the doctors also right from the bottom of my heart who took such utter care of me when I was in Hospital and are still looking after me.

It seems such a pity that the whole hospital seems to be seriously suffering from a dearth of nurses, had there been more nurses and staff employed in the hospitals our National Health system would be the best in the world.

## Welcome Back!

We've had some wonderful feedback from staff who, like us, are absolutely delighted to see volunteers back on the hospital site.



Can't wait to have more volunteers on our wards

Its so fantastic having support from guides again

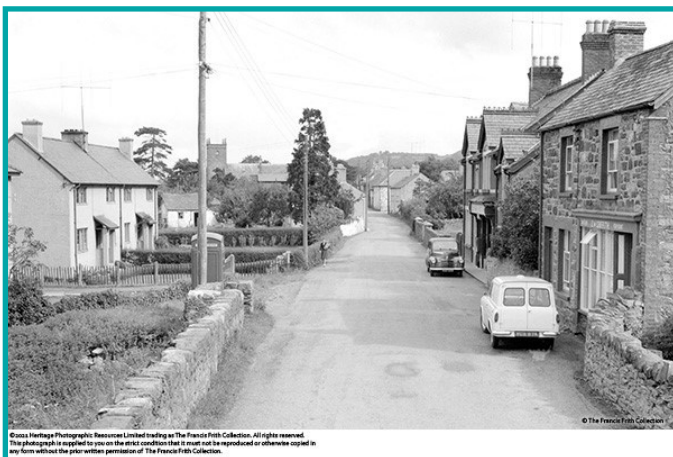
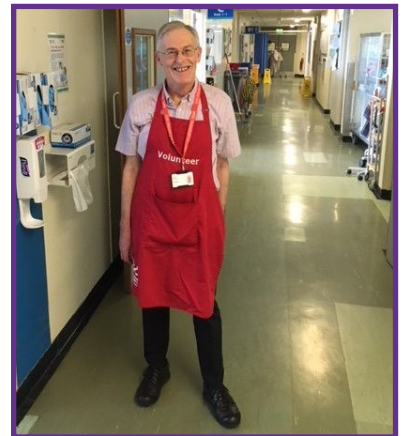
I've missed seeing the volunteers in red uniforms, so great to have them back

## A Yorkshire Boy in Wales.... Robert, Ward Volunteer

Home as a child was Pontefract in West Yorkshire, but holidays meant Eglwysbach, a tiny village in North Wales. My mother's cousin had a holiday cottage there and we went virtually every school holiday apart from Christmas. The first time I was taken I was eighteen months old and so Eglwysbach has always been there to me. It is situated in a little valley off the Conway valley, about seven miles inland from Colwyn Bay, and for those of you who are lucky enough to have visited the fabulous Bodnant Garden is the village on the Bodnant estate. In the 1950s when I was a child it was deeply rural in a way that has now well nigh disappeared. There used to be a photo of me alone standing outside the village shop at the age of about five clutching onto a loaf of bread terrified of dropping it surrounded by a large flock of sheep which was being driven through the village. There was another occasion when we got back after an outing and had to stay in the car as a large and angry bull had escaped and was prowling up and down the street accompanied by Mrs. Jones from Ty Mawr Llan, where it lived, and her neighbour Mrs. Jones from Llan Farm, who were trying to get it back to its field.

I had two sets of play mates, the Yorkshire ones and the Welsh ones. The first language in the village was Welsh and, indeed, the children did not learn English until they went to school. This meant that I, as the only English child, had from an early age to learn some words of Welsh (now virtually all sadly forgotten) so I knew whether we were going to play on the swings or go wild flower picking, one of the more rural pastimes for children. Half terms in England did not always coincide with half terms in Wales, so as I got a little older for lack of someone to play with I would go to the local school, where I met children from the outlying farms. Apparently, I'd turn up at home in the middle of lessons, grumbling that they'd started in Welsh and that was far beyond my meagre language skills!

Next door lived an elderly lady, Mrs. Roberts. When she died, she left her home to her



niece Annie, whose husband, Mr. Jones (inevitably), was retiring from their remote sheep farm on the Denbigh moors, so they moved down to the village. They decided to keep just a few sheep to keep their two sheep dogs working. Mr. Jones had been a judge of international sheep dog trials and the dogs certainly knew their stuff. Both his legs were badly deformed and he had to use two walking sticks. Nonetheless, he would drive his car anywhere, up the steepest hills and round the steepest of fields. As I approached my teens it became my job to go out with him to open gates, close sheep pens and so on. Of course, there was one problem – the dogs only spoke Welsh, so I had to expand my vocabulary. I achieved that, but the whistles were always beyond me!

## Keeping well this winter - flu and COVID boosters

We are pleased to be able to tell you that the CUH flu vaccination campaign has now begun and once again, it is open to you, our fabulous volunteers.

The drop-in clinics are running Monday—Saturday each week from 07:00 to 17:30 in the Deakin Centre. There is no need to book, but **you will need to bring your NHS number with you**. When you attend, the vaccination team will discuss the different vaccination type options with you.

### COVID booster vaccines

If you received your 2nd dose of the COVID vaccine before or on 30 May 2021, you can 'express your interest' in receiving the Covid-19 'booster 3' via MyChart. Please follow the link below. **You must not share this link with anyone outside of the CUH family**. Your request will be processed by the team and you will receive an invitation at a later date to book an appointment if you are eligible. You will need:

- The date of your second dose
- To confirm your job role matches the definition on the page as part of the registration process
- Your NHS number

<https://mychart.addenbrookes.nhs.uk/MyChart/publicforms.asp?mode=showform&formname=MyChartVaccinationRegistration>

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[www.volunteering.cuh.org.uk](http://www.volunteering.cuh.org.uk)

**CUH Volunteers**

**We're on the web!  
[www.volunteering.cuh.org.uk](http://www.volunteering.cuh.org.uk)**

## Paws Corner

Charles and Pablo have been spending their Wednesday lunchtimes cheering up staff in the Diamond Jubilee Gardens.



## Support for you, 24 hours a day.....



**Help** is a **call** away

**Health Assured** offer a free confidential advice and counselling service for CUH staff.

**24/7 helpline: 0800 783 2808**

## CUH Arts pumpkin challenge

Throughout October you're invited to create something using whatever creative means you like on the theme of pumpkins! This may be a traditional pumpkin carving, but could also be a photo of one you've grown, a painting, textile project, poem, crochet, dressing up your pet... the possibilities are endless!

Send a photo or pdf of your pumpkin creation to [art@addenbrookes.nhs.uk](mailto:art@addenbrookes.nhs.uk) with subject 'Pumpkin' and we will create a digital collage of your submissions which will be shared on the staff portal and social media at the end of the month.



## A Day Out for Duncan... Jane, Volunteer Guide

"Last weekend we helped Volunteer Chaplain Chris Westgarth to provide her 1952 Morris Minor, called Duncan, as a Wedding Car to carry Beth, the Bride and Alex, her father from home in Camp End to St. Mary's Church in Castle Camps.

Duncan felt it was too far for him to motor from Comberton over to near Haverhill, and then onwards to the Reception in Dunmow.....but he was delighted to ride on a trailer to the family home! You guessed it, David and I hitched the trailer to our Defender and off we all set.....and brought Duncan back safely whilst Chris went on to the reception."

