

Tropical news

BRINGING YOU THE LATEST NEWS
FROM OUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS
AROUND THE WORLD

JUNE 2007



Editorial Ramblings



As many of you know, I recently resigned my very well paid job in Kuwait, to come home to be with my family. I have been amazed at the moral support I've received from so many of you who tell me that I've made the right decision. It certainly wasn't expected and I would like to thank you for your wonderful e-mails and letters.

The sad news on this and the following page has also made me realise how important it is to be with our loved ones as much as we possibly can. One never knows what the future holds or how long we are going to be fit and healthy enough to play games with our children and go on outings and holidays with our family and friends. Life is so fragile that we must take every opportunity to be with those we love. As several of you have repeated; no amount of silver can replace those precious times with our family and close friends.

You will remember from last month, that Grace's father, Leopoldo, was on his way to hospital for tests. This has continued even to this day (29 June). As I write this, Grace and Leopoldo have just returned from their second trip to Manila this week, to St. Luke's Hospital. The previously mentioned medical examinations he'd received in Dagupan proved to be a complete waste of time and money. That is why I sent him to St. Luke's. The ultra-sound scan he'd received locally, in Olongapo, yesterday, also proved to be a waste of time and money (this is the Philippines!). Anyway, today, Leopoldo had further ultra-sound scans as well as a biopsy on his prostate gland. We have to wait for one week for the biopsy results. The ultra-sound scans indicate that the problem causing blood to be present in his urine may be caused by some small stones in his kidney and two, very large stones, in his bladder. Of course, we are hoping and praying that the prostate problem is not cancerous. We would appreciate your prayers at this time.

below: Grace, with her father, Leopoldo at a restaurant near our home.



Front Cover photograph: Two of the activities available near our home, at Baloy Beach; Parasailing and Jet-Skiing.

Back cover photograph: Parasailing off Baloy beach

Alan

Your prayers are needed...



A few days ago, I received this e-mail from David Heath in Kuwait:

Dear Ones,

I am writing to you to bring you up to date with a serious situation, healthwise, that I find myself in.

On May 20th I noticed that the left side of my neck was swollen. I immediately went to the Military hospital. They didn't know the cause, but suggested I had a series of tests, However, first I should go on a course of antibiotics. We were unable to get the tests done before our vacation in the UK.

On our return on 16th of June, one week ago, I started tests. Including an UltraSound, CT Scan, Fine Needle Aspiration and Blood tests. Basically the findings are consistent with a nonHodgkins Lymphoma.

I have been referred to the Cancer hospital here in Kuwait for further tests and treatment. It is not an aggressive type of lymphoma but needs to be treated either with Chemotherapy or radiation. I will know more after I have been to Hussain Maky Jamaa Hospital.

Please remember us in your prayers,

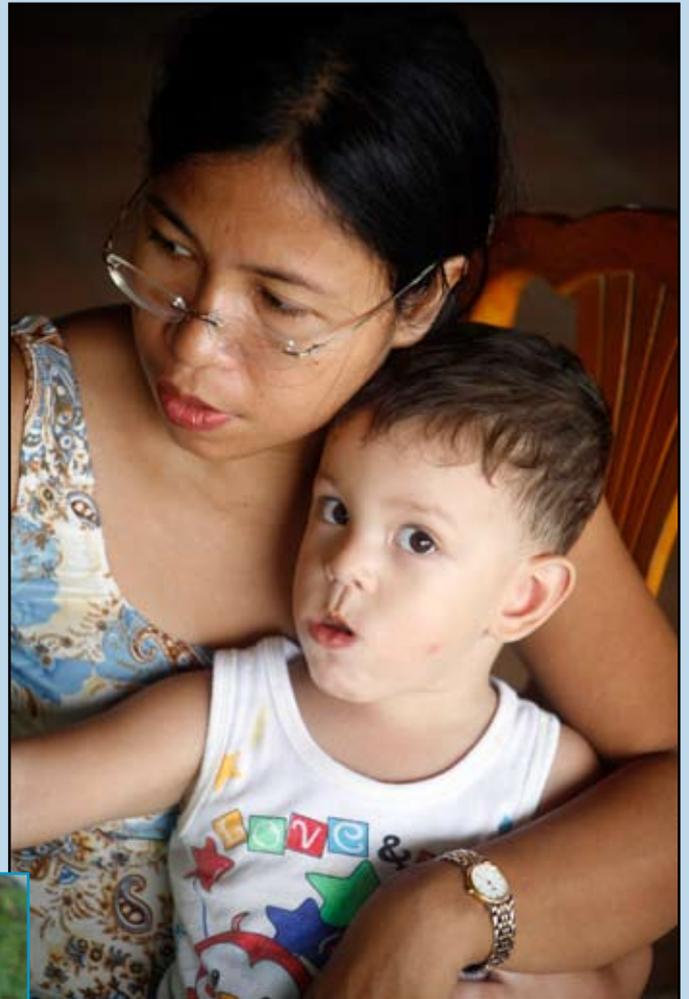
The photograph, top, shows David Heath with his wife, Ruth (far right), and their son, Adam. On the left are Ruth's sister, Yang-Yang and her daughter, Samantha.

Fun at the beach



Top: John's first time on a Jet-Ski with his Dad and Uncle Mike.

Bottom: The jet-skiing family whizzing past White Castle, off Baloy beach.



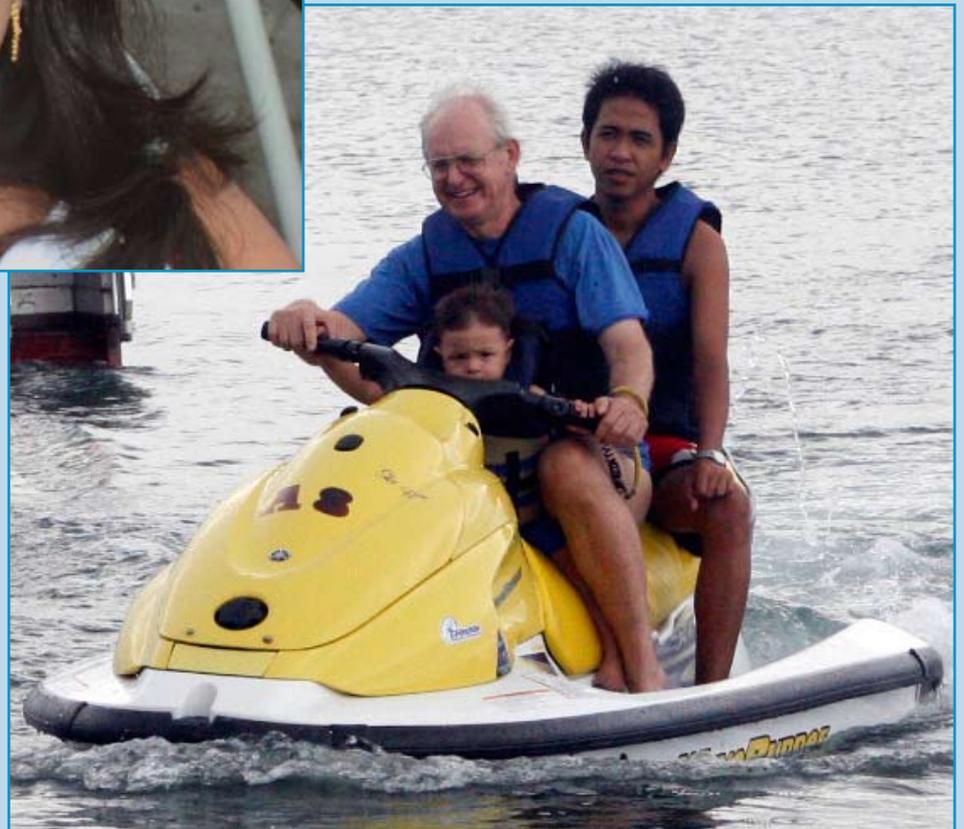
Top: Grace and JP in a restaurant on the beach at Baloy.



Top: Nené - probably wondering what JP will be up to next!.

Centre: Grace - always lovely!

Bottom: The jet-skiing family - JP, Alan and Mike.

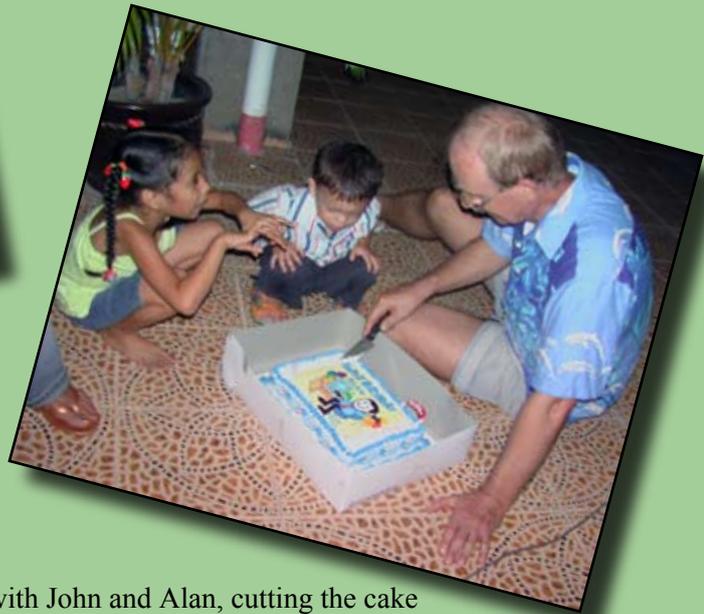


25 June 2007

Now I am 28!



Here are some photographs taken at my 28th (!) birthday party in our home. I wish all of you could have been here to share it with me. We managed to share my birthday with Nadia, in Qatar, via webcam.



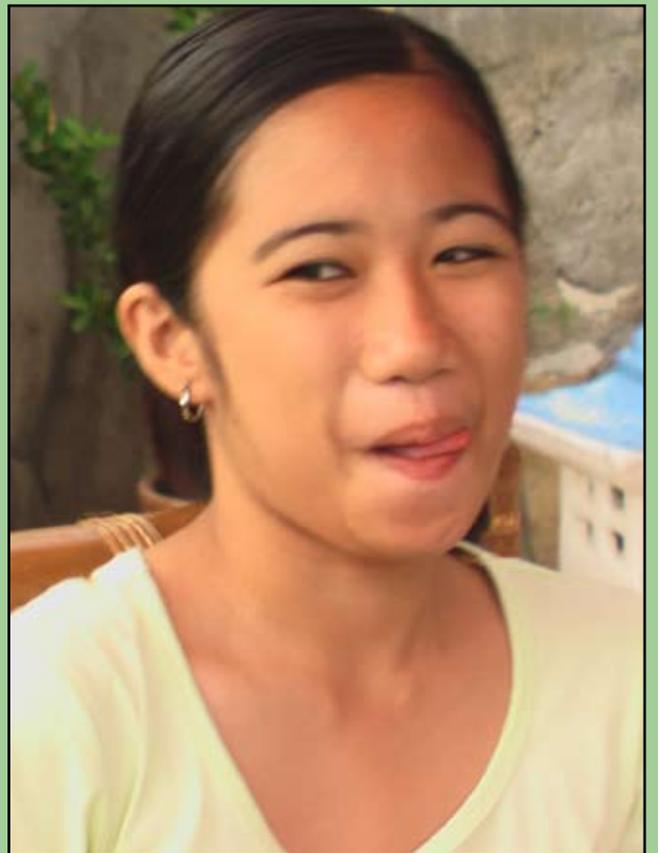
Above: Princez with John and Alan, cutting the cake

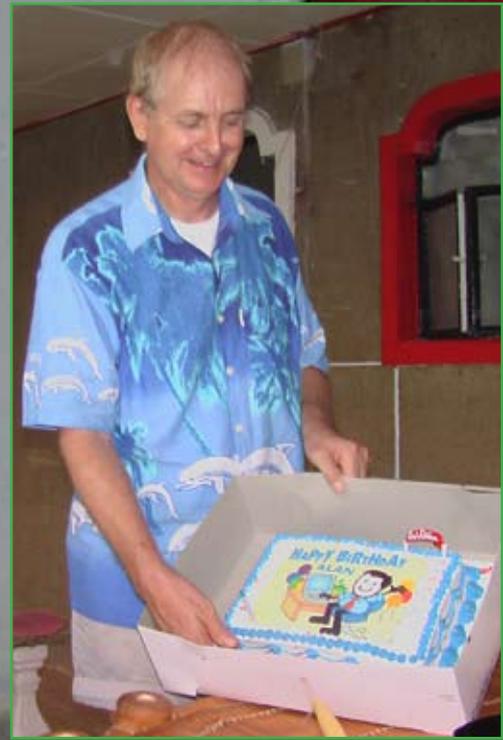
Left: John with his Grandad

Below left: Princez with JP's Land Cruiser

Below right: Four beauties - always great for me to have lovely girls at my parties! - it keeps me young!











Alan's Reflections

This month we remember two important anniversaries in recent British history: the anniversary of D-Day on 6 June 1944, and the anniversary of the evacuation of Dunkirk on 4 June 1940. I wonder when we will be celebrating the complete evacuation of the UK - when all the original British people have got out and left the place to the immigrants.

According to the Office for National Statistics at URL: <http://www.statistics.gov.uk/>: *In 2005, an estimated 565,000 migrants arrived to live in the UK for at least a year. This was lower than the 2004 estimate, but higher than all other years since the method to estimate Total International Migration began in 1991.*

In the same period, 380,000 people emigrated from the UK for a year or more; over half of these were British citizens. Australia was the most popular destination for British emigrants followed by Spain and France.

I look forward to seeing the figures for 2006 and 2007.

Of course it will take some time before everyone abandons ship. Many people are reluctant to leave their home country but have taken the route of internal migration as a first step. According to Richard Savill (Daily Telegraph 2 January 2007): *High numbers of people moving to the south-west of England over the past decade have fuelled an increase of more than 200 per cent in property prices in the region, according to figures published today.*

Research by the Halifax bank found that the South West recorded the largest net gain from internal migration of any of the United Kingdom's 12 regions in the 10 years up to 2005. More than 300,000 more people moved to the region from elsewhere in the UK than have left to live elsewhere, boosting the South West's population by six per cent.

"It is all to do with the quality of life," said a Halifax spokesman. "The South West is popular for families with children of school age and retired people who want to leave London.

It is interesting to note that *"It is all to do with the quality of life,"* One would, perhaps, expect the best quality of life to be found in the capital city, surely - best restaurants, night life, concerts, theatre, etc. Maybe not - cost of property, cost of entertainment, cost of living, taxes on everything and now the capital is being taken over by foreigners. Over 15 years ago I took my children to London. We stayed at a caravan site at Crystal Palace. One of their activities was held at the Barbican Centre in the City of London. On the first day, we travelled by public transport. After dropping them off at the Barbican, I returned to our caravan by bus. There were times when I felt quite threatened by my environment, as I was the only person around of original British stock. I felt so out of place and uncomfortable that I returned to the Barbican to collect the children in my own car and never again travelled without it. The situation must

be a lot worse now. We are seeing a huge exodus of British people from their own country, mainly because they just don't feel at home there any more.

The strange thing is, I've never felt that way in any other country than my own. As many of you know, I've lived in and travelled extensively in the Gulf countries, where I've always felt safe (although Grace received a lot of hassle when we lived in Kuwait - although I'm told that has reduced since we were there together), as well as in some of the far east - especially in the Philippines, where I've walked around some of the most potentially hazardous areas without feeling insecure or threatened - places where even Filipinos from outside those areas won't go.

I often wonder what my dear Uncle Jack (*below*) would have to say about my country were he alive today. Uncle Jack was one of many who were involved in the various landings that followed D-Day (I think he was landed on the following day, D-Day+1 or D-Day+2). He lived through the battles of WWII and never failed his country, but died in the hands of the decrepit National Health Service who failed to look after him when he needed them. He fought, as did my father, and risked his life to keep the invaders at bay - and succeeded. Now my country has fallen to a different set of invaders and a weak government that is failing the country and its people by trying to appease them on every point, and provide them with the benefits our people have fought for, for generations, to provide a good life for our own people. That's why they have come to Britain, instead of sorting out the mess that their own countries are in. We now see our own way of life being taken away by these invaders and a deterioration taking place that is irreversible. I just wonder who will be the last to leave - and when!

Alan



