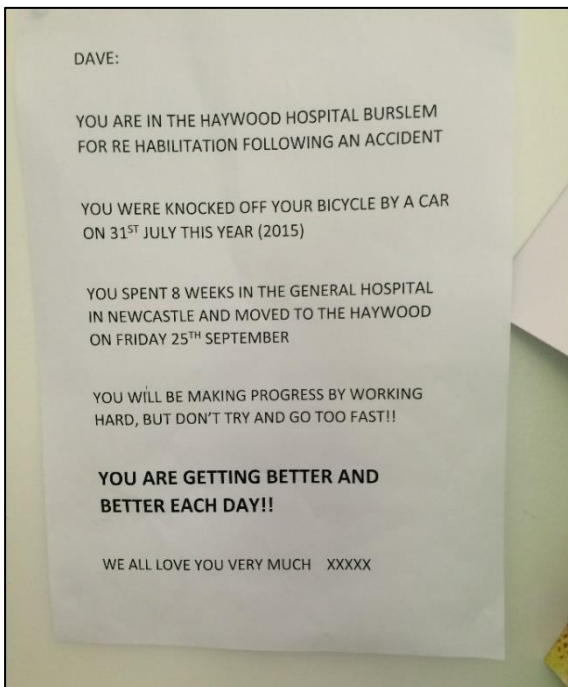


TBI Recovery Through Photos



1. This police incident photo shows the damage my head made on the car windscreen following our collision. My bicycle is beneath the car's front grill.

Anecdote: I'd kept my bicycle helmet in our shed for perhaps five years and never wore it. I'd always thought "accidents only happen to other people." My life partner (Ruth) pestered me endlessly, such that I eventually began wearing my helmet about a month prior to my accident.



2. My first conscious awareness was in the rehabilitation centre. Ruth had made the note shown here and fastened it to the wall by my

hospital bed. I enjoyed reading it immensely, both for the information conveyed and the knowledge that she'd typed it with her fingers.

Anecdote: Six years later, I still read the note at least once a week.

Timeline

- TBI on 31.07.2015
- Comatose from 31.07.2015 to 27.08.2015
- Locked-in syndrome from 27.08.2015 to 03.09.2015
- Rehab centre from 25.09.2015 to 04.11.2015
- Discharged home on 04.11.2015



3. I took this selfie on my mobile phone on 30.09.2015, it was probably my first independent activity in hospital beyond washing and dressing.

Friday 2nd October 2015

Ruth here @ 9am on a Friday.
 Caught end of occupational therapist tests for standing, walking, turning, etc.
 Went over to Hartshill for eye tests in ambulance just after nine. Felt I did everything satisfactorily. Tests were finished about 10:45, then had an appointment with Ruth regarding my planning back @ main Heathfield centre. There was a cock-up with the ambulances, so ended up not getting back until 3pm. A long wait for me but must have been incredibly tedious for Ruth.
 When we did eventually arrive Les Phillips was in Heathfield reception so it was lovely to catch up with him.
 Ruth was very patient and pleasant throughout and really lovely - digging a deep hole in my heart.
 Later on Olivia came as well as Charlie. They were both on good form so it felt like a lovely family experience. I should count my lucky stars.

4. I was well enough to be making handwritten diaries by 02.10.2015, while I was still bed-bound. Transcription: Ruth here @ 9am on a Friday. Caught end of occupational therapist tests for standing, walking, turning, etc. Went over to Hartshill for eye tests in ambulance just after nine. Felt I did everything satisfactorily. Tests were finished about 10:45, then had an appointment with Ruth back at the main "Heathfield" centre. There was a cock-up with the ambulances so ended up not getting back until 3pm. A long wait for me, but must have been incredibly tedious for Ruth. Ruth was patient and pleasant throughout and really lovely - digging a deep hole in my heart.

Later on Olivia came, as well as Charlie. They were both on good form so it felt like a lovely family experience. I should count my lucky stars.

Anecdote: I'm particularly proud of the last sentence.



5. This photo was taken when my daughter (Olivia) visited me and played in my wheelchair. Olivia hadn't seen me for eight weeks following my TBI, as my family had decided that if I wasn't to make it, they didn't want her last memories of me to be disturbing. Olivia's told me that she spent the school holidays of August and September 2015 brooding in her bedroom, her mum says she only left it to eat and use the bathroom.

Anecdote: Olivia first visited me on 27.09.2015, the day before her eleventh birthday. I don't recall the visit, but she has told me that she hardly recognised me.

Olivia had a surprise birthday party at school on the following day. She burst into tears at the thought of celebrating, and ran home.



6. This photo was of me feeling pleased with myself during a home based occupational therapy session in 2016. I had made some scones - after planning what ingredients I'd need, organising the necessary utensils and then putting the mixtures in the oven on the correct temperature for the designated time period.



7. This photo was taken at my local library in early 2017. I had volunteered as an IT buddy, a role which I adored. In July 2017 I returned to 'proper' work in my previous job as an IT security consultant with the Met Police in London, who I'd been working for at the time of my TBI.

www.ineededtobeneeded.com/recovery/return-to-work/

Anecdote: In 2019 I retired after having a satisfying career. However, none of my professional roles gave me the feelings of fulfilment which I experienced as an IT buddy. I loved it so much that in 2020 I resumed my IT buddy role again, with a local charity for the elderly.