



## Costa's Story

I'm in hospital this time because I was working out in the garden and I scratched myself. This would not be a problem for anyone else but because the scratch got infected it travelled through my blood and to the wires of my

pacemaker and now they have to change it again. The bacteria attached itself to my pacemaker wires. It's just bad luck.

The heart problem has changed my life a lot. I can't really do anything because I can't touch electrical things so I can't work. It makes me upset and worried and a little angry and snappy sometimes. I feel like a problem...a burden. It's an issue. Staying at home makes me sick. It cuts you up.

I have a special card for when I go through airports. It means I don't have to walk through the magnetic thing...they just pat me down otherwise it could drain the battery in my pacemaker.

I don't understand most of what they say to us. We've been here 40years and haven't learnt much English. I guess that is to our detriment but we also worked with mostly Greeks and didn't get to speak much English.

We want to understand what's going on. But it is hard because when we need an interpreter there isn't always one around and our kids can't always be here to translate. It would be good if they had someone to translate all the time.

When they give me the new pacemaker on Thursday they will keep an eye on me for four weeks and if I don't have any bad luck I can go home. If I have bad luck they will change it again.

Who could have told me that I would end up in hospital for 6 weeks because of a scratch? The nights in here are long and in daylight I suffer. I don't have patience anymore.

I walk 45mins every morning. I eat better but because I don't have any cholesterol or sugar so I basically eat what I want but healthily.

Whatever is written is written. I should have gone many times but I'm still here. I know something exists. I'm scared to say it doesn't. We go where we don't return

One night when I first came in here I prayed to the Saint Savva and asked him to look after me. That night, while I was asleep I felt someone patting and stroking my arm. I woke up thinking that a nurse was trying to wake me for something and there was no one there, it was pitch black. I believe it was telling me everything would be all right.

Once when I was in Greece we donated some money to the church and that night a vision of Mary crossed over our bed.

The Greeks believe that when you see a child in you're dreams you will go through some tyranny; some heartache in your life.

The old ladies in ancient times believed that when you are born, after 3 days three spirit women will appear to tell you how long you will live.

God will help everyone. He said that he will help all of mankind first and then himself. It would be selfish to think that God is just there for me.