


Dear Sir/Madam,

Recently I was admitted to your Hospital for a knee replacement. Before being discharged I was invited to critique my stay. As a person with an honours degree in curmudgeonery I was delighted for the opportunity to complain.

To be honest I was confident that finding fault with a hospital would be a doddle. I thought it would be more of a question on where to draw the line. But then after being warmly welcomed by  Deborah at reception I got a nasty feeling that that this fault finding mission might not be quite as easy as I first thought.

It was after "signing in" that things started to really look grave. Every person I met was friendly and cheerful. I was whisked out the back and within minutes I had been prepared, processed and packaged and ready for my procedure. I found I had traded my street clothes for a baggy blue frock, a pair of paper nappies, a matching bonnet and a feeling of acute embarrassment.

From there it was a short stroll down the hall to "Knee Mart". The "stun and cut" team of Mr. John Mutu-Grigg and Dr. Kerry Bunbury, I believe, can be considered one of the greatest partnerships since Simon and Garfunkel or even Leonardo and Da Vinci. True artists. The rest of the theatre team were great as well. Definitely no complaints there.

Then there were the ward nurses. Every one of them, particularly Nurse "Cheeky" Rupie, and the memorable Nurse Lynley, were efficient, friendly and fun, making my short stay painless and pleasant. Another complaint free zone.

The physios, Superb Sara and Awesome Alice with her after sales service, were simply brilliant. Nope, no grizzles there.

As a practising curmudgeon I was becoming deeply disturbed and beginning to get desperate. What was there to complain about? There had to be something surely?

Then I thought, "aha," the old stand by - food. Hospital food is usually a combination of rejected airline tucker and pet food. Not only that, it was inevitably served cold and congealed. Food is the grizzler's gold mine.

Buoyed by that thought, I was feeling extremely confident that there'd be something to complain about at meal time.

Damn!! Foiled again. Not only fabulous food but generous servings as well. Plus a cheeky little Shiraz. I was a broken man.

So in desperation, what I'm complaining about is the complete lack of anything to complain about.

I would like to thank everyone involved for making a painful operation such a pleasant experience. I know it doesn't sound right but nevertheless it is true.

As a matter of fact if you have a spare room in December I'd like to make a booking over the Christmas break.

Kindest regards
Wayne Hill

