

And Finally...

They say a pic is worth a thousand words. What does yours say about your special moment? **Here one reader shares the story behind her favourite photo**

Every picture TELLS A STORY



Stepping through the doors of the hospital, I felt nervous but excited too.

'First day of my new job,' I said as I made my way down the ward.

It had been my dream to become a nurse, but after leaving school at 15 with no qualifications, I'd ended up working in a bacon factory, a poodle parlour and then as a chambermaid.

But they all just made me want to pursue my dream even more. So I rang the hospital and was called in by the deputy matron to take an exam.

I passed and now, on my first day as a cadet nurse I helped on the wards. A year later, I began training as a state enrolled nurse where I worked in the operating theatres and across different wards and departments, including gynaecology and intensive care, learning as I went.

When I was transferred to the coronary ward, I found my passion. Learning all about the heart and assisting the doctors and surgeons was fascinating.

But when I'd been in the job for 14 years, there was a change.

'If you want to continue working as a nurse, you need to go to university and qualify as a registered nurse,' the



matron explained.

The prospect of having to go back to education at 31 felt daunting. But I did it and was thrilled when I qualified and could continue doing my dream job.

As the years went on, I kept learning and I spent four years in the community as a cardiac liaison nurse, focusing on care and rehabilitation for heart patients.

Seeing people from all walks of life and helping them get back on their feet made the long hours worthwhile. And no two days were ever the same.

But after years of caring for others, I became the patient after I was diagnosed with ovarian cancer.

'I guess the shoe is on the other foot,' I joked with one of the nurses as I began

chemotherapy.

After months of treatment, I got the all-clear and returned to work. But the cancer came back and I needed more chemotherapy.

But this time, I was determined to keep being a nurse.

'People don't normally go to work when they have chemo,' my oncologist said.

'I'm not other people,' I quietly protested. 'I need to work on the ward.'

Thankfully, my second round of treatment saw the cancer off and, earlier this year, I reached my 50th anniversary working in the NHS.

I never thought I'd reach this huge milestone and tears welled as friends and colleagues gathered to see me presented with a special

trophy marking my achievement.

My friend and fellow nurse Chris Goddard presented me with a portrait she'd painted of me, too.

'Sometimes it feels as if the time has gone so quickly,' I said. 'It's been a pleasure to work with each and every one of you.'

I've since retired and while I miss nursing, spending more time with my daughter and tending my garden has been wonderful.

I've also had a holiday to Egypt and I'm planning to see the northern lights too.

Each and every day working as a nurse filled me with joy – I'd do another 50 years if I could!

From Kate Turner, 68, of Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

• Do you have a story behind your snaps? Did the camera capture a special or silly moment? We'd love to share it. Email your photos to mystery@bauermedia.co.uk. We'll pay £200 for any we publish