

Everyone has an interesting and unique story to tell of their life. I am certain that your stories are more interesting than mine because you achieved what you achieved through your own strength and ability, whereas I had some incredible help along my journey.

So here is my "This is Your Life." And my reality.

Once upon a time, there happened to be a Guardian Angel who was considered by God as a very bad angel, even a rebel in heaven. As an atonement, God sentenced the angel to be my Guardian Angel and strictly instructed to be at my side every minute of my life. The Angel was clearly instructed to look after me, and if anything ever went wrong, no matter how small, the angel would be doomed forever downstairs.

At first, the Angel decided to have a say in my personality, which can be described as tenacious, positive, and cheerful. Stamped - Never to be rich, but always contented with what I was to have.

The second thing the Angel arranged was to ensure a silver spoon was in my mouth from the moment of my birth on 20 May 1942. This makes me 82, and young at heart. This means that I have been on this planet for about 29,930 days - God forbid the human race.

However, at 82, with the aches and pains and medical issues, the best I have achieved is to be a gold medal Medicare patient that now keeps every well-known medical specialist both very busy and very rich.

I would like to describe my incredible journey using a truism that says everyone in their life has at least one fifteen minutes of glory, acclaim, or involvement in an exhilarating or memorable experience in their lifetime.

I have been extremely fortunate to have experienced many 15 minutes, and not because of my attributes, skills, or any other personal traits, but in reality, because my guardian angel ensured I was in the right place at the right time, and somehow whispered the right answer to important questions at interviews and events.

So, the best way I can describe my life, a life that is totally governed by a guardian angel intent on the almost impossible task of keeping a scoundrel safe and out of trouble, is to describe just a sample of my own 15-minute experiences.

I was born in a military camp hospital in Bangalore, India, in 1942, to British parents during the closing stages of the British Raj era when the British were being thrown out of India by the Gandhi anti-British movement that finally peaked in 1947.

In the post-war turmoil, Britain had little resources to pull out its citizens, and it took time. My family and I were one of the last to get out in 1949 and repatriated back to England.

We were fortunate to be put onto a ship called the SS Chitrol, a small ship that appeared to be crammed to capacity and well over a comfortable number on board.

My first memorable 15 minutes was on board the ship when it crossed the equator at the traditional Neptune ceremony. As is still the custom, the ship had a fancy dress party held for its passengers.

My mother, having departed India in a great hurry, had little resources. However, she was a very creative lady. She approached the ship's chef and borrowed a coat and hat – there I was, standing there with a coat longer than my arms and a hat held only by my ears, I made everyone laugh so much I won the fancy dress party.