



Grandmother's fall inspires wearable ID

By Gail Norcliffe

East Finchley resident Kya Mobasheri decided something had to be done when his grandmother Majoon fainted in the street. Although Majoon made it home safely after her fainting episode, Kya's anxieties grew after an elderly friend was taken into hospital unconscious without any ID and could not be identified by medical staff for 36 hours, leaving family members distraught with worry.



Life-saving: A fainting episode suffered by his grandmother Majoon, left, led to the creation of ID jewellery designed by Kya Mobasheri, right

Majoon refused to wear a standard medical ID because she thought it was unattractive and she didn't want to be labelled as 'sick' all the time. So former Archer Academy student Kya spent a year focused on finding a solution with his grandmother's safety being his primary concern.

According to Kya: "I wanted to create something my grandma would actually wear, something that could speak for her to paramedics and healthcare professionals if

she was ever unable to speak for herself. Wearability was crucial, because it would be no help at all if it ended up sitting in a drawer at home."

British-made

What 23-year-old Kya developed has now become a business venture called MediWear selling medical ID pendants. Apart from the focus on developing an attractive design for his pendants, using sustainable materials has been crucial for Kya and thus they are made

from recycled silver.

They also meet Kya's key principle that manufacturing should take place in the UK. What 23-year-old Kya developed has now become a business venture called MediWear specifically in Birmingham's Jewellery Quarter. To ensure the pendants are effective in an emergency, Kya has discovered that paramedics are trained to check all pulse points for patient ID. The pendants include the wearer's name, date of birth and NHS number, all of which

enable paramedics and other medical staff to access health records very rapidly. After all her grandson's work, Majoon is delighted to wear the pendant. Kya reports: "Seeing my grandma wear the pendant I

designed makes it all worthwhile. She's happy that the ID jewellery looks beautiful and comfortable enough to wear every day. Knowing she's as safe as possible when she's out and about means everything to me."

A week of creativity on the estates

East Finchley's estates buzzed with energy this summer as the Summer Festival brought a full week of creativity and celebration to Strawberry Vale, the Grange, and neighbouring communities.

Run by a partnership between Hope North London, The Green Man Management Group, church@five and Families Church, the Estates Summer Festival was free for local residents.

Each day offered something new: play-outs for kids, youth football, arts and crafts and performing arts sessions for all ages, Summer Warm Welcome for adults, and Alive Course lunches.

Saturday featured a special Women's Wellbeing Morning alongside the much-loved Teddy Bears' Picnic, giving space for families to relax and connect. The evenings were filled with fun activities, from karaoke to quiz nights.



Artwork: A banner created at the Estates festival

The week ended with a Festival Extravaganza on the Green, featuring a pop-up choir, a cake

bake-off and ribbons of hope tied to a tree.

RICKY SAVAGE... THE VOICE OF IRRESPONSIBILITY

Slow trains

There's nothing the British like more than a large chunk of nostalgia and there's nothing that delivers it quicker than trains, especially steam trains from some mythological golden age of the railways.

This is the dream world of boys in short trousers standing at the end of platforms waiting for the Wombat class 6-4-2 'Winchester Cathedral' to come chugging up the incline between Much Bickering and Twittering Junction. In this world there is always a smiling driver, puffs of steam and smartly dressed ladies having afternoon tea.

If you're really lucky and travelling first class there will be a retired war hero discussing murder with the little old lady knitting howitzers and a weird-looking Belgian exercising his little grey cells. Down in the cheap seats of third class will be an entire prep school going home for the holidays and the Famous Five will have lashings of ginger beer.

Who cares if it was never like that? The British sign up to nostalgia, not history. It doesn't matter that half the trains were knackered or that the driver would probably die from some lung disease within a year of retirement. Just as it doesn't matter that the train was noisy and slow or that by the time you got out you would reek of smoke. It doesn't matter that it was probably raining or that the train was late and that if you had the money you'd have bought a car.

This is the world of the heritage railway, this is the fantasy island of Old England, of steam trains, branch lines, cats sleeping on benches and pipe-smoking porters. It's the one that is being sold with all the current fuss about the railways being 200 years old.

And where are we now? China and Japan have superfast bullet trains, while we have the farce of HS2 and are still stuck with the slow train from Middling Town to Muddling Downs. No wonder the age of the train has become a joke. After all, my grandparents got a car as soon as they could afford one and proved that if God had meant us to use the train he'd never have given us the Ford Cortina.