

Not all of my work up in Indonesia is acute disaster related. Sometimes I've gone up and worked with the same OBI team providing healthcare and training to poor people through different parts of Indonesia. Actually, even in the island of Bali, which appears to be very rich to tourists but if you go quite a way inland you'll find poor Indonesian villages. And these visits were to villages around the upper slopes of Mount Agung. We'd go out every day, drive for a few hours through the mountains to the different villages and set up our clinics.

That first little girl is aged about eight and she complained of a sore ankle but when I examined her ankle, it was swollen and hot. She had what's called septic arthritis. She had bacteria in the ankle but every day she was limping to school on it. The way it happened was that she'd been running through the grass and a dirty old satay stick had punctured her ankle. Immediately I realized that if I didn't treat this properly those white cells and bacteria in the joint would chew the joint up and she'd become a cripple. I could see her whole future panning out before me, that she would probably have trouble finding a husband and she'd be crippled. She wouldn't be able to work. She would be a spinster, being cared for by the village, but without maybe the same hopes that she would currently have at the age of eight. I said, "She needs six weeks of antibiotics so we got as many packets of antibiotics as we could find - remembering that we're just an acute kind of relief team and don't carry large quantities of any given drug. We worked really hard to get them to her and the team actually went back the next day to make sure that she was being cared for and was taking them.

And, you know, I can't help but think that even such a simple thing has made a complete difference to that little girl's life and future. On the one hand, it's one of the nice things about doing this sort of aid work. On the other hand, you can get a bit overwhelmed with sadness knowing that in hundreds of other villages these little eight-year-old girls haven't got anyone to give them any antibiotics.

The second picture is, well, I'm calling it orthopedics. I'm a chest physician trained in general internal medicine but here you have to do anything that comes at you. The only thing I didn't do was obstetrics. And I mean, it's a long time since I've done it, of course, that's the first thing, and you don't want to have any competency overreach.

But more importantly, most of these places are Muslim and you've just got to be really careful, about this. There was one lady that had an obstructed labor at one of the camps after the Palu earthquake, but I stood back, obviously, and let one of the local, young, Indonesian doctors try to help her, although, to be honest, that was also sad - it was the end of the day and she'd been in labor for quite a long time. She had an obstructed or rather arrested labor. There was no hospital to take her to because all the hospitals had collapsed. There was nowhere to take her to. She had four children whom I was playing with outside, as the team assessed her. And I could just see, again, the sad future that she had no one to deal with her problem. If it had been here, she would have had a caesarean section.

The third picture is of a child, one of these visits. And again I've mentioned, and I mention it again, that the children suffer the most and does seem to occupy a fair bit of what we do.

And finally, this picture is one of my favorites. The final picture. Boys who don't see much of Westerners. I had a morning off in Makassar and one of the local doctors organized a boat and some snorkels to go out to an island and view the reef. We went past the touristy island that people normally go to and went much further to a more remote island. There were no jetties or tourist facilities so we just swam straight out of the boat went snorkeling for a few hours. Then we went ashore. It's just a

fishing island whose inhabitants don't see many Westerners. And it was terrific fun to walk around and talk to people, including these two little boys. I sat with them and, you can see, the little boy in the orange shirt he looks to me like he really doesn't see many Westerners at all. Such fun to talk with them.