

May 2019 – Podcast Three



The Eye Issue: “Don’t it make your Brown Eye’s Blue”

Hello and welcome to Podcast number three and as promised I’m going to present the eye issue.

Now as a starting point with this one there’s been a lot of discussion on the page about the scientific/genetics side of this one with opinions being stated and backed up with documentation both ways. So I’m not going to go too deep into that part of it within this podcast, particularly because it detracts from the actual events, but I have uploaded an article about the science/genetics on eye coloring to the web site with some useful links to all of that. I will refer to it at times but if you are interested in the science look at the article and review the links.

When all my belongings were sent out from the UK to Australia all the colour photos I had of myself were never sent out by my adopted mother; I only had old greyscale ones. I took this greyscale photo to a professional photo developers in Sydney who recoloured the picture, based on the greyscales, back to the original colours and the blue is quite evident – so this was professionally done – I just did it out of interest and was surprised at the result.

six months

Usually this happens around six months, but **eyes** can **change color** up to about three years old. And the reason this only happens for Caucasian **babies** is because they tend to be born with less pigment than other ethnicities. Nov 16, 2015



Now if you Google this then you will find this definition and it's common knowledge that most people are aware of that:

1. The eye colour that you are born with quite commonly changes;
2. The NORMAL range of this occurring is six to nine months but normally the worst case scenario is THREE years old.
By then your eye colour is set and very, very rarely changes;
3. At the extreme it has been know to happen up to six years old but generally this is only minor shade changes such as green to grey or hazel and darkening colours due to pigments settling – but it is extremely rare past the age of SIX.

At the age of six, when I started school at Solent Road School, I had brilliant blue eye's and they'd darkened and set from the blue you see in the opening image. In fact, my adopted mother states they changed around the age of eight and the entire Day family, friends, and the school community and staff were well aware of my eye colour – as obviously, was I.

So that set's the scene for what happened next.



Two years into Solent Road school we broke up for the summer school break. In the UK, the summer school break commences at the end of June and ends in late September; with the height of the hot summer weather in July and August.

My adopted mother had organised for a family vacation during the summer break to a Butlins Holiday camp about a 2 hour drive (with traffic) further along the South coast – it was planned that my cousin would come with us, to keep me company, and my adopted sister who is two years older than me, was also coming. Mum told me that she had organised a few treats especially for the journey. One of these was some Britvic fruit juices, which were a treat we only ever received at Christmas, so this was rather special and abnormal treatment, especially my favorite's Pineapple and Grapefruit.

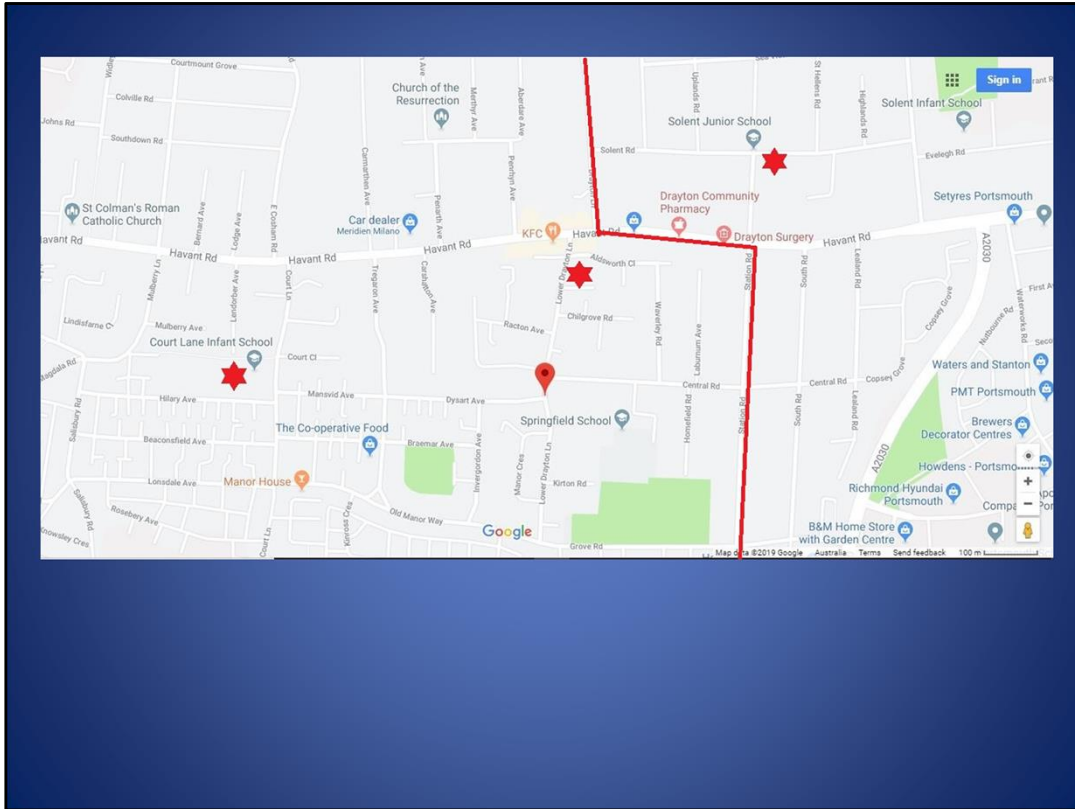
In the late afternoon around 3 or 4pm we loaded the family car and set off. Shortly after leaving Mum handed out the Britvic juices and some lollies, which my cousin, my sister and I all drank. The next thing I remember was being carried into the holiday shack and placed, in a dazed sleepy state, in a bed by my father. I can remember seeing the clock on the wall and it was 1am in the early morning of the next day and I fell back to sleep.

In the morning my mother came into the room and as I opened my eyes it felt like sandpaper being dragged across the surface of my eyes. My mother pulled back the curtains and as the bright sun flooded into the room I screamed in pain and closed my eyes. Every time I opened my eye's or blinked it was sheer pain like the surface of my eye's were being scratched. My mother, in her usual it will be alright fashion, told me to wash my face and eye's as it was probably just dust from the pillow.

It didn't go away – as soon as I tried to go outside in the bright sunlight the pain was intense, my cousin had to lead me around in the shadows like a blind person; I couldn't stand any light at all it would literally make me scream. For the whole week of the holiday I was completely miserable and the pain and scraping across the eye's continued unabated – my Mother gave me Asprin and told me to stop making a fuss – which didn't really help much!

When we returned home at the end of the week it continued, my Mother maintained the Asprin therapy and decided it was a Duck feather allergy and gave me a foam pillow; which made no difference. My father had to swap some of the light globes in the house because I couldn't stand a 100Watt bulb without sheltering my eye's. I couldn't go outside, I couldn't blink, I walked in the shadows. This continued for about two months before the school term commenced. Finally the scraping, sandpaper pain disappeared but the sensitivity to light continued unabated and I still suffer from this causing excruciating, piercing headaches to this day.

After this, when I could finally look in the mirror I saw that my eye's had gone Brown. It wasn't a gradual change that people noticed – one day they were Blue the next they were Brown.



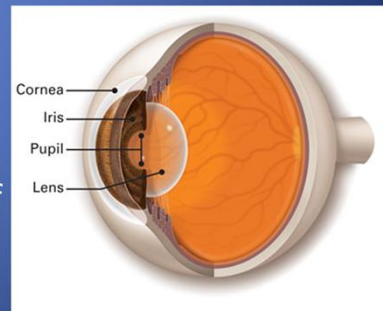
During the summer holidays, while I was enduring the pain and light sensitivity, the Portsmouth City Council ruled a school boundary change.

The first map show the location of Solent Road School (Red Star on the Right) and the location of our house (Red Star in the middle).

The council then ruled the boundary change in red on the second map – ruling that all children (there was four or five of us) who lived to the West (left) of the red boundary would be re-located to Court Lane School near Cosham – the Red star to the left of the map. This meant not only leaving friends behind, some of who I had been to Kindy with, but also meant at Solent Road I was known as having Blue eye's and at Court Lane I had Brown eye's. Additionally, I had further to go to school and would have to walk past my Grandfather, who by that time was a school crossing "lollipop" man near the red target; both on the way to and from school. He was always looking out for me!

This boundary change is on record at Portsmouth City Council for those who wish to check. It was a summer of hell for me I can never forget!

1. I'm not allergic to Duck feather pillows and in fact sleep undisturbed on them;
2. The natural process of eye colour change is NOT associated with pain in any way;
3. I still struggle with intense light and this often creates piercing, pulsing headaches;
4. I can see, what I describe as amoeba or particles, floating across my range of vision and have since the incident; and
5. My optometrist has examined the lens of my eye's. One is round, the other is oval shape like a rugby ball; the glasses counteract this.



That's the story of what I can remember and what occurred and trust me you don't forget that kind of pain.

Year's on I've found out several other things:

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5. My optometrist has examined the lens of my eye's. One is round, the other is oval shape like a rugby ball – the glasses counteract this.



So I'm sure people will have many questions and observations about this, particularly the science/genetics, which as I said I have uploaded on an article to the website.

The downloadable PDF of this Podcast is also available on the Podcast page of my website at <http://simondoranteday.com/> for those who are hard of hearing.

I hoped that's cleared some of this up for people – it's not so much the science as the events and pain that are significant – these aren't normal events. I've asked numerous Optometrists about the reason why one lens of my eye is oval shaped and the opinion is that something, at some stage of my life, applied significant pressure to the lens; something like a needle. Additionally, none of them can see any particles or the floating things I see every day of my life. Moreover, they can't explain the pain and neither have any Doctor's who I've discussed this with – so I have to grin and bear it!

For me the violation of having my Blue eye's changed to muddy Brown is not something I appreciate; not to mention the vision loss, light intensity and headache issues. In fact, I believe it violates the International Rights of the Child and is something I am seeking further action on as I move through this.

In 2011 I approached the Hampshire Police in the UK, who advised me to approach the Metropolitan Police over the issue – which I have subsequently done, and to date, despite the involvement of DI David Smith of the Metropolitan Police Professional Standards Unit and the ex-head of SO14 (the Royal Protection Squad) nothing has been done.

Hoped you enjoyed this and look out for Podcast 4 – coming soon! Thanks for listening and watching!