

*A hundred years from now
It will not matter what my
Bank account was
The sort of house I lived in
Or the kind of car I drove
But the world may be different
Because I was important
In the life of
A child.*



So, having read those words I immediately thought of Steve Peck and everyone who helped him organise the amazing **Big Day Out**.

Steve wrote:-

It went something like this

“You promised you would!”

“I didn’t!” I replied. “I’m sure you’ve made that up! Why would I promise to spend a day of my hard-earned holiday entertaining a class of school children at Police Headquarters?”

“Because they are sweet, gorgeous and wonderful children. That’s why!”

“In that case, I’m sure I could find a few minutes in the day to show them the typing pool and the reception desk and the car park!”



“No, no! They want the works. The helicopter, the fast cars and bikes, a fire engine or two, an ambulance and loads of other things! Don’t you know anything about entertaining children? Oh, and they’ll want feeding too. But none of that rubbish food. Just good old burgers and beans and chips and ice cream to finish with. (and I’ll make you a chocolate log.)”

“Fine”, I said. Ann knows I will do anything for a chocolate log. So off I set, and start to push this little ‘snowball’ of an idea up the hill. I surround myself with like-minded people and we brainstorm The Day. Slowly it takes shape. Everybody seems to want to help. No obstacles are placed in my way. Everybody I ask says they would love to come and help. Oh, why can’t all police work be so easy?

Before long The Big Day comes, along with brilliant sunshine. Then the children turn up, along with some adults (who, I’m sure, sneaked on to the bus because it sounded like a fun day). The helicopter came (and stayed) and the children swarmed all over it. The ‘big fast cars and bikes and fire engine and ambulance’ came and their respective crews joined in the fun. Fingerprints were taken, certificates given, even a fitness test was completed. And those pesky adults joined in too. Some even insisted they sat astride the big police motorcycle. Something to do with ‘lost youth and wonderful memories’ was the excuse given.

Well, those “sweet, gorgeous and wonderful” children appeared to have a brilliant time. Then it was over. The children took the adults back to school and I collapsed in a heap!

And then, a little voice said, “same time next year then?”

No! No! Never again! Ever!

“I’ll make you a chocolate log.”

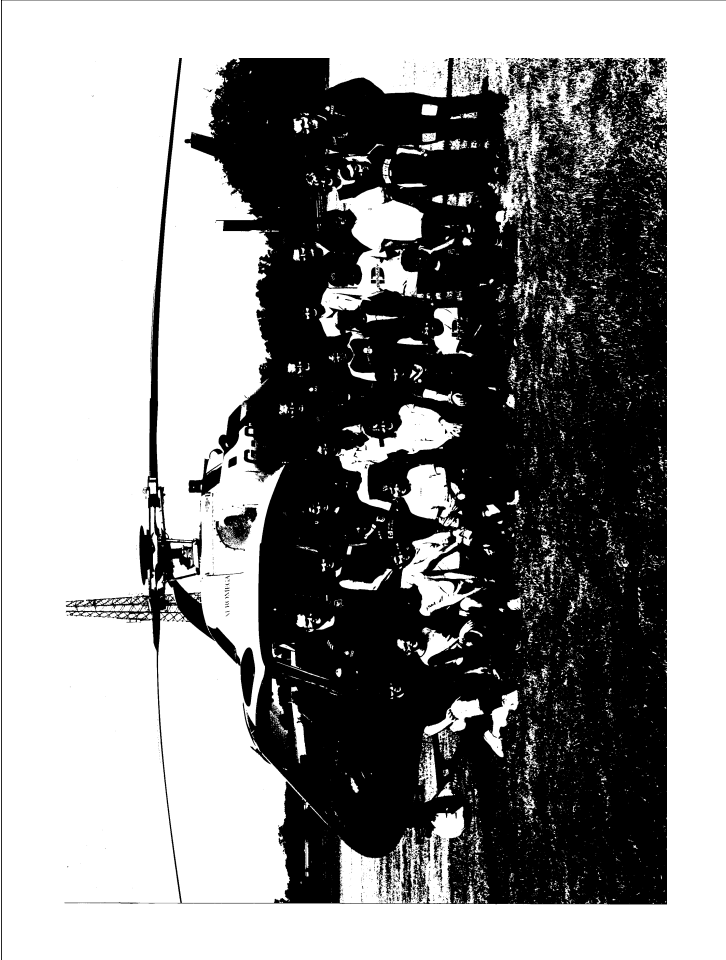
“Well, in that case”



Actually, what **really** happened, was that once I asked whether he would arrange a Big Day for Judith and these children, he looked interested and said he would see what could be done. The next thing I heard was that it would go ahead. Everything that happened on that day wasn't my idea - it was his and his colleagues'. And, so, ...Cambridgeshire Constabulary, led by Steve (you know, the one who rescues peacocks and puts them in his car and also who admits to harassing motorists with his radar gun) organised this day out for nineteen primary school children. They had lunch on the Police Bus, they did tests in the gym - tests based on what one has to be able to do if one wants to be a police officer, and the teachers had a race which, of course, Judith won, they explored ambulances, fire engines, listened and learned not to go into the water if someone was in trouble but were told what they could do to stay safe, were presented with their thumb prints and a posh certificate to say they had spent the day at the Headquarters, sat in the police helicopter, tried on all the gear, sat on the police motorbike, set off the bike's sirens and the police land-rover sirens, ran at the radar gun to be told their speed - all sorts of stuff like that.

At the end of the day a little girl said "*that was the best day out of all school*". So I said come with me and tell that to Steve. So she did. Another little girl told me, as she clutched the steering wheel in the land-rover "*I'm going to be a police lady*", and Judith had her photograph taken on the motorbike and then she tells me "you know, they chased me into my back garden once, when I was riding a motorbike in my youth, because they thought I didn't look old enough to be riding the bike." I thought, *now* she has to tell me. Can't take her anywhere. All in all, a most amazing, most brilliant day for those children. And done for our Centre and Judith, who is one of our members. (And, of course, I did make him a chocolate log.)





The Big Day Out

And in “Big Issue” I read a letter which says that *policemen and women are the principal defenders of our rights. Mostly, the writer says, against violence and theft. Even people who look down on them are going to pick up the phone and call them when there is trouble. The writer goes on to say we should support them and admire them because, at the end of the day, someone has to do the job.*

The poem “A hundred years from now” is in the “Good Night” annual report. They ask “could you be important in the life of a child?” They say it is often difficult to find someone to sit for a disabled child. Good Night Sitting Service trains and supports volunteers to provide this valuable service. So, if you would like more details about this please phone Sheri or Sarah on 01223 519220 or email: office@goodnight.org.uk.

Captain Corelli

Here we go again. It’s on at the Mumford Theatre on October 8th. Can’t miss this. So, out comes the book again. This is a story that is, at the same time, awful and beautiful in an ugly way. You shouldn’t have to read this book and yet you should read it. Andrew Post, Literary Reviewer, says that this work encompasses cruelty, humour, love and friendship, hope and horror. He says that the book is very funny and profoundly moving and Jasper Rees, Daily Telegraph writes that if Captain Corelli’s Mandolin does not hold you in its thrall then it might be worth checking if your heart is made of stone.

Louis de Bernieres dedicated this book to his mother and father who, he says, in different places and in different ways fought against the Facists and the Nazis, lost many of their closest friends and were never thanked.

And I say you need to read the book before seeing this theatre production. Having seen the film just **does not count** .

Barbecue....

in Keith's garden



Some people thought there were 100 people there but I reckon 70 would be about right.

Keith had offered his vicarage garden, complete with barbecue, as a venue for our “biggie” celebration this year. It was a combination of marking both the Queen’s Jubilee and the success of Marilyn’s inspirational Cambridge Cancer Help Centre.

So we ate the lovely food barbecued relentlessly by David and Tony. We met up with lots of old and new Centre friends and guests and constantly marvelled at the idyllic weather. We lit the candles, we drank Margot’s punch, ate out-of-this-world puddings, toasted the Queen with champagne and Carolyn thanked Keith for letting us be in his garden and then we finished off the evening with those 16 stalwarts who continued to sit in the garden when most people had gone home. The garden was dark, apart from our one candle. The church was visible and illuminated and the church clock struck 11p.m. - a time we had previously agreed we should all go home. But, it was warm, we were lazy and no one wanted to move. In fact, during the following days a lot of us agreed that last hour just sitting around all together was the best bit and we thought we should have thought ahead and asked Keith if we could all sleep on the grass, looking at the stars and anticipate David and Tony barbecuing the breakfast. It was, you see, all too good to let go. But let go we did and could only thank Keith so very much for letting us be there in that perfect place. The only possible improvement would have been if Keith’s wife, Val, had still been with all of us, and at her home and her vicarage.

Out thanks to Keith, David, Tony, Ingrid, Fran, Sid, Ros, Viv, Mo, Andrew, Gill, Judith, Margot, Peter and my near-neighbour, Val, who all worked so hard to make it work so well for all of us.

Here are some of the messages I found in our barbecue memento book -

“Dear Centre, thank you so much for a wonderful evening.”

“What a setting for a delightful get-together to celebrate not only the Queen’s 50 years but also the 16th year of the good work done by the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre. Thank you.”

“Great to be back among all you people again. A beautiful setting and beautiful people all around me. Thank you for making my life so special. Thank you for your togetherness.”

“I have met many wonderful people at the Centre, providing great support when you most need it. The barbecue was a great idea, the venue magnificent and food fantastic.”

“A few years ago I wandered into the Centre, my husband had been recently diagnosed with cancer. I was desperately lost. I met Ann and the group and I felt someone cared. Now six years later those friends still remember me and I am here at the wonderful barbecue, and that sense of comfort is among everyone here.”

“Wonderful evening with very good friends, delicious food, superb weather and the encounter with John and the squirry cream! - Well! A very happy occasion and the swallows were a real bonus. With love”

“Perfect evening, lovely weather, lovely company, lots of memories.”

“Good food, wonderful company, a lovely setting, balmy weather—what more could we want? Here’s to the 17th anniversary of the Centre!”

“Wonderful evening, super venue, calm host (bless him) , no dramas, lovely company, super friends, thanks everyone for a great occasion.”

“Well, it’s over and we’re having tea by candle-light under the night sky. It’s perfect.”

“Thank you Keith, for a wonderful evening, lovely food and company. “



Sheringham ~

Fun and Games

Second best

Ten of us, with three extra day/night visitors enjoyed mostly warm weather. There were the usual Sheringham fun and games. For example, outside my bedroom door I found a pair ofwell, perhaps exactly what I will keep to myself. However, I later discovered he had, first of all, left them in the bedroom of one of our younger long-weekenders in room number six, but she had rapidly given them back, so he put them outside my door and I thought, there you go, second best again, and this is the second pair Tony (and it must have been Tony who had a hand in this) has given to me. I have to admit I was tempted to put them on because I was interested to know how it **feels**, in the mind, to be wearing such things but then thoughts of possible newspaper headlines about how I had to be rescued by the Fire Service put me off doing it.

Relaxing at Sheringham, listening to Judith's Enya C.D. (A Day Without Rain) I was lying there, in the lounge, absolutely lost in the feeling of the music. Other people were chatting around me. I was thinking I must buy this and play it very loud at home so that I can drown in the music. Then Tony said "who is this". "Enya" someone said. "I was in hospital with one of them" he said. Mood broken as we all fell about. So drowned in it when I resumed the mood when I got home.

The Sheringham gathering explored Holt one day. Ron wanted to buy some gifts and asked the shopkeeper if there was any discount for someone who was an ex-serviceman, with 5 medals (for Korea, U.N., Malaya, Cyprus and the Suez Emergency) and also disabled. Shopkeeper said he would certainly give him 10% off the purchase price. So then Ron said "and we are all from the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre". Duly impressed the shopkeeper said "O.K.—give him another 5% off—so that

made it a 15% victory.

Brenda said she's about to get the WRVS Long Service Medal and Chris said he's got the Sheringham Endurance Medal with Oak Leaf. He went on to tell us this joke:-

Met a man who said he hadn't spoken to his wife for two months

Why is that Chris asked

Because I didn't like interrupting

Another Sheringham long weekend over for another year—where, Ron said, “we have only laughs.”

THANKS to the Traffic Police for the brill camera - which we used a lot during lunch in Ros's garden and at the Centre and at Sheringham - Shirley for masses of stationery, Glyn for all the cleaning he does at the Centre, Margot for doing absolutely masses for everybody at Sheringham, Ingrid for being Ingrid, David for sharing with me the cooking of the English breakfasts at Sheringham, Jack who soldiers away all year round to make hundreds of recycled cards - I believe he's made well over 1,000 Christmas cards already this year. - and everyone who is part of our brilliant Centre. You are all amazing.

Margot desperately needs your used Easter cards please, for her to recycle for us in her usual big way. “Daily Bread” allowed Margot to set up a recycled cards stall in their warehouse and the result is a cheque for **£121.50** for our Centre. Margot and Ken work tirelessly in producing good quality recycled cards for us - our very many thanks to them.

Healing Plants

by Richard M. Parker



Borage (*Barago officinalis*) is a hardy annual culinary herb. Borage has hollow stems bearing ovate leaves covered with silvery hairs. The flowers are in the form of five-petaled blue stars. Starflower oil is produced from borage to help in the healing of cancer. The flowers are borne from June to September and some can be pink and white.

The **periwinkle** (*Vinca major* and *minor*) is used in chemotherapy. They are hardy and invasive plants, suitable as evergreen ground cover in shrub and mixed borders or in wild gardens. The flowers are blue with five angular or rounded petals opening out flat.

Milk thistle is a natural herb. Its purple flowers contain seeds that have been used medicinally for centuries. It is a powerful antioxidant so it helps prevent damage from all damaging molecules in the blood called 'free radicals' that are formed when our bodies are exposed to pollutants.

Aloe Vera came originally from Africa. The leaves, which are long, green, fleshy and have spikes along the edges are used medicinally. In hot climates the fresh leaf gel is used to treat sunburn. The gel is rich in amino acids, minerals, vitamins and trace elements. As well as beneficial effect on the skin it helps the digestive system in tablet form, having antibacterial and antifungal properties. It has been suggested that it also has immune-stimulating properties.

Saw Palmetto is a small palm tree from the southern U.S.A. The berries from this palm have been used since early history by North American Indians. It is mainly used by men who wish to help prevent prostate cancer. It also helps maintain a healthy immune system.

All these plants are hardy and have great healing power. So all the answers are here on earth. We have to constantly seek and research them.

Antioxidants. What are they?

Electrons, tiny molecules in all of us, like to be in pairs, yet if one cannot find a partner, it can become momentarily damaging whilst alone. Unpaired electrons are known as free radicals and are most often in the form of oxygen. Therefore the substances that can neutralise these free radicals are called antioxidants as they act against the rogue oxygen cells.

Free radical damage has been linked to the initiation of some cancers.

Antioxidants are generally formed in plant foods such as fruits, vegetables, a tea, red wine and even dark chocolate. The best known antioxidants are A, C and E, together with the minerals selenium and zinc. Vitamin A is found in lettuce. Lycopene is a potent antioxidant and is more easily absorbed from cooked than raw tomatoes.

Selenium normally enters the food chain from the soil, through plants such as wheat. In the U.K. our soil has low levels of Selenium.

Eating plenty of fruits, vegetables, fresh seeds and nuts will help maintain a good level of antioxidants.



Cleaning Yourself to Death,

(How Safe is Your Home?)

by Pat Thomas, published by Newleaf. ISBN 0-7171-3162-9

This book is in our library. It says...well...lots. Here's a bit.

Colourings...in bubble baths, in hair products, in facial cleansers, in mouthwashes, in soap, in toothpaste. In facial cleansers the product may be loaded with preservatives, amongst which may be BHT, which is a synthetic antioxidant that can cause, it says in this book, allergic reactions. And, it says, that although it is a common toilet ingredient it is most widely used as an antioxidant in rubber and plastic and in liquid petroleum products such as gasoline and motor oil.

One chapter is headed "wake up and smell the chemicals".

The index lists, among other things, aftershave, air fresheners, aromatherapy candles, arthritis, asthma, body lotions, sprays and oils. Caffeine, cancer, carpet cleaners, deodorants, detergents, diabetes, eating disorders, chronic fatigue syndrome, perfumes, hair conditioners and shampoos, hair sprays, hormone-disrupters, detergents, lindane, nail polish, 'natural' products, non-Hodgkins' lymphoma, polishes, preservatives, shower gels, sun creams, talcum powder, toilet cleaners, chronic fatigue syndrome (more than 70% of sufferers are female and it says in this book that this may be because women have a higher rate of chemical exposure.)

And the book makes the point that the 'not tested on animals' claim does not refer to the widespread practice of post-marketing testing on the human animal. The book is in the Centre library.

London Marathon

*by the brilliant Mark Howe
(my words not his!)*



“The Essence of Common Good”

Memory Test

It seems such a long time ago, April the 14th, 2002 yet although I thought I would not remember all the detail here I am in August recalling the experience like it was only yesterday.

First Thoughts:

The initial fear and anxiety that is around as you wake to the thoughts of “will you do it a second time?” or “will you have the stamina, the energy” - simply, “can you do it again” and even more scary, “can I improve my time?”

The Journey:

I arrived at Cambridge station with this emotional baggage and plonked myself down in the train amongst other runners who were to make up the 30,000 runners I would be mingling with today. But the train wasn’t moving! After a flashing thought about how else do I get to London I was invited to join a party of four who were going to travel down in a car to Epping station to get to the starting line on time. This was a journey made with new faces all with stories to tell of previous marathons and concerns similar to mine first thing this morning - slightly reassuring.

Batman and Robin:

I suppose the one thing that sticks out before the race was sitting in a London underground carriage with Batman and Robin. I find myself smiling now but to me that was reflective of the amazing things us human beings do when we pull together. It isn’t about image but about ‘common good’, a phrase I know I will use again. You could, and I can still, sense the feeling that we are all going to get through this and without words but simple gestures we would come through. It was that initial journey and these feelings that would carry me through the day.

The Start and Finish Line:

The marathon began and the journey I made was, as to be expected, truly amazing

with 30,000 others working towards their own personal goals. The children's faces and hands reaching out with sweets brought back the memories of the 2001 marathon. It's so very hard to explain exactly how it makes you feel - it is as if you are floating. The training was paying off and I felt comfortable. The additional fuel requirement comes from within and the thoughts of others running their own races, like those at the Centre and those being cared for by the Marie Curie team really make you appreciate every ounce of life.

To give is to receive and that sums it up for me - simple giving!

I completed this year's marathon in 3:54.26 sec. Last year I completed it in 4:26.26 sec. I had knocked off approximately 32 minutes from last year.

I raised £500 for the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre from donations received

For 2003 I hope that I will be able to run solely for the Centre.

My entry is in. Let's hope I will do it next year.

Thank you all for your support. Love Mark

DOBBLER'S INN Chelsea Florence, age 11, and a student at Parkside Community College, did sponsored dog walks and raised **£113** for our Centre. The Dobbler's Inn have raised money in collection tins for us for a long time now so thanks to them and Chelsea for these extra funds. Lots of pubs in Cambridge fill our tins for us. If your 'local' hasn't got one please tell me and we'll send Maureen or Sid round! Thanks to both of them for all they do for us.

Observer Magazine says re breastfeeding

Well, Dr John Briffa says that as rates of breast cancer have grown (1 in 10 women) so has awareness of the condition. He says that recent research suggests that breastfeeding can afford some protection from breast cancer. He says that many mothers choose not to breast feed or are unable to breastfeed.

He says he is a great breastfeeding fan and I can emphatically say that so am I. In fact on my list of the most wonderful experiences of my world, breast feeding would be very near, if not at, the top. He goes on to say that apparently phytoestrogens are believed to block the effects of oestrogen on breast tissue, reducing its cancer-inducing potential. Several foods contain these phytoestrogens, including the soya bean. for example soya milk and tofu or tempeh, he says, in the occasional stew or stir-fry are simple measures that might offer considerable protection. Chickpeas and lentils are also rich in isoflavones, as are linseeds which contain a type of phytoestrogen known as lignans. He ends his article by saying that the evidence suggests that eating plenty of these phytoestrogen-rich foodstuffs is prudent for any woman hoping to reduce her risk of breast cancer. Dr Briffa's article is in the Centre's library.

Also in the Observer Magazine it suggests that there is some evidence that declining brain function associated with ageing may be related to damage caused by destructive molecules called free radicals. The article goes on to say that increasing our intake of antioxidants might protect against a decline in mental function over time. Apparently a recent study published in the Archives of Neurology indicated that individuals consuming high levels of vitamin E were found to enjoy relative protection from loss of brain function compared to those with low levels of vitamin E in their diets.

So pass the nuts, olives and green leafy vegetables, please.

Sunday morning ... Gloria

(or, Multum in Parvo)...John



On the first sunny Sunday morning at the start of our pitifully late summer, a bunch of would-be historians joined Sheila for a guided tour around some of the landmarks of Cambridge. We were lucky enough to gain entry to Christ's College where we admired the graceful architecture and planting in the court. A heavily scented magnolia with huge waxy flowers stopped us all in our tracks but unfortunately none of the blooms were growing low enough to reach Ron's nose! We passed through a walkway and rounded a corner to be confronted by a building designed (?) in a series of concrete steps and known as "the typewriter". This was generally acclaimed to be less than pleasing and in stark contrast to the beauty of the original building. We arrived at the Sidney Street exit to find the gate locked but as we contemplated the long walk back to the main entrance someone appeared out of the blue to set us free.

Throughout the time we walked Sheila passed on interesting snippets of information, demonstrating the knowledge gained from years of being a guide in Cambridge and other East Anglian towns. We were so lucky to be given an exclusive tour.

The habitués of the City knew of an excellent café with huge scones and charming waitresses so we stopped to rest our feet. Here we heard the tale connected with the saying "Hobson's Choice;" how Thomas Hobson in the 17th century hired out horses and made people take the one nearest the stable door however much they fancied a better looking mount further back.

As usual Cambridge teemed with people of all nationalities dressed in their summer finery and, not to be outdone, our group sported a canary yellow shirt and a long floaty skirt and that was just John!

The end of our time together turned into a bit of a pantomime as a puzzled Sheila was delayed with chit-chat whilst Ann procured from the market a patio rose "thank you". I understand that this is flourishing at Sheila's home but the rest of us needed no tangible reminder of Sunday morning Cambridge in the sun.

Barefoot Doctor - says at first this may seem slightly naughty He suggests that you don't have to bare your belly to change your life ...just focus on your midriff, he says. He goes on to say that at first it seems alien, even slightly naughty, to be mindful of your lower belly. He says that women, some as voluptuous as a Rubens painting, are proudly displaying their most vulnerable part without a care for conventional ideals of the so-called perfect body. He says that according to Taoist wisdom your belly, and particularly your lower belly, is the centre not just of your body but of your physical universe. So he says constantly keep a few degrees of awareness just below your navel and your words and deeds will ring more true and your success in whatever you're doing will increase. And he says that because keeping awareness here helps activate kidney energy, which governs sexuality, you will find yourself feeling and being far more sexy!

Coffee morning & Pub lunch - somehow 26 of us squeezed into my garden and then went to the pub next door for lunch. Lovely occasion - as were lunches in Ros's and Robin's gardens - blessed with good weather and excellent company, of course.

Pingles farm Sue Eddy, from whom Ros obtains supplies of those delicious truly free-range eggs, and where the chickens run free and peck your toes, sent the Centre £120 from the artists involved with an exhibition of watercolours. In her letter she says that she and Fred would love to see us at their farm again and they want to show off the house, which is now built. So one day soon we will visit the chickens (and Sue) again, help collect the eggs, pack them and, hopefully, sit on the hayricks and eat cakes again.

PAM HENDERSON's husband, Graham, wrote to tell us that Pam died, at home with all the family at hand. He sent a very generous donation to the Centre and I hope he feels able to visit us soon.

A Centre Anniversary

On Wednesday 26TH June we celebrated our third wedding anniversary by going to the Curry Queen and having a lovely Indian meal. We were joined by twelve other members of the Centre and enjoyed a wonderful evening. After the meal we all went back to the Centre - Ann had gone back first and made it all look lovely and cosy by lighting lots and lots of candles. We had tea and coffee and lots of chatting. Ron then presented us with a garden centre voucher and card, which had been signed by everyone and made by Ken. For those who don't know our history, Tony and I met at the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre so we will always be thankful that we met each other there and for making us a very happy couple. So, see you all again on our fourth anniversary and a big thank you to all those wonderful people at the Centre. Lots of love Ingrid and Tony x x

Carry on Dentist .. from Ingrid

I never minded going to the dentist - when other people used to say to me that they dreaded the dentist, it never bothered me. I preferred to go to the dentist rather than the doctor's any day - especially as I have a young and gorgeous-looking South African hunk. I always looked forward to seeing him with his lovely accent. When he says "How are you Mrs Curtin" my knees go weak and I go all funny peculiar - until this week when I had to have an extraction - the first one I can remember having since being at school. I wasn't too worried because it meant I was still going to see my lovely dentist, but this time I didn't go weak with excitement for it was FEAR that sent me in to being a frenzied creature. Firstly I said to him "will it hurt?" "No, no" he replied in his lovely drawl. "Just a little injection." It was a ginormous needle that appeared and the fear started. My lip started to quiver so that I couldn't keep it still. How embarrassing, I thought. Then while the anaesthetic was working he cleaned my teeth. That was fine. Then "is it numb?" he enquired. "I think so" I said. Then an enormous instrument like pliers appeared and the fear started again. "Raise

your hand” he said “if you feel any pain.” Well, he started tugging. Both my hands flew up. “It hurts” I complained. So more anaesthetic he says and out comes the ginormous needle again. Something then fell down the back of my throat and I shot up out of the seat, coughing and choking and retching. “What was that?” I try to say “it tasted horrible” but he replied that if I didn’t relax it would hurt more. The return of the pliers again - the tugging and pulling and twisting. I was frantic. My arms were flying all over the place but it didn’t stop him this time so I thought maybe if I put my legs up in the air as well it might stop him - but, no - so what with arms and legs flaying all over the place and the sweat pouring off me and my body shaking all over it seemed to go on for ever. Then I heard an almighty crack. I try to talk. “Is it all over?” “No”, he said, “still a bit left.” Oh my God, I’m going to collapse and he’ll have to resuscitate me, I thought. Even that didn’t help my trauma. (It normally would have been a nice fantasy.) Then the heavenly words “it’s over”. A wad of cotton wool was put in my mouth - I think just to shut me up more than anything. I shot out of the chair - said I was very sorry for the fuss I’d made. Poor dentist. I imagine it was probably like wrestling with some wild animal for him. I looked in his mirror. My hair was all over the place and my mascara had run all down my face. What a mess.

Apologising again I stepped out into the full waiting room. Everyone seemed to be looking at me and were, I thought, aghast. Oh, how embarrassing. Did they hear it all I wondered. The receptionist said “are you alright, Ingrid?” “I think so” I tried to answer, with my mouth full of cotton wool. “I don’t think I want to go through that again in a hurry” I tried to mumble to her.

Lovely Tony was waiting for me so I very sheepishly tried to hide behind him and make a hasty retreat, with all eyes staring at me, feeling very, very, stupid and extremely embarrassed..



Well, when she hasn't got her legs up in the air she will cut your hair, and cut it very well, at the Centre, and ask you to put your contribution into the Centre's collection tin. Ann

BIG BARN DANCE

please bring cakes and your own drinks

The Haslingfield Dance Club are raising money for our Centre at their function on **19th October**. It will take place at St Bedes' School, Birdwood Road, Cambridge, from 8p.m. to 11.45p.m. Even if you don't want to dance, and Clive says you don't need to, you can just sit and watch, please join us. The tickets cost £7.50 (supper is provided) and are available from the Centre. I did let on that we have some good cake-makers at the Centre and they will be much appreciated so please bring lots of cakes and your own drinks. If you need a lift to the Barn Dance please let me know and we will try to arrange it.

Centre Christmas Party

Monday, 2nd December 2002



This year we thought we might bring in take-away food - either Chinese food or curry. For more details see the Centre's notice board and I'll need payment in advance, please. So, if you cannot get into the Centre at the moment but want to book your Party food please give me a ring at the Centre or at home. And please bring in your fabulous puddings and cakes.

We would also welcome a present costing no more than £1 for the Christmas tree.

The Party will start at 7.30 p.m., entertainment at 8 p.m., eat at about 8.30 p.m.. Alcohol not allowed to be consumed on our premises - parking difficult because the car park is small but if you are good at reverse parallel parking you can easily find a space in nearby streets. Look forward to seeing you there.

Lifehealth in the Observer Magazine mentions that life expectancy is steadily increasing. It seems that internet life expectancy calculators will almost certainly derive much of their figures from the Framingham study, endeavouring to calculate one's chances of developing heart diseases. Dr Marcus Flather, a cardiologist at London's Royal Brompton Hospital weighs up individual patient's risk of heart attack on a daily basis. He says that even the most complicated measures can only ever predict whether an individual is at low or high risk of a heart attack or stroke. But a smoker runs two to three times the risk of a fatal heart attack in the next 20 years than a non-smoker. Being male is one extra risk and if you have five or more risk factors, it is not looking good, he says. Kate Law, head of clinical trials at the charity Cancer Research UK says that estimating anyone's risk of dying from cancer at a set time is even less straightforward than predicting heart disease, yet she still believes the websites could be useful. There are 120 forms of cancer with many different potential causes, it says in this article. Eating habits have been linked to cancers of the bowel, stomach, mouth, throat, oesophagus and pancreas. Excessive drinking is linked to cancers of the throat, tongue, mouth, oesophagus and pancreas. From 5 to 10 per cent of all cancers are caused by faulty genes. Yet all of these have, she goes on to say a minuscule effect compared to smoking, which causes one in three cancers. The issue is not so much about living longer as living more healthily, says Professor Kelly. A balanced approach to life is the key, he says. And he recounts an anecdote about a man who has stopped smoking, visits the gym daily, eats brown rice and drinks only water. He asks his doctor whether he will live a long life. 'I don't know' replies the doctor 'but it will certainly seem like it.'



Cambridge breast unit - Breast Care Awareness month

Karen Burnet, Lead Breast Care Nurse (who has visited our Centre, along with other Breast Care Nurses from Addenbrooke's Hospital - always very welcome visitors) tells me that they have newly set up a patient support group for people who have been diagnosed with breast cancer. They aim to offer a small presentation around something of interest to the group, followed by discussion. The group meets on the third Thursday of every month. If you require further information about this group please telephone her on 01223 216315

Information I have gathered about Vitamin B17

by Anne R.

Early in March 2002 Dennis, one of the healers here at our Centre, mentioned Vitamin B17 to me. I phoned a nutritionist who I have seen several times before for advice. She is based in London at the Wren Clinic, All Hallow's House, Idol Lane, a centre for alternative therapies.

I asked her if she knew about Vitamin B17 and what she thought about my taking it on top of other supplements I am already taking for non-active breast cancer and candida albicans. She told me that she had heard a lot about Vitamin B17 recently. She was going to a conference about immunotherapies and cancer in mid-March.

'Phoned her for a report after the conference and she told me that most of the people at the conference were practitioners. A doctor from the Dove Clinic for Integrated Medicine (see below for details) said they offer infusions of Vitamin B17 and Vitamin C to people with active cancer, depending on their exact condition, and that it was fine for people with non active cancer to take the fresh apricot kernels - which are the most concentrated source of Vitamin B17. Gillian thought it would be fine for me to start taking them. So I started looking for a supply.

While waiting to hear about the conference I had started buying hunza apricots from Arjuna, soaking them, cooking them and cracking open the very hard stones with a hammer on my bread board to get to the kernels. This was becoming very time-consuming, with bits of shell flying about my kitchen every time I did it, so this method was difficult to fit into my daily routine and had ground to a halt.

After hearing the report on the conference I 'phoned Dennis who kindly gave me the phone number of Health Mart (01622 833201) who supply B17 in the form of fresh apricot kernels in bulk and in dry tablet form by mail order. Health Mart are the 'sister' to Credence Publications (01622 832386) who publish the Phillip Day book 'Cancer Why We Are Still Dying to Know the Truth'.

During the first week in May I talked to the person at the Health Mart Mail Order Line and gathered the following information from him, but if anyone

is interested I suggest they take advice for themselves.

If you have non active cancer you need 100mg per day of Vitamin B17. This vitamin comes from fresh apricot kernels. The kernels they supply are not labelled as organic but they have been assured that no chemicals or pesticides are used. The apricots are grown outside villages in the Himalayas. Vitamin A is needed alongside all forms of Vitamin B17 to make it effective.

Fresh apricot kernels for non-active cancer

In order to get 100mg per day of Vitamin B17 you need to eat 15 to 20 apricot kernels per day. A 2lbs bag costs £32.45p, including post and packaging and lasts four and a half months. I worked out that this is the equivalent of £1.90 per week, so I definitely thought it was worth a try for me.

Vitamin B 17 in dry tablet form for non-active cancer.

In order to have 100mg per day you need to take 2 tablets per day. A pack costs £30.55 and lasts seven weeks. The kernels contain a fruit enzyme which makes them effective. If you take the tablets you have to take a fruit enzyme as well to make them effective which Health Mart can supply, or you can get them from Holland and Barrett.

Fresh apricot kernels for active cancer

You need to eat 40 to 80 kernels per day to have 500 mg of Vitamin B per day. One month's supply costs £32.45. This number is more difficult to eat each day so if you prefer you can take the ...

Dry tablet form of Vitamin B17 for active cancer

To have 500 mg of the dry tablet form of Vitamin B17 per day costs £79.84 for 25 days supply. To make the B17 effective you need a pancreatic enzyme tablet which also contains the supplement zinc glutonate, deodorised garlic and grapeseed extract. 200 of these tablets cost £49 and last 50 days. Emulsified Vitamin A and E are also needed.

As I have non active cancer I decided to have a go with the fresh apricot kernels and ordered a 2 lbs bag on May 9th. The parcel arrived the next day with a satisfying thud on my doormat. But it had come so quickly that I thought it must be a late Henry Doubleday delivery of tiny onion sets I was waiting for - but no - it was the kernels. I was impressed. They

looked like very small almonds without their shells on, but they were so bitter that I had to get a drink of water and eat an apple to wash them down and sweeten the taste. I phoned the Health Mart Mail Order Line immediately and asked how to store them and how on earth was I going to eat 15 to 20 a day? The man at the mail order line was very helpful and told me to store them in my fridge in a sealed container. Then he said that he has a bowl with the kernels in it by his computer and he eats them one or two at a time during the day. He said that after a while your body gets used to the bitterness and you don't notice - which to my amazement I have found is true.

I started putting a bowl with 15 kernels in it somewhere in my house each day, and whenever I passed by I ate one or two. I don't give myself a hard time if there are a few left at the end of the day, and I don't force myself to finish them off if I don't feel like it. I'm not that heavy and I've checked that the 15 to 20 relates to body weight (10 stone is average) so 15 is fine for me. Just taking around 15 each day makes me feel I'm doing something positive to prevent any return of the breast cancer I had last year and so I think they're helping me psychologically apart from anything else.

I discovered from Health Mart that the hunzas I was buying from Arjuna (and those sold in most shops) are dried by heat which breaks down most of the Vitamin B17. It is the bitter taste which shows they are effective. So the kernels I was cracking my way into in my kitchen were sweet and almond tasting, and quite ineffective.

It's now August and I'm still eating my way through my first batch of apricot kernels and am feeling fine. I have also got around to reading Phillip Day's book 'Cancer Why We're Still Dying to Know the Truth' which I ordered directly from Credence Publications (01622 832386). I was so amazed and shocked by it. I thought it was worth reviewing for the newsletter. As an artist I see things more in colours and forms than words and I have struggled to get the left side of my brain to wake up and take in some of the details involved in 'metabolic therapy.....this is my best attempt....

The Review of the Book will be in the next newsletter - although the Review is already in the Centre's library

Much love (and especially so to those whose cancer has come back)

Ann xxx

P.S.

*Very Happy Birthday and Love to Sheila -
because... well, just because.
(in fact it was because, dare I admit it, I forgot. Oh, how
I wish I were perfect!)*



P.P.S. Don't forget to order your Christmas puddings!

*The views expressed in articles in our newsletters, and the products that
are referred to, are not necessarily endorsed by the
Cambridge Cancer Help Centre.*