

“Except while drunk” ~

says Barefoot Doctor in the Observer magazine, “men should stand on tiptoe to urinate”. He says that while drunk, operating dual systems of balance and aim is trickier. He goes on to say that he feels almost honour-bound to promote passing water at will as something to be celebrated and indulged in. It seems that standing on tiptoes to urinate stimulates the energy of the bladder meridian and is said to increase kidney energy production and thus stimulate libido levels and also help prevent or manage prostate cancer. He considers that this method is inadvisable for women who should, he says, simply lift their heels off the ground as high as possible in the sitting position for a slightly milder but equivalent effect.

Sid's Excursion to the Fighting Cocks at Audley End



Lots of us sat in the garden and ate a super lunch laid on by Sid. Robin disappeared for a brief moment and on his return said that he had found a door on which it said ‘Gentlemen’ but he said he still went through it. And talking of Robin “Excuse me” he said “ I must just loosen my belt”. He had taken us to the Plough at Rede (*in the Bury St Edmunds’ direction*). The pub is a bit tucked away but if you should find yourself there you may discover, as did John, that you are defeated by the portion size of the ‘Gloucester Old Spot’. Prices slightly above average but...beautiful day, brilliant company and scrumptious food.

And Robin did his ‘stretching legs’ excuse again ~ at Brenda. Fickle I thought ~ they were most definitely stretched at me in Inverness. Can’t rely on anyone, particularly artists it would seem.

The Perfect Heart ~ from Judith

Dear Ann, This looked to me like a bit for the newsletter. It struck a chord within me, of a time when I gave nearly all of my heart to one person, which left a gouge so deep I didn't think I could survive. Since then many people have given me little pieces and I have learnt to appreciate all of those small parts that made me whole again. My heart is a veritable patchwork! I'm just much more careful about who I give my heart to!!

Lots of love and a small bit of my heart ...Judith

One day a young man was standing in the middle of the town proclaiming that he had the most beautiful heart in the whole valley. A large crowd gathered and they all admired his heart for it was perfect. There was not a mark or a flaw in it. Yes, they all agreed, it truly was the most beautiful heart they had ever seen. The young man was very proud and boasted more loudly about his beautiful heart.

Suddenly an old man appeared at the front of the crowd and said "Why, your heart is not nearly as beautiful as mine." The crowd and the young man looked at the old man's heart. It was beating strongly, but full of scars, it had places where pieces had been removed and other pieces put in, but they didn't fit quite right and there were several jagged edges. In fact, in some places there were deep gouges where whole pieces were missing. The people stared ~ how can he say his heart is more beautiful, they thought.

The young man looked at the old man's heart and saw its state and laughed. "You must be joking," he said. "Compare your heart with mine ~ mine is perfect and yours is a mess of scars and tears." "Yes" said the old man, "yours is perfect looking but I would never trade with you. You see, every scar represents a person to whom I have given my love ~ I tear out a piece of my heart and give it to them, and often they give me a piece of their heart which fits into the empty place in my heart, but because the pieces aren't exact I have some rough edges, which I cherish, because they remind me of the love we shared.

Sometimes I have given pieces of my heart away, and the other person hasn't returned a piece of his heart to me. These are the empty gouges ~ giving love is taking a chance. Although these gouges are painful they stay open, reminding me of the love I have for these people too, and I hope someday they may return and fill the space I have waiting. So now do you see what true beauty is?"

The young man stood silently with tears running down his cheeks. He walked up to the old man, reached into his perfect young and beautiful heart, and ripped a piece out. He offered it to the old man with trembling hands. The old man took his offering, placed it in his heart and then took a piece from his old scarred heart and placed it in the wound in the young man's heart. It fit, but not perfectly, as there were some jagged edges. The young man looked at his heart,

not perfect anymore but more beautiful than ever, since love from the old man's heart flowed into his. They embraced and walked away side by side.

If I Had Only....



Something for us all to bear in mind ~ from Elizabeth Kübler-Ross' book 'Death is of Vital Importance' ISBN 0-88268-186-9

I can't quote it exactly because I do not have the time to get the publisher's permission, but ~

Elizabeth says this is something to do with unfinished business. Someone she knew recalled the day she borrowed someone's brand new car and dented it and she thought he would kill her,
but he didn't

Then she remembered the time she dragged him to the beach although he had said it would rain and she thought he would say "I told you so",
but he didn't

She remembered the time she flirted with all the men to make him jealous (*which he was*) and she thought he would leave her,
but he didn't

She finishes up by saying there were so many things that she wanted to make up to him when he returned from Viet Nam
But he didn't

Broccoli/anti-cancer drug

From an article in The Times headed “Green Science” written by Simon Crompton

So...did you know that the Institute of Food Research (IFR) has found that “a chemical released when brassica vegetables are chopped, cooked and eaten sabotages the uncontrolled cell division that causes colon cancer”.

Brassicas, it goes on to say include sprouts, cabbage, broccoli, cauliflower and pak choi. Sprouts and broccoli contain the highest amounts of the key chemical ~ sinigrin. It seems that scientists have known that the chemical produced when sinigrin breaks down (AITC) can kill cancer cells. The researchers have uncovered a part of the process, demonstrating that AITC works in the same way as some anti-cancer drugs. Professor Ian Johnson, the head of the research team, tells us that preventive dietary measures can be exploited in the same way as drugs. AITC is what gives broccoli and cabbage their slightly bitter taste. And this is being bred out of many modern varieties to make them more palatable. But over-refining natural products may also filter out their anti-cancer qualities.

Liz Lund, of the research team explains how the discovery occurred. “Our researcher Tracy could see down the microscope that cancer cells treated with AITC were stuck in the process of mitosis (*cell division*) with their chromosomes condensed. She stained the cells so that she could see the way the chromosomes were being pulled apart by a mechanism called the spindle apparatus. In cells treated with AITC, however, the structure of the spindles was disrupted so the mechanism could not work. She realised this was the same way some anti-cancer drugs work.” She added that what is particularly exciting is that cancer drugs tend to affect all cells, while AITC appears to target only cancer cells.

The Times Cook Jill Dupleix suggests that if you need to make brassicas more palatable then buy only when they are young and fresh and the shorter the cooking time the better. Finely shred Brussel sprouts and toss them in a little hot butter and oil in a nonstick frying pan for three minutes. You can, she adds, vary the flavours with finely sliced bacon, chilli or a few toasted flaked almonds.

Be patient, heal  *thyself*

‘The Times’ of 10 April 2004 reported that an ‘astonishing new guide’ written by

doctors says that if you are feeling under the weather then the best thing you can do is nothing! Let your body cure itself. Here are bits of what the article says ~ you can read the entire article if you get it from the Centre's library.

The conclusion of a new guide for patients launched this week by the British Medical Journal suggests that doing nothing may well be the very best thing the health service can do for you ~ leaving you well alone and allowing your body to sort it out, rather than giving treatments that either fail to achieve anything or make your condition worse. The guide declares that frequently the best treatment is no treatment at all, which John Haisy, the author of this report, suggests is an astonishingly frank admission for a profession to make. The new guide 'BMJ Best Treatments' is now available on the internet. Apparently it is brutally honest about the fact that with a wide variety of conditions such as back pain, prostate cancer, impacted wisdom teeth and children's adenoid troubles, we should rely on the oldest healer of all ~ time. In this guide, says the editor Luisa Dillner, people don't realise that when they are offered an intervention there is often either poor research to support its effectiveness or none at all. Sometimes the risk outweighs the benefits. But, says John Naish, author of the article in the Times, we don't want to listen to this. We desperately want to believe in a race of healing superbeings.

Sarah Jarvis who runs a surgery in Shepherd's Bush says her practice has managed to wean its patients from expecting automatic antibiotics and examinations. They have written piles of leaflets for the reception desk. If the patient tells the receptionist they have back pain or a sore throat, they are handed a leaflet which says that if they do not have any of the warning signs it outlines, the doctor will not prescribe anything.

Anne Rogers, of Manchester University, says surgeries believe that 25% of their consultations are inappropriate or trivial. But what if, says John Naish, the NHS somehow does convince us to cease our practitioner-pestering ways? Might we miss out on the power that our belief in doctors has to foster our ability to self-heal? He goes on to say that going to the doctor plays a crucial part in our personal 'sickness stories'. Having a qualified professional say "Yes, there is something wrong with you", validates the fact that you have a physical illness. It also gives you an idea what should happen next ~ hopefully, a step forward on the return to full health.

He concludes by writing that we really do have some kooky kind of faith in doctors' paper prognostications. They looked even more magical in the days when they were written in indecipherable runic scrawl. Perhaps though it's now time, he says, to let go of the idea of infallible medical mojo. There is something more powerful for us to embrace ~ faith in our bodies' amazing ability to heal themselves, with a bit of our own help and patience.

The 'BMJ Best Treatments' guide draws on research in journals all over the world to determine the evidence for whether treatments work. But in many cases,

they do not stand up well to scrutiny, as the following examples from the guide show:

Prostate cancer: Most prostate cancers grow slowly, so you have a good chance of surviving your cancer whether you have treatment or not. Even if the cancer spreads to tissue nearby, your chances are still good. Doctors don't know enough about whether the treatments available for prostate cancer will help you to live longer. And all the treatments can have serious side effects. For men whose cancer has not spread, there are four options: surgery, radiotherapy, hormone treatment, or 'watchful waiting' where doctors check the cancer regularly rather than treat it immediately. If you choose 'watchful waiting', you are likely to live as long as men who opt for surgery, radiotherapy or hormone treatment.

Back pain: can make you feel miserable but it usually gets better on its own. A slipped disc can be very painful; it means that one of the discs in your spine has been damaged and may be pressing on a nerve. The good news is that a slipped disc generally gets better on its own, usually within about six weeks. Staying active is probably better for you than lying in bed for a long time, but researchers don't know for certain.

Wisdom teeth: if your impacted wisdom teeth are not causing problems, having them taken out is likely to do more harm than good.



Buttocks

If, like me, you always take your 'muesli and cup of tea' breakfast back to bed every morning you may have seen GMTV, which starts at 6 am and continues for a couple of hours or so, and may have discovered that scientists tell us that our bottoms are twenty years younger than our faces because they don't normally see much of the sunshine. In the Observer magazine Barefoot Doctor points out that according to the Taoist view, unresolved shame resides in your buttocks. Place, he says, a palm over each buttock and wobble your buttocks with gusto as this releases the memories trapped there. He cautions that you should watch for possible shameful memories it may throw up. If any arise, breathe in deeply, as if wrapping the memories into a bundle inside the breath, exhale fully and see the bundle escape into the air and dissolve. So, altogether now.....

National Prostate Cancer Conference *"A Cause for Action: The Time for Change"*

This conference will take place in November. The conference is expected to provide an important 'rallying point' and we hope to have the dates available soon. Meanwhile, if you would like to register your interest and request further information do contact John Neate, Chief Executive of the Prostate Cancer Charity, tel 020 8222 7622. The confidential helpline number is 0845 300 8383. E'mail them at info@prostate-cancer.org.uk.

Website: www.prostate-cancer.org.uk

From 'The Times' of Saturday May 1st 2004

Mark Henderson, Science Correspondent writes that men whose mothers and sisters have a hereditary form of breast and ovarian cancer are significantly more likely to develop prostate cancer, scientists have shown. It seems that research has confirmed that men in families that carry mutations in the BRCA1 and BRCA2 genes, which greatly raise the risk of breast and ovarian cancer in women, have a risk of prostate cancer between three and five times higher than normal. The study was carried out by the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Centre in New York. It suggests it would be useful to screen men for the defective genes, as is already offered to women with a family history of breast cancer. The study found that while BRCA mutations increase men's risk of prostate cancer, the average age of onset is no different. This suggests, says Mark Henderson, that screening for BRCA mutations could be useful in men over 50 when there is a history of breast cancer among relatives.

Sensuous and poetic

“All gardens” says Monty Don in the Observer magazine, “have the potential to be sensuous, poetic places, feeding the soul” So if you want to come along and go along with the sensuous poeticness whilst feeding your soul, look at the Centre’s notice board. There will be a coffee morning in my garden, followed by lunch at the pub or in a garden centre, and lunch in Ros’s garden ~ all this happening in August when the Centre is closed. There is also a trip to Coton Orchard, Scotsdales, lunch at Ely, tea in Ingrid’s Mum’s garden, and I think Brenda is planning a gathering when her raspberries are ready, inviting us for coffee and an opportunity to pick our own (*raspberries*). We have a couple of illustrious gardeners at the Centre so if I get the weeding done I shall invite them to my coffee morning and you can meet them over chocolate cake. Bring a chair.

One of them Richard, writes *Passion Flowers ~*

are in the main very easy to grow, but they can be difficult to over-winter because their roots are prone to rot if kept cold and wet. In the wild, they grow where the ground is well drained ~ the slopes of the high Andes, the rainforest floor, even in roadside rubble.

All passion flowers have small root systems and grow to a fair size in a 25 cm (*10 inch*) pot. Like many climbers they are greedy feeders and a regular feed of high potash liquid fertiliser will greatly benefit them.

They are slow to grow from seed and may not flower. Self-sown seedlings are easier and cuttings are easily rooted.

The blue-flowered *Passiflora caerulea* (*and its white flowered cultivar Constance Elliott*), has in the main been the only species to flourish outdoors in Britain, producing many flowers in summer and early autumn, followed by orange fruit which give colour until early winter.

Although they are cut back to ground level by the first winter frosts, both *Passiflora Incarnata* and *Passiflora lutea* are hardy. *Passiflora incarnata* produces pink or pale lilac flowers which are scented and followed by sweet edible fruit. They grow best in a dry winter position on a south-facing wall.

If you have a cold conservatory *Passiflora quadrangularis*, a giant flower which later bears large sweet fruits, can be grown. They have been recorded growing to 92m (*300ft*) to the top of the forest canopy in tropical Australia and Malaysia. Light pruning or growing in large pots is therefore a necessity.

Those with conservatories, kept warm, have a wide choice of species and cultivars. *P. foetida* has forty varieties. *P. coccinea* and *P. vitifolia* are closely related. Like all passion flowers they are **exquisitely** beautiful. There is a *P.*

coccinea in the Princess of Wales' conservatory at Kent, which is well worth a visit



Expert Gardener! *from Charlie*

One fine sunny day about three weeks ago our expert gardener was wandering around that well known garden centre (*that is Woolworths*) when amongst all the pots, pans and tins of paints he spied a sign that he loved to see ~ SALE. He was drawn towards it like a moth to a flame, what delights would there be in the basket today.

After much searching and checking to ensure they were indeed a bargain, our gardening expert came out with a truly tremendous purchase ~ plants at 99p a bag. He looked at the labels and they looked good, he shook the packets to ensure the contents were there and all seemed well.

The expert gardener then took his great find to the checkout and for the immense total of £2.97p (*again the moth appeared but not because it was attracted to the light!*) he purchased enough plants to make a show in his garden. So pleased was he with his find that he texted his beloved with the great news and also spoke of his find in detail when he returned to work showing all the packages and rejoicing in the price.

The next day however a storm cloud had descended over the garden of our expert. The bargain was not what it appeared to be! He explained at length that when he got home and after his tea and run (*a technical term for walking quicker than usual*) he had gone into the back garden and while carrying his prized purchase had described in great detail the colour and brightness they would bring to the borders. After a long deliberation as to how to use all the plants up, as perhaps he had too many, the first packet was opened with due ceremony. The expert gardener looked carefully at the soil but could not see any plants, must be smaller than he thought so he then searched the soil with his bare hands and with much vexation realised the plants were indeed very small. In fact they were so small they could not be seen with the human eye! A non-expert would have thought there weren't any but to an expert's eye well, he looked again and found a shrivelled piece of plant. At last for 99p... one shrivelled plant. Surely a good test for his green fingers. Concern came across his face, he looked over his shoulder towards his vegetable patch where his several lines of carrots were showing six small tops and his numerous rows of shallots had five spindly plants

in an otherwise barren land and he thought this is too much for even a gardener of my talents.

He then opened the other packets with great haste and unfortunately no plants were to be found in any of them. Now the storm cloud darkened and flashes of lightning were seen and luckily for Woolworth's they were shut for the night.

The next day a slightly vexed expert gardener turned up to work carrying his bag and the packages with no plants within. A return to Woolworth's was the order of the day.

So at 4.30 pm he returned to the shop. The staff had had a long day. You could tell this by the fact that two of them were leaning against the checkout talking amongst themselves. Our expert gardener went up to them and tried, despite his annoyance, to speak nicely with the ladies. "I am not a happy bunny", he said... which was true, "I bought these plants in the sale and there are none in there" The checkout lady looked up at him with a touch of scorn and replied, "What do you expect if you bought them in the sale?" If this was an attempt at humour, our unhappy bunny was not impressed "I expected plants", he said turning out the contents of the bags onto the checkout. The ladies took great care to look for the plants but again, as they were not experts, couldn't see any. "We've had at least twenty back like this" she informed our unhappy bunny "What do you expect when they have been in the stockroom since January?" "But you're still selling them" he exclaimed "Yes but not everybody brings them back you see, so there is no point in exchanging them. I'll give you your money back" Our unhappy bunny was then refunded his full £2.97p and returned home a bit happier but with a still plant-less border.

So if any of you non-expert gardeners have any plants that could enrich our expert's garden and win prizes at the local village show please contact **Steve** who, as long as they are cheap (*well really cheap*) will be happy to take them off your hands

P.S. have you any carrots or shallots as well!!!



Of mice and men from Steve and his Dearly Beloved

My first mistake was to agree to buy a cat flap! My second mistake was to allow the cats to use it. And my third mistake was to sleep naked. Let me explain Dear Readers

Our two cats had just recently broadened their horizons from being home-loving kittens to those of mice-murdering, bird-battering, staying-out-all-night feline killing machines. This change in cat 'attitude' meant that they stayed out all night, flatly refusing to come in when called, but expecting us to be around during the day to cuddle and feed them ~ tough ~ we both have to go out to work. So we decided to install a cat flap. Big mistake!

After the flap went in, the cats would go out at night and bring home all sorts of little presents for us to see in the morning. Mostly they left them on the hall-way carpet ~ presents such as headless mice, featherless birds and other assorted bits of things!

So it was that I came to be watching TV late one evening with my Dearly Beloved in the front room when she let out a scream stating, "*There's a ***** mouse just come into the front room!*" And guess what? She was absolutely right! There it was, about two inches of brown, terrified fur, scuttling along the skirting board and disappearing back into the hallway. "*Those ***** cats!*" she screams. "*Go on then, get it!*" she demands of me.

So into the hall I go, muttering away, and trapping the fur-ball in the corner. Just as I was about to leap on it with a jam-jar, it scuttled away and ran under the freezer. So up comes the freezer amidst more mutterings, but I couldn't see it anywhere. It's only gone and hidden up the inside of the freezer, and flatly refuses to come down and play.

So Dearly Beloved demands yet more of me in that I have to go into the garage to find the mouse-trap. 11 o'clock and I have finally set the trap next to the freezer. Then I am allowed into the comforts of our bed ~ except I haven't closed the bedroom door. "*It will come in during the night!*" she says. "Knickers!" I say, "Mice can't climb stairs ~ now shut up and go to sleep!" (That's me being masterful!).....

11.30 pm. Am just getting off to sleep. She screams again. "*It's in the room. I heard it ... Look, it's there!*" And, blow me, she's right, it seems mice can after all climb stairs! "*Well, get it then!*"

So it's out of bed and chasing the fur-ball under the dressing table. (*Hah, that's him being masterful is it??*) There I am, kneeling on all fours, peering under the dressing table ~ naked! (*I'm not sure the Dear Readers really want to know that!*) I finally trap the little blighter and grab it in my hands, standing up proudly and hoping for a load of praise and gratitude from my Dearly Beloved! "*Well take*

it outside then!" she demands ~ some praise and gratitude, I don't think!

Down the stairs I go, followed closely by Dearly Beloved in case I just get bored and put it back under the freezer. As if!! She opens the front door for me and says, "*Go on then, let it outside*" I lean forward to pop the fur-ball out of the door, and then feel a hand in my back pushing hard and a voice hissing, "*Not just there, put it further away from the house.*" And with that I am pushed out of the house.

So there I was, in the middle of the night,
in the middle of my front driveway,
holding a little fur-ball, stark naked!!
Gosh, how she laughed!!
(*But I was grateful really*).



Charlie and Steve raised over
£35 for the Centre by
persuading their course
students to put donations into
a 'swear box' for us ~
Absolutely brilliant!

Quite Extraordinary/The Best Thing I Ever Did

Dear Ann, when I was diagnosed with breast cancer in October 2000 I was very, very scared indeed and did not cope very well. In about April 2001 I rang the Centre and told you how isolated I felt and you invited me to come along. That was the best thing I ever did because you immediately made me feel welcome and at home and it was like meeting a friend. All the people I met at the Centre were very welcoming and over the weeks I gradually started to feel more confident and tried to visit the Centre as often as I could. Since moving away from Cambridge to Nottingham some two years ago I have been attending the Breast Cancer Support Group and we meet on a monthly basis. It's quite different from your Centre in that it's open only to those who've had breast surgery and we only meet once a month. We do not have the advantage of having complementary therapies at any of our meetings though I have suggested that we ought to and I shall have to keep on at them to get something started because I know how beneficial it is.

With my new-found confidence I found myself a job just under a year ago and am working part-time in a local rehabilitation hospital. All in all things are going well, though I've had a few scares during the last couple of years but nothing serious. Thank God.

So all in all I think that what you have got going at the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre is quite extraordinary and I really miss it. Best regards Patricia Morley

We miss you too, I told her, why not come on a day trip by train (bringing friends from your present support group) and have some healing, reflexology, head massage and cups of tea. After all, we've got nine healers happily healing all over the place.

Groundwater Contamination at Sawston

A News Release on 2nd June 1999 stated that householders were offered precautionary air tests because of a report from the Environment Agency on known groundwater contamination. Apparently contaminated groundwater found on the Langford Arch/London Road Industrial Estate was moving underground and passing under houses to the north west of this area. The Chairman of the Environmental Services and Health Committee commented that “the report states that there is potential, in theory, for vapours from these chemicals to enter homes. A preliminary study on the vapour’s effects on health has revealed that any potential risk is extremely small, but as a precautionary measure we hope to conduct some home-based air quality testing.”

Bob has passed to me a list stating the main events connected with Sawston Groundwater Pollution. He has provided us with an update given by the Environment Agency in 2002. One paragraph states that “contamination was first identified at the Sawston Mill borehole in March 1983. It is thought to have arisen from leaks and spillages which occurred between the 1950’s and 70’s. There was no legislation on control of these chemicals at that time and standards of handling and storage were much lower than they are today. Investigations to determine the extent of contamination of a suspected shallow groundwater plume were undertaken in 1998/99 and the results of a health based risk assessment have just been reported.

You can read about the main events connected to the Sawston Groundwater Pollution in the information left in the Centre library by Bob. One bit of information (undated) recommends that reducing intake of nitrate can be achieved by only boiling water once, as each time water is boiled the nitrate concentration increases.

Do read the folder for more precise information.

This letter was ripped from a newspaper (we don’t know which one) and handed to David B.

Weather man

Sir, Is there any drought-stricken country that could use my services as a rainmaker? The only specialised equipment I require is a pot of paint, a brush and a set of garage doors. My success rate for the last four attempts is 100%

Yours faithfully
D.R.

*This is still Nice ~
from Jack, Jane Harlow's Grandfather*



This is just a short note to say how pleased my family were to visit you again ~ this time to see Jane hand over her sponsorship money from running the 2004 London Marathon.

You may remember that last year Jane's brother John ran the London Marathon for you and we made a number of visits to the Centre. After those visits I wrote a piece in your Newsletter in which I said that, after some experience of what goes on in the local community, I had never come across such a pleasant and friendly atmosphere as you have at the Centre. So as the time approached for our visit one year later I was wondering ---- will it be the same ? ----- and I just had to let you know that we still think you are something very special!

Three of my grandchildren were running in the London Marathon this year. They ran together all the way and joined hands as they crossed the finishing line. John applied to run again but was not chosen ~ much to his relief! Jane, with your contribution, raised **£1686** so between them they have raised about **£3000** for the Centre. And once again, our family are so pleased that they ran for you.

We wish you luck in finding new premises ~ such a difficult job for you ~ but hopefully something will turn up.

Best wishes to you all.

At the Centre we all learn lots about each other. So perhaps we need to remind ourselves not to repeat the information to other people ~ or even, if we meet each other in the street, not to tell any companions where we met that person.

Brave Carolyn and Gerard from Ros N

What am I doing here? I asked myself as I warmed up on Jesus Green surrounded by 3,000 women and a few children. My friend had been too late to register and I thought it might be a lonely 'Race for Life' (*or walk, in my case*) but the atmosphere was infectious and I was soon chatting as we made our way through the start ~ across Victoria Avenue and zig-zagged around Midsummer Common and then Jesus Green to complete our 5 kilometers to the cheers of spectators.

Most 'runners' had a pink 'I Race for Life in memory of' poster on their backs. Mine was for our lovely brave Carolyn, and Gerard, a friend. It was very moving to see the number of people affected by this insidious disease but uplifting to know that everyone was raising money for cancer research. I got my medal and have sent £130 ... and yes, I hope I will be there again next year.

'Catch the joy as it flies'

Our feelings are our own

The Dudley 'Cancer Support' group regularly send us copies of their newsletter. Their founder member, Elizabeth Harris wrote in their January 1986 newsletter about the pessimist (*negative*) and the optimist (*positive*).

Now she says she can expand on that ~ like it or not, following sad times and crises we all move forward. Our feelings are our own and we have a choice to give ourselves a bad time (*pessimistic*) or a good time (*optimistic*). We cannot change the past and we will not alter the future outcome by hugging our sadness. This is when living a day at a time is a good philosophy ~ there are people who love you and a pessimist would miss that. This is why the phrase I use most is 'Catch the joy as it flies'. Who knows ~ you may make a difference.

With thanks to Elizabeth for allowing us to reprint that.

A Reflection on Meditation

from Mandy



The human ‘being’ is an inspiring, whirling powerhouse of subtle energies, constantly changing, continually communicating with other humans, always connected and always interacting with everything from plants to planets ~ and beyond. Each one of us is composed of more than 50 billion cells, each one made up of millions more charged particles of energy. For perfect health and vitality, all these microscopic particles must be vibrating harmoniously.

How easy is it to keep them like that? The environment, food, work, relationships ~ the list is endless (*and of course personal*) of what affects our ‘particles’ and causes them to vibrate inharmoniously. One very simple and empowering way to change this situation is meditation using a well-known technique ~ Guided Visualisation.

If you would like to know more about the energy surrounding us and how to work with this energy to bring stability and flow into your life, I will be running ‘Meditation for Health’ classes at the City of Ely Community College (01353 664 853). Enrolment evening is Tue 7th Sept 7 – 9 pm in the Foyer and Community lounge. Classes will begin on Thurs 23rd Sept, 7 – 9 pm and will run for 5 consecutive weeks. Details of the cost can be obtained from the college. I will be there on enrolment evening to explain anything I can to those who may have questions, or I will be at the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre on the 1st Sept. For those who don’t know me, I come to the Centre alternate Wednesdays to offer Reiki.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the ‘members’ of the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre past, present and future for providing a community ‘spirit’, where there is no hierarchical structure but a sense of belonging. Whatever each one brings is OK, and there is tremendous encouragement for each of us to bring our highest good to this group of very open and supportive people. There is an amazing healing power that comes with connecting. Just being there for others, not even having to **do** anything, emits an energy that others can ‘tap’ into, allowing everyone to leave with a feeling of love in their hearts ~ And what could be better than that!

“Consider the priorities in your life. Love is the only reality.” – Deepak Chopra.

Sue Smith

December 1955 – April 2004

We were all very sad to hear that Sue had died on 20th April and our thoughts go out to her husband Andrew and her sons Richard and David.

It was impossible not to be moved by the loving tributes to Sue from her family and friends gathered at Wysing Arts for the farewell ceremony that so well reflected Sue's values and philosophy of life. In the corner, on an easel, stood the striking painting of his mother that Richard had completed shortly before she died.

We were all moved by David's poem 'My Enemy', which appeared in our January 2004 newsletter. At his mother's farewell ceremony David read this poem ~

This shall be a bond between us,
That we are of one blood, you and I,
That we have cried peace to all,
And claimed kinship with every living thing:
That we hate war and sloth and greed
And love fellowship
And we shall go singing to the
Fashioning of a new world.

Anon

The ceremony was followed by a woodland burial in a breathtakingly pretty bamboo coffin, details of which are available in the 'Information Folder' at the Centre.

Our Thanks to Andrew for sending the pictures and information to us ~ Tricia

John Blackburn

John was a man full of energy and recently began to work for the RSPCA. He was tireless in his fund-raising for the Centre and would bring in collection tins full of large amounts of money put there by himself and his wife Brenda.

I recently bought a small buddha in the attitude of 'have no fear ~ your wish is granted' and for some reason, having put it on the mantle-piece and reflected on it, I picked up a book I haven't read for years called 'Memories, Dreams, Reflections' by C G Jung (*Flamingo ISBN 0-00-654027-9*)

Jung acknowledges that death can be very brutal, but also says, "**from another point of view** however, death appears as a joyful event. In the light of eternity, it is a wedding, a *mysterium conjunctionis*. The soul attains, as it were, its missing half, it achieves wholeness."

And..... Brenda..... Bishop Brent wrote:

What is Dying?

A ship sails and I stand watching till he fades on the horizon
and someone at my side says, "he is gone".

Gone where?

Gone from my sight, that is all:

he is just as large as when I saw him.

The diminished size, and total loss of sight is in me, not in him.

And just at the moment when someone at my side says

"he is gone",

there are others who are watching him coming,

and other voices take up a glad shout,

"Here he comes!"

- and that is dying.

Recycled Cards

Between 2000 and 2004, Margot's card-making team, including Ros, Vera and Richard, have recycled and sold £2,148 worth of cards, either at fund-raising stalls or at the Centre as well as at a few other locations. And, of course, all year round Jack makes recycled Christmas cards ~ think he sells 1,000 a year. Many thanks to them for tirelessly and continuously and throughout the year making cards and bringing in substantial amounts of money to the Centre.

And if you have received a get-well or a birthday card from us, it will almost certainly have been recycled by Ken ~ and that saves us lots of money ~ and you will know that a lot of thought and effort have been put into the card we send to you.

Swizzy Car

Someone I know drives a very swizzy car and during nice weather she puts the top down. The other day, as she pulled away at the traffic lights, an even swizzier car (*Ferrari I think*) overtook her and as he passed her the driver blew her a kiss. Right, I said, why doesn't that happen to me? What you need to do, she replied, is to take the top off your car ~ that will make all the difference. OK I'll try that I said.



However, I can wholeheartedly assure you, it doesn't work with the top removed from a 'J' reg Nissan thingy.

Everyone can sing!Sheila S

So says Rowena Whitehead, who came to the Centre on July 7th to introduce us to an evening of song. Outside it was wet and gloomy but inside it was warm and welcoming.

Rowena began by asking how many of us felt we could sing. Only one or two hesitant fingers were dubiously raised. She said that many of us are brain-washed at an early age to believe that we are 'no good' at singing and we then grow up believing this and so miss out on an experience that is both pleasurable and good for us. It is not just our lungs and throat that we use, but every part of our body contributes to that amazing instrument which is our voice, and so we began by doing some simple exercises to relax and ground us. The first song we learnt was an African Greeting (*in its original language!*) Bit by bit Rowena introduced other parts and harmonies. Following this we did a song written at Findhorn called 'Waking to the Light' and we ended with another African tribal chant. She explained that in Africa they do not have separate words to denote singing or dancing as it would never occur to them to do the one without the other.

As in Africa, so at the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre, and so very soon we found ourselves dancing and singing around the room. All inhibitions had long since evaporated and everyone gave themselves up to the joy of participation.

Members had all brought contributions to the meal which followed, which was of its usual deliciously high standard.

And so ended a very happy and pleasurable evening, and yes, we could all sing.

For anyone who is interested, Rowena runs a drop-in class at 1.30 pm on Mondays at the Drama Centre in Covent Garden, off Mill Road. The class opens again on September 20th following the Summer break.

M any do not know that we are here in this
world to live in harmony
Buddha ~ from Fiona's 'Little book of Inspiration'

Wendy sent us this:

As she stood in front of her 5th grade class on the very first day of school, she told the children an untruth. Like most teachers, she looked at her students and said that she loved them all the same. However, that was impossible, because there in the front row, slumped in his seat, was a little boy named Teddy Stoddard.

Mrs. Thompson had watched Teddy the year before and noticed that he did not play well with the other children, that his clothes were messy and that he constantly needed a bath. In addition, Teddy could be unpleasant.

It got to the point where Mrs. Thompson would actually take delight in marking his papers with a broad red pen, making bold X's and then putting a big "F" at the top of his papers. At the school where Mrs. Thompson taught, she was required to review each child's past records and she put Teddy's off until last. However, when she reviewed his file, she was in for a surprise.

Teddy's first grade teacher wrote, "Teddy is a bright child with a ready laugh. He does his work neatly and has good manners.... he is a joy to be around.."

His second grade teacher wrote, "Teddy is an excellent student, well liked by his classmates, but he is troubled because his mother has a terminal illness and life at home must be a struggle."

His third grade teacher wrote, "His mother's death has been hard on him. He tries to do his best, but his father doesn't show much interest and his home life will soon affect him if some steps aren't taken."

Teddy's fourth grade teacher wrote, "Teddy is withdrawn and doesn't show much interest in school. He doesn't have many friends and he sometimes sleeps in class."

By now, Mrs. Thompson realized the problem and she was ashamed of herself. She felt even worse when her students brought her Christmas presents, wrapped in beautiful ribbons and bright paper, except for Teddy's. His present was clumsily wrapped in the heavy, brown paper that he got from a grocery bag. Mrs. Thompson took pains to open it in the middle of the other presents. Some of the children started to laugh when she found a rhinestone bracelet with some of the stones missing, and a bottle that was one-quarter full of perfume.. But she stifled the children's laughter when she exclaimed how pretty the bracelet was, putting it on, and dabbing some of the perfume on her wrist. Teddy Stoddard stayed after school that day just long enough to say, "Mrs. Thompson, today you smelled just like my Mom used to." After the children left, she cried for at least an hour.

On that very day, she quit teaching reading, writing and arithmetic. Instead, she began to teach children. Mrs. Thompson paid particular attention to Teddy. As she worked with him, his mind seemed to come alive. The more she

encouraged him, the faster he responded. By the end of the year, Teddy had become one of the smartest children in the class and, despite her lie that she would love all the children the same, Teddy became one of her "teacher's pets."

A year later, she found a note under her door, from Teddy, telling her that she was still the best teacher he ever had in his whole life.

Six years went by before she got another note from Teddy. He then wrote that he had finished high school, third in his class, and she was still the best teacher he ever had in life.

Four years after that, she got another letter, saying that while things had been tough at times, he'd stayed in school, had stuck with it, and would soon graduate from college with the highest of honours. He assured Mrs. Thompson that she was still the best and favourite teacher he had ever had in his whole life.

Then four more years passed and yet another letter came. This time he explained that after he got his bachelor's degree, he decided to go a little further. The letter explained that she was still the best and favourite teacher he ever had. But now his name was a little longer.... The letter was signed, Theodore F. Stoddard, MD.

The story does not end there. You see, there was yet another letter that Spring. Teddy said he had met this girl and was going to be married. He explained that his father had died a couple of years ago and he was wondering if Mrs. Thompson might agree to sit at the wedding in the place that was usually reserved for the mother of the groom.

Of course, Mrs. Thompson did. And guess what? She wore that bracelet, the one with several rhinestones missing. Moreover, she made sure she was wearing the perfume that Teddy remembered his mother wearing on their last Christmas together. They hugged each other, and Dr. Stoddard whispered in Mrs. Thompson's ear, "Thank you Mrs. Thompson for believing in me. Thank you so much for making me feel important and showing me that I could make a difference."

Mrs. Thompson, with tears in her eyes, whispered back. She said, "Teddy, you have it all wrong. You were the one who taught me that I could make a difference. I didn't know how to teach until I met you! ."

(For those of you who don't know, Teddy Stoddard is the doctor at Iowa Methodist in Des Moines that has the Stoddard Cancer Wing.) Joseph B. Rifkin

“New type of cancer biopsy cuts pain”

Says ‘The Times’ on 5th June ’04

It seems that women with breast cancer may soon need only minor surgery to check if the disease has spread, thanks to a new technique ...says Nigel Hawkes, Health Editor for ‘The Times’.

He goes on to say that doctors will have to remove only one main gland from under the arm to examine the spread of a tumour rather than all of them, as is standard practice.

Scientists at the University of Wales College of Medicine, who developed the technique, believe that a very small operation is necessary in two thirds of cases. The Department of Health is now funding the development of a training programme. Sentinel node biopsy could be available to patients within 18 months.

Removing all the lymph nodes is painful and can lead to restriction of movement. Radioactivity can be used to locate the main gland, the sentinel node. Because the tumour drains directly into that gland, it is thought that removal of that alone should reveal if the disease has spread.

Thanks to Tricia for finding out about this for us.



Cancer Research

UK/Bowel Cancer

Richard passed information to me which says that the Cancer Research scientists are working to discover whether Aspirin could prevent bowel cancer. Apparently nearly 1,000 volunteers have been chosen from groups that are at higher risk from bowel cancer. They will either be given aspirin, folic acid, a combination of the two or a placebo. Then they will be monitored.

The aspirin being used in the research is specially modified to reduce the risks of any side-effects and although showing great promise, its effect on bowel cancer is not yet fully proven. Regular use of aspirin for whatever reason should first be discussed with your GP.

Bristol Centre news

In their magazine “Centrepiece” I read, on the front page, ‘Should Dairy Carry a Health Warning in Relation to Breast Cancer?’ There is also a photograph of Jane Plant (*author of ‘Your Life in Your Hands’*) and Kate Adie demonstrating that there are many foods rich in calcium other than dairy products. The role that dairy may play in breast and prostate cancer was the controversial subject of the Bristol Cancer Help Centre’s 2004 Penny Brohn Memorial Lecture delivered in March by eminent scientist Professor Jane Plant, CBE. Professor Plant presented the evidence that has led her to identify a link between dairy and cancer development and promotion. She has herself experienced five episodes of breast cancer, and is convinced that completely eliminating dairy, as well as other changes to her diet and lifestyle have prevented its recurrence. It seems that in particular research into the insulin-like growth factor IGF-1, which can promote changes in the cell cycle and cancer causing genes IGF-1 is naturally present in cow’s milk, but levels are increasing as a result of selective breeding by the dairy industry to produce cows that are higher milk producers, and in North America as a result of the use of a genetically engineered growth hormone.

Professor Jane Plant’s book ‘Your Life in Your Hands’ is in the Centre’s library and can be purchased from CanHelpNow, price £9.99 plus post and packing (24 hour orderline 0117 980 9522

Deodorant concern ~ also from Centrepiece

British researchers have found traces of chemicals called ‘parabens’ in tissue taken from women with breast cancer. Parabens are used by the cosmetic industry as preservatives, and although no direct link has been proven between these chemicals and breast cancer, scientists have called for their use to be reviewed. It seems that although further research is needed the primary concern is that parabens have been shown to be able to mimic the action of the hormone oestrogen. There are alternative, organic, deodorants available which are paraben and aluminium free ~ CanHelpNow, the trading company of Bristol Cancer Help Centre, stocks three paraben and aluminium free deodorants (*for men and women*), which do not clog up the pores or inhibit the vital elimination of waste products from the body.

The 24 hour order line is 0117 980 9522 or through www.canhelpnow.com

Other items from Centrepiece ~

'Lack of Fruit and Veg Top Kiwi Health Risk'

The New Zealand Health Ministry claimed in a recent report that not eating enough fruit and vegetables "killed more people in 1997 than alcohol, drugs and acts of violence combined".

'Aspirin fights ovarian cancer'

Researchers in the USA have said that Aspirin may be able to fight ovarian cancer due to its ability to block a chemical called Cox-2, which has been linked to the growth of ovarian cancer tumours. Previous studies have also suggested it may help protect against a range of cancers including breast, colon and bowel. The research has yet to be proved conclusive and trials are being held by a number of scientists at the Fox Chase Cancer Centre in the USA.

Could soy stop prostate cancer?

U.S. researchers claim that eating soya products could help prevent men from developing prostate cancer.

New Bristol CHC Vitamin and Mineral Pack

The pack is available from CanHelpNow and costs £89.00 plus p & p from mid-July 2004. The pack will contain four different tablets and capsules, giving a wide range of anti-oxidants, good levels of vitamin C and essential fatty acids in a cold pressed flaxseed oil.

To order please ring 0117 980 9522 or visit www.canhelpnow.com

Anyone who has attended a residential course at the Bristol Cancer Help Centre is eligible to spend a week at Cortijo Romera in Spain. Details in the next issue of Centrepiece.

Bridget Jones' Stress Diary

This is a specially formulated diet designed to help women cope with the stress that builds up during the day:

BREAKFAST:

1 grapefruit
1 slice whole-wheat toast
1 cup skim milk

4 bottles of wine (*red or white*)
2 loaves garlic bread
1 family size supreme pizza
3 snickers bars

LUNCH:

small portion lean, steamed chicken with a cup of spinach
cup herbal tea
1 miniature MARS bar

LATE NIGHT SNACK:

Whole frozen Sara Lee cheesecake (*eaten directly from the freezer*)

AFTERNOON TEA:

rest of the mini MARS bars in the bag
tub of Hagen Daas ice cream with chocolate
-chip topping

DINNER:

REMEMBER: STRESSED SPELLED BACKWARDS IS "DESSERTS"

Send this to four women and you will lose two pounds.

Send this to six women and you will lose four pounds.

Send this to all the women you know or ever knew, and you will lose 10 pounds.

If you delete this message you will immediately gain 10 pounds!

THIS IS NOT A JOKE! IT WORKS!!!

Fed up with sales and marketing calls?

Well...if you are lying on the garden seat with book and tea and the phone rings and you dash indoors because this may be an exciting call and it's someone saying "good afternoon, is that you" and you wearily say "yes" and they may say , as you say "what are you selling" "oh, please don't ask me what I am selling" and you say oh...well...what are you selling and they go on to say is anyone in your house having difficulty climbing stairs, or they just happen to be in your area and would you like a conservatory, new front door, new windows, new mortgage, to raise funds, or would you like a new kitchen.....well, you can stop all this by phoning the **Telephone Preference Service on 0800 398893** and that will, after 28 days, stop all marketing calls ~ the automated procedure doesn't take more than a minute.

An Addenbrooke's Experience ~ Sheila B

Some of you may remember I wrote a piece for the newsletter about being on the Addenbrooke's Patient Panel. Well that has now been disbanded. They told us on our last meeting, which didn't please us very much as we felt we were making some headway. I was on the Dignity and Privacy section and we had twelve items to bring to fruition but only two had been accomplished. For some reason they then gave us a buffet lunch, (*to placate us? On NHS funds!*) at which Mary Archer asked what area I had been covering. Having told her D and P and that we had ten items outstanding she then asked me that if I had only one wish of those, which would it be. I said to totally get rid of mixed wards. She said it was going to happen anyway, so I trust that will be soon.

This article came about because I was telling Ann and a few others of my experience of being in a mixed ward.

It came about after my big op for bowel cancer: I was admitted into D7 and given a bed by a window where I could look out onto green trees (*always a healing process*). Just as they were preparing me for theatre they dropped the bombshell that I would not return to D7 but would go into the 'Progressing Care Unit'. And a nurse let out it was mixed. So I prevaricated "I refuse", I said and "I wish to see Sister". She however was adamant I should move at which we had an argument as to why. "You see", she said. "I've only got oxygen running off the wall and in that ward they have everything should you collapse". I was not more determined to stay but confess the word 'collapse' did bother me somewhat. "Just wait about ten minutes" she said and disappeared. Back she came and triumphantly said, "I've made a deal ~ there is an alcove window in there and they have assured me you can have that and keep the curtains drawn round you if you wish". So into it I went on my return from theatre.

It was the noisiest ward I've ever been on, with very ill people moaning and groaning and on my second night when desperate for sleep there was a man opposite who kept climbing out of bed and yelling "I want to go home" with half the ward yelling back "so do we all". Eventually they put up cot sides and he still tried clambering out. At one point the little Irish nurse of five foot nothing dashed up to him saying "oh Frederick, don't pull your catheter out again ~ please darling don't do it ~ at which point she sent for a porter to sit the rest of the night with him. So you see my aversion to mixed wards, especially when very ill. Hurray, we're nearly rid of them.

Summer Number Quiz from Trícia

With thanks to my friends from Stoke-on-Trent

What do the initials stand for?

Example: 100 P in a P 100 Pence in a Pound

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 3 B M | 101 D |
| 7 D S | 1066 B of H |
| 39 S (JB) | 7 Y I |
| 50 Y ~ G W A | 1 H on a D |
| 24 B B in a P | 28 D in a L M |
| 3 M in a B | 7 C of the R |
| 1,000 Y in a M | 212 B P of W (F) |
| 13 C in a S | 5 L in a L |
| 3 S in a T | 1973 B J the E E C |
| 9 L of a C | 7 P of W |
| 21 S on a D | 3 P C |
| 1 H on a U | 100 T on a S B |
| 1912 Y S S T S | |
| 10 G B H on a W | |
| 150 P in the H B | |

There will be a small prize for the first correct entry received at the Centre!

Bullying/Sexual Harassment

We seem, at the moment, to be checking up on the Centre's policies, covering all sorts of angles. Jane has somehow got involved in creating a 'Bullying and Harassing Policy'. So she and some of the therapists were discussing how I bullied and harassed them. Look, I said, at least you aren't getting sexual harassment here from anyone. Quick as a flash, she spun round, put hands on hips, struck a pose and said "no we don't". So there you go.

A Holiday of a Lifetime ~ Margot

Ten hour flight and taxi through appealing townships, shacks, awful potholes HUGE gutters and pedestrians all over the roads, goats, dogs and children. A lively beginning. We enter 'Jolly Harbour' ~ a huge white casino (*for money-laundering I understand*)

A mile up the roadway to the villa ~ arrive to find car blocking screen door to front door entry to garage and all services. 'Security' took off garage door and moved car back to allow access ~ not a bad start! Lovely villa facing the marina, aquamarine sea-blue blue skies, hot glorious sun ~ dark at 6 pm and mozzies!!

The sea was magnificent, and the swimming until something held me round the waist ~ honest! ~ took evasive action ~ it came again, touching my arms and legs. Did I still have them, I thought. The neighbours assured me there were no dolphins or sharks around here and that it must have been a manatee ~ no wonder there were so many legends about mermaids in this place!



My daughter sent me this picture of a manatee, remarking, 'It looks a bit dopey so I guess it's possible that one might find you attractive'!

We explored by car ~ Nelson's Dockyard, Shirley Heights, Steel and Reggae bands ~ wonderful food, fruit and veg ~ Antiguan pineapples out of this world. Weather perfect, people so so welcoming ~ "you are welcome" replied for any service. The safe environment was a balm to my soul. A magic two weeks.

Actually....well, she told us a different version on her first day back at the Centre. Gradually everyone in the room stopped talking and listened and I understand that when she got to the bit about sitting on the sofa, eating ice cream, with we were all listening with bated breath and the healers and those being healed behind the curtains attempted to stay calm and composed but with laughter taking over it was very difficult. So, you see, there is another story to this Antiguan trip, which hasn't been fully revealed it seems!

Sheringham

Fortunately for me the deadline for this newsletter was the day we returned from Sheringham ~ which meant that no one else can write anything about our long weekend for this newsletter. So my luck is in. Who came? Well, Brenda, Margot, Ingrid, Tony, Josie, Chris, David, Nigel, Judith, Ron, Keith, Jean and me. Sam joined us for one day and night, Audrey and Jan visited us for a day. I was going to say that no one was nice to me, but as I was lying in bed on the last morning, thinking I did promise to make everyone a cup of tea this morning so I had better get up but it's warm and cosy here, Margot, who had been up since the crack of dawn and had been ministering to others, forbade me to leave the bed until she appeared with tea. So that was alright then. Went on an early morning gentle walk with Judith, having told her I was into fast walking now and then. So off we set. I was able to talk at the beginning, till we reached the bottom of the road and then she said we have to go up these 560,000 steps. Up these steps I said! I don't usually find steps on my fast walks around Harston. She wouldn't be put off. So up steps and facing hilly bits. I did say I didn't think I could talk any more. She said that's OK, don't talk. You walk at your pace and I'll considerably slow my pace to match your 'fast walk'. When I was walking in Peru, she said I'll say no more. Except that there were lots of hilly bits. Thing is, she never gets out of breath. She did cook all of us a marvellously scrumptious meal so I've forgiven her and she did agree that my recovery time was OK, so I forgave her.

What else ~ well, off on a trip somewhere and using various cars. Well, whose car shall I go in I plaintively pleaded. Tony said he had drawn the short straw so I could go with them. And then there was the evening we were invited to Ros's delightful house to eat barbecue. Someone got the timing wrong ~ I was automatically blamed for that but decided not to sulk because I didn't want to waste time when there was such marvellous food to eat in such marvellous company. Oh yes, and we celebrated Ingrid and Tony's sixth wedding anniversary. He said, as we drank champagne, that he'll "hang on for another year". Lots of funny times but the funniest must have been when Chris was setting up the delayed shot on his camera so that we could all be in the picture together. Wouldn't sound funny if I described it but it was absolutely hysterical. Above all everyone helped each other ~ which is what we do so well at our Cambridge Cancer Help Centre. There was one complaint. Judith returned home one day earlier than the rest of us and she phoned up to ask who had put thatI can't say what....in her luggage.

But of course all the men denied it.

Joke from Cambridge Son

Who Wants to be a Millionaire?

Man goes on the TV show ~ gets as far as £500,000 ~ going for the million.
Two lifelines left. Question was ‘which animal lives in a set?’

Badger Giraffe Cuckoo Cat

Not sure about this says the contestant, go for 50/50
This leaves badger and cuckoo

Still not sure he says, must ring my friend Paddy.

“Hello Paddy ~ this is ‘Do You want to be a millionaire?’ The question for you is which animal lives in a set? Is it a badger or a cuckoo?”

Paddy says it’s definitely a badger. *“It’s a badger”* says the contestant

“Is that your final answer?”

“Yes, that is my final answer.”

“Congratulations you have won a £1,000000”

After the show the winner phoned his friend Paddy

“That was great ~ how did you know the answer?”

“Easy, everyone knows a cuckoo lives in a clock!”

Much love and ‘a bit of my heart’

Ann xxx



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.
