

We're delighted to be welcoming

Pat Pilkington

~ co-founder of Penny Brohn Cancer Care, Bristol ~

to our Centre on Wednesday 22nd July.

Together with Ashley-Atkin Smith, Pat will be leading a workshop on

Conscious Medicine ~ a new approach to healing.

Their programme starts at 10 am and finishes at 3.30 pm.

Bring & share Lunch

If you would like to attend this course please add your name to the notice-board at the Centre or please phone me at the Centre on 01223 840105

Pat has this to say about ~

Optimistic Living

Einstein is reported as saying at the end of his life, that the most important question anyone can ask is ***Does the Source of Life love me? Do I live in a safe and loving universe? Am I known and loved and understood?*** To answer all these questions with a positive 'yes' from the depth of our being is the key to optimistic living. And optimistic living, we are told, is an indicator of health, happiness and long life. So as I take a few minutes to write this, and you pause in your busy life to read this, we are both touching into something so fundamental and far-reaching that almost everything fades into insignificance as we hold these precious thoughts suspended in the air for a moment.

The need for love is universal, and the opposite of love, as we all know, is fear. We are told that the greatest thing we fear is abandonment; and the human condition sets us up to feel abandoned from the very beginning: we have to leave our wonderful life in heaven to take the hero's journey on earth. We have to leave the warm, dark, quiet environment of the womb to journey down the birth canal and out into the noisy, bustling, terrifying world. We negotiate that only to find that within a short space of time we are prized from our Mother's arms to attend nursery or infant school...and on and on. The hero's journey always involves moving on into new ways of being: more mountains to climb, more dragons to slay. And the question nags away at our very essence: Why? What is it all for? Often the very people we turn to for help, our priests and teachers, add to the pain of our lost dreams by thundering at us to be good, to conform, not to make a fuss,

to box ourselves in; to clip our wings.

But the mystics have sounded a different note: Jesus said *'you shall know the truth, and the truth will set you free. I am come that you may have life, and have it more abundantly; that my joy may be in you and your joy may be full'*. The poet Rumi said *'The soul is here for its own joy'*. I wish I had understood that early in my life. What a difference it would have made, not only to moving forward courageously and embracing life fully, but also to health, happiness and physical well being.

We are at last moving away from seeing the world as a dichotomy: heaven and earth, mind and body, myself and others. Modern science speaks about patterns of energy, interconnecting informational particles: inseparable systems depending upon each other. Nothing stands alone and we are not alone; nor can we be.

*My Friends, let me impress upon you
How solidly you are planted in eternity,
How brilliantly
You can shine in your own physical world.
How possible it all is,
How beautifully
The plan is designed.
In God's plan no soul is alone,
No soul is ever lost.
Emmanuel*

I used to think as a child that it was extraordinarily unfair: we are apparently sent on a journey and assigned a task to do, but given no map of the terrain and no compass to guide us. We have a giant jigsaw puzzle to put together, with a zillion pieces, and no picture to show us where to begin. Then we are blamed for getting lost and not fulfilling the task! What becomes more and more clear is that somehow, without knowing why, we are to blame; leaving us, as a result, feeling guilty and stressed.

Now picture the energy field of each of the cells of our body: confused, frightened, upset; what a scenario for ill health and unhappiness. We are low down the ladder of well being and possibly heading for a fall. The ladder is a notional structure of energy with depression, despair and low spirits at the bottom and love, joy, optimism and gratitude at the top. In between are many rungs that we can climb as we mount up energetically. It becomes easier to see the inter-connection of our emotional state, our well being and our health when we think in terms of high or low energy. It explains why the inner transformation that happens when we fall in love, or have a spiritual awakening, can be so exciting, healthful and healing.

***Who is the third that walks always beside you?
When I count, there are only you and I together
But when I look ahead up the white road
There is always another one walking beside you.***

T S Eliot

Who is it that walks beside you? When you talk deeply with almost anyone, you will hear that they feel that someone walks beside them. In every age, in every religion and culture, people speak of Angels. The one who walks most closely is our Guardian Angel. Caroline Myss in her book 'Sacred Contracts', speaks figuratively of a conversation that we have with our spiritual advisors before we incarnate. There in that notional heavenly school room we discuss our forthcoming adventure. We plot and plan the outline of the direction our human journey will take. We choose our tasks and discuss how to manage them. We are told that we will always be in touch with 'Home' and that we will be accompanied every step of the way by angelic companions. All we have to do is to remember and ask for help.

Jesus said: ***'Do not be afraid, little flock, for it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom. Therefore ask and you shall receive; seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you'... 'And lo, I am with you always, even to the end of time'.***

So we answer Einstein's question: the Source of life does love us and accompanies us every step of the way. We undertake the adventure for Love's sake, and return to Love when it is complete. Now we see a shape and a plan to help us map our journey. The soul, as Rumi says, is here for its own joy and now we can stride out with hope, encouraged by the unseen soul companion at our side (our anam cara), full of enthusiasm (our 'en theos' the god within) and we can say with T.S.Eliot:

***We shall not cease from exploration,
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started,
And know the place for the first time.***

***And all shall be well and
All manner of thing shall be well***

Flying the flag for Dorothy Sidgwick



Acknowledging Dorothy's Scottish roots, a lone Piper heralded her arrival at St Mark's Church, Newnham. Dorothy rested in a woven bamboo casket - spreading out across its top a profusion of white flowers - large, apple-blossom-like sprays of Exochorda, gathered lovingly from a friend's garden that morning, forming a beautifully fresh backdrop for the lilies and freesias that completed the floral tribute.

At the sunny Woodland burial site a large Union Jack fluttered over the spot that had been prepared for Dorothy. The flag, on its splendid 7 foot pole, had belonged to her father and was well known to Dorothy's neighbours, as it was often raised to welcome visitors or to mark the passing of a birthday - in fact there were such frequent reasons for celebration that when the flag ceased to fly, Dorothy's neighbours knew that all was not well.

Throughout her illness Dorothy remained positive and never lost her sense of humour - or her sense of fun (I remember that while the new building was under construction, Dorothy was very keen to climb the workmen's ladder and lay a roof tile - but on that occasion, 'Health & Safety' triumphed over 'Adventure'!). She was always optimistic, and believed, as her son Ian said, that "life is for living and we should have fun, whatever our circumstances".

Dorothy was never too ill to listen to someone else's troubles. We shall miss her ready smile and cheerful personality.

Tricia

Health and Safety 1920s style from Viv

Estelle sent memories of Harry from her hospital bed and wrote:

By recalling the exploits of my brother – 7 years senior to myself – I’m afraid today’s Health and Safety experts would die of shock. As an example – say at the age of 14, he would get on his bicycle, put my 11 year old sister Mary on the crossbar with 7 year old me sitting on the carrier with my back to him and gripping the handle of a pram in which sat my 2 year old sister Dorothy and set off for a very hazardous ride down the old Lawford Lane in Bilton. A favourite ride as it contained both a down and an uphill with a fairly sharp bend. I have no recollection of failing to negotiate this bend but I am sure there were occasions when we all came to grief.

Further along the lane was the bridge over the old Rugby to Leamington railway line which had 5 foot walls and which Harry used to dare us all to get up and cross the line. As the line was then a good 30 feet down, this took some courage. So maybe then they owe their longevity more to good fortune! Further evidence of Dad’s youthful derring do comes from Mary:

Mary recalls when Harry was at Lawrence Sheriff School – the grammar school in Rugby – as opposed to The Rugby school, and he went there by bike, his books strapped on his back. Mary also went to Rugby from Bilton, to school but she went on the school bus. Dad would wait at the bottom of the hill for the bus and hang on to it to get up the hill. If the driver saw him in his mirror, he would brake suddenly to throw him off. Mary was terrified he would be killed.

From the COPE newsletter

If you are an elderly person with less than £17,000 you are eligible for free tax advice from ‘Tax Help for Old People’. If you do not have the means to pay for professional advice this charity, through a network of volunteer advisers can help. www.taxvol.org.uk Cope – tel 01223 364303, email cambridgecope@hotmail.co.uk, www.cambridgecope50.org
Registered charity no 1110887

To become a member of COPE - please phone or email as above.

AGM March 2009 ~

Co-ordinator's Report

CONFUCIUS ~ said

“OUR greatest Glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall”

So I asked myself – what is it that enables us to rise every time we fall? Do we need to feel worthy in order to fight back?

Some people believe that we are all born with a full bucket of self esteem. However, it isn't long before the bucket leaks. These leaks are caused by parents, teachers, brothers, sisters, friends – just about anyone can cause a leak of self esteem. Perhaps without knowing they have done so.

Under the age of ten at Romsey school, I was made to stand on my desk because I was the only one in the class who had got a sum wrong. What misery to me was caused by that teacher. Quite a nice teacher in lots of respects, but not if you got a simple sum wrong! So she thought I had learned my lesson – but the lesson I learnt through that humiliation was that sums were not for me and I held that view throughout my secondary school and into adult life. All her behaviour did to me was make me dread every arithmetic lesson through my secondary schooling. So that meant a big hole in my bucket of self-esteem.

Cancer knocks a pretty big hole in the bucket so I reckon we need good self esteem if we are going to rise up against the cancer/stroke/life-threatening illness adversity.

In the book '**Emotional Intelligence**' (ISBN 0-7475-2830-6) Daniel Goleman, author, shows how emotional intelligence can be nurtured. He says forget IQ – brains, he says, may come in useful, as may social class and luck, of who will succeed in any realm of life but Emotional Intelligence is the factor to worry about.

So I reckon that if we are going to rise up against the cancer/stroke adversity we need good self esteem. How do we do that? – we do it for each other. We need to fill up each others' buckets with self esteem.

In the last newsletter someone said she was “out of control, needing to get back confidence in myself”. I think that self-confidence equals self-esteem. She added that coming to this place, this Centre, was the beginning of moving on for her. So there must have been a few positive strokes in this place for her, from you. Incidentally, when I ran a course in a prison, we talked about buckets of self-esteem. Was really very concerning – most of the people I was talking to had lousy buckets of self-esteem – in care at the age of 5, or younger, running away –

approved schools, borstal – prison - lack of confidence, sogo to the pub because the alcohol gives you confidenceand so on.

It has been said that this Centre is a lifeline. Perhaps that's because we give positive strokes. And we meet people who have survived their illness – and that fact gives other people a boost of their own self-esteem. They will think well, if someone else has done it then maybe I can do it too. But, of course, unfortunately there are no guarantees.

The therapists give positive strokes, the tea ladies and gentlemen give positive strokes. In fact we all give positive strokes to each other. Remember the irrepressible Paul Burbridge – full of self-confidence and, I have no doubt, a very high self-esteem! Look at Janet and Judy – everyone who attends their 'Living with Cancer' course feels better. Bet they are good at giving positive strokes and boosting people's self-esteem.

Also in this book I read that our **emotions** play a far greater role in thought and decision-making than is commonly acknowledged.

So our feelings count every bit as much, even more than, thought.

Emotional intelligence is said to be more important than IQ when you are fighting cancer. Your IQ can come to nothing when emotions hold sway. So my question is – is it due to the level of self-esteem we have which dominates how well we rise up against cancer? Do we need to feel worthy in order to fight back? My view is that the answer to those two questions is YES. But in this place everyone here cares about everyone else. And that's why I think this place is marvellous... and cannot be beaten.

And that's because of All of You.

And talking about self-esteem ~ Tricia

On the day of the AGM 'someone' sensed that I was a little nervous about presenting the Financial Report. A few minutes later, that 'someone' had pressed a tiny card into the palm of my hand. Inside was written ~

Thank you 'someone' for the positive strokes!



Changes in our team ~

Tricia Smith ~ has relinquished the post of Treasurer after three years. For some time before that she had been helping David Wilson with some of the financial donkeywork, and then Beverley Joubert who became our next Treasurer. When Beverley had to stand down as Treasurer because of pressure of work, Tricia took hold of the financial reins and, after some initial help from Beverley, taught herself how to be a Treasurer. We are most grateful to her for all her hard work which has resulted in our accounts being in their present orderly state.

I know that often on sunny days when most of us had been enjoying the glorious weather at weekends, Tricia had been at her computer producing appropriate paperwork to present to the Trustees, amongst the many other tasks that being a Treasurer entails. She has always approached her work in the most conscientious manner, and could always be relied upon to come up with accurate reports, detailing expenditure to the last penny!

**Tricia is still a Trustee and will continue to do
all the other jobs she has always done for the Centre.**

Our new Treasurer Bob Jackson ~ has a professional background in financial matters and has been able to take over where Tricia left off, and I'm sure that the task of understanding how it all works has been made (relatively!) plain sailing with Tricia's help in handing over.

Thank you Keith for continuing to bank all the money for us.

Peter Cornell ~ had been our Honorary Secretary since David Wilson resigned due to ill health just over three years ago, although before that he had always been willing to be called upon for any legal advice the Centre needed help with.

At first his efforts were concentrated mainly on the North Pole Marathon fund-raising, and meetings were held at his house to the accompaniment of delicious home-made cakes provided by Jane! This

group worked very hard and formed the core of our fund-raising efforts for a long time.

As would be expected from a lawyer, his accuracy and skill in keeping the secretarial records in order were second to none, and we have a great deal to thank him for. Not only this, but in tight corners and difficult situations that occur from time to time, his confidence and unflappable demeanour often saved the day.

Not only did Peter fulfil his duties as secretary with the utmost conscientiousness, but he brought his legal expertise to bear on the matter of securing our lease. He worked for a long time (apparently!) tirelessly on this, and even now is willing to be consulted when the committee needs his help.

As a secretary he is greatly missed; as a friend and colleague, his quiet charm and wit, together with the willingness to do whatever task fell to him will be remembered with fondness and gratitude. If anyone needs to dress up as a polar bear, Peter's your man!

From Fran

Thank you Peter for all that you have done!

Welcome to Ted Sage ~

our new Honorary Secretary

Ted is already proving his worth with his impressive technical skills.

Thanks also to ~

Chris Riley and to **Gill & John** for their invaluable technical help.

Many thanks to Michael Hellowell from the Rutherford Rotarians for having our interests at heart and for introducing us to **Ted and Bob**. We feel very fortunate that they agreed to join us.

Mark Howe ~ We are sorry that Mark is no longer a trustee but he was well worth his salt when he lived and worked in Cambridge. Moving to different employment meant he couldn't get to our evening meetings.

I think we should call him 'Marathon Mark' - he did the Inverness run for our Centre and then offered to run the North Pole Marathon. For

the latter we presented him with an enormous Union Jack - signed by all of us at the Centre, some of the police officers who were linked to our Centre and also his work colleagues at Shire Hall. He took it with him and planted it at the North Pole on completion of the run.

I know it was freezing cold in Cambridge on the day of the marathon so we could only suppose how many degrees below zero he was facing in the Arctic (with an added risk of polar bears for company - there were Russian troops there to hold off the polar bears if they appeared to be aggressive). When he returned home we held an event to welcome him back and insisted he should run down the Scotsdales entrance road, carrying the flag, and we arranged for a polar bear to almost catch up with him!

Of course we are still in touch with Mark - he will never forget about our Centre and will continue to support it in any way he can.

Ros Nightingale ~ has stepped down as a Trustee but continues to give invaluable support on Tuesdays and with the Raffles and Charity Sales that she organises. Thank you Ros for all you do for our Centre. More importantly, Ros is one of my main-stays because she is such an excellent person to help someone who comes to the Centre for the first time - that person can count on that being their lucky day because they have an opportunity to talk things through with Ros.

We are pleased to welcome *Wendy Green* to the Trustees. When I first came to the Centre as the 'Director' several years ago, Wendy was already a member. She & her husband operated an organic food delivery service/farm. How lovely for us that she is now one of our Trustees.

Bob was recently interviewed by Alice Ryan for The Cambridge Evening News. He was asked what he would ban and what he would make mandatory if he ruled the world. We have Alice's permission to include Bob's response in Lifeline.

If I ruled the world, I would ban:

- **Pigeons.** Everywhere you go in the world, when you look at a beautiful building it seems to be covered in pigeon droppings. It's revolting. I've never really worked out what they contribute to mankind.

- **The cult of celebrity.** Whenever I open a newspaper now there seem to be pages and pages about people doing nothing in particular. A lot of them are people I've never even heard of. I think the media should tone it down a bit. I know I sound like a grumpy old man ...
- **Cartons with little plastic pourers.** When you open them the content squirts out. And when you try to pour it splashes all over the place.
- **People from supporting football clubs – unless it's the team from their hometown or the town where they live.** All young people seem to support Chelsea, Man U or Arsenal, irrespective of where they come from. I grew up in Nottingham and I support Nottingham Forest. I think everyone should support a local team: it shows that life isn't all about winning.

I would make mandatory:

- **Greater funding for cancer research and cancer care.** I know, through the cancer help centre, how important this is. In particular, I would like to see greater funding for prostate cancer research and support. I had prostate cancer myself in 2000 and I think it's the Cinderella of cancers, really.
- **Voting.** If everyone had turned out at the European election I'm sure the BNP wouldn't have been anywhere near getting a seat.
- **People caught dropping litter or fly-tipping would, as part of their punishment, be made to tidy up.** All of it – not only their own litter.
- **Cat owners should pay £100 every year to the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.** I hate to think of cats killing birds. Unless they're pigeons, of course.

Duties of Wives!

Three men were sitting together bragging about how they had given their new wives duties.

Terry had married a woman from America and bragged that he had told his wife she needed to do all the dishes and housework. He said that it took a couple days but on the third day he came home to a clean house and the dishes were all washed and put away.

Jimmie had married a woman from Canada. He bragged that he had given his wife orders that she was to do all the cleaning, dishes, and the cooking. He told them that the first day he didn't see any results, but the next day it was better. By the third day, his house was clean, the dishes were done, and he had a huge dinner on the table.

The third man had married a British girl. He boasted that he told her that her duties were to keep the house cleaned, dishes washed, laundry and ironing twice a week, lawns mowed, windows cleaned and hot meals on the table for every meal. He said the first day he didn't see anything, the second day he didn't see anything, but by the third day most of the swelling had gone down and he could see a little out of his left eye, just enough to fix himself a bite to eat, load the dishwasher, and call a handyman.

From Anne F

Some 8 year olds said that grandparents don't have to do anything except just be there when we visit them. They are so old they shouldn't play things or run. But it is good if they take us to the shops and give us money. Usually grandmothers are fat but not too fat to tie your shoelaces. They can take their teeth and gums out. They wear glasses and funny underwear. Some grandmas live at the airport. When we want her we just go and get her, then when her visit is over, we take her back to the airport.

Granny ~ Look in your Knickers

4 year old says to her granny – how old are you granny?

Not wanting to illuminate – granny says – I really don't know, I think I have forgotten how old I am.

Look in your knickers, granny, says 4year old

Look in my Knickers?! questioned the aghast granny.

Yes, said 4year old as she peers at the maker's label on the back of her own knickers – see it says here – I am 4.

From Penny

Come Dine With Us!

We had a busy February, full of eating and good company. With a group of old friends we decided to re-create the TV show 'Come Dine With Me'. We spent two weekends cooking, eating, drinking and, most importantly, laughing. Each couple hosted a night of fine dining and engaging company. We filmed ourselves recording a score out of ten for each night.

Our Menu

Stirred Cristal Martini, Virgin or Cuban Mojito

Pan Fried Chicken and Chorizo with Root Vegetable Slaw

Tomato and Onion Tart with Root Vegetable Slaw

Beef and Stout Casserole, Herb Dumplings

Portobello Mushrooms stuffed with Stilton, Pear and Toasted Almonds

Potato Dauphinois White Wine-braised Spring Onion, Peas and Spinach

Chocolate Brioche Bread and Butter Pudding

Cardamom Coffee, Espresso or Tea

We won! And we decided to split our £80 prize money between Ashbourne Parkinson's Group and Cambridge Cancer Help Centre - two charities which have provided friendship and support to members of our families.

*This came from Mandy and Tim, Ingrid and Tony's family.
Many thanks to them both.*

This can't happen to me! ~ Julie

I was diagnosed with advanced cancer of the pancreas which had spread to my liver and lungs on 10th July 2007. This was the worst possible timing as I had just finished a degree in Countryside Management and was starting to look for full time employment in my chosen area. As you can imagine all those plans went to pot as I came to grips with a prognosis of between 6 months and a year at best. We were also about to go on holiday to Cornwall which had to be cancelled as I was waiting for a phone call to go to Bury St Edmunds hospital to see the consultant.

This could not be happening to me! I was only 44 and was hardly ever ill; I hadn't even had a cold since becoming vegetarian 8 years previously. The only sign I had of a problem was an occasional stitch like twinge in my side.

Luckily I was diagnosed quite quickly and soon saw the consultant at Bury. I had done a huge amount of research on the internet in the meantime so was not surprised about the bleak prognosis. I was offered palliative treatment at Bury but after all my researching I knew that trials were being held which often extended the time left for patients. I requested to be referred for one of these and was sent off to Addenbrooks to be the first participant at the hospital in the Telovac trial. Unfortunately I was selected to be in the control group which made me feel almost as bad as having the initial diagnosis. I felt like I'd been given a chance only to have it snatched away again.

I had a choice of either weeping and wailing and being a total pain for the time I had left, or I could get on with enjoying myself and leave my family with some happy memories. There were obviously lots of tears in private but I was also quite calm as long as I stayed clinical about it all. My husband Roy took time off work to be with me and between treatments we started going out and visiting places I wanted to see and spending time with my grown up son and daughter.

The cycles of treatment started with a short infusion of chemo three Mondays out of four and chemo tablets for 21 days, then a week off and then start all over again. The side effects weren't too bad so was still able to do things although I did stop going to my part time job and went on long term sick leave. (Probably only 6 months left to live – work was not my priority!). I was to have a scan every 3 months. First scan result – pancreas and liver unchanged but the

lung metastases had shrunk a little. We were told that it was a good sign but not to get our hopes up as the liver and pancreas tumours would not shrink. Ok, fairly pleased, at least they hadn't got any bigger.

Second scan – liver tumour now half the size and pancreas tumour less noticeable. Whoo hoo! Don't care how negative the Doctors are, I'm celebrating. Roy went back to work after having six months off as I'm feeling ok and more positive. We developed a rather morbid sense of humour and came up with a catch phrase after each scan – Not dead yet!

Third scan – now they can't see anything on the pancreas; liver and lungs the same. Have asked the consultant why this is happening (not that I'm complaining) they don't really know, just that some people respond well to the treatment. I decided to have a break from treatment for 3 months during the summer. This was a bit scary as I was worried that everything would come back but needn't have worried. I had a scan at the end of my break and found that nothing much had changed, back to the treatment then!

I've now had another 9 cycles of treatment and am coming up to my next 3 month break for the summer and everything is jogging along fine. The growth on my liver is now just scar tissue, the spots on my lungs are still very small and after deciding that they could see something on my pancreas after all, it has liquified and is dying (yuck!).

Since I was diagnosed I've met some wonderful people and had experiences I wouldn't have had otherwise. The Living with Cancer course by MacMillan really helped me to get my head around what was happening to me and introduced me to some lovely people. I found out about and went on the Odyssey course for cancer patients which has now had at least two other people from our area go on it. I can't recommend this highly enough. I've discovered things about myself that I didn't know, such as an enjoyment of painting which I would never have attempted before coming to the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre. I've learnt to slow down and appreciate life more and refuse to get stressed about anything. After having such a bleak prognosis I really thought that I was going to turn up my toes any moment but it just shows that this isn't always the case despite all the statistics. The consultant can't give me a prognosis any more as they admit they haven't a clue so I'll just carry on enjoying whatever life I've got left. The good news now is that I've gone back to work part time and we

are even going on our holiday to Cornwall this year. Just shows that there is life and enjoyment after a cancer diagnosis.

The **‘Living with Cancer’** course runs from time to time at our Centre ~ please get in touch with Janet on 07866331782 or email colin.hickman@homecall.co.uk

How to Opt Out of the new UK Mobile Phone Directory ~ Wendy G

Are you aware of the new controversial 118800 mobile phone directory which was launched last week? Do you want to learn how to opt out of it?

Start up firm Connectivity (www.118800.co.uk) has bought lists of 16 million phone numbers – around 40% of those in regular use in the UK – and addresses, which are typically used in the premium rate industry, to set up its service. The lists typically cost them about 15 pence per record.

Connectivity insists it is 'privacy friendly' because it will not give out mobile numbers, but instead act as an intermediary to put users in touch with whoever they are searching for.

Instead, operators will find and dial the target's number and ask whether they are prepared to receive the call. If the target (you) doesn't answer their phone, then they'll send you an SMS message with the callers Name & Phone number for you to respond to. For either transaction Connectivity is going to charge the Enquirer £1.

The 'search' criteria is pretty broad: First Name, Last Name & Town. If they find multiple matches then they ask for more details like Address or Company Name. So I did a search for myself, and I'm in there! Yet my cellphone is recorded with the Telephone Preference Service – “the central opt out register on which you can record your preference not to receive unsolicited sales and marketing telephone calls” – so I shouldn't be on their database! Of course I'm fervently hoping that via Caller ID I'll be able to recognise Connectivity calling me and automatically Cancel the call – but then I'm going to be irritated a minute later with the SMS Message.

Beware that Connectivity is using the tag line ‘start searching for friends now’ – so whilst it might be nice to hear from old friends via Friends Reunited or Facebook, I don't want to be disturbed when I'm driving the car or in a Business meeting! Anyone who does not want to be contacted via the mobile phone directory must Opt Out.

The Information Commissioners Office said in a statement, “Opting out of the service should be made as easy as possible for anyone who does not want

their details to be used for the directory service”.

So how do you opt out? Well in Connectivity's parlance you can elect to become ex-directory by: “texting the letter 'E' to 118800 from the mobile phone you want to be made ex-directory or you can call us on 0800 138 6263. Standard network charges apply. The first time 118 800 contacts you, you will be sent an SMS reminding you about how to become ex-directory. Please allow up to 4 weeks for your ex-directory request to take effect.”

Connectivity doesn't acknowledge your SMS request. As it went live at the end of June, the sooner you opt out the better. I'm intrigued to know whether the Information Commissioner thinks that a 4-week delay for opt out is justifiable!

see their website <http://www.finextra.com/community/fullblog.aspx?id=2942> for more details.

Emergency –using your mobile 999 will work if you have a signal. 112 will only work if you have a signal on your mobile phone. If you have no signal bars on your phone, it will not work. Even if you have a satellite mobile phone (which very few people have), you would need to have a clear line-of-sight to the satellite. You would have to be outside, not in a building or a tube tunnel. *from Jan H*

Power Showers- it says in the Observer magazine that power showers can use more water than a bath. By switching to an aerated shower head that mixes air into the flow, you keep the pressure high but reduce water use.



Paul Michael Burbridge, aged 56

We have known Paul for approximately one year. Last summer he took part in some fund-raising for us and was photographed for the local newspaper.

On the 25th June we went to his funeral at St Mary the Virgin Church, Godmanchester. As we walked in we were given the order of the Service. On the front page was a photograph of Paul, looking very well and healthy, on his motorbike. So I thought - bless him - or something similar. But when I turned to the back page to see him photographed in front of the Union Jack with his arms up, celebrating his marathon victory, I think I 'lost it' before I even got started.

Now, when I look at that photograph and concentrate on his face, I interpret it as Paul saying, "see I told you ... I bloody well did it". Perhaps the best summing up is from the vicar who said at the funeral, "Paul was visibly ill but fantastically alive". Paul was, indeed, 'Living with Cancer', which is the name of the course he attended.

Kevin, one of Paul and Maria's sons said the family's proudest moment was their Dad's achievement of completing the London Marathon. Paul knew what the score was with his health, and how he managed that marathon I, and others who knew him, will never know. He also knew when it was the right time for him to stop receiving treatment - he decided that it was the right thing to do for his own and his family's sake.

He came in early to the Centre one morning and we sat on the sofa and he

told me about the Odyssey course. He said I wasn't to repeat any of what he said but he thought I should know about it so that I could persuade other people to give that Odyssey course a try. So, from what he told me, I would say to anyone who has got cancer - give that course a go. That is what Paul would want me to say. And I understand why he thought so passionately about Odyssey.

We were told that when he was young, one of his brothers 'borrowed' Paul's winkle-picker shoes. While wearing these shoes he was attacked by another lad. I'm not sure if the winkle-pickers were damaged but when the younger brother went home, very upset at being attacked, Paul went to the offender's house, found the boy and gave him a clip round the ear. Then he went home and gave his brother a clip round the ear for 'borrowing' the winkle-pickers without permission!

Paul took part in the Macmillan 'Living with Cancer' course, run by Janet and Judy. Once a month all the people from those courses meet at the Centre. Not long ago Paul wandered in - some of the women from that course were sitting on one of the large sofas. He walked up to them, unnoticed, sat on the back of the sofa and sort of did a back-to-front head-stand and rolled down next to them. They were delighted to see him. That is a moment we often talk about. As well as the moment when he was dressed up in his leathers and tu-tu for the ballet at the Christmas party.

Colour photograph made possible by a generous anonymous donor

ICON ~ on its cover it says ~ everything you need to know to help you beat cancer. The unique magazine from 'canceractive'.

There are so many very interesting articles in Icon ~ so I'll give you some clues! We have lots of copies at the Centre.

If you would like a copy but cannot collect one let me know and I will post one to you. Or you can email Icon on enquiries@canceractive.com

Some of the items in Icon ~

18 days of prostate treatment at the Oasis of Hope

12 pages of research from around the world

Saving my husband from kidney cancer

Using herbs to boost your immune system

Pat's Painters ~ Exhibition 2009

A selection of paintings will be on show on
Monday 27 July (11am – 1pm) and Tuesday 28 July (10.30am – 3pm)

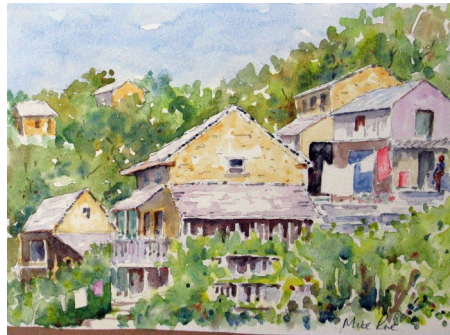
Friends, family and visitors are welcome.

Painters can collect their paintings between 3.30 and 4pm on Wednesday 29 July. Please see Pat who will sign them off for you. Any paintings not collected on Wednesday will be kept safely for you and you can contact Pat on 214772 or speak to Ann Dingley at the Centre about collection.

Many thanks to Mike Roe ~

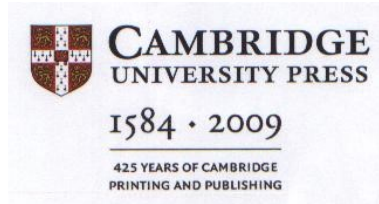
for the help and support that he gives to the painting group.

Mike's second demonstration
~ a wet-on-wet
watercolour landscape



Richard's Gentle Yoga class is growing nicely! It takes place on a Monday afternoon from 1.30pm – 2.45pm and costs £2. Just turn up. (But not during August or the first week in September.)

Centre needs, please ~ Salt and pepper pots ~ for the next Christmas lunch.
I have found a few in charity shops.



A Midsummer Night's Dream of Money ~ Bob

As Treasurer of the Centre, receiving money on its behalf, gives me great pleasure. Something else which I enjoy is theatre. So it was a real treat to represent the Centre at a performance of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' on a Saturday evening at the end of June, knowing that Cambridge Cancer Help Centre was one of the three charities to benefit from this production. This was not your standard stage production but was held in a small copse in a corner of the sports field of Cambridge University Press ~ the sponsor of the event. Not only was C.U.P. the sponsor but several of its staff were members of the cast.

I have seen this play on many occasions but can honestly say that I enjoyed this production more than any other. It was the combination of the talent and enthusiasm of the cast; an interesting and fresh direction; the dappled copse through which the silent, black clad, white masked Dryads moved mysteriously; and the wonderful weather that made it so special.

And the icing on the cake was the presentation by Stephen Bourne,
Chief Executive of Cambridge University Press of

£4,000 to each of the charities.

Thank you Cambridge University Press

Ruby Fordham ~

We used to talk, Ruby and I, about the days when she didn't need a wheelchair or walking sticks. Her agility used to encompass walking up hills and mountains and other energetic sporting activities.

I found out, at her funeral, that she and I went to the same school (the Central - now Parkside). We both had good memories of that school and we couldn't fault the place.



Ruby was a Fire Watcher during the war - but we've only seen her during the days she had cancer, from which she was cured, and latterly when she was affected by arthritis and polymyalgia - they took their toll.

Some years ago when Ruby was already in her eighties, she took up the keyboard. Les had recently bought a new one and was about to get rid of his earlier model when Ruby insisted that he put it upstairs in the spare room for her to play. Les started her off on the 'one-finger' system: after that she wasn't open to any further help. "I'll do it myself", she said - in her usual independent manner.

The closing music at Ruby's funeral was a very moving arrangement by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra of Dolly Parton's song 'I will always love you'.

We will miss Ruby - she delighted in having therapies at the Centre and also very much enjoyed the time when Tricia wrote the 'Thanks to All of You' .

Most important of all, she often used to tell us how well Les looked after her.

Ruby reminds me that maybe we focus on the wheelchair and walking sticks without exploring what went on before in earlier, healthier times. I often think that about Annie's 'Different Strokes' group. There are lots of stories in that lively group. Perhaps one day Annie will write them down for us.

Thanks to ~

Richard and Bernard for painstakingly looking after the flower beds around the side and back of the Centre and for planting up the wheelbarrow, which we keep at the entrance.

Nick who voluntarily fetches Sid to bring him to the Centre and then takes him home at the end of the morning

Nigel who looks after the administration side of booking the therapies appointments

Althea, Barbara & Chris who are responsible for the administration of therapists' CRB checks/insurance. They've named themselves TATTies. (all of them have worked in GPs' surgeries/hospital and are used to handling confidential information)

Joe B & John F who do lots of stuff around the place

Ros ~

likes to receive raffle and tombola prizes, so keep up your excellent contributions, please.

Tickets are now on sale for our Summer Raffle.



The Draw will take place at our Opening Party on 29th July.

Our thanks to all those who have donated prizes.

*By Lindsay Wilson, Natural Solutions magazine ~
from Helen*

The next time you toss a handful of berries into your morning smoothie, reach for freeze-dried instead of fresh or frozen. Science now indicates that freeze-dried berries, specifically black raspberries, inhibit cancer development by restoring hundreds of cancer-altered genes to their normal state.

There are certain genes that play a role in the development of cancer, and while most cancer treatments only target one gene at a time, the berries have a 'genome-wide' effect, meaning they target many cancer-causing genes at once, says lead researcher Gary D. Stoner, professor of pathology, human nutrition, and medicine at Ohio State University Comprehensive Cancer Centre.

Berries are about 90% water and freeze-drying them removes the water while leaving the structure intact. This concentrates the cancer-preventive compounds - vitamins, minerals, phenols, and phytosterols - about 10 times, explains Stoner. He adds that fresh and frozen berries are probably protective as well, but we'd have to eat a lot more of them to get the same benefits. Also, keep in mind that some nutrients are lost when fruit is heated or cooked, so it's best to eat your berries (freeze-dried or fresh) just as they are.

Lymphoedema

April 20th to 26th was Lymphoedema Awareness Week.

I thought it might be useful to get together a small group to talk about lymphoedema and share any good tips with each other that might help cope with this condition.

Please give your name and contact number or email address to Ann if you are interested and I will be in touch with a date.

Cynthia Webdale, Cambridge Cancer Help Centre member

*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.*

Discussion Group

Led by Jean Clark

For anyone who is experiencing any cancer

Six weekly meetings starting

Monday 7 September 10.30 –12.00

*Please let me know if you would like
to join this group.*

Cancer Research UK ~ from Richard

They say that at present doctors test only women who have a very strong family history of breast cancer, to see if they have inherited rare, high-risk breast cancer genes. But the Cambridge Research Institute says that we are just a few years away from a bigger range of tests for breast cancer. Having several of last year's discovery of more common, 'modest risk' gene variants can push up a woman's breast cancer risk. So soon there will be testing carried out for them to help save more lives so that doctors can identify women at increased risk who would benefit from mammography at an earlier age.

Cancer Research UK has played a key role in the early development of a drug, abiraterone, that helps block the production of hormones involved in prostate cancer growth.

Also in this magazine it says that it is quite common for people with cancer to feel depressed – both during and after treatment. If you want to know more about cancer and depression, please go to their CancerHelpUK website, www.cancerhelp.org.uk. To speak directly to one of their nurses you can also call 0808 800 40 40.

'**Crack Teams**' of experts drawn from the UK and around the world are hoping to reveal some of cancer's biggest secrets. Lead researcher Professor Nicol Keith says that one of the hallmarks of cancer is that cells bypass the senescence barrier – and just keep growing. So, he says, "if we can find drugs to kick-start senescence, that would be a very powerful mechanism for stopping cancer spreading".

Paul wrote this article shortly after completing the London Marathon.

The London Marathon 26 April 2009 ~ Paul's account of his Big Day

I go down for breakfast and I am joined by the guys from Liverpool who are running for The Roy Castle Foundation which funds research into Lung Cancer. I was lucky enough to meet Roy a few years back and I must say he was a really nice man and it turns out that these three are just the same.

At 6am the manager comes over and wishes us luck and tells us that our coach is out side and there are only four of us from the hotel and forty-eight empty seats. We set off for Blackheath. We are all in the Red area start so walk over and get a seat under some trees and near the loos, of which it has to be said there are hundreds. The big screen TV and radio are blaring away and it's still only seven in the morning and already getting packed. Police, Ambulance, St Johns and the Ladies to guard the loos all had a great sense of humour. At 9 am we walk down and put our bags on the back of the lorries and they are then taken to the finish for us. We are due to start at 9.45 so after a bit of stretching we make our way into the start pens. I shake hands with the three guys from Liverpool and we wish each other good luck.

Before I know it we are moving towards the start. It's eight minutes past ten by the time I go over the start line. All I hear ringing in my ears is non-stop words of encouragement from laughing and happy smiling people.

I stick to my plan and take it nice and easy. I get talking to a guy dressed as a clown and we swap stories as we walk. He has had two heart bypasses and a pacemaker and is seventy-two but he said it had not stopped him, just slowed him slightly! After a while he dropped back a bit and I carried on, as I felt the one thing I could not do was stop.

I get to about eight miles and my phone goes. Maria wants to know where I am and I tell her I am just about at Mc Donald's and she says she is just past that with her brother so a quick kiss for Maria, shake Larry's hand and I plod on.

The next few miles are a blur and it's full of music from the pubs and the crowd and just putting one foot in front of the other, and the next thing I know I cross Tower Bridge, and Maria and two other people are screaming my name and I only just caught on at the last minute and go over and say hello to Maria before cracking on.

As you cross Tower Bridge you turn right and the real runners are heading home on the other side of the road. It takes a few minutes to realise that they are shouting encouragement – “come on Paul, you can do it”, and the crowd to my right are doing the same thing which really does help.

I see in the distance the yellow submarine and they are playing Beatles music. I push on a bit and catch them up. I have a chat with a girl on the back and tell them that they have made my day as I never thought I would meet the Beatles when doing the London Marathon!

I am beginning to struggle but I plod on somehow and then I get overtaken by a Womble. How embarrassing! and I say to him “aren’t you hot in that suit”. He says “no” because he has “gone commando” and we all burst out laughing when I tell him that’s too much information for one day.

A last we see the big wheel, the Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace and the Mall - nearly there. I come down the Mall and they take some photos and then over the finish line.

Job Done. I get my medal.

My legs are now giving me some real grief. I meet Andrew at the exit and he takes my bags and we go over to the meeting point and he massages my legs, which helps, and then Maria turns up. Apart from my legs I don’t feel too bad. Kevin rings from South Africa to congratulate me. When I ask him how he knows he says he has been tracking me on the Internet. I find a seat at King’s Cross station and the chap next to me has also done the Marathon today and asks how I got on. We swap stories.

Then the platform number is announced and it’s right down the other end of the station. I struggle to carry my bag and I nearly get to the gate for the platform when I get a tap on my shoulder. The gentleman behind me tells me my rucksack is open. He helps me close it and with a smile on his face says, “you’ve had a hard day” and he does not want me to loose my stuff. I thank him and we go our separate ways.

A few days later

I have tried to convey just some of what happened on the day but I really have only just managed to explain very little of what really happened on Sunday 26th of April. I think I went through every emotion known to us and a few more besides.

I would like again to thank everyone who sponsored me, Maria and my whole family for all their support and help – the Woodlands, The Cambridge Cancer Help Centre, Impressions, the Gym, Radio Cambridgeshire, The Acorn Cancer Group and everyone who sent me cards, emails, letters, phone calls and left messages of support on my ‘Just Giving’ web page. It isn’t too late to sponsor me.

During the marathon we sent this message, which was displayed on the TV screen. It said:

**Paul Burbridge – Good Luck and Love from Ann and Everyone
at the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre.
You Are Amazing.**

Our most grateful thanks to the following individuals & organisations for their very generous donations:

Different Strokes ~ £500

Girton Baptists ~ £271

K Y Potts ~ £250

M & S Retired Ladies ~ £500

Kneesworth House ~ £150

Tessa Reeve ~ £100

John Lewis ~ £1,500

Waitrose ~ £360

Brenda Blackburn ~ £181 (home collecting box)

Richard Mackley ~ £100

In memory of Dorothy Sidgwick ~ £155

Jenny Smith Family get together ~ £115

Cambridge Tangent Club ~ £150

Kings Head Sawston ~ £100

Thanks also to all those (too numerous to list here) who have sent donations of under £100. We very much appreciate all your help.

Ellen and Elizabeth, friends of Catherine Snow, provided us with delicious home-baked cakes, asking us to sell them at our Centre to raise funds for us. So we did that and are very grateful to them for all the time and effort they put into providing us with such a marvellous treat.

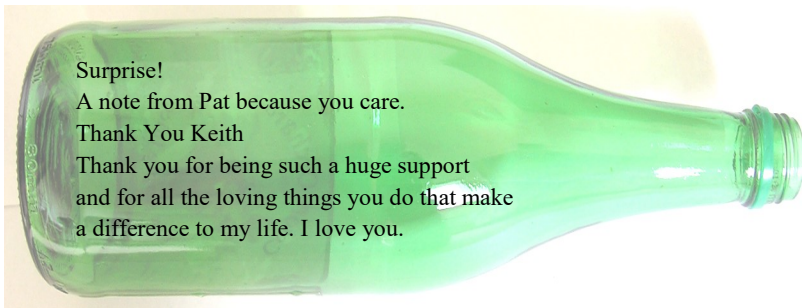
BirthDay Cards ~ it is difficult for us to continue sending birthday cards because there are so many of us now! But of course we will try to keep up with the 'get well' cards ~ recycled for us by Ken.

VAT/Mastectomy Bras ~ Christine

I had a problem with them again. At the till when I said the VAT should come off the woman thought I meant the reduction in the VAT rate not the VAT exemption for mastectomy bras. When I told her again what she should have done she had to ask for help from her supervisor - and they had to cancel the purchases and start again. The till woman said I should point out to everyone that you need to check this whenever you go to a till as most of her colleagues would not be aware of the VAT exemption for mastectomy bras.

I also pointed out that the mastectomy bras were hard to find, some were too high up and there was nowhere to sit and check your purchases on that floor, nor a drinking machine, which seemed a bit hard on us. Also the colourful pretty bras according to their leaflet should have matching briefs but there were none around. Apparently you have to find the few matching briefs with the normal ones and the stock is low as I had the last one in any size. However the woman assistant who does the measuring up and fitting was very helpful. I have had two hospital visits plus three visits to this particular store to get new bras to fit my new larger prosthesis, so don't be discouraged. You might want to take a friend for support and rest when trying on the bras, but it is worth it as I am now very pleased with my new purchases. We should also ask them to provide somewhere to sit near the mastectomy bras as three years after my operation I still find this an unnecessarily stressful experience and we need to educate everyone about our needs.

For Keith



If

anyone else would like to send a message in a bottle, please let me know ~ Ann

Bowel Cancer Screening Survey ~ Doreen A

We all love to receive post and letters and watch out for the postman. Often it's junk mail but now and again a letter comes that makes an impact as soon as you open it. The words 'Bowel Cancer' spring off the page and ring alarm bells, especially if you have had a cancer experience. Being a bit sensitive to the word Cancer you read on to learn about a survey for you to take part in by sending in bowel samples to be analyzed.

The Screening Programme is national and for men and women aged 60 – 69.

First reaction – No – Bin It. Second thought 'What have I got to lose? – send it off and if it comes back negative then Bin It.' The sampling is not simple but I did it – sent it off and hoped that was the end of it. We then went away and it was on my mind that when we got back the 'Result' would be there. There was the envelope on the mat 'Not Satisfactory' please do it again. First reaction 'No – Bin it'. OK, their machines could be faulty so I send the second one in with the firm intention of ignoring it if not a satisfactory result.

Letter comes next week with an appointment at the Endoscopy Department. Three weeks have passed since the first letter, so blood pressure and stress levels are rising. My commonsense is telling me not to go but I find myself attending at Addenbrooke's. It was explained to me that there would be a 40 minutes consultation and all the options would be presented. I was still determined not to go through with this but after the discussion, where I asked lots of questions, I agreed to go for a colonoscopy. An appointment was made there and then and the procedure of fasting the day before was explained.

The fasting day was 'an experience'. It's surprising how you can do without food – water was allowed in quantity. I just thought of the Third World situation without food and water for a long period – I only had to endure 40 hours.

The Treatment Centre is in a new building on Addenbrooke's site and very impressive in cleanliness, staffing and equipment. Most of all the trained and qualified staff are there to support you through this experience. Every thing was very well explained and, when it was over, I was not sorry that I had taken part.

I was phoned the next day to see if I was all right or if I had any questions, and a few weeks later I was sent a survey to feed back my views on the service.

I am sending this to the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre in case I can help someone like me who reacted badly to the first communication and to say that, although it's not the ideal way to spend a Monday morning, the experience need not be dreaded and it might help you or if not someone else.

Laurie Halifax ~

Laurie had been coming to the Centre for quite a long time. A champion rower, he died recently at the age of 81. He was also former President of the City of Cambridge Rowing Club. Laurie, from South Africa, coached for many years at a very high level – in the UK and with Cambridge University's Goldie crew – the Light Blue reserves. I remember that when we realised we had three people at our Centre with a similar cancer, we brought them together to discuss whatever they wanted to discuss. It so happened that Laurie outlived the other two gentlemen.

To me Laurie was a gentle, gentleman.

Therapies

Just a reminder that on the first Thursday evening every month (except August, December and January), we have three therapists – Ilze, Michelle and Rosie, who offer healing and reflexology. (For the latter you will need permission from your GP if you are receiving treatment for cancer.) If you would like an appointment with any of them please phone the Centre in advance (01223 840105) to book a time at either 5.15pm, 6pm or 6.45pm. *N.B. Thursday evening therapies will not take place during September this year see page 35.*

On Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays we offer healing, massage, Indian head massage, reflexology and kinesiology. Counselling is also available. Hypnotherapy will be starting in September.

Many thanks to Peter who takes group relaxation, (along with **Anne F** and **Sian**) for half an hour on Wednesdays at 12.15.

And thanks to Dennis who helped us out recently when we needed a healer.

**Thanks to all our therapists for the wonderful work
they do for our Centre**

My Climb for Joy ~ Ian Chadwick

I am 54 years old and I work for **John Lewis** as a driver. The challenge is to climb and descend 3 mountains and travel between the mountains by car in less than 24 hours.

The mountains ~ **Ben Nevis, Scotland 4406 feet**
Sca Fell, England 3210 feet
Snowdon, Wales 3560 feet

The journeys ~ **Ben Nevis to Sca Fell, 258 miles**
Sca Fell to Snowdon 227 miles

The clock starts when I set off up Ben Nevis and stops when I get down from the top of Snowdon. The challenge will start at approximately 5pm on 25 July 2009. Why am I doing this? ...my wife (Joy) died a short time ago after a long hard fight against cancer. Unless cancer has entered your life you cannot imagine, nor can I even begin to describe, how this affects your lives, especially when you are told the cancer is terminal. The only thing anybody can do for you is give you support. Believe me there is nothing else. So the reason I am doing this challenge is to help the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre carry on helping the many people affected by cancer.

I know this is not a good time to be asking for money
but please be generous. THANK YOU

Note ~ I am sponsoring myself. I will be getting support from three very good friends from John Lewis who will be driving me around and encouraging me through the challenge. There are sponsor forms at the Centre.

Marie ~

a very popular therapist is taking a break ~
but we are hoping that she will return to us later in the year.
Thank you Marie for all the wonderful help
you have given to people at the Centre

A holy man was having a conversation with God one day and said “God I would like to know what heaven and hell are like”.

God led the holy man to two doors. He opened one of the doors and the holy man looked in. In the middle of the room was a large, round table. In the middle of the table was a large pot of stew, which smelled delicious and made the holy man’s mouth water. The people sitting round the table appeared to be thin and sickly. They were holding very long spoons which were strapped to their hands and each found it possible to reach into the spoon and take a spoonful. But because the handle was longer than their arms, they could not get the spoons back into their mouths.

The holy man shuddered at the sight of their misery and suffering. God said, “You have seen Hell”.

They went to the next room and opened the door. The room was exactly the same as the first one. There was the large round table with the large pot of stew which made the holy man's mouth water. The people were equipped with the same long-handled spoons, but here the people were well nourished and plump, laughing and talking. The holy man said, “I don't understand”.

“It is simple”, said God, “it requires but one skill - you see they have learned to feed each **other, while the greedy think only of themselves.**”

From *Helen*

For your information ~



THE CAMBRIDGE CANCER HELP CENTRE THE SCOTSDALES CHARITABLE FOUNDATION & THE DAVID RAYNER BUILDING

The David Rayner Building (DRB) is owned by Scotsdales Charitable Foundation (SCF). Construction of the DRB was completed in early 2008, and the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre (CCHC) has been operating from it since April 2008. SCF is continuing with its efforts to raise the funds necessary to finish paying for the costs of construction. At the same time, CCHC continues to raise money to pay for its own charitable work.

CCHC is a charity (registered charity number 297886) that was founded in 1986 with the object of relieving persons suffering from cancer and other illness and the families and friends of such persons. It relies entirely upon donations from the general public to be able to continue its work. More detail on the services provided by CCHC is available on its web site (www.cambridgecancerhelp.org). By the end of 2006, CCHC had been aware for some time that it needed to find a new home, and had been searching for suitable premises for three years but without success.

SCF is a charity (registered charity number 1120743) that was founded in July 2007. The background to its establishment was that CCHC's difficulties in finding a new home came to the attention of Mr David Rayner, Chairman of Scotsdales Garden Centre, and he decided to initiate the project which would see the erection of a new building to accommodate CCHC. A portion of land was made available for the purpose by Scotsdales Garden Centre at its site in Great Shelford, planning permission was obtained in May 2007, and construction started that summer. SCF's first charitable operation was to raise the necessary resources (in cash or by way of discounted or donated work and materials) to enable construction of the new building, the DRB. SCF still has work to do to raise the money needed to finish paying for the DRB.

Thus, money donated to SCF goes towards paying for the costs of constructing the David Rayner Building which is owned by SCF. CCHC occupies the building as its headquarters and all money donated to CCHC goes to fund its own charitable work (which primarily takes place at the David Rayner Building). Although the building was constructed as a way

of SCF supporting CCHC, nevertheless the two charities are distinct, as are the uses to which each puts the money received by them.

Cambridge Cancer Help Centre
120 Cambridge Road
Great Shelford
Cambridge CB22 5JT
(01223) 840105

Scotsdales Charitable Foundation
120 Cambridge Road
Great Shelford
Cambridge CB22 5JT
(01223) 842777

Written by Peter Cornell on behalf of the Trustees ~ March 2009

**The Centre will close on July29th at 4pm ~
and will re-open on September 7th.**

We usually close for August but this year we will also be closed during the first week of September, as SCF have an event on during that week.

In September we will organise a trip to Southwold and also to Sue Eddy's 'Pingles' chicken farm. We have been to see her chickens in the past and it is delightful to wander around amongst the hundreds of chickens, see how Sue grades the eggs according to size (and we can buy the eggs). Sue will provide tea and cakes. We can take a picnic for lunch and she will let our keen artists take along their paints and use her Studio. There will be a limit on the number to use her studio so you will need to discuss that with Pat who organises our Art group.

We visited Sue when she and her husband were living in a caravan whilst they built their beautiful house. We sat in a barn on hayricks, while Sue served us with delicious home-made cakes.

An event not to be missed. We need to share cars.
Offers of drivers, please.

On Tricia's birthday some of us went to Grantchester Orchard to celebrate. Annie came along with some of her 'Different Strokes' group. One of them, Sue, complained that she is bullied by Annie (in the kindest way, you will appreciate). So we concluded it was motivational bullying – the best. That's how Annie has got people who have had strokes out of their homes and into going to the gym, going fishing, going swimming, learning to use a computer, going to the cinema and theatre and I am sure all of them thank the day Annie got her hands on them. And when you consider that when we first met Annie she couldn't move from the wheelchair and couldn't say a single word (except a swear word or two, if it was her lucky day) it is all truly remarkable.

The Three of Us ~



Annie leads the
Different Strokes
group

Anne F. leads the Multiple Myeloma Group

And I unlock the door and put the kettle on for anyone who has or has had cancer or any life-threatening illness (including their carers and families and friends)

Love Ann

PS: Someone who came to our Centre for the first time a couple of weeks ago remarked, "There are lots of places I planned to try to see if they could help me ~ unfortunately for the others you were the first and the best." (*fortunately for us!*)
