

We're having a

# PARTY

to launch our book

## 'Looking at the Stars' *Living with Cancer*

We hope you'll join us at the Centre  
On Publication Day ~  
Wednesday 24th September at 7.30 pm

Please bring food to share.  
We'll provide our customary PUNCH

Let us know if you'll be there by ringing Ann at the Centre  
or adding your name to the list on the wall

To ensure that you receive your copy of the book on Publication  
Day please return the enclosed order form with your payment. If  
you are coming to the party you can collect your book then.

*Someone said about our book: "I read it with tears, smiles  
and renewed determination."*

## *Meditation Retreat ~ from Viv*

*In October 2002, I went to a meditation retreat for the day in Cambridge with Catherine McGee. When I came back, I thought it worth jotting down a few notes to remind myself what I had learnt on that day. I thought you might like to know what I learnt.*

Discovering who you are, what you think, what you feel is worthy of investigation. Recognition of what your thoughts, feelings and attitudes are without judgement is wholesome ~ simply to say “Aha, so that’s how it is!”, to stop and give yourself a real rest from life’s relentless pace, to have fellowship without social pressure, helps you to remember what is quiet within. It is helpful to seek out others of like mind who support that enquiry.

Focusing on your breath and listening enable you to get in touch with your self and to remember that breathing in is receiving the gift of life ~ breathing out surrendering to the universal and infinite. This focus on the breath creates the feeling and awareness that you are part of a whole. Impermanence and transition is in the nature of all living things and this is represented by breath, itself symbolic of life and hence the focus of meditation.

Now is the best moment in time and the concentration of meditation is of the present moment and it brings the joy of living in the present. Living mindfully is a wholesome, beneficial goal, achieved by asking yourself such questions as “Where are you now (*in your mind*)?” “What are you missing by not living mindfully in the present?” “What are you waiting for?”. “What are you thinking?” Otherwise busy mind is racing off, unbidden, into the past or future. What are you missing if you live in the past or the future? Can you afford not to live in the present?

Honest recognition of what is, what you are feeling or experiencing and acknowledging the pain of negative emotion is OK. There is no need to live with preconditioned reactions ~ you can ‘unhook’. If your mind wanders, dismiss unwanted thoughts with ‘not now’. Learn to prioritise ~ you know instinctively what is right and ultimately good for you and helpful in the task of discovering the quiet still centre of self. Pursue

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mindfully that which is helpful. The still quiet centre of self is there. It does not reveal itself ~ it has to be uncovered.

There are different levels of peace ~ the silence when the fridge no longer hums is the absence of noise and is not the silence of communion with self and the universe. By knowing your self better you can understand others better, which in turn leads to acceptance and non-judgment. Deliberate awareness and choosing wise words when you speak is the path to wisdom. Stillness is helpful. To help to dispel pain, take attention on breath to area of discomfort and warm and soften that area and breathe away the pain.

Allow colours and other impressions to make their mark on you, but do not seek them out. Allow sounds to come and pass on, without making a judgement. Add nothing to and take nothing away from your experience. Do not embroider what is. Simplicity is the key. Insight is wisdom to see clearly and acknowledge what is, without any projection from self or embroidery and to pursue what is ultimately helpful to you and people who can support you. A human being is not a human doing. Honour your self. Respect your self. Be calm and measured. Remember NOW ~ this body, this time, this place..



*“We pray  
to connect ourselves with that which  
is greater than our  
small self.”*

*Hogen Bays, a priest in the Zen community of Oregon*

## *The Patient Panel ~ from Sheila B*

I don't know if any of you know that I am on the Patient Panel at Addenbrookes, or what the Panel is about? So here is a short rundown as I don't want to take up all the space in the newsletter!

To start with the Panel should not be confused with the Patient Advice and Liaison Service, commonly known as PALS. Their remit is to advise about services, give patient information, and particularly to manage patients' complaints.

The purpose of the Panel is to work with other patient and public bodies in the Trust so that patients' views are heard at all stages of organizational development; a modernization agency for the continuous improvement of the service, in other words so that ideas put forward by patients carry as much weight as those put forward by the Trust and NHS when planning services, so we thereby act as representatives.

The Panel is made up of some 50 members who have been in, or outpatients within the last 2 years. I joined because as an ex-nurse and a patient of long-standing I thought I might have something to contribute.

We meet quarterly in seminars when a speaker from the hospital staff or primary care will talk to us, which means we learn more of all aspects of the place and they in turn meet us, while P.P. information is further made available to them through 'Addenbrookes Matters'.

So what do we do? The people on the Panel take up various projects which interest them. To give you a few examples ~ for instance John Buchan works on the Older People Modernization i.e. that treatment should be based on real need irrespective of age (*the old tend to be put on the back burner*) to combat age discrimination, covert and overt. Eddie Budd has undertaken a pilot study of 'Patient Happiness Assessment; a survey visiting his local GP's surgery and Clinic 3. Steve Jakes is concerned with the Wayfind Group which deals with hospital signage and cleanliness. Anne Brereton, a wheelchair user is on the Disability Group and has already managed to get pavements dropped on routes from the car parks, and arranged seating on route for ambulatory disabled patients. George Salter is on the Booked Admissions programme and Felix Kafka on the Nutrition steering group. Our member Rebecca Jones, Addenbrookes Art Curator Guy Noble, Maintenance Manager Simon Lewes and a horticulturally trained volunteer Karen Wells, worked together to make the new garden. If you haven't seen it, go and do so. It's a little haven in the midst of all

those ugly buildings.

My own remit is the Privacy and Dignity group. For as you know you don't get much of either when a patient on a public ward. We made a long list for this and started with three issues, now hopefully resolved. A simple one was to get nurses and helpers to place drinking vessels and food where bed-bound patients can reach them without calling for help from busy staff. Another was about the use of commodes which were not always spotlessly clean when wheeled to patients bedsides. But if a patient can get out of bed to use a commode then it should be possible, in some cases, to take that person in a wheelchair to the toilet instead. Some people find it very embarrassing to use a commode, being in such close proximity to other patients.

Another area of distress is when a doctor or nursing sister is having a very serious conversation with a patient, or a relative sitting on a dying patient's bed. The curtains are drawn round but people still barge in. This has been solved by now attaching large clips to the opening to close them completely. A very cheap way of conveying the message.

I also read new leaflets to make sure they are written in language understood by the general public. We also contribute to surveys and questionnaires. As far as we, cancer patients are concerned, Janet Stein is looking at ways to improve the service in Radiology, with a number of prep sheets and a poster on radiation.

I hope this gives you a flavour of what it is about.

We have had numerous enquiries from other Trusts about the Panel and even a visit from Camarthanshire NHS Trust.

Best wishes to all.

*I found Sheila's garden and spent  
some time there. It is peaceful. There  
are trees, white stone and pale  
flowers*



## *Inverness Marathon*

Mark is running in this race to raise money for our Centre. The route is a bit of an up and downer ~ eleven of us are going on the trip. Some are flying, others of us are going by train. When we get there we shall hire a minibus to get Mark and all of us to the beginning of the marathon and to various spots on the route to cheer him on.

Because we shall incur quite a bit of expense, some of us going to the race will be raising money to help with the costs. So my coffee morning (*which one year lasted from 10.30 am. to 6 pm!*) will be a money-raising event. We'll have a raffle at least.

**Sponsorship forms are available at the Centre**

## *Very Many Thanks to*



**London Marathon Man, John Harlow**, who completed the race in 5 hrs. 18 mins, raising **£1,271.65** for our Centre, and to everyone who sponsored John's marathon so generously,

**Jack Grey**, John's grandfather, who gave us a contribution to help with the expenses of the Inverness marathon,

the **Police** who gave us that marvellous relaxer chair and lots of china mugs (*which we bought from Robert Sayle*), ~ and all that as a result of Frances Feeney, Cheryl Pinner, Janie Wood, Charlie Barton and Steve Peck losing three and a half stones during their sponsored slim,

and **Cathie Revell** who presented us with a cheque for **£1500**, given to us from the profits of lunch-aid.com. With that cheque we hope to provide more financial help in obtaining the complementary therapies we aren't able to provide at the Centre. So, if you would like to go off and buy a couple of therapy sessions please talk to me beforehand and we will pay the bill.

**Cathie wrote** *"I wish you all every success with the wonderful work*

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*that you do. I was so touched with the friendliness, warmth and affection that is shown to everyone at the Centre. I hope that the money presented to you will help with the therapies which can be so comforting. The staff at Lunch-aid were delighted to have been able to help all of you who work so tirelessly for others. We also thank our Lunch-aid customers who have supported our charitable donations.*

*We are very excited to announce that apart from our store at 22 St Andrew's Street, we have just opened another Lunch-aid in Cambridge at 1 Botolph Lane, off Trumpington Street at the corner of King's Parade and Silver Street. I sincerely hope that this will mean that we are able to raise even more money for our local charities and look forward to seeing you at our stores."*



*No vision and you perish;  
No ideal, and you're lost;  
Your heart must ever cherish  
Some faith at any cost.  
Some hope, some dream to cling to,  
Some rainbow in the sky,  
Some melody to sing to,  
Some service that is high.*

*Sent to us by Sandra*

## *Ken J sent this to us*

Did you know that we old folks are worth a fortune? We have silver in our hair, gold in our teeth, stones in our kidneys, lead in our feet and gas in our stomachs! *(None of this, of course, refers to me because I am not old yet.)*

Since I have become older a few changes have come into my life. To be honest, I have become 'a bit of a girl', courting, as I do, seven 'gentlemen?' every day! Let me explain...

As soon as I wake up Will Power helps me out of bed  
And then I pay a visit to Jimmy Riddle  
Then it is time for breakfast with Mr Kellogg  
Closely followed by the refreshing company of Mr Tetley  
Or his friend, P.G. Tips

Then I have a most unwelcome 'male' visitor, who insists on calling me every day, Arthur Itis. He usually stays for the whole day and to make it worse he won't even stay in one place, but takes me from joint to joint.

It's no wonder that after such a hectic day I am really glad to go to bed with Johnny Walker.

The only two I have to watch out for are Gerry Atric, although I suspect he will soon be a constant companion too, and the only female, Emma Royd, who has a nasty habit of creeping up on you from behind!

However, even with all these men I am still not satisfied and have recently started to flirt with Al Zheimer.

The other day the Vicar called and suggested that at my age I should be thinking of the hereafter. But I told him I think about it all the time and explained ... no matter where I am, in the sitting room, the kitchen, the bedroom or the garden, I always have to stop and ask myself, 'now, what am I here after?'

Sure we may as well laugh at ourselves, everyone else does!

## *Caring for the elderly ~ (bon appetit!)*

Vicar goes to a nursing home to visit an elderly parishioner. As he is sitting there he notices a bowl of peanuts beside her bed and takes one. As they talk, he can't help himself and eats one after another. By the time they have finished talking, the bowl is empty. He says, "I'm so sorry, but I seem to have eaten all of your peanuts." "That's okay," she says, "they would have just sat there. Without my teeth, all I can do is suck the chocolate off and put 'em back in the bowl."



There was a poem in the last magazine about a Crabbit Old Woman.

Here is a young nurses reply (sent to us by Wendy) It was first printed in the Sunday Post in 1973

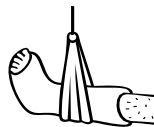
### *A Nurses Reply*

What do we see, you ask, what do we see?  
Yes, we are thinking when looking at thee,  
We may seem to be hard when we hurry and fuss  
But there's many of you, and too few of us.  
We would like far more time to sit by you and talk  
To bathe you and feed you and help you to walk,  
To hear of your lives and the things you have done  
Your childhood, your husband, your daughter, your son.  
But time is against us, there's too much to do  
Patients too many, and nurses too few.  
We grieve when we see you so sad and alone  
With nobody near you, no friends of your own.  
We feel all your pain and know of your fear  
That nobody cares now your end is so near.  
But nurses are people with feelings as well  
And when we're together you'll often hear tell  
Of the dearest old gran in the very end bed,  
And the lovely old Dad, and the things that he said,  
We speak with compassion and love, and feel sad,  
When we think of your lives and the joy that you've had.  
When the time has arrived for you to depart  
You leave us behind with an ache in our heart  
When you sleep the long sleep, no more worry or care  
There are other old people, and we must be there.  
So please understand if we hurry and fuss  
There are many of you, and too few of us.

*Liz Hogben*

## *Elephant Condom /Mid-week break outside the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre*

*from Angela C*



On Tuesday May 20th I decided to deliver some goods to the Centre, after a marathon clearout in my study. Unable to cope with parallel parking I parked the car on double yellow lines outside CCHC. Fran and Ann conveniently passed by and helped me carry everything inside. I left saying "I'll be back for a cuppa once I've parked the car in a better position". The only place I could find was the entrance to the car park totally blocking everyone's exit.

I walked along to the Centre and suddenly both my ankles gave way and I was prostrate on the pavement. What does one do? Collect ones thoughts? Collect ones dignity? A cyclist biked pass "you alright luv?" I weakly replied "yes, thank you". Holding on to the rail I managed to get up and get into the office where I collapsed in a flood of tears.

Ann fetched Fran who found some scraped ice from the frozen freezer box and strapped up my ankle. The Centre was alive and buzzing because the young man who had run the marathon was there to present a huge cheque and the police had completed their sponsored slim and were giving a marvellous relaxer chair to the Centre. What a special morning I had dropped in on.

After a little while the police announced they ought to be returning to work, and I thought I had better get my car out of the way. Slowly I hobbled out to the car ~ some kind gentleman offered me his arm but I was too proud to admit I needed help.

I drove to Budgen's roundabout and pulled in to park and to consider whether I should go to Casualty but realised that wasn't a possibility as I wouldn't be able to walk from the car park to the Casualty department. I decided to ring my friend who works in town and discovered that my pay as you go phone had no pay as you go left. "No Madam, you cannot put more money on your phone without 72 hours notice!!" Looked into my purse and I had 20p in coins. Hobbled to the phone box and rang and asked my friend to ring me on my mobile. "Sit tight" she said "and I'll come and find you." By the time she arrived I was feeling very sorry for myself. We decided it would be best to drive home and make myself comfortable. So, she tailed me home and then left me with my leg elevated and wrapped with a half-open frozen bag of peas.

In the evening she called to see how I was doing, bringing a new bag of frozen sweetcorn because that was the cheapest and when I couldn't bear my weight on my leg we decided that perhaps it was time to go to Casualty. I hobbled in, holding on tight for support. To my amazement the first question was date of birth?, name?, address and finally, why have you come?" "Take a seat".

Was I grateful to sit down!

The triage nurse came to look at the problem and off we trundled for some x-rays. Most patients seemed to be limping so I think there was a lot of general sympathy and empathy about. At 1a.m. I was called in to see the doctor who told me that I had broken the bone and would need a temporary plaster and to return to the fracture clinic that afternoon. So, off to another room, where I was told to “throw yourself on the bed, tummy down”. So I did that. It felt like catapulting. “Now, have we used crutches before?” “No” I said. “No weight bearing on this plaster, and up and down stairs on your bottom.”

We arrived back in Fowlmere at 2.30 am. and it took me 15 minutes to negotiate two yards to the door and how to get over the doorstep (*as a child I was never able to get over the box or horse in the gym, so you can imagine how much more difficult this was*). Then the fun started. Bottom shuffling up the stairs, after two steps I had lost my skirt, a further two steps and I had lost my pants and my dignity! Slowly I got to the top of the stairs but how was I now going to get vertical? I heaved my weight on to the banisters when there was an almighty crack. The calm, patient friend says “I don’t think this is a good idea”.

Somehow, I got to bed and with the aid of a sleeping tablet slept well ~ so well that the kind friend who had stayed in the guest room in case I needed help in the little of the night that remained, had to come through and turn off my alarm that was still accompanying my snoring.

That morning, I began to appreciate what lay ahead. Friends offered to take me to the Fracture Clinic, where I was able to choose a blue plaster cast and matching blue shoe. Here I met again some of the people who had been in A & E the previous evening. The humour of the nurses made the whole situation so much more tolerable and I have been very grateful for their patience in answering my questions when I have telephoned afterwards. Now I knew that I had six weeks to cope with this plaster and began to make plans. Plans that will perhaps help you if you too choose to take a mid-week break outside the CCHC.

- Book a cleaner
- Book a gardener
- Live in a house with banisters on both sides of the stairs if you cannot live in a bungalow!
- Buy a purpose made neck support pillow ~ that ridge down the middle gives great support to the injured leg
- A portable folding stool is ideal for taking with you to rest the leg
- Use any charitable car schemes that are available. Melbourn and Meldreth operate one which charges 20p a mile
- Use shop mobility. The scooters are very easy to use. My ‘pusher’ told me that the attached trolley to the wheelchair was the final straw in trying to negotiate my journey around the supermarket. Blue Water charge for

hire and limit your time, Lakeside and Peterborough are free of charge and with no time limit.

- Buy the gigantic cover that is for sale, so that you can shower or both. (*Mine is nicknamed my elephant condom*)
- Use a proper bathmat. The first time I tried to shower I improvised with two pieces of cloth which are sold for stabilising objects in the house. When they are wet, boy do they slide! I nearly did the splits.
- Appreciate the generosity and help of your friends. I am so grateful to all those who have 'phoned, written, visited, taken me out and given help.

### ***Readers Digest*** ~ reading it in dentist's waiting room (*as one does*)

I found out that:-

Chris Woollams, former daughter had a brain tumour, supplements to boost her the effects of radiotherapy.



advertising executive, whose looked for information about immune system and improve

Following his search he posted the information he unearthed on to [www.iconmag.co.uk](http://www.iconmag.co.uk) (*We can also obtain vitamin information from, of course, the Bristol Cancer Help Centre*)

### ***Testicles, Torch and Increased Survival***

Brian McPherson used to expand on what he did with a torch when standing in the bath checking out his testicles. There was no embarrassment to the man ~ he would tell anyone who was listening, could be mixed company and people he hadn't met before. And in the Reader's Digest it tells us that more than 95% of men diagnosed with testicular cancer now survive. That's up 17 per cent since the 1970s.

## *The Story of a Young P.C. by The Fenland Frog*

John Brown was 21 when he was sent to his first posting as the village bobby in rural Suffolk. Being young and enthusiastic he was set on making an impact on the villagers....and his new Superintendent.

So he devised a cunning plan....

Young John decided that his primary purpose in life would be to clean up his beat and the route to nirvana would be persecution, I mean prosecution.

John Brown set out to arrest or summons all the adults of the village for any indiscretion no matter how big, no matter how small and in six months he succeeded.....except that is for the vicar of St John's Church. Clearly a devilish cunning was called for in this special case but salvation was at hand.

John knew that the reverend gentleman lived in the vicarage at the bottom of Church Rise, a long incline leading up to St. John's on Church Mount and each Sunday morning would ride down the hill between the 8am. and 10am services at a high rate of knots to get his breakfast. The young bobby's plan was to conceal himself two thirds of the way down the hill, wait for the cleric and jumping into the roadway signal him to stop. Constable Brown calculated the vicar would be travelling too fast to stop at his smartly delivered signal...and he would have him!

The following Sunday dawned bright and clear and at 8.45 constable John Brown waited... True to form it was not long before the be-robed vicar descended and the deed was done.

To his amazement the cycle glided to a halt in front of the officer and the men stood eye to eye.

Confession being good for the soul the young officer of the law revealed his successes and his plan to his one failure, the priest. Humbly he asked for the holy man's secret.

"It's simple my son", said the vicar. "God is with me!"

"Got you", said the constable, "two on a bike!"



## *11 June 2002, the day of my diagnosis: a one-year Celebration*

*from E.B., Cambridge*

It's a strange coincidence that I'm writing this entry on the eve of my cancer announcement one year ago tomorrow, 11 June 2002, so I'm feeling somewhat reflective, although finally, not overly so. Now I'm trying to figure out where cancer goes, mentally and emotionally, once you're through the surgeries, chemotherapy, and, so far successfully, two follow-up visits. On the one hand, I'm a relatively new diagnosis, but on the other, I feel that its presence is beginning to fade, and that I'm learning to hold cancer towards the back of my mind at most times.

### *My Reaction*

I remember the phone call vividly. It was 7.50 am. I had returned from morning tutoring, so the follow-up phone call from the surgeon who had removed a large ovarian cyst two weeks prior was a little surprising. He was brief. He stated that the test results of cells in the cyst suggested something 'sinister', and that he had arranged for me to see a gynaecological oncologist the following afternoon. My reaction astonished me (*and still does*) because I immediately switched into a mode of action rather than of panic: first, call my partner; then, make the appointment and, most of all, don't panic until I've received all of the information. Maybe because I'm an analyst by profession, I have maintained this mindset for the greater part of the last year. At the same time, I became increasingly anxious, not of a premature death or of a prolonged illness, but about the unknown components of the disease (*further surgeries, treatment options, side effects*) and, as I would later learn through experience, about the many unpredictable ways it would affect my core being. Little did I know a year ago that I would experience more in my 33rd year than I had in the previous ten combined. I'm still coming to terms with my new person, my reflective personality (*although thankfully, the deepest part of the introversion has passed*), and I'm most grateful to see normal range blood counts, physical proof that I have returned to my pre-diagnosis state.

### *My Action*

Of course I have fast-forwarded through the bulk of my treatment, but this exercise is not about the details of my experience, it's more about today, what I am able to do, what I want to do, what I hope to share and give to others who are experiencing a similar diagnosis and concerns.

If you or someone you know has received a recent cancer diagnosis and you're filled with questions like I was, then I would be more than pleased:

- **To listen to your concerns.** My partner was my greatest strength. Our talking and his listening made all the difference.
- **To accompany you to doctors' and clinic visits and to be as talkative or quiet as you want.** Once my partner left England after my second chemotherapy treatment, I was on my own, and I wouldn't wish the same for others.
- **To share with you ways I've begun to heal.** A great weakness of NHS oncological services is that they treat only part 'X' of the patient and take little interest in the rest of us. It takes a great deal of energy when feeling unwell to find available resources to heal one's self, but there are local services, in addition to the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre, that I found useful towards physical and emotional well-being.

### *Ongoing*

My future goal is to commission a permanent art installation in the oncology department at Addenbrooke's. As many of you know, it's a crowded public space in which people are experiencing huge personal challenges, the least among them going there to receive chemotherapy. I would like to see the reception and treatment rooms offer warmth, compassion, and hope for those required to visit. A social artist whose installations aim to affect perceptions of private experiences has visited the space and is creating a plan that we will present to the department for approval and fund-raising. I will remain in touch as details progress about this very exciting and meaningful project, one which I hope will enhance the experience of each cancer patient and will celebrate the unpredictable, initially unwelcome, often positive life transformations that a cancer diagnosis is capable of bringing.

Meanwhile, feel free to contact me via Ann.

*"We do not see things as they are:  
We see them as we are."  
The Talmud*

## *Bristol Cancer Help Centre ~*

Helen Cooke, Director of Therapy, tells us that there is absolutely no evidence to suggest that massage spreads cancer around the body, a belief that has been widely held. She adds that they would always encourage people with cancer to find experienced body-workers and goes on to say that acupuncture has been shown to be a beneficial treatment for cancer pain.



## *Also in “Centrepiece”*

I read that Barclaycard offers a new kind of financial protection to women customers called Well Woman Plan. A monthly premium will result in financial support if a customer is diagnosed with a female specific cancer of the breasts, fallopian tubes, cervix, ovaries, uterus, vagina or vulva. Women who have previously been diagnosed with one of these cancers will also be eligible for cover when medically declared clear of the cancer for 3 consecutive years. The tax-free sum available is up to £25,000. A cash sum is available immediately on diagnosis, followed by a monthly sum of £500 for a year. There are further payments available for those who undergo surgery and for those who spend a period in hospital. Premiums vary according to age but range from £2.95 a month for women up to 29 to £14.95 for those in their early 60's.

*For further information please contact Barclaycard on 020 8662 4102.*

The Bristol Cancer Help Centre national telephone helpline can now be contacted by e-mail. For those who would prefer not to talk to someone, or who feel more comfortable using e-mail, do contact their helpline team on [helpline@bristolcancerhelp.org](mailto:helpline@bristolcancerhelp.org). (tel 0117 980 9505)



**Cambridge Rag**  
gave our Centre £100  
to help with website expenses and  
the costs of producing a poster to exhibit in  
Oncology at Addenbrooke's Hospital.

The poster was produced from a painting by  
**Robin Maunzell,**  
a well-known Cambridge artist  
and tells everyone in the Oncology waiting room that  
“you are not alone”, and it suggests they contact the  
Cambridge Cancer Help Centre.

**Thank you Robin for creating such a striking poster**

*Incidentally we have information at the Centre about “Open Studio”,  
telling us where we can see Robin's Art  
and the art of other people who support our Centre.*

***Did  
know that ...***

***you***

*Centre people come from....*Abington, America, Bar Hill, Barrington, Barton, Bluntisham, Bottisham, Braintree, Bristol, Buckden, Buckinghamshire, Bures, Burwell, Caldecote, Cambridge, Canada, Caxton, Chatteris, Clavering, Colchester, Colne, Comberton, Coton, Cottenham, Dry Drayton, Duxford, Earith, Easton, Ely, France, Fowlmere, Godmanchester, Great Staughton, Guilden Morden, Grantchester, Gt. Dunmow, Gt Wilbraham Haslingfield, Haddenham, Harston, Henley on Thames, Hildersham, Histon, Hong Kong, Houghton, Horningsea, Hove, Huntingdon, Impington, Ipswich, Keddington, Kettering, Kingston, Kirtling, Lincoln, Linton, Little Eversden, Littleport, Little Thetford, London, March, Market Deeping, Melbourn, Mildenhall, Moulton, Newbury, Newmarket, Newton, Norwich, Nottingham, Over, Papworth Everard, Peterborough, Ramsey, Royston, Rushden, Saffron Walden, Sawston, Shelford, Spalding, Stapleford, St Ives, Stretham, Sutton, Stoke on Trent, Stow cum Quay, Stuntney, Swavesey, Thailand, Truro, Warboys, Waterbeach, Wesley Waterless, West Watting, Willingham, Winchester, Witcham, Yorkshire.

***Not many people know that!***

## *How to give a cat a pill ~*

*Steve Peck*



1. Pick up cat and cradle it gently in the crook of your left arm as if holding a baby. Position right finger and thumb on either side of cat's mouth and apply gentle pressure to cheeks while holding pill in right hand. As cat opens mouth pop pill into mouth. Allow cat to close mouth and swallow pill.

2. Retrieve pill from floor and cat from behind sofa. Cradle cat in left arm and repeat process.

3. Retrieve cat from bedroom and throw soggy pill away.

4. Take new pill from foil wrap, cradle cat in left arm holding rear paws tightly with left hand. Force cat's jaws open and push pill to back of the mouth with right forefinger. Hold mouth firmly shut and count to ten.

5. Retrieve pill from goldfish bowl and cat from top of wardrobe. Call spouse from garden.

6. Kneel on floor with cat wedged firmly between knees, hold front and rear paws. Ignore low growls emitted by cat. Get spouse to hold cat's head firmly with one hand while forcing wooden ruler into mouth. Drop pill down ruler and rub cat's throat vigorously.

7. Retrieve cat from curtain rail and get another pill from foil wrap. Make a note to buy a new ruler and repair curtains. Carefully sweep shattered Doulton figurines from hearth and set to one side for glueing later.

8. Wrap cat in large towel and get spouse to lie on cat with its head just visible from below right armpit. Put pill in end of drinking straw; force cat's mouth open with pencil and blow down drinking straw.

9. Check label to make sure that pill is not harmful to humans. Drink water to take taste away. Apply Band-Aid to spouse's forearm and remove blood from carpet with cold water and soap.

10. Retrieve cat from neighbour's shed. Get another pill. Place cat in cupboard and close door on to its neck leaving just its head showing. Force mouth open with dessert spoon. Flick pill down throat with elastic band.

11. Fetch screwdriver from garage and put cupboard door back on its hinges. Apply cold compress to cheek and check records for date of last tetanus jab. Throw t-shirt away and fetch clean one from bedroom.

12. Ring fire brigade to retrieve cat from tree across the road.

Apologise to neighbour who crashed car into fence whilst swerving to avoid cat.

13. Get spouse to drive you to the emergency room. Sit quietly while doctor stitches fingers and forearm and removes remnants of pill from right eye.

14. Arrange for RSPCA to collect cat.

15. Ring local pet shop to see if they have any guinea pigs!!!

## *Au Naturel ('er indoors)*

Steve and I have recently come back from a fantastic holiday in the Maldives. Most of the time was spent snorkelling, eating, drinking, reading on the beach, followed by more snorkelling, and more eating and drinking. There was nobody telling us what to do or when to do it ~ it was totally relaxing. Well, almost! And we brought back with us some wonderful memories ~ one or two, in particular, will always stand out in my mind. They involved Steve ~ naturally. Or should that be 'au naturel'? Maybe I should save one of them for another occasion ~ naturally!

Anyway, on this particular 'au naturel' occasion, it had been another brilliant day of snorkelling, eating, drinking, reading on the beach, followed by more snorkelling, and more eating and drinking. We were back in the chalet getting ready to go for our evening meal. At least I was. Steve's idea of getting ready for the evening meal included an hour asleep on the bed first. Anyway, I had my shower as usual and stepped out of it, drying myself with the towel (*as you do!*) thinking "Why is the puddle of water on the floor bigger than it usually is?" And answering myself immediately (*as you do when you're a woman*) with, "Oh no, he's missed the toilet pan again!"

Then, I thought I heard a dripping sound so I had a closer look. There was water leaking from a pipe connection next to the toilet. Oops, sorry, Steve, for thinking it was you. Right, this is a man's job ~ better find one. Think I'd better wake him up. So I did. Next thing was, he had jumped up and had gone to investigate. Now, much as I love Steve, and I really do love him immensely, there are some 'man things' I would really rather he didn't do ~ 'plumbing' and 'Steve' simply do not go together. Believe me, I know it.

"Mmm," he said. "Mmm, there's definitely a leak". Then, like you have to do when you're a man, you have a little twiddle around. Suddenly, there was a massive w-o-o-s-s-h-h, as water gushed out of the pipe, showering everything! The water was under pressure and simply kept coming ~ gallons of it. Then, Steve being Steve, he put his finger over the hole so it stopped. There he was, totally naked, standing in a pool of water, with his finger over the hole in the

pipe. I wondered if I dared get the camera!

We both looked around for a stopcock but we couldn't see one anywhere. What to do then? He decided he was going to have to fetch someone who understood Maldivian plumbing to help, so he arranged a towel around the pipe directing the flow of water towards the drain in the shower area (*very intuitive, I thought*), pulled on his swimming shorts, and ran to Reception. (*Of course, being the monsoon season, it was pouring outside too, and I had just got dressed for dinner so I couldn't go, could I?!* ) There, he attempted to explain our dilemma to the Maldivian receptionist. However, 'water everywhere' and 'gushing out' weren't in their English vocabulary. However, luckily, there was a tour guide who did speak good English, who just happened to be using the phone in Reception, and Steve assured him that it might be a good idea if he listened to what he had to say before he answered the next phone call. "You have water in your room? I will send someone now."

And he did! Steve came back with our Room Boy, who took one look at the sea of water in the bathroom, opened our back door, which was immediately next to the bathroom, and turned off the water at the stopcock.

I don't know what 'Plonker' is in Maldivian but that is what his expression seemed to be saying!

*(Right then....what do we do with the photograph. I'm open to suggestions Ann*

## *Ingrid and Tony's Wedding Anniversary*



Tony did say he had to keep married just to save him the embarrassment of not being available for our yearly celebration over a curry at the Tandoori Curry Queen. So we went along with it and celebrated afterwards at the Centre

## *Very many thanks to*

**Gill**

*(who, incidentally, was in very great pain)*

for arranging our stall at Arbury Carnival.

She and many Centre people raised **£261.85**.

A good portion of that money came from the recycled  
cards made by

**Margot, Jack, Ken, Ros, Richard and Vera.**

The **Barton Friendship Club** and **Harston W.I.**  
for their donations to the Centre.

And, **the Police** ~ who rallied round and found a  
substantial number of exceedingly good quality  
tombola gifts for

Margot's stall at Addenbrooke's Hospital this month  
and for Gill's stalls at Addenbrooke's Hospital at  
Christmas time.

It is  
marvellous that so many people pull out all the stops for our Centre. It  
made Margot a happy woman ~ but I know she is always happy ~ but  
perhaps it made her even happier.

So to all those people who found tombola prizes for us...  
thank you so very much and.....  
..please keep on doing it for future stalls!

## *Throwing a New Light on Cancer*

was the headline in The Times newspaper. It seems that a spectrum of light producing 3-D images may help surgeons to detect tumours earlier and more efficiently than x-rays, writes Eve-Ann Prentice on the Health page. The tests have been organised at Addenbrooke's Hospital and it is said that the technology could revolutionise the way that cancers are treated. "Having a precise image before you get to surgery would be a big breakthrough" says Dr Richard Pye, consultant dermatologist. Dr Don Arnone, a former scientist with Toshiba and a co-founder of TeraView, says that the mission is to make this as available as x-rays and ultrasound within three or four years. He added that it is potentially as big a breakthrough as the discovery of x-rays. So it is reported that Terahertz technology is expected to be crucial in detecting the 85 % of all cancers which are not visible with conventional scanning techniques, the early cancers and those growing on organ surfaces, known as epithelial tissue. It seems that epithelial tissue is involved in the most common cancers of the skin, lung, breast, colon, bladder, liver and prostate. I also read that initial tests have been carried out at Addenbrooke's on 70 patients with skin cancer and 11 with breast cancer and more studies are due to begin at St Thomas' Hospital in London early next year.

The complete newspaper article is in the Centre's library.

*Dr Gunn Grande* ~ says a big thank you to everybody who responded to her support group questionnaire. Responses are still coming in while the newsletter is going to press, so we do not know the response rate yet, but hopefully it will be high. It is not too late to return questionnaires now if you received one, wanted to complete it, but did not quite get around to it.

## *CARCTOL; The Ray of Hope Safe Herbal Cancer Therapy*

I have been given two sheets of information concerning CARCTOL. They are in the Centre's library and were originally obtained from a well-respected source. (*Dr Rosy Daniels*)

CARCTOL is described as a herbal compound containing only rare, natural and indigenous Indian Herbs mixed together with proportional strength to treat and heal all types of cancer.

It is said that this herbal cancer treatment is distinguished from other conventional anti-cancer drugs for the fact that it does not cause any side effects, has zero toxicity and is backed by pharmacological data.

It says here that Carctol treats cancer of the cervix, esophagus, leukaemia myoblastic and lymphoblastic and other cancers of soft tissues

It is also said to be effective for those patients who are troubled by the side-effects of chemotherapy and radiotherapy and prevents recurrences of secondaries.

### *It contains*

Hemidesmus indicus  
Tribulus terrestris  
Piper cubeba linn  
Ammani vesicatoria  
Lepidium sativum linn  
Blepharis edulis  
Smilax china linn  
Rheumemodi wall

They say "we strongly advise you to check our FAQ and Clinical Trial section" [Http://www.anticancerherb.com/aboutcarctol.htm](http://www.anticancerherb.com/aboutcarctol.htm)

*Karen W ~*

***KinesioLOGIST & Natural Health Practitioner says***

I was on a protest march on Sunday. I don't make a habit of protesting, but I went to make a stand for our freedom!

On the 1st August, an EU directive will be voted in our Parliament which if passed will mean that 300 hundred vitamins and minerals will be banned from our shops.

It's interesting to look at who stands to profit from this law. Sales of many popular drugs like Valium, have decreased significantly in the past decade as increasing numbers of people seek out natural health remedies.

So now the EU, who were not voted into office by any of us, are inhibiting our freedom of choice and forcing people back to pharmaceutical rather than natural remedies.

Today I am asking each of you to read and act on the information below. We have only six weeks before this becomes cast in stone and we lose our right to chose how we treat our health. Thank you

**It's five minutes to midnight**

The Parliamentary bell is about to toll on your health freedom

**Unless you act now**

By August 1, Parliament will vote to turn the EU Food Supplements Directive into law. This law will:

- Ban 300 safe supplements
- Dumb down the rest to very low levels
- Limit your health choices
- Prevent you from getting the nutritional support you need, with today's adulterated food.

An MP cannot ignore letters. Tell him **POLITELY** in your own words that food supplements are already required to be safe under the 1990 Food Safety Act.

This new directive denies you the right to use the safe, effective products that you have used for years. It ignores overwhelming scientific evidence showing that food supplements are now necessary. Ask him to vote against the regulations to turn the directive into law. If the law is passed, tell him that you intend to boycott the new EU lower dose products, buy your supplements outside the EU. Vote against any politician who supports this and other EU directives *(there are many more in the pipeline)* that will hurt natural medicine.

To find out the name of your MP, visit [www.locata.co.uk/commons/](http://www.locata.co.uk/commons/) or telephone 0207 219 4272. Send your letter to: House of Commons, London SW1A 0AA To find out more about the Directives visit: [www.healthfreedommovement.com](http://www.healthfreedommovement.com) or email [office@healthfreedommovement.com](mailto:office@healthfreedommovement.com)



*This prayer  
a piece of  
paper*

**Ravensbruck,  
Nazi Concentration Camp  
92,000 women and children died here**

*was found on  
wrapping*

*near the body of a dead child*

O LORD  
REMEMBER

NOT ONLY THE MEN AND WOMEN OF  
GOODWILL BUT ALSO THOSE OF ILL  
WILL. BUT DO NOT ONLY REMEMBER

ALL THE SUFFERING THEY HAVE  
INFLICTED ON US, REMEMBER THE  
FRUITS WE BOUGHT, THANKS TO  
THIS SUFFERING ~

OUR COMRADESHIP,  
OUR LOYALTY, OUR HUMILITY, THE  
COURAGE, THE GENEROSITY, THE  
GREATNESS OF HEART WHICH HAS  
GROWN OUT OF ALL THIS, AND WHEN  
THEY COME TO JUDGMENT, LET ALL  
THE FRUITS THAT WE HAVE BORNE  
BE THEIR FORGIVENESS.

*Dorothy  
on to me for  
newsletter.*

*passed this  
the*

*And I can  
look around the Centre and see the loyalty, the humility, the courage, the  
generosity, the greatness of heart which has grown out from the amazing  
men and women who come to our Centre ....because of the lousy rotten  
cancer*

*Ann*

## *Amazing Women! ~ from Wendy*

By the time the Lord made women, he was into his sixth day of working overtime. An Angel appeared and said, “Why are you spending so much time on this one?” And the Lord answered and said, “Have you seen the spec sheet on her? She has to be completely washable, but not plastic, have two hundred movable parts, all replaceable, run on black coffee and leftovers, have a lap that can hold three children at one time, have a kiss that can cure anything from a scraped knee to a broken heart, and have six pairs of hands.”

The Angel was astounded at the requirements for this one “Six pairs of hands! No Way! And that's just on the standard model?” the Angel asked. The Angel tried to stop the Lord. “This is too much work for one day. Wait until tomorrow to finish”

“But I can't!” the Lord protested, “I am so close to finishing this creation that is so close to my own heart. She already heals herself when she is sick AND can work 18 hr days.”

The Angel moved closer and touched the woman, “but you have made her so soft, Lord.” “She is soft”, the Lord agreed, “but I have also made her tough. You have no idea what she can accomplish.” “Will she be able to think?” asked the Angel. The Lord replied, “Not only will she be able to think, she will be able to reason, and negotiate.”

The Angel then noticed something and reached out and touched the woman's cheek. “Oops, it looks like you have a leak with this model. I told you that you were trying to put too much into this one.” “That's not a leak,” the Lord objected, “that's a tear.” “What's the tear for?” the Angel asked. The Lord said, “The tear is her way of expressing her joy, her sorrow, her pain, her disappointment, her loneliness, her grief, and her pride.”

The Angel was impressed. “You are a genius, Lord. You thought of everything. For women are truly amazing. Women have strengths that amaze men. They carry hardships, they carry burdens but they hold happiness, love and joy. They smile when they want to scream. They sing when they want to cry. They cry when they are happy and laugh when they are nervous. They fight for what they believe in. They stand up against injustice. They don't take ‘no’ for an answer when they believe there is a better solution. They go without so their family can have. They go to the doctor with a frightened friend. They love unconditionally. They cry

when their children excel and cheer when their friends get awards. They are happy when they hear about a birth or a new marriage. Their hearts break when a

---

friend dies. They have sorrow at the loss of a family member, yet they are strong when they think there is no strength left. They know that a hug and a kiss can heal a broken heart. Women come in all sizes, in all colours and shapes. They'll drive, fly, walk, run or e-mail you to show how much they care about you. The heart of a woman is what makes the world spin! They bring joy and hope. They give compassion and ideals. They give moral support to their family and friends. Women have a lot to say and a lot to give."



*Well, that's what it says here! Ann*

### ***Breaking Out ~ from Sandra***

By constantly saying, "I am ill," we end up creating various unwilling truths. And worst of all the more we say it the more we are swept away from life as it was and the more securely we want to moor ourselves to people and ideas so as not to be swept away from our place of 'secureness'. The longer we travel down this path the more we contribute to the reinforcing limitations of strength, restrict our sense of self and fortify our fears. We enclose ourselves.

#### **What can we do?**

We can gather our energies and do a happy dance  
and drown the world in our laughter..

*Sandra, "Windshift for Writers"*



## *Thunder Through Your Body*

Do you remember, of course you remember, those musical events led by Keith Harris. I particularly remember him leading us into drumming. Well, at the Corn Exchange on the 9th August there will be 'Mugenkyo Taiko Drummers'. Shall we book tickets and enjoy what is described as "a powerful fusion of primal rhythm, dance and athleticism?" The Corn Exchange programme tells us that their concerts encompass every mood from the intense Ikkyo, the hypnotic Kuzryu to the happy festival atmosphere of Matsuri, the subtle and atmospheric Uchiwa which uses masks and gentle bells to complement the thunderous power of the Taiko drums. Breathtaking, visual and thunderous, the show will delight audiences of all ages. Avant Magazine say "to feel a unison rhythm like Ikkyo thunder through your own body is not simply to hear music but to experience it" and that is, is it not, what we did with Keith.

*Please book your own seats ~ £16.00, £14.00 or £12.00. Phone the box office on 01223 357851. Let me know if you are going to be there and perhaps we can eat first at the Eraina, just around the corner from the Corn Exchange.*



### *Joke from Thailand son*

*Husband and wife visit*

*dentist.*

*Husband says "I want a tooth pulled. I don't want gas or novacaine because I'm in a terrible rush.*

*Just pull the tooth as quickly as possible."*

*"You're a brave man" said the dentist,*

*"now, show me which tooth it is".*

*Husband turns to his wife and says*

*"open your mouth and show the dentist which tooth it is, dear."*

*Much, much love Ann*