

THAILAND

Stiff upper lip Mum/Squatting

Before I went to see Thailand son and his wife and his wife's family in North-east Thailand he sent me a message which said "are you currently on tea or coffee, caffeine or no caffeine, what's for breakfast, what's not to eat, still drinking red wine, what's for all day snacks and what do you like to see in the fridge?"

So I said, I eat lots of virgin olive oil, no red meat.....and I drink earl grey tea and soya milk. I'll bring some with me and some olive oil, probably cheaper here than there. His reply was "we have about 12 Tesco megastores in Bangkok. Olive oil, earl grey tea and most anything you want can be purchased there. They have English breakfast tea, green tea and maybe even tea from Hunstanton. We have Marks and Spencers. Olive oil, extra virgin is probably one third of what it costs in England. We also drink Soya milk. There are 685,000 different kinds of this on the shelves and it costs peanuts to buy. There is no need to bring any foodstuffs. The one possible exception is the pretend cheese, although there are cheeses from all over the world and quite possibly, the moon." He also said "stiff upper lip Mum...better practice squatting!"

So I planned to set off. Cambridge son and daughter in law did the aeroplane booking. Please book me an aisle seat I said, I shall be drinking masses of water and don't want to be saying "excuse me please" all night to sleeping passengers in my row. His reply, after he had booked the seat, was "here is a copy of the order from the airline". 'Thanks for your order, please note that you have been booked in the low cost economy cabin which due to space restrictions does not incorporate in-flight toilet facilities. We recommend that passengers restrict fluid intake and ensure that they make full use of the terminal facilities before and after take off.'

For about ten seconds I absolutely fell for it and was thinking 'how can they do this to people, expect them not to pee for 12 hours'. Then, of course, I realised. Little beast. But lovely little beast.



Inverness Marathon Chapter1

Mark's

View from the Loch

This had to be the toughest marathon that I had faced. I had contemplated it, but you just can't prepare enough for the impact it has on you. The following is an account of what unfolded...

I arrived at Luton Airport with Sarah, Ingrid, Tony, Kathy and Paul on September the 25th. We were all very jolly and a song that continues to buffer around inside my head that raises a 'wee' smile when I remember my trip to Scotland is '*Donald where's your trousers*' ~ you may know it ~ Tony certainly did!!!

On arrival at Inverness Airport we were taken to our Hotel ~ our home for the next six days. We explored the delights of the river 'Ness' and Inverness City over the next few days collecting a variety of souvenirs and many visits to local teashops.

On the Friday afternoon we went down to Inverness Station to meet other supporters from Cambridgeshire our leader Ann, and friends ~ Ron, Josie, Chris, Brenda and Margot. Robin arrived by Car later that afternoon. Friday night was filled with much laughter and fun ~ what a therapy! You need to see the pictures to get the full flavour of this event ~ ask Ann, Tony or Chris I'm sure they will oblige.

Saturday was a trip to the great Loch Ness with a tour and boat trip .We really started to get a feel for the beauty and scale of this great Loch and its monster Ness!

I can still smell the loch air and the sound of the boat cutting through the water as we were delivered to the great castle. On our way back to the ranch we stopped for an ice cream and Tony decided that in order to get the real feel of being a true Scotsman he would purchase a red wig. This was the source of great entertainment at the evening meal. All thirteen supporters in full highland swing shared a turn with Tony's wig ~ again you need to see the pictures.

On the Sunday morning I crept out of bed, prepared myself for the marathon and went to get a quick bite to eat. To my surprise others were there waiting to wish me well ~ a truly great send off!

I made my way down to the starting point where coaches were ready to take us to the moors near 'Fort William'. The usual banter took place with scary stories of great hills that would tire the most able runner. On arrival at the start line there was all chaos breaking out with bagpipes playing and rows of runners

relieving themselves before the race ~ who cares about the midges!!!

The start was superb you felt so tiny against this great landscape but you can always rely on friendship and basic common good and there was heaps of it. But the scenery I'll say it again the SCENERY was fantastic from start to finish. My training really paid off and although this was the toughest course I had run I was able to pace myself and make good time. On the last stretch I heard some cheers from familiar voices ~ Ann, Robin, Ron, Margot and others cheering me on at the last mile.

I completed this marathon in **3.39.52sec** the best ever and the bagpipes and atmosphere at the end were superb.

Of course there is always a serious side to all this effort. It is easy for me to participate I have the gift of physical health and a determined personality. Those I run for have had some of these gifts taken away yet they will face their own personal marathon against Cancer, stars like Ingrid, Sarah, Ron and others either at the Centre now or those who don't know of the Centre yet. The soul of the Centre is for me the most important element of it. If that dies then the Centre dies.

I have raised £365.00 and there is still a little bit more to come in. You have probably heard that the Centre will need to look for new premises in the future. We will need our special place in Cambridge where people can come and go but also touch the love within that place that reaches so many in multiple ways some we will never comprehend.

It is important to say that I ran for that 'soul' and the maintenance of it is a legacy we have to pass down to others just like Marylyn did years ago.

I will continue to raise money and support the Centre in whatever way I can, particularly the campaign for a new home.

I want the light that shines out from the Cancer Centre to continue to burn.

Thank you for all your support Love Mark

Actually he has raised over £800, bless him



Inverness Marathon Chapter 2

UP NORTH! By Robin

Inverness? Is that where the wild men hang out? To test the theory eleven intrepid warriors descended on the city by air and land (*not sea*) bent on pillage and a bit of the other thing ~ Sassenachs we were to our toenails who, that night, made camp in the Maple Court Hotel and slept with our axes at the ready. You can't be too careful up north.

"Where are they", I enquired of the young buxom waitress the next morning. "Whoooo would that be", she said. "The men from the Glen", I retorted. "The men from Skye will be here soon. They drink and drink and drink", she volunteered. We should get on with them then, I thought. "What about the Macdonalds?" I demanded. "Oooh, there's one out on the ring road", she chimed.

She waved her arms and went in search of black pudding to give us strength. She needn't have bothered for we had some of the wildest men amongst our small Group, seemingly primed and alert. Tony, in disguise as a highlander, made me cringe and want to leave my supper half eaten and Ron's wicked eye sent other diners fleeing back to Fort William. It seemed our time had come. We were feared by the locals. But what we needed was a plan so we turned to our wondrous, gracious leader from the Dingley Clan. Dingley Clan? So was she really one of us I began to wonder. I would have to test her out. I feigned cramp in my leg and stretched it out to find her leg and, indeed, I did find her leg, and she laughed. Thanks to the Lord that sent us on this journey, for we now knew she was one of us, a true Sassenach and all the better for it.

We pressed her for a plan and she came up with nothing other than to say, 'go forth wherever you want. We meet at the refectory at the seventh hour.' Hearing this we knew she was our Leader, plan-less as usual but wonderful at the same time. A small group did have the idea of launching Ron from the Castle battlements into the Ness River in an attempt to sort out the existence of the monster one way or another, but the lifting gear and rocket failed us at the last moment.

Some of us warriors went on a boat trip to magical castle and others denuded the city centre shops of anything Scottish. Margot and I went to Fort George and Nairn on Sunday morning and to my dying day I will remember the turquoise colour of the sea that morning...and the quiet and having such a delightful companion with me. Not a wild man in sight.

Many may not realise that amongst our small number we had a fine upstanding man, a runner. Many miles in the direction of the Loch Ness (*No, darling, we never did find the monster*) he was despatched and told to try and find Inverness again by running as fast as he could and he did just that and our pride in him extends as far as Sutherland and the Western Isles. (*Actually, I thought he looked a bit fresh and untroubled as he jogged along Ness Walk on his way to the*

stadium but I am assured that he did complete the course). So it's raised glasses to Mark and his *stirling (or is it sterling)* effort.

Oh, by the way Ann, I didn't see you wave at Waverley Station as we had privately arranged.

Chapter 3 Ann

I would like to add that whilst we were all having a delicious dinner one evening it came about that the topic of conversation was letting out secrets. You will be amazed to know that amongst our very worthy people at the Centre one delightful person admitted she was expelled from school for (*allegedly*) pushing a younger child into the frozen river. And some other absolutely lovely person said that her husband had been upsetting her quite a lot so when she prepared his packed lunch she made him a Kit-e-Kat sandwich and when he came home at the end of the day she said, "did you like your sandwich, dear?" "Yes", he said, "it was lovely". Of course, wild horses will not drag from me who these people are. I shall never reveal their names. Oh, well, unless, that is, anyone has an interesting offer. Oh yes, there I was in the room at the hotel, getting ready to meet everyone for dinner when there was a loud knock on the door. I opened it and it took about five seconds before I realised that the man wandering into my room, with a tartan cap and wild orange hair was Tony. Can't take him anywhere!

Mammograms for the underprivileged (from Diane)

I thought you would be interested in this message. We should all do this! No strings, no cost, just 2 minutes of your time to do something worthwhile for breast cancer girls. Do something worthwhile and feel better about yourself in less than 2 minutes. Please tell ten friends to tell ten today The Breast Cancer site is having trouble getting enough people to click on it daily to meet their quota of donating at least one free mammogram a day to an underprivileged woman. It takes less than a minute to go to their site and click on 'fund free mammograms' for free (*pink window in the middle*). This doesn't cost you a thing. Their corporate sponsors/advertisers use the number of daily visits to donate a mammogram in exchange for advertising. Here's the web site. Pass it along to ten people you know. [Http://www.thebreastcancersite.com/](http://www.thebreastcancersite.com/)



“Tell me about your near-birth experience.”

You and I are in the womb of time awaiting our delivery. Consider this parable:

Once two persons were conceived in the same womb. Seconds, minutes, hours passed as the two lives developed. Each perceived the life of the other, and their own life; they knew that life was good, and they laughed and rejoiced. The one said, “Lucky are we to have been conceived, and to have this world”; and the other chimed, “Blessed be the Mother, who gave us this life and each other.”

Each budded and grew arms and fingers, lean legs and stubby toes. They explored their world, and in it found the cord which gave them life from the precious Mother’s blood. So they sang, “How great is the love of the Mother, that she shares all she has with us!” And they were pleased and satisfied.

Weeks passed into months, and they noticed changes in each other and each began to see differences in himself. “We are changing”, said the one, “what can it mean?” “It means”, replied the other, “that we are drawing near to birth.” They feared for they knew that ‘birth’ meant leaving all this world behind.

Said one, “Were it up to me, I would live here forever.” “We must be born”, said the other. “It has happened to all others who were here” (*for indeed there was evidence of a life there before, as the Mother had borne others*) “~ but mightn’t there be a life after birth?”

“How can there be a life after birth?” cried the one. “Do we not shed our life-cord and the blood tissues? And have you ever talked to one that has been born? Has anyone ever re-entered the womb after birth? No!” And in his despair he moaned, “If the purpose of conception and all our growth is that it be ended in birth, then truly our life is absurd.”

Resigned to despair the one clutched his precious life-cord to his chest and said, “If this is so, and life is absurd, then there really can be no Mother.”

“But there is a Mother,” protested the other, “who else gave us nourishment?”

“We get our own nourishment, and our world has always been here. If there is a Mother, where is she? Have you ever seen her? Does she ever talk to you? No! We invented the Mother because it satisfied a need

in us. It made us feel secure and happy!”

While one raved and despaired, the other resigned himself to birth, placing his trust in the hands of the Mother.

The time came and both knew that their birth was at hand. Both feared what they did not know. They cried as they were born into the light. When they were sure they had been born, they opened their eyes. Seeing for the first time, they found themselves cradled in the warm love of the Mother. They lay open-mouthed, awe-struck before that beauty and truth they could not have hoped to know.

Source unknown

The Health Creation Programme...

is a fully interactive 6 month programme to help individuals make a systematic and comprehensive review of all aspects of their health, happiness and fulfilment in life. It comes to us from the company set up by Dr Rosy Daniel, to develop and provide holistic health products and services that will enable people to become more involved in the creation of their optimum health, whether they are currently suffering from illness or seeking to prevent it.

The pack contains 2 CDs 'Know Yourself' and 'Heal Yourself', 6 monthly assessment packs and 6 monthly action plans as well as a specially devised set of Jane Sen recipe cards

A Health Creation Mentor is available via the Health Creation helpline on 0845 009 3366.

Centre Brochure

If you would care to jot down why you come to the Centre and what you gain from the Centre we could perhaps include it in a special sort of newsletter we are producing for new people when they first visit us. Give me a sentence, paragraph or a page or two ~ all very welcome. Thank you.

If Max Eats up all his Chicken, he'll Grow to be a Big, Strong Boy. Unless it Kills him First

That's the heading in the Observer Food Magazine in August 2003

The sub-heading says that bacteria from the cut-price meat that we eat can remain in the gut for years and, warn scientists, breed superbugs untreatable in humans. So, it asks, are we sitting on an antibiotic-resistant time bomb?

It seems that even as we pick up the tray of cut-price chicken thighs, our life expectancy has plummeted. Ten years from now, as a result of this penny-pinching impulse buy, you could die ~ untreatable by modern medicine ~ in the intensive-care unit of a British hospital, the victim of a killer bug implanted in your gut and waiting for its Big Moment. Andrew Purvis, the author of the article, suggests that this is a complex tale of poor slaughterhouse hygiene, gene transfer, microbiology and pure chance, but at its centre is the antibiotic avoparcin ~ a 'growth promoter' once given to chickens and pigs to help them gain weight efficiently. He continues by saying that though this story is about poultry, it could just as easily be about the pork chop, sausages, or salami sticks in your shopping basket. Avoparcin was banned in Europe in 1997 due to fears about human health and is no longer used or manufactured anywhere in the world, yet its legacy remains in the environment and in the guts of animals generations later. Avoparcin didn't kill bacteria outright but allowed some ~ the most resistant to it ~ to survive. Exposed to other drugs these can in turn become more resistant to several antibiotics, creating a 'superbug'. If we have inadvertently eaten uncooked enterococci (*and most farm animals and indeed most humans carry millions of harmless bacteria called enterococci in their faeces and gut*) ~ we will have 'cross contamination'. Because the enterococci are harmless you notice no symptoms and they will quickly die, but not before passing on their gene for antibiotic resistance.

The article I am taking this information from is long and very interesting. It is in the Centre's library. It tells us that Defra, the Department for Environment, Food and Rural Affairs, listed no fewer than 61 antimicrobials used to treat farm animals which had implications for human health. These were those antibiotics used in agriculture 'which may affect the antimicrobial resistance status of food-borne pathogens, or contribute to the resistance pool in man'. Pigs are routinely fed or injected with up to 10 antibiotics in their lifetime, lambs may be given 'anthelmintics' to control nematodirus disease and most dairy cattle will have antibiotics pumped directly into their teats to fend off mastitis. However, it says here, because all food animals in Britain are subject to a 'withdrawal period' before slaughter, allowing antibiotics to be purged from the system, it is unlikely that such drugs enter the food chain in sufficient quantities to affect our health. However, as Richard Young points out, not all farmers abide by the rules

governing withdrawal, and poultry farmers in particular sell off smaller, surplus birds ahead of the main flock before they are taken off drugs. Therefore could the occasional antibiotic residue, which scientists say can't exist, cause an allergic reaction and make some people ill?

I'm going to stop here, because quoting too much of someone else's work probably isn't a good idea,

China, Glass and Gifts

Sayle held a Car Boot Sale for us at Cowley Road. They raised **£215** involved with all of this were



Department at Robert

Sale for us at Cowley for the Centre. The people

Chris Hebden

Lucy Hearn

Julie Start

Narumi Bingham

Sabahat Qureshi

Alfie McCree

Lina Sinclair and nephew

Christopher

Val Leivers

Chloe Ireland

Adam Dowd

Angela Causton

Imogen Brown

Richard Betts

Jon Brookes

Diane Owen

David Young

Janet Newman

Carl Cox

Penny Olesen

Annie Brown

So
many
people

working so hard for us. Thank you.

Kate Ivy

July 1953 - October 2003

Anne R writes ~

I met Kate twenty five years ago when I moved to Cambridge and she is a much loved and missed friend ~ particularly for her dry wit, sense of humour and generosity of spirit. She started coming to the Centre in the early Summer of 2003 for healing. You may remember her lovely postcards of Suffolk beach huts which she used to publicise her photography Open Studio.

At her beautiful memorial service in October she was remembered as an excellent special needs teacher by colleagues and friends, and her family gave delightful accounts of her life. She used to play the recorder and her father wrote this poem about her which was read out at the memorial:

Her Recorder

The breath that's gone
Lives on
That stole from time a song
And yet to time belongs

But still unseen
What's been is heard;
Her words that fill a room,
Unchill her room,
Where nothing stirs
That once was hers:

Except her song
That lingers on
Which once she made
And tried
Then laid aside

Robin Ivy

Alastair Brodie

~ a talented scholar and renowned Bridge player
died in October and was buried at the Brodie estate in Scotland.

A few of us were invited to join Carole for a gathering in Houghton
where Alastair was affectionately remembered by some
long-standing friends, and the Bridge-playing fraternity played
in his memory surrounded by some of his books
and his Bridge memorabilia.

Do not stand at my grave and weep;
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow.....
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.....

When you waken in the morning's hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight,
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there. I did not die.

Anon

Some thoughts on complementary medicines and therapies from Sheila B

Some time ago I asked Ann if she would like me to write a piece on alternative/complementary treatments and then I got cold feet, but now I've decided why not do it, though I may step on a few toes on the way!

I was a nurse for many years and tend therefore to look at things from a somewhat scientific angle ~ does it work? Also quite a few years ago I went to a series of talks each week from people practicing the now many aspects of alternative, or rather better title, complementary medicine. I think they got a bit fed up with me for asking too many pertinent questions, such as to the herbalist ~ 'Do you think wearing a white coat makes you look more like a doctor in the eyes of the patient?'

My own opinion on some of the practices is that it involves two things:

1. Time given to the patient, particularly in the first interview. I was very impressed by this when I first went to the Homeopathic Hospital in London, which is free; a whole hour, compared to the ten minutes or so you might get in the ordinary hospital. But then Homeopathy is a different ball game altogether, truly holistic, and they go into your case in some depth.
2. Hands on. Involving things like aromatherapy, massage, reflexology etc. Some people haven't been touched for years. These things make people feel special and give them a feeling of well being thus raising the immune system.

Some specialities such as Osteopathy, Chiropractice and the Chinese Acupuncture have now been recognised by mainstream medicine and are properly registered after the relevant training so I have no quarrel with them. But some practices are (*in my opinion*) sheer boloney. I don't go along with things like crystal balls and tarot for instance. It's a bit like those face creams that are supposed to rejuvenate you. There are some bogus people out there and it's important not to get caught up and waste money with them. It's a minefield out there.

The other thing is that it's important to relate to your practitioner just as you do your G.P. and Dentist. It's more likely to help if you feel empathy with them.

You can also waste money on various supplements. Do you really need them if you are eating properly? If you do, then make sure you are taking what is likely to help you. There are all sorts of things on offer for cancer which do help, for instance selenium, zinc and some of the vitamins, though something as simple as red or orange coloured vegetables, broad beans and green tea can easily be incorporated into the daily diet. And a number of herbs help: nettle tea and garlic clean the system out.

I'm about to try a combination of special herbs called Essiac. The recipe

was given to a Canadian nurse by a native Canadian. She had some good results so I'm giving it a go.

**But maybe in the end it's like religion, a matter of faith
and not science after all; so to each his own!**

From Tricia ~ The impulse to respond to Sheila's piece is just too great to resist!

The astrological chart has been described as a 'map that leads us back to ourselves'. I've found that both Astrology and the Tarot, when approached flexibly and creatively, can propel us along that path. And anything that adds to our awareness of self can, in my experience, have a healing effect.

PS. I have no experience of crystal balls ~ but perhaps others have ~ watch this space!

Cancer Research

have developed a new type of mechanism that selectively



UK

tell us that their scientists anti-cancer drug with a unique targets breast cancer cells.

Phortress represents the sixth new anti-cancer drug developed under the renowned leadership of Professor Stevens. He and his team are now pursuing new lines of research towards more potential new treatments. It has taken ten years to get to the point where we could put this promising compound forward for clinical trials, says Professor Stevens. Though he stresses that it will take several more years for clinical trials to be completed he is optimistic that **Phortress** will live up to the promise it has shown in the laboratory. It should be possible to test tumours for their susceptibility to **Phortress**, which only has an effect when switched 'on' by an enzyme found in certain forms of breast cancer. The drug works by causing lethal damage to cancer cells and is hoped to have fewer side effects for patients than conventional chemotherapy.

Coffee-Makers

In the kitchen is a list asking for help with making drinks on Tuesday mornings ~ Yvonne already does masses of it and it would be great to have some more help, please.



Nose Job...Margaret

I have just had my first snort of cocaine.

I had to see a specialist about my nose, not to change the shape you realise, though it could do with it, but to see if anything nasty was up there. After poking about with a stick like thing, he told me that in order to do a more detailed examination he was going to squirt something up my nose, and that it was cocaine. I got quite excited at this, as being a very old lady the drug scene had passed me by and I had often wondered what all the fuss was about.

What a disappointment, it tasted awful, apparently they dilute it with a bi-product of creosote. When I said I didn't think much of it he came up with his favourite one liner. "It's not all its CRACKED up to be". Believe me, he is right. I did feel a little odd all afternoon, more talkative than usual, much to my husband's annoyance. Anyway, if you see some 70-year old lady sniffing your garden fence, it could be me looking for my next fix.

THANKS to

Evelyn and Abington Whist Drive for sending us another cheque for **£45**, **Robert Sayle Charities Committee** who gave us gift tokens to the value of **£100**, which became the first four prizes in our raffle at Addenbrooke's Hospital, **Gill and Eileen** for organising that fund-raising event, helped by **Ingrid, Edna, Glyn, David B, Ken, Maria, Margot, Jane, Brenda, and Hazel H.** Approximately **£530** was raised. A certain person in our midst made it her mission to sell as many 'guess the names for the Christmas bear' chances to passing ambulance men. She decided they were the best 'givers'. However, the winning bear's name was 'Ralph' and the bear was won by a woman who chose that name because of a lost love. Aaaaaah! And thanks to **Steve** for giving the bear to us in the first place.

Dorothea who had a book sale morning with the refreshments takings of well over **£20** coming to the Centre.

Jack who made over 2,000 Christmas cards this year and **Margot** whose supply of blank, birthday and Easter cards is truly never-ending. **Ken, Richard, Hazel, Ros and Anne** help to keep up the supply of cards which are available to buy from the Centre.

And as for **Alan at Cambridge Resale** ~ well, give him a cup of tea and a chocolate biscuit or two and he comes back with a whisky bottle full of money! And continued thanks to **Maureen and Sid** for distributing our collection tins to pubs and collecting them when they are full. Thanks to all the pubs who do this for us.

A Poem on Time

Sent in by one of the Police Officers

Imagine there is a bank which credits your account each morning with £86,400.
It carries over no balance from day to day
Allows you to keep no cash balance and every evening cancels whatever part of the
amount you had failed to use during the day
What would you do?
Draw out every penny of course

Well, everyone has such a bank, its name is time
Every morning it credits you with 86,400 seconds
Every night it writes off as lost whatever of this you have failed to invest in good
purpose
It carries over no balance. It allows no overdraft
Each day it opens a new account for you
Each night it burns the records of the day
If you fail to use the day's deposits, the loss is yours
There is no going back
There is no drawing against the 'tomorrow'
You must live in the present on today's deposits
Invest it so as to get from it the uppermost in health, happiness and success
The clock is running. Make the most of today to realise the value of one year
Ask a student who failed his exam to realise the value of one month
Ask a mother who has given birth to a premature baby to realise the value of a
week
Ask the editor of a weekly newspaper to realise the value of one day
Ask a daily-wage labourer who has ten kids to feed to realise the value of one hour
Ask lovers who are waiting for a meeting to realise the value of one minute
Ask the person who has missed the train to realise the value of one second
Ask the person who has survived an accident to realise the value of 1 millisecond
Ask the person who has won a silver medal in the Olympics
Treasure every moment you have and treasure it more because you shared it with
someone special, special enough to have your time
And remember time waits for no-one



We read that **Pat Pilkington** (co-founder of the Bristol Cancer Help Centre) had been awarded the M.B.E. so you may remember we sent her a congratulations card. Here is Pat's reply:

My Dear Ann, and all at Cambridge Cancer Help Centre,

I was so touched and delighted to receive your gorgeous card, with all your amazing messages and signatures. Thank you so much. You have given me so much pleasure.

You can imagine what a marvellous day we had at the Palace. I was so full of thoughts as I waited my turn to go forward and curtsy to Her Majesty! I thought of Dearest Penny, of course, and imagined that she was holding my hand! I thought of the thousands of wonderful people like you, who have made BCHC what it is. I felt surrounded by 'a great cloud of witnesses' who were there to share the moment with us. How blessed we have been to be involved in such work. We have been amazingly fortunate.

With all love and blessings, and renewed thanks, Pat

Meditation for Health ~
*a journey of self-discovery, growth
and awakening of full potential*



Mandy Storey, one of the healers at our Centre is leading evening classes at the City of Ely Community College, Downham Road, Ely. Mandy says that 'meditation' simply means a way of slowing down. It can be refreshing, nourishing and brings peace and inner harmony. She tells us that sustained practice can bring many benefits, such as a decrease in heart rate and the relaxation of the body and mind. The immune system is strengthened and the increased ability to concentrate produces efficiency and improvement in job performance. By joining in her classes the participants will learn many approaches to meditation, giving a thorough grounding to enhance the ability to use meditation in daily life.

Sue says

My strapping, macho 14 year old son David wrote this recently and I'm so proud of him. It has obviously had a cathartic effect because he now wants to share it and wondered whether it would be suitable for the next newsletter.

My Enemy

Why? Why me? Why her? My mother.
I can turn on my game and fight a hundred
vampires,
But I can't fight what eats her away.
It's been months will it be years more?

Like a ripple of decay. Cancer.
It's her vampire snarling, eating her from inside.
Shakespeare thought love was "enthroned" in the
Liver, but a black evil rules from

Hers was strength and joy and laughter,
Now weakness and the façade of fun for me to
See and not cry, but I do, like
My world, not hers is ending though

They were once one, now only mine
Will go on. I look into my mother's eyes and
There I see my enemy in
Her staring back with love and trust.

David Smith



*If you won't f***ing do it I will f***ing do it myself*

If you read this chapter written by Carolyn, in “Looking at the Stars” you will be sad to hear that she is very unwell at the moment. She is staying with her dad in Scotland and we all send her and her dad so much love.

Suzanne wrote to us recently saying :

I was delighted to receive a copy of the Centre's wonderfully star-studded book! The dark threads of individual lives, interwoven with gold and silver, capture the essence of the Centre which has drawn so many lives together in a pattern all its own. What an achievement. Thank you all for writing this book, which will touch many people. I wish it every success.

I remember that when the idea first arose I was thinking it was pretty easy to write a book, provided you knew what you wanted to say and that surely all one did was write it down and give it to a publisher. I hope I didn't say that too often to Tricia! She did stalwart work on that beautiful book and it is certain that without her astounding efforts we wouldn't be able to look on the shelves of Borders, Browne's and Heffers and see Tricia's name in print on our book.

Tricia had this to say at the Launch Party on 24th September 2003

Recently Ann asked me, “Did you have any idea what you were letting yourself in for when you agreed to take on this project?”.

“Not an inkling”, I replied, ~ “but I've enjoyed it enormously”.

In fact if I'd known then just what it was going to involve, I perhaps wouldn't have offered to take it on ~ I'd have been too scared! I wouldn't have felt equipped to do the job. But, I had the time and the inclination ~ and with lots of help, I've learned the skills as I've gone along ~ there's nothing like having a project to catapult one on to a steep learning curve. And it's been a very enriching and exciting ride ~ and also a great privilege to be part of this milestone in the Centre's history.

It all started some years ago when Ann had the idea for a book that would inspire and help someone who had just received a cancer diagnosis and needed guidance on what to do and where to turn. She told it to the universe, as Ann tends to do when she wants something. For a long time the universe didn't listen.

But after Fiona died and the Centre received a large donation in her memory, the Trustees decided that we should set the money aside with a view to developing Ann's idea, and it was at that point that I remembered that Bernard Shaw had once remarked, "For what did the good lord give us necks if it wasn't to stick them out?", So I said that I would be prepared to stick mine out and step into the unknown.

I too have told it to the universe, and like the Pied Piper drawing the children towards the magic mountain, I seem to have attracted a wonderful support network along the way. So I'd like to thank everyone who has contributed to the production of our book ~ first of all, those who've been willing to share their stories with us, for without them there wouldn't have been a book. And people at the Centre like Viv and her daughter Jenny who did lots of typing in the early days, and Fran who has done endless proof reading, ~ and of course Ann whose input has been enormous. It's been very much a team effort.

But there have also been others outside the Centre who have played an important role behind the scenes and I'd like to say a big 'thank you' to them.

One of the first of these to join the team was my young friend Daniel. I knew that I was going to need lots of technical help, for this was back in the Autumn of 2001 when I was only just beginning to learn about the versatility of the Publisher programme that the Centre had recently acquired ~ and we were still struggling with the presentation of the newsletter.

Daniel's enthusiasm for the project from the early days bubbled over almost as much as my own and I allowed myself to be lured down the exciting path of 'design' almost before I'd started organising the text.

I also knew that Hazel Marshall, a long-standing friend of mine was engaged in the production of a book, so I turned to her for advice about publishers. She hadn't had much success with them and had decided to do it herself. Publishers, it seemed, made all the decisions about cover designs, fonts and which paper to use. Well ~ I had my own ideas about those things. So that was when I was introduced to a fascinating little book by Peter Finch called 'How to Publish Yourself'.

Then there was Karen ~ a great friend of Fiona's ~ who was keen to become involved with the project and who has kept a careful eye on the text as it has evolved. I remember sending her an early draft in July last year, and then, receiving an email from her the day before I went on holiday, asking, "how committed are you to the structure of the book?". So home from holiday 10 days later and it was back to the drawing board. I was extremely relieved to have a more favourable response to my following draft ~ but at that point I still didn't have any clear idea about the final sections or just what the book was going to look like.

Then Anne Clue stepped into the picture. She was hoping to come this evening but she lives in Hampshire and felt unable to spare two days of her working week. My first real contact with Anne was in April of this year, but

she'd been working behind the scenes for much longer than that. Anne, a graphic designer, is Daniel's aunt, and Daniel had been talking to her about our book from the very beginning, and she'd been giving advice on all sorts of detail and about how the text would have to be presented to the Printer.

Now although Anne has been a designer for many years, she has only recently bowed to the demands of the computer age and become a student of Quark Xpress. In spite of that she offered to take on the project. So as well as this being a first for me it has also been a first for her.

And I didn't make it easy for Anne. I'd arranged the pages in my Publisher programme purely by what was pleasant to my eye. I hadn't followed any rules: I didn't know the rules. So Anne struggled to fit my design into rules it didn't always want to be fitted into. But together we persevered because for me and for Anne, the important thing all along has been to get it right, and I couldn't have worked with anyone more sympathetic.

We're extremely grateful for the enormous amount of time and effort Anne has given to our project, both in organising the text and in liaising with the Repro House and Printer to ensure that it has all worked out as we envisaged. The colour graduation on the front cover was particularly challenging and Anne and I had many nail-biting moments before the final result was achieved. I like to believe that Fiona would be pleased with the way we've used her picture of the young girl looking at the stars. Three years ago yesterday some of us attended a service of 'Celebration of the Life of Fiona': it seems a fitting moment for this project to reach fruition.

However, it isn't quite finished yet. We now have to sell it. In 'How to Publish Yourself' Peter Finch says, "Your job isn't over when you finish writing the book. It has just begun" He also says that promotion is "not for the faint-hearted". *(I do know that because I've been meeting book shop buyers during the last few days, and our book is now available at Brownes in Mill Road and the Grafton Centre and Trinity Street branches of Heffers.)*

Well ~ the Centre is renowned for it's 'fighting spirit'. So now, I hope everyone will help to distribute flyers and encourage people to buy our book. I think it has a message for everyone ~ whether or not they have cancer.

We've all read in the newsletters about people raising money for us by running marathons. *(in fact Mark will be running one this coming weekend)* Well, 'Looking at the Stars' has been my marathon ~ and I hope that it too will eventually raise a lot of money for our Centre.

????????

We now need to find energy to sell the book. So perhaps all of us need to do something positive to expose the book to as many people as possible. Will you consider asking your GP's practice to buy a copy of the book? And anyone else you think may be interested to read it, such as complementary therapists, in fact ANYONE!

If you are able to do this please speak to Ann or Tricia. You may like to take a sample copy as we've found these much more effective in producing sales than merely presenting people with flyers. Thank you.

**We have so far sold just over 200 copies ~
but we have lots more to sell**

The book is now on sale in Borders, Browne's, Heffers, Cancer Research shops in Burleigh Street and Regent Street, and Bridge Street Health food shop.

Thanks to all our therapists ~ the healers who give their time freely (and don't charge the Centre for all they do) During the last financial year voluntary donations into the healing collection tin have raised over **£700** for us and we thank those who donate to the Centre when they receive healing from

Jane, Scilla, Denis, Julia, Caroline, Lesley, Mandy and Linda.

Someone has suggested that they would prefer to pay for their healing in one sum at the end of the month, so that the Centre can retrieve the Gift Aid. For those who would like to do this we will leave the appropriate form by the healing appointment book. It is still alright of course, to donate in the customary way if you prefer to do that.



Carlton Arms Casino/Race Night February 28th

Bet on the horses and roulette Admission free

The landlords will very kindly give the profit to our Centre

Everyone welcome, bring your family and friends

The Carlton Arms is in Carlton Way, off Gilbert Road

Promising News for 2004 ~ from Diane

Thought I'd share what I've recently read in the press about trials with two drugs to help prevent/treat breast cancer.

1. ARIMIDEX or ANASTRAZOLE for women particularly at risk of developing breast cancer (**dense breast tissue or family history*). ARIMIDEX works by controlling the level of oestrogen in the body. It is estimated that half the oestrogen-fuelled cancers could be prevented if women took the drug. It seems to have fewer and less serious side-effects than Tamoxifen. Around twenty hospitals and trusts are hoping to recruit 2000 women to participate in the trial. They are looking for post-menopausal women, not on HRT and having twice the normal risk of breast cancer, see (*) above.

2. LETROZOLE or FEMARA (*a type of drug called an aramatase inhibitor, which stops production of oestrogen*). More than 5000 women around the world have participated in the trial on this drug. LETROZOLE proved so effective that the research was halted to allow women on the placebo pills to have the real thing. It is planned to license the drug for use in 2004, which is great news for women hit by post-menopausal, hormone-related breast cancer. At present, LETROZOLE is used to treat pre-surgery and advanced breast cancer ~ it is now set to be approved as a preventative as well. Initial results from the trial on LETROZOLE showed the drug cut the risk of breast cancer returning in post menopausal women by about 45%. It will be prescribed and should fill the gap for post-menopausal women who have been taken off TAMOXIFEN after five years treatment. My thanks to the SUN newspaper for publishing this information during Breast Cancer Awareness month in October. Let's hope the two drugs make a real difference in the fight-back against breast cancer.

Two monks

read somewhere and passed on to us by Eileen

Two monks, long ago, were preparing to wade across a shallow river.

Waiting on the bank was a young woman who seemed reluctant to make the crossing.

The elder monk put her on to his shoulders and waded across, then she went her way.

The younger of the two men rebuked his companion for so coming into contact with a woman, and kept this up for quite a time.

Said the elder "I left her at the riverbank; I see you are still carrying her".

Seeking Submissions for a new book

"Kiss Me Without Lipstick: Reflections of Men who Love Women with Breast Cancer"

Presently seeking stories and essays from men who have been in a relationship with a woman who has been diagnosed with breast cancer.

This book will be a collection of the thoughts and emotions of men who have been touched by the experience of breast cancer as it relates to a woman they love. That woman could be their wife, mother, grandmother, daughter, sister or any other influential female figure within their lives. A portion of the proceeds of this book will be donated to breast cancer research.

Possible themes include but are not limited to: Defining moments of the relationship during or after diagnosis, reconnecting after diagnosis, finding strength through adoration during treatment, examples of unconditional love, faith and devotion. Unique and uplifting journeys through the breast cancer experience.

Hint: The stories chosen for this anthology will be reflective of what men can expect to experience when faced with the news that a woman they love has breast cancer. They will be inspiring, heartening and encouraging as well as thought-provoking and touching.

Guidelines: Stories should be minimum 1500 words, maximum 2,000 words. Written in First-person or Third-person narrative-essay or non-fiction from a male point of view only. *Style:* Dramatic or touching, humorous or introspective, all styles welcome.

****Please note: Absolutely no fiction or poetry.**** Submission Deadline: January 31, 2004

Formatting: All submissions must be pasted into the body of an e-mail and sent to the Anthology Editor at anthology@recovery4u.com. Submissions including attachments will be deleted unread. Please add a bio that you would like included in the book. Maximum 100 words. Previously unpublished writers are encouraged to submit. By submitting your story or essay you are agreeing that you are the copyright owner of the work.

Payment: Each chosen author will be paid an honorarium of (\$10) upon publication. Byline and bio included in book.

Rights: Chosen authors will receive a contract upon acceptance that grants the Anthologist limited rights for a specified duration.

If you require any additional details or instructions on submitting via fax or snail mail please mail to: anthology@recovery4u.com and visit our Web presence at <http://www.recovery4u.com>.

Gardening Notes for January 2004 from Richard



The history of the fuchsia for the western world started in 1703 when Father Plumier, a missionary, published a description of a plant he called *Fuchsia Triphylla filore coccinea*. He collected the plant from San Domingo. The name *Fuchsia* was derived from Leonard Fuchs, a German professor of botany, in whose honour the genus was named by Father Plumier.

Fuchsias are easy to grow, in pots or in the open, flowering for a long period with a modest amount of attention. There is a wide range of glorious colours. In growth they may be found in the form of ground creeping plants to small trees.

The main need of the fuchsia is for a feed containing nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium in balanced proportions. These are in composts but they are used up and extra feeding is needed in the summer. Application of a diluted liquid feed is the easiest method.

The fuchsia is a plant that will root with the greatest of ease. Semi-hard-wood cuttings are the most convenient method for those who do not have a heated greenhouse. The cuttings are taken in September, October or even later, and are kept in a frost-free place during the winter. Select side shoots of from four to six inches long (*10-15 cm*) and pull them off so that a piece of the main stem is still attached. Trim the heel and insert the cuttings round the edge of a four inch pot. Green tip cuttings can be taken in mid-August, selecting shoots that are about three inches long (*7.5cm*) with two or three pairs of leaves. Green tip cuttings can also be taken in spring. To reduce the cost of heating in the greenhouse put fleece over cuttings and any other plants. The third type of cuttings are called short tip and are taken when the plants have newly started into growth. The over-wintered plants are pruned back early in the year (*January to March*) by cutting off green shoots of the previous season's growth, into the brown-barked (*ripened*) wood. This cutting needs no trimming and is inserted at the edge of a three inch pot, with three other cuttings. Another method of treating cuttings is to put the cuttings in a pot inside a polythene bag.

Fuchsias can be kept for several years by making the plants dormant and storing them in a frost-free place. For plants that are to be grown outdoors all the year there are many hardier cultivars. Some protection can be given using bracken, straw or leaf-mould,

Fuchsias have such colourful graceful flowers that will give you much joy over many years.

Taoist T'ai Chi ~ Ruth's way to health



Taoist T'ai Chi has made a great contribution towards my recovery from breast cancer and I use it to maintain my health. I also enjoy doing it ~ it makes me feel good ~ and there are some really good classes in Cambridge. But first I want to write about how it came to be part of my well-being.

For the past five years my grown-up son Joel has practised Wing Chun, an energetic martial art more suitable for people a whole lot younger than me. First he found me some good Chi Kung exercises to help me pull through the chemotherapy sessions. These are simple movements based on specific forms of T'ai Chi.

Then I had my mastectomy operation which involved the removal of a large number of nodes from under my arm. Joel showed me an easy Wing Chun form that uses the arms slowly and gently. I did it every day. When I went back to the hospital for my first post-operative check the doctor was amazed at the movement I had in my arm. "We thought you'd be in a sling," he said.

After that I had radiotherapy and a couple of months later, when I'd finished all my treatments, I came across a new beginners' class for Taoist T'ai Chi which was starting up at The Meadows Community Centre. I went along and knew immediately that it was for me.

Taoist T'ai Chi was brought from China to the West some years ago by Master Moy, who subsequently set up an International Centre, with a Health Recovery section, in Canada. The European Centre at Colchester had its official opening in October, 2003, and there are classes throughout East Anglia, the Midlands, Kent, Sussex, Shropshire, Wales and Scotland.

The Taoist T'ai Chi Society of Great Britain is a registered charity dedicated to making the health benefits of practising Taoist T'ai Chi available to all who wish to experience them. For me, these benefits include: a return of health post-chemo, improved immune system, more energy and flexibility overall and the disappearance of a 'frozen shoulder' problem that had troubled me for years ~ sometimes extremely painfully.

The first thing you learn in Taoist T'ai Chi is the basic set, which is made up of 108 moves. I've been doing it for a little over a year now and I know people who have been practising this form of T'ai Chi for six or seven years, and longer. It is lovely to do and there is always more to learn about it.

Now I've started to do the sabre set, as I think that is especially good for my shoulder. It's great fun, waving my sabre around in my back garden, and my shoulder feels better than ever. There is also a sword set, and an advanced set called Lok Hup which looks lovely.

If you join the society you can attend as many classes as you want, so it's

really good value. Some of the other people at Stockwell Street are giving it a go and I would thoroughly recommend it as a way to ensure good health for people of all ages who need to recover and stay healthy having been diagnosed with cancer, or with other health problems, or who just want to stay fit and well

Simple Gifts for 2004 - from Windshift for Writers

We are just emerging from the season of excess. In January, we tend to take stock of our lives. This year let's consider letting gratitude transform our path. When we take the time to value how much we have then we are better able to define what is essential for our happiness. We identify choices. Many people think that espousing simplicity means a life of doing without. What they haven't appreciated is that by adopting a simpler life we free ourselves from the bondage of extravagance. January is a perfect month to clear out all of those possessions we no longer need to define our own happiness. It is a particularly brutal month for many people who need our help, love and support. What we no longer require could become someone else's delight.

In this busy life, we often say that tomorrow we'll care for ourselves better. Tomorrow we'll take the time to savour our life. Life is always shifting, always altering, and always full of unforeseen circumstances. We must stop waiting for life to become perfect and seize this moment. In simplicity, we are able to elevate ordinary moments in our lives and liberate depressed spirits. Just visualize a bowl of bright yellow daffodils. Let your winter frazzled and weary spirit into the place where it ought to be.

Provincial Grand Lodge of Cambridgeshire

Mr Whitford, Secretary to the
were running a fund-raising stall
asked us to send him information
sent us a cheque for £500, for
appreciative. It came from all the Lodges in the Province of Cambridge, covering
the areas of Cambridge, Wisbech, Whittlesey, Chatteris, March, Ely and
Newmarket ~ quite an area.



Grand Lodge, met us when we
at Addenbrooke's Hospital. He
about the Centre and soon after
which we are very grateful and

Open Studio

Margot's friend, Lia Melia, very kindly raised **£196.60** for the Centre by organising a raffle and selling tickets through her Open Studio. The prize was one of her paintings. On the final day Margot and I went along to Lia's colourful studio at Bar Hill to draw the winning ticket. We thank Lia for her generosity to the Centre.

A Creative path to recovery from Tricia

We are familiar at the Centre with the use of art as a therapy. I recently met a courageous lady who made her experience of breast cancer surgery the theme of her course work at St Leonards College of Art. Even as she received the devastating blow of the diagnosis she was able to reflect that "as we were looking at the x-rays I immediately saw the art in them that could turn my fear around."

This is Margaret's story:

From Brighton I was referred to the Conquest Hospital in Hastings. After being examined several times I asked that this did not have to be done again, because the outcome of each examination ended in the same result: there was a lump in my breast and it had to be treated: there was no miracle cure: the bastard lump was not going to disappear because a doctor or nurse had had a feel of it. My wishes were respected and until my operation I really didn't have to worry about anything.

I requested that my entire breast be removed. The cancer was very contained and showed no evidence of spreading. I was told that I didn't need to have chemotherapy but that after the lump had been removed I would almost certainly need radiotherapy. As I wanted to get back to college to continue my course work this seemed not only the best option but the only option.

During this particular time my head was full of deep thoughts, not only about what was going on in my life but how different the most ordinary things seemed to be. During the past eight years I had worked very hard to overcome rheumatoid arthritis. Because of this I felt that having cancer was very unfair, and that if there is one above, I think he could have been a bit more thoughtful.

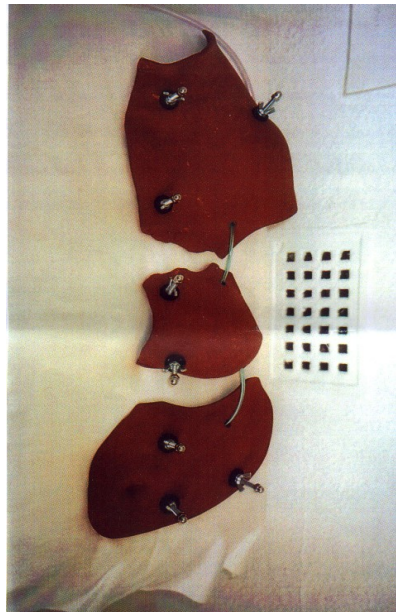
My treatment went very well. I was up and about in no time. The nurses and staff were wonderful. I was allowed to be independent and almost look after myself. After my operation I started to feel better and stronger about my life, although I still found it very hard to talk to anyone. But I think that expressing myself through my beloved art work will speak for me.

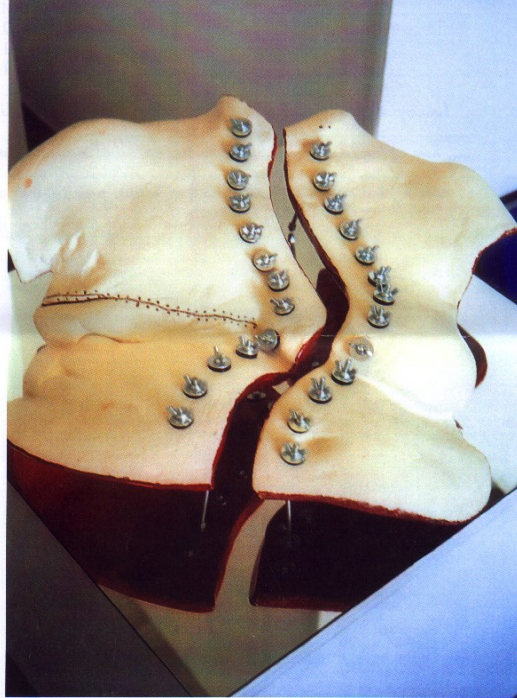
Margaret's exhibition stand was dominated by the plaster cast of her own torso suspended above her work.



In my friend's kitchen preparing the first mould base that would be used in major works. We had a great time doing this.

The day of my operation I truly thought that the removal of my breast would leave me with a huge hole in my chest. Dismantling was more in my thoughts than operating. Procedures had been explained to me but for several weeks I could not hear or understand what people were saying.





**CANCER
ART
NEEDS
CONSTANT
EMOTIONAL
REMINDERS**

Using this as a poster appealed to me. The background would have to be worked on but I think it sends out a very strong message of emotion and rebuilding of ones body and life.

THANKS to everyone who came to the **Christmas Party**, to those who helped set it up, who made marvellous puddings, who helped us to clean up afterwards, decorate the tree and the Centre, undecorate the tree and the Centre before we went home and especially to Emma, who sang to us, Nicholas and Dorothea who played their recorders while we sang carols, and to Ros for bringing along 'County Connections' to sing to us.

Enormous thanks to Judith who cooked over 60 chicken/mushroom/vegetable curries for us and she made a profit for the Centre. She's a marvellous woman! There were helpers extraordinaire who didn't leave the kitchen all night ~ Judith, Margot, Gill, Sheila, Jane, David, John and Ken ~ and maybe others I don't know about

Ron says ~

While Ann is probably paddling in the Indian Ocean I thought I would like to say that once again our Centre enjoyed our Christmas Party, where we met old and new friends. We all sat down for a lovely meal of curry and rice made by Judith. It was nice to see that several of the Police (*who have been so kind to us*) attended Also it was nice to see Chris and Josie who came from Spalding to be with us, and Paula from Newmarket. I think it's a tribute when people like them travel all that way to support the Centre. I hope everyone liked the Christmas cake made by my daughter Jill ~ she's made the cake every Christmas since I've been coming to the Centre for 12 years. I must not forget Margot who made the punch. I don't know who did the washing up but we thank them for that chore ~ I was told they were there until midnight after finishing the cake and coffee. I hope to see more new faces at the Centre ~ or should I say 'Our Centre'. I'm hoping we find a suitable place where we can all meet after the present centre is returned to the church. I must also mention Dorothea and her son who played the recorders and Emma who sang for us and also the wonderful choir. Once again I thank every-one who came.



A Very Different Christmas ~
Big Nose ~THAILAND

'Land of Smiling Faces' ~

and to that I would add 'and kind hearts'. I was woken by the wake-up call of swans, ducks, cockerels, peacocks, fountains and could lie on the balcony, relaxing to Norah Jones' "Don't Know Why" with the tops of banana and coconut trees within reach. And the women are beautiful and, Thailand son says, you almost can't hold a Thai woman's hand unless you are married. to her.



I spent Christmas day in a village, in the northeast of Thailand. On the way there we got off the night train at Udon. We then travelled (*Thailand son, his wife and me*) with suitcases in a 'samlor' ~ (*fresh-air-and-close-your-eyes travel*). You see a situation ~ in the middle of the road one samlor going one way, another samlor going another way and a motorbike in between not sure which way to go. Close your eyes and open them again to find the situation has resolved itself. "What are the rules of the road here", I asked Thailand son. "The only rule is, Mum, that there are no rules of the road".

Into hired car and off we set on the final leg of our journey. Quite a long way up north by now and on a clear, straight road but now there is suddenly a road block with six policemen suggesting you stop. Conversation takes place which includes 'England' and 'mother' everyone looking at me and it seems we are O.K. so off we set again. It seems the road we were taking is a road on which the drugs come into Thailand, hence the stop but we imagined how we would **feel** if we knew the boot was full of drugs when we saw those policemen up front. So I suggest you give to your travelling sons, daughters and grandchildren a copy of *'The Damage Done' by Warren Fellowes, ISBN 0-7329-094-7, pub. Macmillan.*

Christmas Day ~ such hard lives the villagers lead, in the rice fields with meagre financial rewards, but happy all the time ~ lots of laughter as we sat around, on the floor in the evening. It seemed I as a foreign mother with a big nose was an attraction so, as we sat there, every now and then in walked someone and sat down and we all smiled at each other because we couldn't do the talking bit. And when I offered to remove the dishes after an outside lunch, I was told that 'old people' weren't allowed to do that "but", I said, "I am not an old people". "You are while you are here" was the reply.

Lots of the villagers arrived and then I was told it was time for me to rest and sleep so a mosquito net was placed in the corner of the room, mattresses and pillows placed in it and I was persuaded to enter, which I did whilst everyone appeared unconcerned that I was going to bed.

At the Centre's Christmas Party I stopped what I was doing, looked around and thought to myself "just look at this place". It was heaving with people, full of goodwill for our beloved Centre ~ a place we feel passionate about. A few weeks on from that Party I can say I am very glad I live where I do, without the hard-ships (*in my eyes*) I saw in that Thai village and I am thankful for the interesting and full and loved life I lead

here, which includes, of course, being heavily involved with the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre and the amazing people who bring it to life.

Love from Ann

PS

Joke from Thailand son

Q What is brown and sticky?

A A stick

Joke from Cambridge son

Woman goes to see G.P.

“I’m very worried about my husband, he keeps having heart attacks”

“Right” says the doctor, “don’t worry. I’ve got these new pills ~ they’re marvellous for heart problems. Just what your husband needs. Tell him to take two pills at a time but it’s extremely important he doesn’t take them every day. So tell him to take two tomorrow (Wednesday), but skip the next day, take two on Friday but skip Saturday, take two on Sunday and I’ll come to see him on Monday.”

So on Monday the doctor arrived at their house and the wife said “oh dear doctor my husband has died”. “What!” exclaimed the doctor. “But those new pills are marvellous I cannot understand why this has happened.”

“Oh no doctor”, she said, “it wasn’t because of the pills, it was because of the skipping.”

Date for your diary

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Will be held at 7.30 on

Wednesday 3rd March 2004

Details from the Centre

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.
