

Christmas Party at the Centre

on Thursday 4th December from 7 - 10 pm

We will have all sorts of entertainment

David Rayner says we can see Father Christmas and shop until 8pm.

Supper will be at 8pm, entertainment will start at 9pm.

We will have tombola and raffle. We particularly need, as always, raffle and tombola prizes ~ for use at the party or later in the year.

Thank you for the marvellous gifts you provide over the year.

As always, please bring a plate of food, savoury or pudding.

Please ask your guests to do the same ~
your friends and family are very welcome to join us.

If you would like to help serve the food, please add your name to the list.

Centre's Opening Hours

We are now open ~

Tuesdays and Wednesdays from 10am to 4pm

Thursdays from 10am to 1pm

First Thursday every month from 5 to 7.30pm

(but not in December or January)

The Centre will close at 4pm on Wednesday 17 December

We will re-open on Tuesday 6 January

Centre's phone number is 01223 840105

Different Strokes

meets at the Centre on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons

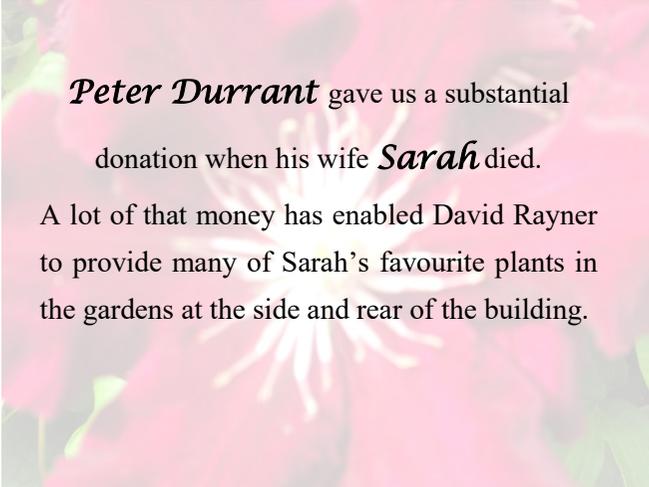
The Multiple Myeloma group

meets on the first Wednesday of every month

The Andreasen Centre

now offers therapies at the Centre on Monday afternoons. Quite a few of 'our own' therapists offer healing at our Centre and at the Andreasen Centre. So if anyone would like to visit them please phone

Jane Kingsbury on 01954 211152 or Don Cook on 01223 874556



Peter Durrant gave us a substantial donation when his wife *Sarah* died.

A lot of that money has enabled David Rayner to provide many of Sarah's favourite plants in the gardens at the side and rear of the building.

In memory of Fiona

Thanks to Barbara Hooper ~ Fiona's Mum, who has contributed to a stand of three Jacquemontii birch trees that have recently been planted at the front of the Centre.

In August we did our usual thing. The Centre was closed for the month and some of us set up coffee mornings and bring-and-share lunches. Started off in my very little house, on a very rainy day, followed by lunch at the Queen's Head. At that coffee morning we raised money for Annie's 'Different Strokes' group. At Joan and Don's house we had lunch and they raised money for the Centre. We had lunch at Ros's, in her sunny garden, and raised money for 'Different Strokes'. Then we went to Carole and Harry's house, did yoga in their lovely large garden and they raised money for our Centre. On that occasion Harry and Carole handed over money for the Centre, donated by Probus. Harry went on to say ~

Carole and I want to thank you and the Centre. Almost three months ago I was diagnosed with an aggressive prostate cancer. I remember coming out of the consultant's room at Addenbrooke's Hospital, feeling shocked and almost numb from what I had just been told. Carole and I stood in the corridor wondering what to do next. The following day Carole met Richard who told her about the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre, and the very next day we arrived at the Centre at Scotsdales. The warmth of welcome we received from everyone there really turned our despair into hope and a realisation that there was much to look forward to. The friends we have met at the Centre and the help we have been given by way of others who have similar problems cannot be adequately expressed by me or Carole except may we say a very big thank you to everyone for the time and effort that you give to all of us who visit the Centre.



Harry, it is a pleasure, and rewarding for all of us to know that we have helped you and Carole. What you say demonstrates that what the Centre does in bringing together people who have got or have had cancer makes it a very powerful place ~ what it does is so simple, thanks to our Founder, Marilyn Barnes.

David Rayner ~

had a significant birthday on the 1st August so Joan made a sunflower-decorated birthday cake ~ we used some excuse to get David to the Centre and then were able to give him a present ~ an autograph book. So if you haven't had an opportunity to write in the book perhaps you can do that when you come to the Christmas Party.

David's sister Pat sent us this short history of her brother, telling us that he was born on 1 August 1928 at Yoyle Farm, Balsham, the third child of Mr. and Mrs Rayner. In later years the family moved to Wilsmere Down Farm at Barrington and both David and his father worked on the land. In between time David trained as a carpenter and also took up beekeeping: he had many hives. The family spent many evenings down in the cellar decanting honey from the big holding tanks, into the small honey jars ready for selling.

David was about 26 years old when they all moved to a small-holding at Shepreth, where he farmed with the family's help until he married Brenda. They continued to live at Shepreth and that's where his first three children were born. In the mean time John, (David's older brother), Mother, Father and Pat all moved to Manor Farm in Northamptonshire.

It was about 1962 when David bought Burgh Hall at Swaffham Bulbeck where he still lives today. His oldest son Adam runs the farm for him, and David helps out whenever he can, as farming is his first love.

Scotsdales Garden Centre was purchased in the late 1950s.

David also owns a farm in France and enjoys some quality time over there farming when he can.



The New Place

I am sure those of you who are able to visit the Centre realise that however lovely it all appears, we are still working on it! We have had flat-pack bookcases, cupboards (large and small), drawer units, chairs, light fittings...and although it may be that I haven't remembered the names of everyone who helped us transform those flat-packs into attractive furniture...there was, Brian, Jan, Joan, Pam, Peter, Ken, Ros, Geoff, and, three people who were called upon time and time again ~ John, Terry and Joe. They did a grand job, having to stop hammering whenever a therapy was taking place ~ hammering like crazy when a therapy wasn't taking place. I think we can now say that all the hammering and cupboard constructing has been done. They did it all for no return. Bless them.

We are still working on making the place homely ~ everything runs as it always did at all the places we have inhabited, including Stockwell Street (although we now have more parking spaces!) but there are more people ~ more new people who arrive and receive a warm welcome. So I hope that any of our long-standing members will continue to, as they do now, introduce themselves to the new people and show them the ropes.



Tea ladies
men)

(and gentle-

I have to tell you what fun they all are! They have a tea rota and one of them in particular brings in home-made cakes, which most of us try hard to ignore, but fail miserably. **Liz** volunteered to do the cleaning for us so when she comes in she and I play Abba, loudly, (and soon we may add in Status Quo's 'Rockin' All Over the World' ~ because I do that in my small kitchen anyway, when no one is looking!), make tea and each get on with our jobs. I have yet to work out how she cleans the whole place in well under a couple of hours. Liz's husband, after the day Liz went to pick apples to sell outside Scotsdale's to raise money for the SCF, asked her if she was going to be a scrubber or scrumper that day!

Good Stuff

There is so much good stuff going on at our Centre. The **therapists** continue to offer marvellous, much appreciated help, by way of healing, reflexology, Indian head massage. **Don's** relaxation is not to be missed and has been described as exceptional.

We offer counselling and financial help in certain circumstances. In the past we have provided help with travel costs to Penny Brohn Cancer Care and also have helped to pay for certain treatments which aren't available at the Centre, such as McTimoney chiropractice and osteopathy ~ all paid for from our David Cornwell Fund.

Richard and Bernard look after our wheelbarrow plant display and Richard can be seen enjoying himself weeding the garden at the side and back of the Centre from time to time.

We are also continually thankful to David Rayner and his family for providing us with such a beautiful space ~ in which beautiful things often happen, tempered with some sadness, but the scale is much more beautiful than sad.

The Foundation needs help to raise well over £200,000 because they still haven't raised sufficient money to pay for all of the new building. Since David Rayner set out to give us such a marvellous new home I think we will all feel happier when the debt is paid. So if you can raise money for the Scotsdales Charitable Foundation, David will be delighted. Of course we mustn't forget that our Centre also needs to continue to fund-raise in the way it has been doing for 22 years ~ just to keep the place going for as long as cancer is around.

We're hoping that someone will have an **unwanted bookshelf** for Scotsdales to use for displaying our unwanted books somewhere in the garden centre. David Rayner would like to sell the books we've finished with to raise funds for the SCF. He'll screw an 'honesty box' to the bookcase for donations.

India ~ Joan, one of our super tea-ladies, says she spent a lovely holiday in India, visited the Taj Mahal, forts in Agra, Dehli and Fatehpur Sikri, rode on elephants within the Amber fort at Jaipur and, admired the Indian workmanship in the temples and various buildings which were breathtaking. She went on to say ~

When we arrived in Delhi we were very surprised for it was more of a culture shock than Egypt, where we had been a few years earlier. The poverty and masses of people that were everywhere took us all by surprise. To think that my daughter had been travelling around on the local buses and trains really shocked me for they were dangerously overcrowded and sweltering in the heat. We were very lucky, as we did all our travelling around in a private taxi that was very comfortable and the windows were blacked out so that we could see everything but no one could see us.

We had been advised to take lots of sweets and biros with us to hand out to the children at the various sightseeing spots but we found that when we tried handing these out we were quickly surrounded and had great difficulty getting back into the taxi, so we had to stop doing it. Whilst in Delhi we stayed in some very comfortable hotels and were provided with the usual toiletries, soap, shampoo, bubble bath etc. My friend and I decided that we would collect all these toiletries, and on our last day we planned to give them away down one of the small back streets in Delhi. We set out with two full carrier bags of goodies and a purse with the Indian currency we had left over. We found a small building site where the women were climbing up the ladders with the bricks on their shoulders and a small girl was working the cement mixer. The workmen did not appear to be very occupied and left the manual work to the women and the children. We called one of the young girls over and gave her the bags and the purse. The women, on seeing us do this, quickly came down the ladders and embraced us thanking us for our kindness. We then made our way back to our hotel and we both agreed that this was one of the highlights of our holiday and that if we ever went back to India we would certainly do this again.

Anne F and I were invited to Granta Probus for a delicious lunch and to talk about our Centre. We explained about how the Centre came into being 22 years ago and a little of what we do at the Centre. Then Anne explained about her.....

Stem Cell Transplant ~ Anne F

Four years ago last August, I was rushed to Addenbrooke's Hospital where, after two weeks of every test imaginable I was diagnosed with Multiple Myeloma. This is a cancer of the plasma cells, often known as bone marrow cancer. At the time, I was in severe pain having suffered from six collapsed vertebrae due to the weakness of my bones; ~ I was flat on my back and could not move. I was immediately started on the first of four Chemotherapy sessions each lasting three weeks. The Chemotherapy was a combination of Intravenous and tablets, on some days I took over 50 tablets! After two weeks I was allowed home: at this time I couldn't even walk two steps as I had lost all the use of the muscles in my legs, and my back was still in severe pain.

Gradually, just like magic, I began to walk a few steps and the pain in my back started to improve. Over the following weeks I got better and better, and by December I was walking one and a half miles per day! It was suggested by my Consultant that I should consider having a Stem Cell Transplant as this was now looked upon as an appropriate treatment for those who were young enough and in reasonable health. After much heart-searching and discussions with friends and family I decided to go for it if I could.

Firstly, I had to undergo tests to make sure that I was fit enough to have the treatment. I then had to produce my own stem cells by having a series of growth hormone injections over seven days. After three days, I had to attend hospital daily for blood tests and as soon as I had enough stem cells in my blood I was attached to an amazing machine that extracted the stem cells from my blood by centrifugal force. Fortunately I made enough for the transplant and enough for a future transplant if required. These were then frozen ready for my admission to Ward C10 after Christmas on 21 January 2005.

I had my own private room as I had to remain in isolation during the transplant period due to the risk of infection as I would have no immune system. Firstly I was given a very high dose of Chemotherapy to kill all my bone marrow ~ 24 hours later I was given back my stem cells. For a week I felt pretty okay, I then started to become extremely uncomfortable with a variety of unpleasant side effects, ranging from losing my taste to violent sickness. I took things day by day, and after one and a half weeks my bloods started to rise and I began to feel better, indicating that the stem cells had grafted. What a joyous moment!

After a further few days I was allowed to return home. I gradually improved and after ten weeks I was back to walking one and a half miles per day, eating well, feeling great and looking forward to the rest of my life. Since then I

have been to Australia twice, and travelled the world.

A lot of my well being is due to the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre. I started visiting there before I had my stem cell transplant and I have never looked back. I have received healing on a regular basis, which I have found extremely beneficial. I have also met the most amazing group of people and made many, many friends there. I would not be where I am today without the love and care that I have received there.

Unfortunately on my return from Perth, Western Australia in March this year I was told that the cancer was back. For two weeks I was in a state of total shock as I had felt so fit and well.

I had been told initially that Multiple Myeloma was incurable and would come back. But I felt invincible! I started treatment on a new drug called Velcade which has only just been approved by NICE after an appeal. It costs £800 an injection which I have four times a month along with heavy doses of steroids. I very recently started my fourth and final cycle of treatment.

I had a treatment-free month in August and went on a twelve-day Mediterranean Cruise to keep me going in the meantime. At the beginning of September I returned to Addenbrooke's for a further stem cell transplant using my frozen stem cells. By Christmas I should hopefully be back to normal again. I have already started booking holidays for next year and plan to re-visit Perth in February 2010.

With the continued help and support of the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre I know that I will get through this blip and carry on with my life.

Painting Group ~ Pat

The Watercolour painting group is underway and is growing by the week. We get together on Wednesday mornings from about 10.45 onwards. We have started with mixing colours and washes to learn some basic water-colour techniques. All are welcome. Don't worry if you are having one of the treatments ~ we can work around it.

I notice that Fiona smiles at them from her photograph ~ she used to motivate the art group,

Fran and I were invited to meet the ~

Rutherford Rotarians

We met John Williamson, the President,
David Munro, Community Service Chair and Michael Hellowell,
Community Service committee member. We had a delicious lunch with
them, and told them about our Centre and what goes on here.

**They raised lots of money for us at their Golf Day in May ~
in fact they presented us with a cheque
for £6,500 from the proceeds!**

A Very Big Thank You from us all.

Thank you also to one of our Members, **Betty S**, who donated a beautiful
hand-made quilt for the Raffle, which made over £1,000 on the Golf Day.

Many thanks to the following John Lewis partners ~

Anthony Wyner, who arranged for us to have a Dyson vacuum-cleaner

Karen Negus, who sent us some superb cutlery

Janice and Ian who gave us some beautiful mugs

Sarah Ingram ~ for being in charge of all this giving

Leila Lindsell, from the Royal British Legion Women's Section ~
who gave us £95

James Nunn ~ haircut

Several of us at the Centre sponsored James, who had all his hair cut off ~
he raised **£620** for the Scotsdales Charitable Foundation. If you see him in
the restaurant you'll find that he looks very different!

Fruit sales ~ Kath, Lilian and John Norden have picked fruit from Maureen's orchard throughout the Summer, and every Sunday have been seen outside Scotsdales selling fruit for 50p a bag.

They occasionally have some help from some of us, but they are the experts. Maureen, for the second year running, donated all the apples from her orchard to help raise money for SCF.



They have so far raised £468 this year.

Special thanks to Ros and Penny ~

Ros somehow always finds sufficient tombola and raffle prizes for us. She secretes them away throughout the year in her secret hiding place and then patiently numbers them up before we have a fund-raising event.

Penny has taken on selling the jewellery, books and other goods we have for sale. She can also value them, being an expert in this field. But she does price them in such a way that they are a 'bargain'. And thank you Penny for making the shelves look so attractive.

This is a good time to remind everyone that whatever we do not sell goes to either Emmaus or Cancer Research UK. Everything you give us is either raffled, put into tombola, or sold to benefit our Centre or SCF. As to clothes, we keep them just a couple of weeks before passing on anything that hasn't been purchased.

Pat, David Rayner's sister gave us a large donation to enable us to buy absolutely hundreds of white plates, large and small and also some small dishes. We expect to see her soon when she comes to Scotsdales in time for Christmas.

Waitrose ~

have very kindly offered to provide all the Centre's tea, coffee, milk and sugar free of charge. They have already given us approximately £60 worth of these goodies. So, if you don't already, shop at Waitrose

Thank you Jane ~ Fran

At the beginning of our summer break Jane Cornell decided to resign from being a Trustee and Therapies Coordinator in order to pursue a different path in her life.

Jane devoted herself wholeheartedly to recruiting, supporting and looking after the therapists and she will be greatly missed by therapists and members of the Centre alike. She had helped to make the difficult transition from Stockwell Street through the Sunflower Meeting Room to our new Centre as comfortable as possible. This often involved a lot of behind-the-scenes organisation and a great deal of physical moving of couches and screens, not to mention arranging the washing of all the towels and ensuring that supplies of tissues and paper towels were kept replenished.

Jane took a special interest in fund-raising for the North Pole Marathon, and meetings at her house were always accompanied by wonderful home-made refreshments, something which the Therapists also enjoyed at their meetings!

Everybody at the Centre will want to acknowledge Jane's contribution and express their appreciation for all the enthusiasm and hard work she has devoted to the Centre over the last 12 years and to wish her well in her new ventures.



We very much appreciate how well the library is being

looked after by *Anne P and Joan C*

and how zealously **Joan** has worked on it over the last few weeks painstakingly re-labelling all the books with our new address.

Many thanks to you both.

Ascent of Mont Blanc ~ Andy Filler

Achieving the summit of Mont Blanc (nearly 16,000ft) took us two attempts, our first attempt over two days ended in exhaustion 450m from the summit, due to being forced into a fast ascent because of a limited weather 'window'. As we descended it became obvious the weather forecast was improving, and a second attempt that week became possible. This attempt, staged over 3 days, achieved success and the summit was reached early on the morning of 19 July 2008. A very worthwhile and satisfying experience, heightened by the knowledge that I was raising funds in a good cause.

**Well done Andy (proud Margot's son) ~
thank you for raising almost £1,000 for our Centre**

Lands End to John O'Groats ~ 'Le Slog' ~ 968 miles

**Geoff Nicholas completed his cycle ride (see June's newsletter)
and sends us this report ~**

Despite a hazardous beginning ~ involving difficulties with pre-booked cycle spaces at the start of our train journey to Penzance ~ we arrived safely and cycled to Lands End where we took the all important photograph under the famous signpost. Our total cycling journey took fourteen days stopping off en route at Camelford, Bampton, Chepstow, Ludlow, Northwich, Milnthorpe, Dumfries, Largs, Inverary, Fort William, Beaulieu, Lairg, Bettyhill. We took our final photograph at John O'Groats on Sunday 15th at 2.15pm.

Although we encountered a number of mechanical problems along the way the experienced mechanics within our group proved that such issues were not insurmountable. Our party completed the ride without accident or injury and I am extremely grateful to my fellow cyclists for their company, help with organisation, navigation and numerous other elements which combined to ensure a very enjoyable break. The weather was kind to us for the first ten days but for the final few days we were confronted by a head wind and rain riding towards the north of Scotland. This was so bad that on occasion it resulted in some of our party using telephone boxes for respite from the cold and wet, when eating their lunch time sandwiches.

And the most tiring part of the journey ~ well that was the fourteen hour return train journey from Wick back to Cambridge, so it was with relief I mounted my bike at the station to cycle the last eight miles to my home!

**Well done & thank you to Geoff
for raising £1,400 for our Centre**



Family History Research ~ Janet G

Since my inoperable cancer diagnosis in September 2005, I retired from nursing. Consequently I've had time to do some family history research. I love it! For one thing it is very absorbing, its like detective work, and it also gives fascinating glimpses into the lives of past generations. The poor women ~ how many children they often had! Thank goodness for family planning!

When our future is uncertain, it is somehow comforting to think back to all those who came before us. And it has helped put me in touch with relatives I had scarcely any contact with previously. My mother had five siblings but was not close to them as, with their parents in India, they had been separated for long periods. I hardly knew some of my first cousins. Now we correspond regularly and exchange information about the family. I have found completely 'new' cousins too ~ surprisingly near in Godmanchester ~ and in Canada, Australia and New Zealand. It is heart-warming to receive all the appreciation and encouragement from the family for my researches. So I feel I am both doing something I thoroughly enjoy and that others appreciate.

The other day my new cousin Peter and my brother and I paid a visit to the grave of our great great great grandfather who died in 1829 aged 80 (a ripe age in those days) in Norfolk. We had a lovely meal at the village pub (which was the Blacksmith's in his day).

When you are feeling ill it probably seems a daunting task to get started. I was lucky that my friend's son helped me and introduced me to useful websites. While I was having more chemo and had very little energy, when I felt able, I sat in bed with a laptop tracking down the branches of my family tree. I do recommend it!

As a relative beginner I do not feel very qualified to give instruction about doing the research but here are a few pointers. First of all, of course, you

need to find out as much as you can from living relatives. The website I mainly use is 'ancestry.co.uk' (annual sub about £80). There are other similar websites. Censuses are available from 1841-1901. From these you can find who was living at a certain address, their age, place of birth, relationship to head of household (latter not in 1841 census) and occupation. By entering any of this information you try to find the correct census entry for the person you are looking for ~ it helps a lot in identifying the right person if the name (even middle name) is unusual. And you score a bulls-eye if you find a cousin or mother-in-law staying who can confirm you're on the right track! Also available are the Birth, Marriage and Death indexes from 1837 (1855 in Scotland) to the present and a lot of other data over the internet and these give more information (e.g. father of bride and of groom) to confirm or otherwise that you have found the right person and may give extra information e.g. informant of a death and witnesses at wedding are often relatives.

It is usually fairly easy to go back to the late 1700's if ancestors born then were still alive at the time of the first census in 1841. To go back further using Old Parish Records of baptisms, marriages and burials, and wills etc. requires a good deal more luck and detective work. The websites 'familysearch.org' which is free is useful for going further back. A useful website for getting in contact with living relatives is 'genesreunited' (annual sub about £10). Through this website you can find a fellow researcher who appears to have a common ancestor on their family tree (i.e. name and year of birth match). You can then contact them with further details and find out if it is a true match and, if so, how you are related to each other!

Sometimes when I'm spending ages trawling through information trying to find the date an ancestor died I wonder if it is a worthwhile use of my time ~ but then it's like filling in a huge and very interesting jigsaw puzzle!



Life With An Alternative Bum ~ Anon

I found it very frustrating and difficult coping with my stoma at first. It was very painful to sit as my rectum and anus were removed. Also I had a wound the length of my tummy.

After days of eating mashed potatoes and gravy, plus the odd slice of toast, increasing variety into my diet again was very much trial and error, with the odd disaster. The stoma had a mind of its own and would protest loudly, causing me embarrassment at times. Hence I had to explain to my inquisitive grandson that my bottom had been diverted to my tummy and that was why it sometimes made strange noises. After a little thinking he said "OK, so you have an alternative bum, grandma ~ that's cool!"

As it is with me for good, I decided it would have to live with me, not control or restrict what I wanted to do. The stoma nurses say it helps if you give it a name. I really can't repeat what I have called it on occasions.

Still, we have settled into a daily routine which seems to work most of the time. I can now eat most things. I can swim again and also ride my bicycle (avoiding bumps).

Who knows, we may even become friends one day.

I find the Centre very relaxing and calming. So many brave people, still smiling. You realise there is always someone worse off than yourself and that helps to make your own problems seem less important.

Thank you to Heartbeat magazine ~

for making us their charity again this year.

The magazines are available free of charge at the Centre.

Thank you Marie ~ (or Mystic Mum as her children call her)

for raising a further £50 from the E Bay sale of Myth & Magic.

This brings the total raised by Marie to **£222**.

Crime Training Team ~ again they are doing a sponsored slim. They have done this before for our Centre so I hope they will be able to come to the Centre to hand over their hard-earned, weight-losing cash.

Christmas Cakes ~ we normally give a Christmas cake to the Crime Training Team and to the police officers at RAF Wyton. One of the Christmas cakes used to go to the traffic police ~ but one of our favourite police officers has transferred to the helicopter, so that cake will go to his team.

*If you wish to give a donation towards the provision of the cakes,
you can do that at the Centre.*

Two Little Old Ladies ~ from Ros

Two little old ladies were sitting on a park bench outside the local town hall where a flower show was in progress. The thin one leaned over and said “life is so darned boring. We never have any fun any more. For £10 I’d take my clothes off and streak through that stupid flower show!

“You’re on!” said the other old lady, holding up a £10 note.

So the first little old lady slowly fumbled her way out of her clothes and, completely naked, streaked (as fast as an old lady can) through the front door of the flower show.

Waiting outside her friend soon heard a huge commotion inside the hall, followed by loud applause and shrill whistling.

The smiling and naked old lady came through the exit door surrounded by a cheering crowd.

“What happened?” asked her waiting friend.

“I won 1st prize as Best Dried Arrangement, she replied!”

One of our readers has used  pieces from **Lifeline** to read aloud when her group has met. She says ~ “I explained the source of the readings, which we had as part of our ‘entertainment’ ~ some informative, some humorous and others somewhat challenging”.

We hope she finds plenty of material in this copy of Lifeline!

I will Bloody Do It! ~ Paul

I am sitting in the lovely new Cambridge Cancer Help Building, chatting to Ann who helps to run the centre and I am surrounded by five or six other cancer patients and we get to talking about my diary and two of them suggest that I try to explain how and why I felt the need to write the diary. So that is what I am about to do.

It's now August 08. It's raining and not very nice outside ~ or so Terry on the radio would have us believe. But to me and most people who sit in a bland hospital room and get told you may have weeks or at the most six months to live there is no such thing as a bad day to me. They are all good because that conversation was on 24 January 2007 ~ nearly twenty months ago.

I am not sure where the idea came from but somebody put the idea in my head that I should keep a diary from day one of finding out that I had cancer. I had kept a diary for work but never really one about my life and as things were moving so fast it seemed like a good idea ~ so that's how it all started.

During the first few days it seemed as though someone had put a brick wall up and I had my nose pressed right up to it. I could not see a way round, over or through it. As the weeks passed and I had got through telling all my family, friends and work colleagues I began to see a bit of light. I had backed away from the brick wall and started to think about Living not Dying.

I went to have a review at Woodlands Cancer Centre which is attached to Hinchingsbrook Hospital in Huntingdon. It's a lovely place and the doctors and nurses try to make it as pleasant as they can but, as we all know, it's not easy.

I go in and meet Ginette and she explains how it all works and that it will take all day to pump the chemotherapy into me. She asked me if I have any questions. and I tell her that I would like to take a couple of breaks as we go along as there are some goals that I have along the way, and she says that will be fine.

The weeks pass and the chemotherapy continues every three weeks and I fall into a pattern of working and fitting in the treatment around it until April when I somehow get an infection and lose a stone in seven days. My temperature goes through the roof and I get admitted to hospital for seven days. So now is the time for some very hard decisions.

The doctors tell me I cannot take the strain of work and the chemotherapy so I have to make a choice. It's not going to be a hard one if I want to stay alive so I go into work and explain that I am stopping and they understand and wish me all the best and ask me to keep in touch and let them know how I am getting on.

I can now take time to let myself and my body recover from the battering it has had over the last few months and I have more time to do some of the things that I have been putting off for years ~ spending time with Maria and Sean, Kevin, Stuart and getting out on the bike when I feel ok.

Another big turning point was the Macmillan 'Living With Cancer' course. I am not sure how or where I found out about it but I left a message and a

lovely lady named Janet got back to me and explained they were running a course in Cambridge and asked if would I like to join it and I said I would.

I turned up on that first Wednesday not really knowing what to expect. There was only one other gentleman - a chap named Peter. All the rest were ladies. It soon turned out that this was about having a good laugh and enjoying yourself as much as possible, helped by two ladies that we nicknamed 'Morecambe and Wise' and you don't need me to explain this if you are lucky enough to meet them.

The course is six weeks long and is supposed to last two hours but it was nearer three as we were all having such a great time and did not want to go home. The six weeks flew by and at the last meeting we decided to keep in touch and go out for lunch once a month or meet at a pub just down the road. After a couple of months we decided to go to Scotsdales Garden Centre as the brand new Cambridge Cancer Help Centre was due to re-open shortly and we could have a look round and meet there in future.

I learned that I could have healing at this centre, which I jumped at, as this seems to help my feet, which have been troubling me. I have been going back for this healing every week since then.

Another thing that I learned about from one of the ladies on the Macmillan course was a course called Odyssey (www.odyssey.org) which is based on an outward bound course and is put together for cancer patients. This was another big learning curve for me. I am not allowed to tell you too much about it as that would spoil it for anyone taking part, but you do learn how to enjoy life with a new spring in your soul and a whole new outlook.

I started this review looking back over twenty months and if you had put money on me still being here twenty months on I would not have given myself a chance in a million.

But this just shows how you can survive and get the best out of a bad job. Some of the people I have been privileged to meet over this time and some of the things that I have done would not have happened without that grim day in January 2007, and I am not about to tell you that I am happy to have cancer but what I will tell you is that the cancer is going to get one hell of a fight as I have got far too much to do before I go anywhere.

This is to all of you that have got me this far .You may never know how much you all meant to me over the last few months. *Love Paul*

P.S. (from Ann) A few months ago this marvellous, endearing man, ensconced in his motorbike leathers and helmet, parked his motorbike outside and walked into our new Centre. That was Paul. He is now a regular visitor. He phoned me recently and said that he had just returned home after a jog-walk of three and a half miles and that his next goal is the half marathon in Peterborough in October. “Uh huh”, I said cautiously “have you erm, er, sort of mentioned this to your consultant”?

“Yes, yes” he replied ~ “she scratched her head a few times and said this and that a couple of times and reminded me that the half marathon isn’t a race ~ walk a bit, run a bit, take care.” Thing is I don’t know whether or not I can do it but if I don’t try then I will never know.

Well, that’s marvellous, I said. Of course we will sponsor you. (Sponsor forms are at the Centre)

Paul’s last words before he rung off were ~ **I Will Bloody Do It!**

Some time later he told me: “Now they say I’ve got cancer in some of my bones. Well, I have plenty of bits it’s not had a go at yet and it’s not going to get me that easily ~ and as the nurses keep telling me they feel sorry for the cancer now!” That has to be a first!

I’ve Lost It ~ from Anne P

I’ve lost it

I’ve searched high and low

I can’t find it anywhere

As far as I know!

I used to have one

It was really rather good

But it is gradually disappearing

I never dreamt it would

If you’ve still got a memory

Hold on to it tight

Exercise it daily

Don’t give it up without a fight

DNA Report by Gred Braden (passed to me by Brighid)

Below are three astonishing experiments with DNA which prove that DNA can heal itself according to the 'feelings' of the individual as reported recently by Gregg Braden. In his recent programme entitled 'Healing Hearts/Healing Nations: The Science of Peace and the Power of Prayer', Gregg Braden discussed how in the past we lost huge amounts of information from ancient spiritual traditions (when the library at Alexandria burned we lost at least 532,000 documents), and that there may be information in those traditions which could help us understand some of the mysteries of science. To this end he reported on three very interesting experiments. Greg Braden started off as a scientist and engineer, before he began pursuing these larger questions.

Experiment 1

The first experiment reported was done by Dr Vladimir Poponin, a quantum biologist. In this experiment a container was emptied (i.e. a vacuum was created within it), leaving only the photons (particles of light). The distribution (ie the location) of the photons was measured and found to be completely random inside the container. This was the expected result.

Some DNA was then placed inside the container and the distribution (location) of the photons was re-measured. This time the photons were LINED UP in an ORDERED way and aligned with the DNA. In other words the physical DNA had an effect on the non-physical photons.

After that, the DNA was removed from the container, and the distribution of the photons was measured again. The photons REMAINED ORDERED and lined up where the DNA had been. What are the light particles connected to?

Gregg Braden says we are forced to accept the possibility that some NEW field of energy, a web of energy, is there and the DNA is communicating with the photons through this energy.

Experiment 2

This was an experiment done by the military. Leukocytes (white blood cells) were collected from the DNA of donors and placed into chambers so that any electrical changes could be measured. The donor was placed in one room and subjected to 'emotional stimulation' consisting of video clips, which generated different emotions in the donor. The DNA was placed in a different room in the same building.

Both the donor and his DNA were monitored and as the donor exhibited emotional peaks or valleys (measured by electrical responses) the DNA exhibited the IDENTICAL RESPONSES AT EXACTLY THE SAME TIME. There was no time lag, no transmission time. The DNA peaks and valleys EXACTLY MATCHED the peaks and valleys of the donor in time. The military wanted to

see how far away they could separate the donor from his DNA and still get this effect. They stopped testing after they separated the DNA and the donor by 50 miles and STILL had the SAME result. No time lag, no transmission time. The DNA and the donor had the same identical responses in time.

What can this mean? Gregg Braden says it means that living cells communicate through a previously unrecognized form of energy. This energy is not affected by time and distance. This is a non- local form of energy, an energy that already exists everywhere, all the time.

Experiment 3

The third experiment was done by the Institute of Heart Math and the paper that was written about this was entitled: Local and Non local Effects of Coherent Heart Frequencies on Conformational Changes of DNA. (Disregard the title! The info is incredible.)

This is the experiment that relates directly to the anthrax situation. In this experiment, some human placenta DNA (the most pristine form of DNA) was placed in a container from which they could measure changes in the DNA. Twenty-eight vials of DNA were given (one each) to 28 trained researchers. Each researcher had been trained how to generate and FEEL feelings, and they each had strong emotions.

What was discovered was that the DNA CHANGED ITS SHAPE according to the feelings of the researchers: when the researchers FELT gratitude, love and appreciation, the DNA responded by RELAXING, and the strands unwound. The length of the DNA became longer. When the researchers FELT anger, fear, frustration or stress, the DNA responded by TIGHTENING UP. It became shorter and SWITCHED OFF many of our DNA codes! If you've ever felt 'shut down' by negative emotions, now you know why your body was equally shut down too. The shut down of the DNA codes was reversed and the codes were switched back on again when feelings of love, joy, gratitude and appreciation were felt by the researchers.

This experiment was later followed up by testing HIV positive patients. It was discovered that feelings of love, gratitude and appreciation created 300,000 TIMES the RESISTANCE they had without those feelings. So here's the answer to what can help you stay well, no matter what dreadful virus or bacteria may be floating around. Stay in feelings of joy, love, gratitude and appreciation.

These emotional changes went beyond the effects of electromagnets. Individuals trained in deep love were able to change the shape of their DNA. Greg Braden says this illustrates a new recognised form of energy that connects all of creation through VIBRATION.

Summary

What do the results of these experiments have to do with our present situation? This is the science behind how we can choose a timeline to stay safe, no matter what else is happening. As Gregg explains in 'The Isaiah Effect', time is not just linear (past, present and future) ~ it also has depth. The depth of time consists of all the possible prayers and timelines that could ever be prayed or exist. Essentially, all our prayers have already been answered. We just activate the one we're living through our FEELINGS.

This is how we create our reality ~ by choosing it with our feelings. Our feelings are activating the timeline via the web of creation which connects all of the energy and matter of the Universe.

Remember that the law of the Universe is that we attract what we focus on. If you are focused on fearing whatever may come, you are sending a strong message to the Universe to send you whatever you fear. Instead if you can get yourself into feelings of joy, love, appreciation or gratitude, and focus on bringing more of that into your life, you are automatically going to avoid the negative stuff.

You will be choosing a different timeline with your feelings.

You can prevent getting anthrax or any other flu, virus etc by staying in these positive feelings, which maintains an incredibly strong immune system.

So here's your protection for whatever comes. Find something to be happy about every day, and every hour if possible, moment-to-moment, even if only for a few minutes. This is the easiest and best protection you can have. If nothing else, be joyous that the criminals have 'already been caught' by the UNIVERSE!

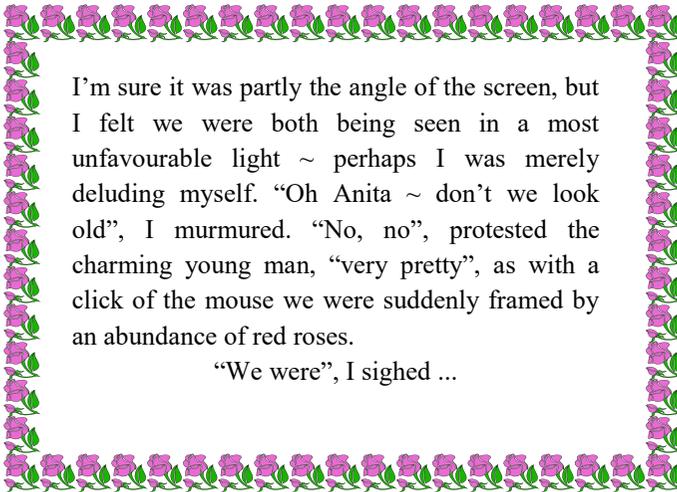
Gregg Braden is the author of the following books:

Awakening to Zero Point
Walking Between the Worlds
The Science of Compassion
The Isaiah Effect

<http://www.greggbraden.com>

Heavenly connections?

A little way into the demonstration of the new computer I was helping my friend to select, I suddenly realised that it was my friend and me who were staring back at us from the screen. “You’ll be able to see your grannies”, smiled the young man, with one of those charming rearrangements of our language that only our cousins from overseas can dream up. “Our grannies?”, I gasped. Since both of my ‘grannies’ had died before I was born, this could indeed be a moment to be cherished! I gazed intently at the screen, half expecting some miracle to materialise, before reluctantly being jerked back to ‘reality’. “Don’t you mean our grandchildren?” I whispered weakly.



Birthdays are good for you ~
those who have the most live the longest.
Anon

I accompanied David Rayner and Councillor Charlie Nightingale when they were presented with £5,000 for the Scotsdales Charitable Foundation. The money was raised by the **Sawston Fun Run**.

Another successful charity that evening was **Magpas**, the Emergency Medical Charity, which was started by Neville Silverston MBE in 1971.

He told the following story ~ that he was driving his car, in a hurry, to answer an emergency call. He had to overtake a police car so, by way of an excuse for his speed, as he passed them he dropped a hint by waving his stethoscope out of the car window. Then the police car passed him ~ dropping a heavier and more serious hint ~ by waving their handcuffs out of their car window!

Magpas was awarded the Queen's Award for Voluntary Service in 2005. Their doctors and paramedics fly on Anglia Two and the police helicopter, and in the last 12 months have been activated 700 times. They also run the Community First Responder Scheme where volunteers help save lives in their local town or village. They have 33 such groups across Cambridgeshire and last year their volunteers provided more than 130,000 hours of cover, giving medical support in 1,500 cases.

The Emergency Medical Team shares the same facilities as the Police Air Operations Unit ~ so if we pay another visit to RAF Wyton, perhaps we will meet them.



Battle/Surgery

Scars

Christine passed me an article about an 11 year old lad's battle with a brain tumour. His mother wrote that during his recovery he had decided to charge people £1 to look at his livid scar ~ which most people willingly paid. However, one somewhat squeamish person gave him £5 provided he **didn't** have to look at it!

So I thought that perhaps we could do something similar at the Centre ~ a different sort of fund-raising event. So to start everyone off I will let you see a small scar on my right foot where I helped my Dad dig the garden by putting one prong of the garden fork through my foot ~ I'll accept 2s.6d. (currency at that time) to anyone who wants a look! And 5 shillings from anyone who doesn't want to look.

A father passing by his son's bedroom was astonished to see the bed was nicely made, and everything was picked up. Then, he saw an envelope, propped up prominently on the pillow. It was addressed, 'Dad'. With the worst premonition, he opened the envelope and read the letter, with trembling hands.

Dear Dad,

It is with great regret and sorrow that I'm writing to you. I had to elope with my new girlfriend, because I wanted to avoid a scene with Mum and you.

I've been finding real passion with Stacy, and she is so nice, but I knew you would not approve of her, because of all her piercings, tattoos, her tight Motorcycle clothes, and because she is so much older than I am.

But it's not only the passion, Dad. She's pregnant. Stacy said that we will be very happy. She owns a trailer in the woods, and has a stack of firewood for the whole winter.

We share a dream of having many more children. Stacy has opened my eyes to the fact that marijuana doesn't really hurt anyone. We'll be growing it for ourselves, and trading it with the other people in the commune, for all the cocaine and ecstasy we want.

In the meantime, we'll pray that science will find a cure for AIDS, so Stacy can get better. She certainly deserves to!!

Don't worry Dad, I'm 15, and I know how to take care of myself. Someday, I'm sure we'll be back to visit, so you can get to know your many grandchildren.

Love, your son, Joshua.

P.S. Dad, none of the above is true. I'm over at Jason's house. I just wanted to remind you that there are worse things in life than the school report that's on my desk.

Married couple in their early 60s celebrating their 35th wedding anniversary in a quiet, romantic little restaurant. Suddenly a tiny, beautiful fairy appeared and said, "for being such an exemplary married couple and for being loving to each other I will give you each a wish".

Wife said, "Oh, I want to travel round the world with my darling husband".

Fairy waved her magic wand and two tickets for Queen Mary II appeared. Husband thought for a moment and said, "Well, this is all very romantic but I want a wife who is 30 years younger to be with me."

So, disappointed fairy waved magic wand and he became 92 years old!

Moral ~ it is worth remembering that fairies are female

Why Parents Drink ~ from Ros

The boss wondered why one of his most valued employees was absent one day but had not phoned in sick. Needing to have an urgent problem with one of the main computers resolved, he dialled the employee's home phone number and was greeted with a child's whisper. "Hello"

"Is your daddy home?" he asked.

"Yes" whispered the small voice

"May I talk with him?"

The child whispered "No".

Surprised and wanting to talk with an adult, the boss asked, "Is your Mummy there?"

"Yes"

"May I talk with her?"

Again the small voice whispered, "No".

Hoping there was somebody with whom he could leave a message, the boss asked, "Is anybody else there?"

"Yes" whispered the child, "a policeman".

Wondering what a cop would be doing at his employee's home the boss asked

"May I speak with the policeman?"

"No, he's busy" whispered the child.

"Busy doing what?"

"Talking to Daddy and Mummy and the Fireman" came the whispered answer

Growing more worried as he heard a loud noise in the background through the earpiece on the phone, the boss asked "What is that noise?"

"A helicopter" answered the whispering voice.

"What is going on there?" demanded the boss, now truly apprehensive. Again, whispering, the child answered, "The search team just landed a helicopter".

Alarmed, concerned and a little frustrated the boss asked, "What are they searching for?"

Still whispering, the young voice replied with a muffled giggle...

"ME."

I've received the following from Steve, our friendly police officer, who has given us lots of help in the past (he was also a Trustee for a time). Although he's moved far away he still enjoys receiving our newsletter ~ and contributing to it. Here's part of his story.

Big Adventure Story ~ Steve

A few years ago, my wife, Lee, asked me if it would be alright if I took her home. As we were sitting in a pub in Alconbury at the time, I thought she meant take her back to our house just around the corner. Naturally! So I said "Yes"! Well, it turned out what she actually meant was, "Please take me home... back to South Africa."

"What a joke," I said. "You got me that time. Actually thought you meant it for a moment." And I rolled around the floor laughing loudly!

"It's not a joke," she said. "If you really loved me..."

Well, as I had never actually visited the country, although I had actually heard of it, and knew nothing about it either, I thought it would be a good starting point to go across the water and take a little look! Not only that, even if I didn't like the place that much, at least I would have got a holiday! So, shortly after that, we had our first visit together to Cape Town.

Lee really knew what she was doing as our visit was in South Africa's summer months of January and February. We were staying with Lee's relatives, who had a gorgeous house (and a pool) not far from Cape Town. The whole experience was fantastic! The weather was hot, the pool was cool and we had the most breathtaking views of the mountains that I have ever experienced! And the sea was so BLUE! Consequently, I was sold on the idea from Day One! (Although, I had a sneaky suspicion that I had been nicely set up!)

A couple of weeks later, back home in the UK, having returned to snow storms and gales, and temperatures of minus 3° at 6.30am on a dark, February morning, and a huge pile of paperwork left in my trays at work, and beginning to feel despondent again, I thought that perhaps we should 'just do it'.

And as I did 'really love her' and still do 'really love her', so started four years of planning and soul searching, and trying to organise the simple move of living in a detached house in Alconbury, England, and going to work each day for the local constabulary (as I had been doing for the last 20 years) to going to live by the sea near Cape Town, South Africa, and trying to find something different to do to earn a living.

So 'just do it' we thought ~ and we did just that.

Green Tea and Vitamins

In the Body and Soul column in the Times at the end of May it suggested that downing vitamins and green tea might seem a smart idea for cancer patients who are undergoing chemotherapy and radiotherapy, but a new report cautions that this may do more harm than good. They say that the research review in the Journal of the National Cancer Institute, found that taking vitamins, supplements or teas which contain high levels of antioxidants can decrease the effectiveness of the therapies. And the director of radiation oncology at San Diego's Naval Medical Centre, Brian Lawenda, added that they may even make the toxic side-effects of the therapies much worse. It seems that antioxidants are generally thought to be healthy because they help to protect our cells against threats in the body. But they may protect cancer cells from harm just as effectively he said, thus preventing cancer treatments from killing patients' tumours. I checked that out with the Penny Brohn Centre.

Liz Butler, Senior Nutritional Therapist at Penny Brohn Cancer Care says that in fact there are studies suggesting that the reverse is true and that antioxidants at moderate doses do not interfere with chemotherapy or radiotherapy and that they help to reduce the toxic side effects. Liz mentions that a systematic review has been published on this subject and she goes on to say that a systematic review is the most powerful type of study that can be conducted.

(Block K et al, impact of antioxidant supplementation on chemotherapeutic toxicity: a systematic review of the evidence from randomized controller trials. Int J Cancer 2008 Sep 15;123(6):1227-39.)

Interesting ~

In Cambridge city centre there is a notice which says that the quickest way to get a criminal record is to steal a bike.

In the Observer magazine it tells us that a Sussex University study says recycling keeps the brain as stimulated as doing a Sudoku puzzle.

I understand that the **National Treatment Agency for Drug Misuse** has commented that when heroin is prescribed, the same amount of people still want to recover from their addiction as when the heroin is bought illegally ~ they want their lives back.

I read that along with a suggestion (in a letter in the Cambridge Evening News) that perhaps we should buy the opium-poppy crop from Afghan farmers and pay more than they are getting at the moment. Then we turn this into pharmaceutical heroin for prescription to addicts.

Bisphenol A is a key ingredient in the plastic used to make drink containers, and yet it is linked to cancers, autism and genetic damage, so consider going plastic free ~ this came from the August Observer magazine.

Brian Wilson, musician, said “The big disappointment I feel about my life is that I didn’t have more wisdom when it came to taking drugs. Drugs laid me out for years.” From John Hind’s ‘Upfront’ in the Observer magazine

In Big Issue read in ‘**Glass Half Empty**’ by Ben Deedes that a nice glass of wine is considered to be practically a health food and made from fruit and full of antioxidants. But apparently, it isn’t. It said in this article that wine is evil and riddled with chemical filth, and maybe contains 40 ingredients from fish to dairy produce ~ or sugar to boost alcohol levels, or ingredients that pose a significant threat to health, or artificial flavouring (which was in an award-winning wine). And that some champagne vineyards were fertilised for decades with rubbish from Paris ~ and syringes, bits of plastic bags, batteries and razor blades.

The Cancer Research UK newsletter tells us that Bobby Robson survived both bowel cancer and a rare form of mouth cancer. He says he owes his life to advances in cancer research ~ and also to his wife Elsie who ‘nagged’ him to see his GP in 1995 when his mouth cancer was first diagnosed. Sir Bobby was advised to retire after his experience of cancer. Yet...just two months later he was back at work. He went on to say “working in football, we’re often wrongly portrayed as heroes. But scientists and doctors working to beat cancer are the real heroes.”

Bet everyone at our Centre will agree with that.

*Cancer Research UK Supporter Services Team are on 020 7121 6699 or email
supporterservices@cancerrg.uk*

Thanks are due to Stuart Bartram who tested the safety of all our electrical equipment at the Centre and to **David Keates** who kindly loaned Stuart the equipment needed to do that particular testing.

The Centre was about to close one Wednesday afternoon. Tricia and I were casually reclining in the office, working up the energy to go home, and John walked in with a crutch. "Look at this", he said ~ what a good indication of what the Centre does for people. It seems that someone came in with a crutch and after a couple of hours here was able to leave the place without it! So we thought that was quite funny and giggled a bit. We could see a label on the crutch and asked John "what is the name on that label? ~ perhaps we can trace the owner of the crutch". He looked at it and, quick as a flash said it says 'Lazarus'!

It's the little things that make our day ~ a shared moment with a stranger ~ Tricia

Walking alone along an anemone-strewn path in the deepest part of the wood at Anglesey Abbey, I rounded a bend and came face to face with a lone, elderly gentleman. His eyes twinkled and a smile rippled across his wrinkled face. As we passed he said gently, "Ah - a wood nymph!" ~ before continuing on his way chuckling warmly.

Emailed this to Ann to see if she'd like it for the newsletter ~ this was her reply:

oh, how absolutely lovely!

Wanted to know the exact definition - interesting - so checked the dictionary, which listed:

semi-divine maiden of the sea, trees and woods

immature form of some insects

sexually attractive young girl

- and of course there is nymphomania!

Which one did you go for?

Or, rather, which one did he have in mind! - You little rascal you!

Love Ann

Now, now Ann ~ let's not sully a pure and beautiful moment!

And talking of nymphs ~ this might be a good moment to mention a certain crepuscular nymph who can be spotted in the early morning light tidying, arranging, artistically placing lamps, displays and coffee tables to create a welcoming environment ready for the rest of us who arrive once the Sun is up ~ so easy to take it all for granted ~ but I'm sure we're all aware of it and would wish to thank this invisible sprite! *Tricia*

A Blonde Joke ~ from Ros

A blonde, wanting to earn some money, decided to hire herself out as a handyman-type and started canvassing a wealthy neighbourhood. She went to the front door of the first house and asked the owner if he had any jobs for her to do.

“Well, you can paint my porch. How much will you charge?”

The blonde said, “How about 50 dollars?”

The man agreed and told her that the paint she would need was in the garage.

The man's wife, inside the house, heard the conversation and said to her husband, “Does she realize that the porch goes all the way around the house?”

The man replied, “She should, because she was standing on it”. A short time later, the blonde came to the door to collect her money.

“You're finished already?” he asked.

“Yes”, the blonde answered, “and I had paint left over, so I gave it two coats”.

Impressed, the man reached in his pocket for the \$50.

“And by the way”, the blonde added, “that's not a Porch, it's a Ferrari”.

Thank you for your generous donations ~

St Andrews Church, Chesterton

Carlton Arms

Chesterton Lacemakers

Probus

Inner Wheel

King's Head, Sawston for their community award

Newnham Gardening Club

Clare King Charitable Trust

And thank you to all who display our collecting boxes in shops,
pubs and in their own homes

The numbers of people who visit the Centre have considerably increased. Last week, for instance, 92 people came to see us over the two and a half days, and brought us a lot of new members. And that doesn't include the 70 people who came along to meet the CCHC and Andreasen therapists on the evening of Thursday 2 October.

Andreasen Centre for Wholistic Health ~ Bryan Austin

The centre was founded in 1986 and registered as a charity on 4th December 1987 in memory of Professor Andreasen.

Professor Tony Andreasen had a distinguished career as a surgeon, serving as a colonel in North Africa and Burma during the Second World War. He subsequently worked in India, Canada and Africa, and towards the end of his life lived in Cambridge, where he developed his life-long interest in alternative medicine. He died in 1986.

Over the years the Andreasen Centre has provided complementary healing therapies as a community service for those in need, in a caring, relaxed and friendly atmosphere.

In addition to continuing our work at the Friends Meeting House at Hartington Grove, in Cambridge we have decided to come to the David Rayner Building at Great Shelford. We are confident this will give opportunities for people living in this and the surrounding areas to benefit from the support we offer and enable us to work alongside therapists who work for the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre in the new David Rayner Building. Whilst the ethos of each organisation is similar we think there is room for both of us to work at the centre. We have already seen that a number of therapists give their services to both organisations.

We are now open on Monday afternoons at the David Rayner Building from 1.30 to 4.00 pm. All therapists work on a voluntary basis, but to cover running costs we ask for a donation, for which concessions are available, for each treatment.



The Wallace Centre offers support for brain tumour patients group, complementary therapies, auricular acupuncture for adults, and their carers, a children's group, a colorectal support group, a hot flush group, massage skills, which you can learn to do yourself, and the Young Ones ~ for breast cancer patients in their 20's, 30's and 40's. We have copies of their information leaflets at our Centre.

Christmas Lunch ~

so that we can all be together we will provide lunch at the Centre
on Tuesday 16 December at midday

We will cook our own lunch, as we did at Stockwell Street a couple of years ago: we anticipate that the cost will be reasonable.

So...looking for anyone who can help cook turkey or chickens, jacket potatoes, stuffing, sausages, gluten-free lunch, vegetarian lunch, or provide salads, cranberry sauce, crackers, or anything else you can think of, such as puddings! We have an oven so everything could be prepared in the Centre kitchen, unless anyone prefers to cook the turkey at home.

If you can help, and want to spend the morning slaving over a hot stove, please add your name to the list which is at the Centre.

We also hope that Father Christmas will be there. So please bring a wrapped present costing no more than £2, and Father Christmas will distribute all presents after lunch. *Probably a good idea to provide a unisex present.*

**To book your place, please write your name on the list at the Centre.
To offer to cook any of the lunch, please also add your name to the appropriate list.**



*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.*

Opening of the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre ~

for a variety of reasons we have postponed the Official Opening ~ we're hoping that it will take place in Springtime next year ~ and that Marilyn Barnes, our Founder, will open our new Centre. Waitrose have kindly offered to provide, free of charge, their absolutely delicious food for this event, and Angela will provide her own team of people to serve the food. We will need to have a good idea of the numbers attending so will probably send out 'proper' invitations in order that Waitrose will have an idea of how much food to prepare. So there's something to look forward to early next year ~ Waitrose food and our Opening!

Money Matters ~ Tricia



Our new financial year begins on 1 November, so as usual we are enclosing our annual subscription forms with this newsletter.

(you will not receive a form if you have recently joined the Centre or given a donation ~ sorry if some slip through the net)

Thanks to your generosity during the year ending 31 October 2008, our Membership Subscriptions and Covenants have generated an income of over £5,000. This goes a considerable way towards our running costs.

Thank you ~ we feel very supported by all of you.

Very many thanks to Keith for considerably lightening my Hon Treasurer's load by taking care of the banking ~ it makes **all** the difference.

We're used to being told how much help people receive from our Centre by those who've reached a low ebb in their lives. It's worth remembering that the Centre also offers many people the opportunity to experience the joy of unconditional giving.

Here's to a good 2009, to everyone who is a cut above the rest, to everyone who somehow amazingly carries on, despite what is going on with the cancer, despite what is going on with the chemotherapy, despite what is going on with the radiotherapy, despite what is going on in their lives or the lives of people they care about. In fact, strange to say, our Centre is a happy, fun place. And that's because we are filling the gap ~ something which Marilyn, our Founder, realised was necessary. Doctors and nurses are expert in all medical matters ~ we are skilled in filling the gap, providing support and someone to talk to ~ someone who knows what it is like to have cancer, and in a place which is not part of a hospital. Someone at our Centre once said to me that just the sight of the roundabout outside Addenbrooke's makes her feel nauseous ~ she remembers some of her experiences there ~ experiences which, of course, led to her feeling well once the treatment was finished. How different it is where we are in this beautiful Centre, surrounded by flowers, trees (including Fiona Benham's tree and Sarah Durrant's flowers) and friendly gardeners. We all need someone to talk to who is in a similar situation. So I still believe that if someone can make that first visit to the Centre, thereafter they will make us a part of their lives. Someone we all know told me that her husband remarked that she was always happy when she returned home from the Centre. Not that she isn't always happy, but you know what I mean.

Happy Christmas

Much love
Ann



Oh hell ~ it's Ann angel!

Photograph ~ John, Caption ~ Gloria