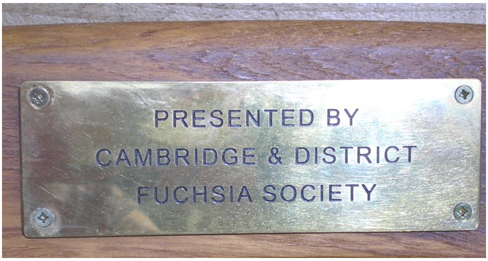
Seat With A View



Throughout the Spring and Summer we have sat outside the Centre, when the sun shone, enjoying each others' company as we drank tea and consumed biscuits and cakes and chatted about all sorts of things. The tables have been covered with lacy cloths ~ nothing but the best ~ and sometimes little pots of flowers. So we thought how pleasant that was. And then ..... the Fuchsia Society contacted David Rayner and us offering to provide a teak bench ~ and a beautiful bench it is. So now we feel rather grand as we survey the beautiful Scotsdale's scene as we consume our refreshments. Come and join us! We hope to have a few more sunny days before Winter sets in. We are often there from first thing in the morning up to going-home time.

Our very grateful thanks to
Michael Pettit & Charlie Napthen
and to all the
Fuchsia Society members
for their generosity to us.

Mad Hatter's Tea Party

Because our Tea Team is exceptional, the trustees and I wanted to do something specially nice for them. After a lot of thinking Stuart came up with the idea of a Mad Hatter's Tea Party. We issued the invitations but didn't disclose our plan. Maybe they thought they would be offered a biscuit and a cup of tea and then have to do the washing up!

Then we set to planning everything ~ Stuart was the Mad Hatter ~ looked great fun, and the pink wig under the top hat set him off ~ along with his pink and green odd socks (he said he had another pair like it at home). The rest of us were a waiter (with moustache), Mrs Tiggiewinkle, a Chinese person in very large Chinese hat, Alice and the Queen of Hearts. The Buck's Fizz was poured from a Scotsdales' pink watering can into a variety of china teacups and coffee cups (odd designs and sizes but such beautiful china) all from Penny's attic. In fact so many oddities and bits & pieces to decorate the table came from Penny's attic that I think the plan for 2011 is to have the tea-team's thank you event in Penny's attic. The tables were covered with silk tablecloths. There were flag banners, the Union Jack and a most peculiar mad clock, made mad by the Mad Hatter. There were heart-shaped jam tarts, and home-made cakes from the Mad Hatter and his wife and bearing the shapes of an iced teapot and an iced cup of cappuccino, and there was interestingly relevant food from Waitrose ~ caterpillars and other beastly and mad-looking bugs on top of the iced buns. The Mad Hatter produced a Quiz, well, riddles really. So our two teams competed against each other and I think one of the teams got more right answers than the other, but the MH decided it was a draw and the prizes were boxes of scrumptious chocolates for each team.

Tea was served, not by the tea team but by the trustees, and although the tea team were all willing to do the washing up they were sent home. Luckily for them because there were a few "off with her heads"!

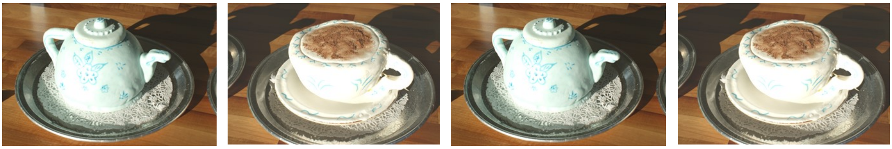
The Mad Hatter insisted that all the tea team wore badges ‘Alice 1’, ‘Alice2’, ‘Alice 3’ and so on ~ which made interesting conversation for one of the Alices when she went into Waitrose on the way home, still wearing her Alice name badge.

I’m sure we all appreciate what the Tea Team does for everyone at our Centre ~ what a super crowd of lovely, friendly people we have to look after us.

Here is one of the ‘thank you’ messages we received ~

> Dear Ann what a lovely surprise you all gave us this afternoon and such a delicious and generous tea. Lots of thought and energy ~ took us back in time ~ quite a long way!
>
> I went into Waitrose wearing my 'Alice 3' sticker which made for a few minutes of interesting conversation with the young male cashier who pointed it out to me. So the fun continued .... Thank you so much.

Two old gentlemen are pushing their trolleys around the supermarket



when they collide.

The first old gentleman says, “Sorry about that. I'm looking for my wife and I guess I wasn't paying attention to where I was going.”

Second old gentleman says, “That's OK, it's a coincidence. I'm looking for my wife too. I can't find her and I'm getting a little desperate.”

First old gentleman says, “Well, maybe I can help you find her. What does she look like?”

Second old guy says, “Well, she is 27 years old, tall, with red hair, blue eyes, long legs and is wearing a short skirt. What does your wife look like?”

First old gentleman says ~ “Doesn't matter, let's look for yours.”

Southwold ~ Penny

It seems to have become a tradition for our Members to go on an annual trip to Southwold. Last year Pam Prior walked down to the harbour in the hope of going on the foot ferry to Walberswick, this year she, Jackie and Brenda P went on the same expedition. Once again the person who rows the ferry was at lunch so they consoled themselves with excellent fish and chips at the Harbour Inn.

Ann and Nigel were refreshing themselves with cups of tea. Ann, used to self service or our brill tea people, was not used to the luxury of a waitress and was walking out before Nigel pointed out they had not paid.

The sun did shine, the wind did blow, but as Alan said the lovely sea breeze did clear your head. (It nearly blew mine off.) It was reported by those brave enough to venture down the pier that the water clock with its funny and somewhat rude actions was not at its best as its water kept disappearing in the gale.

We had a full coach and for a bit of fun we had a Southwold Quiz, such questions as length of pier and height of lighthouse, but some unkind person pointed out that I had a fixation with booze as five of the twenty questions were connected with alcohol ~ what did they expect in a small town dominated by a brewery. Anyway Margaret B, as the clever winner, did not object to her liquid prize.

Left to their own devices one would expect Nobby and Jimmy to get into mischief and they didn't disappoint: Nobby ate his fish and chips, Jimmy cleared away the debris, then Nobby enquired about the whereabouts of his teeth, yes you've guessed right. Jackie had to root through the bin like a bag lady.

Some of our members did behave themselves and for some it was their first visit to Southwold. Most found the quirky town to their liking. They enjoyed strolling along past the beautifully painted and interestingly named beach huts, dreaming of which one they would like to purchase if their budget would just stretch to the £75,000 average price. Some planned to get to Walberswick next year; some just enjoyed their lunch out and some of us are still trying to get our hair back in shape after the wind gave us new styles.

A letter arrived, after the Southwold trip, to "Penny, Ann and Staff ~ thank you for arranging the trip to Southwold. It was good even though the winds blew. The bottle of wine has gone down well in Happisburgh. Best wishes Margaret B"

Before we took our August break Pat organised an **Art Exhibition**. Comments in the Art Exhibition book read:
"Fabulous Art ~ Really Good Show", "Amazing work and such talent", "So clever", "I really do want to buy painting no. 39", " No. 8 ~ excellent colours ~ is it for sale? Exhibition as a whole is amazing!"

The Art Exhibition raised £202.

At the same time Pam organised a **Craft Exhibition**. There was much appreciation of the work which had gone into the crafts, supervised by Pam. The tapestries were beautiful, and knitted toys were quickly bought. Pam's 'scrapbooks' were also exhibited so that everyone could get an idea of what they could do with their treasured photographs.

The Craft Fair raised £188.33

Pam and the Craft Group plan to have a **Craft Sale** during the first two weeks of November. Please put the date in your diaries and bring your Christmas Present list.

Many thanks to Jane G, who constantly supplies us with wonderful home-made jam. Some was sold at the Craft Exhibition and it continues to be sold whenever Jane is at the Centre.

Many thanks to Brenda D, Ros and Wendy B
for organising bring & share lunches during August

Annie also organised a bring & share lunch in aid of Different Strokes.

Many thanks to Noel for his generosity in providing new bound rugs which raise lots of money for our Centre.

Chernobyl

80 miles north of Kiev in the Northern Ukraine is a town that prior to 1986, no-one had heard of. Then on the 26 April 1986 the No 4 reactor at the Chernobyl nuclear power station in the northern Ukraine, overheated, exploded, then went in to melt-down.

The world's worst nuclear accident released 190 tons of highly radioactive waste material into the atmosphere exposing the people of Chernobyl to radioactivity 90 times greater than that from the explosion of the Hiroshima atomic bomb. It will be another 24,000 years before the land is safe and the children no longer suffer.

A group of parents in Melbourn, Cambs, bring over a group of children every year. They look after them extremely well, arranging for them to see doctors and dentists. They also arrange lots of treats for the youngsters, who are now aged 9/10. So they visited Annie's 'Different Strokes' group and were taken on a boat trip and then came to the Centre for lunch. Crisps and ice cream were the favourites of the day. Lots of people helped, particularly Wendy and Penny. Wendy made every child a beautiful cloth bag into which went the 'goodies' shopped for by Penny. The tea team worked hard to keep the food coming ~ food lots of you kindly provided.

The children gave a concert before they departed for home to Belarus and one of the interpreters said:

There are people whose lives are so special
Whose friendship and love mean so much
And somehow you know
That wherever you go
in thought you will never lose touch.

Parents, their children and we (interpreters) want to say a Big Thank You to those who organized this trip for us, who helped us during this month, to those who hosted our children, took care of them and gave all their love to those children.

We hope, looking at you, our children will become more grateful, kind and polite and will treat other people the way they were treated here in England. We are happy that you teach our children to stay humane in our competitive world.

Our concert is just a tiny thing that we can give you back for all your endless love, kindness, care and patience. We hope you will enjoy it and have a good time!

We appreciate everything you've done for us and are still doing.
You are always welcome guests in Belarus! Thank you very much!
With love, Ira

Here is a reminder to keep your eye on the blue notice board at the Centre. Not everyone spotted the concert details, which was a shame ~ so please make it your rule that you will look at the notice board every time you visit our Centre.

The following is from an ***'Icon'*** *email:*
Wonder drug **Avastin** doesn't seem to be quite so wonderful after all. In fact, if you are offered it for breast cancer you might as well not take it - so says an expert committee appointed by the FDA in America. According to them it appears that NICE were right in saying that it was not worth the money.

The email also contains updates on the work of **Dr Nicholas Gonzalez** in New York, and **Chris Woollam's Rainbow Diet**.

To find out more or to receive the relevant email from Chris at Icon, contact him on Email:chris:conmag.co.uk or Website: http:www.canceractive.com

Bereavement counselling from Cruse

can be arranged if anyone requires it.
Please ask Wendy or me and we will tell you how to go about it.

In Big Issue I read that studies across 20 countries show a strong association between schizophrenia and smoking. I also read that:

- More cigarettes are sold in summer than winter
- Every 10% increase in the price of cigarettes reduces youth consumption by 7%
- The largest single category of advertising expenditures for cigarette companies in 2005 was price discount to reduce the cost of cigarettes.
- Cigarette smoke contains over 4,000 chemicals
- Cyanide, used in Hitler's gas chambers, temporarily paralyses the throat, so that it stops smokers coughing whilst inhaling
- Nicotine is more addictive than heroin, and is delivered to the nervous system within seven seconds of lighting up.
- Ammonia, commonly used in toilet cleaner, is added to cigarettes to boost the addictive effects of nicotine
- Polonium 210 is sprayed on to tobacco plants to kill pests. Yet it is carcinogenic, radioactive, is found in atomic bombs and was used to poison a Russian spy in 2006.
- Acetic acid, vanilla, chocolate and honey are added to tobacco to flavour the top brands of cigarettes.
- To aid continuous burning of the tobacco, cigarettes contain butane, also known as lighter fluid
- Smoking doubles infertility in women and causes early menopause
- Smoking increases age-related hearing loss
- Within 24 hours of stopping smoking, carbon monoxide leaves the body, your lungs start to clean out mucus, and your risk of heart attack decreases.
- Within 3-9 months, cilia re-grow in lungs, increasing the ability to clean the lungs and reduce infection
- During the two world wars, cigarettes were rationed to soldiers.

New Perspectives ~ as reported in our June newsletter these six-week courses are run at the Centre by Janet and Judy for Macmillan.

Please contact Janet or Judy on 07922126508, or tell me please, if you would like to attend one of the 2011 courses starting on: 10 January, 4 April, or 20 June. Courses are free of charge and are available to anyone who has cancer.

Derek, who is on the course at the moment says:

The six week course provided by Macmillan is a gentle way to remind us that even though we have chronic health issues we can all help to manage our illness.

We are reminded that we can control our condition through self management and that we have the tools to do this even though we might not realise it.

Many benefits can be achieved by belief in ourselves that we can take control of our illness. Through discussions as a group we are able to open up to our feelings and discuss our doubts, fears, and the uncertainty of what lies ahead.

This Macmillan course supplies the tools, which we, the course participants utilise, to gain an insight into what we can achieve, whilst at the same time acknowledging, as a group, that we are all individuals, and as such have different expectations as to what we want.

Macmillan ought to be applauded for the way the New Perspectives course is laid out, taking small, but in some cases very significant steps, into how we view ourselves. Our input enables us to help each other. The volunteer course tutors are very knowledgeable, both having had cancer, so can relate to everyone's fears and feelings.

But most important, even though we have a chronic illness, there is a strength that we all feel, **we will not give in, but fight our illness, with dignity and determination**.

Everyone in the group is also so grateful to be part of the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre. When you walk into their building it fills you with a feeling of calm, a warmth that envelops you like a cosy blanket, a sanctuary away from outside influences, with like-minded people to talk to who understand your situation, without being judgmental.

Thank you to everyone at the Centre, we all feel so Very Special.

Penny Brohn Nutritional Advice ~ Carole P

In February 2007 a friend dragged me to see an Alternative Therapist as I was struggling with chronic fatigue and the doctor had been unable to help. The therapist advised I give up all bovine products (beef, milk, cheese, cream) and take a concoction of herbs and plants, which she supplied. Within 3 months I was feeling considerably better and by October, back to normal ~ I was impressed. The following month I was diagnosed with ovarian cancer and began chemotherapy in December. On joining our wonderful Centre in January 2008 I came across a copy of Icon which mentioned the Penny Brohn Centre in Bristol. At that time it wasn't possible for me to go there, so I looked them up on the Internet and became excited by their approach to improving the immune system through diet, positive attitude and exercise. Having so recently been helped back to better health by using herbs and plant tinctures and a small change in my eating habits, I was keen to embrace the Penny Brohn Approach. After 4 chemo treatments followed by a major operation and then 4 more double chemo treatments my family, friends and also my Doctor have been impressed with the way I've bounced back and I feel strongly that the Penny Brohn Approach formed a large piece in the jigsaw of my recovery ~ so much so that I would love to talk to anyone interested, about the Penny Brohn programme, about changing eating habits, and swapping recipes.

So if you are interested,
and would like to join a group discussion once a month give me a call
on 01223 839362 and we'll set something up.

Relaxation

If we ask for quietness of conversation between 12.15 and 12.45 on Tuesdays and Wednesdays it is with the aim of providing peace and quiet for those who are participating in the relaxation session.

So please bear with us!

Julie Jenkins

"Weeping & Wailing or Getting on with Enjoying Myself"

Julie wrote in our July 09 newsletter, under the title 'This can't happen to me' that she was diagnosed with advanced cancer of the pancreas in July 2007. She had just finished her degree in Countryside Management and was starting to look for full-time employment in her chosen area. Her prognosis certainly didn't see her surviving until September 2010. She was 44, vegetarian and said she was hardly ever ill. Julie did a lot of research and asked to be included in one of the trials at Addenbrooke's Hospital.

Chemo three Mondays out of four and chemo tablets for 21 days, then a week off before starting all over again. That's a scenario familiar to lots of people at our Centre. Julie said that the effects weren't too bad but she did stop going to her part-time job and went on long term sick leave, wanting to spend time with her grown up son and daughter.

Julie was part of the Macmillan 'Living with Cancer' (now called 'New Perspectives') course. She said she met wonderful people and had experiences she would not otherwise have had. She also went on the Odyssey course and said she could not recommend this course highly enough. Julie said she learnt to slow down and appreciate life more and refused to get stressed about anything. At this stage her consultant could not give her a prognosis any more because they admitted they didn't have a clue about what was going on.

Unfortunately, during the summer, Julie's illness took a significant turn for the worse. I'll remember her as someone with the smiling face, like the one in this photograph. It was always good to see her as she walked through our door. So very sorry she doesn't walk in to see us any more.

For Lovers of Opera/Ballet/Shakespeare ~ Bren

A group of us have been to see filmed versions of opera at the Vue Cinema, Grafton Centre, Cambridge.

We meet just outside the cinema, next to the Italian Restaurant and fast food cafes. Price usually £10 with no concessions available for these special showings. No need to pre book, just turn up.

Further details from Bren Reeve 01223 832235 or b-reeve@supanet.com

Pilates class with Sally Storr takes place on Monday afternoons at 2.50pm, following Richard's yoga session. It costs £3 per session.

Pilates is for all ages and levels ~ further details at Centre.

Dial a ride is available to help anyone who has difficulty using public transport because of age, infirmity, or disability. They help with going shopping, or just having an outing. If you would like their help to get you to and from the Centre, do give them a ring.

Dial-a-Ride – 01223 506335 – is a registered charity.
Email - Camdar05hotmail.co.uk
www.colc.co.uk/cambridge

Classifieds

JOINING NUDIST COLONY
Must sell washer and dryer £100

WEDDING DRESS FOR SALE
Worn once by mistake.
Call Stephanie

FOR SALE BY OWNER
Complete set of Encyclopedia Britannica, 45 volumes.
Excellent Condition. £200 or best offer. No longer needed.
Got married last month. Wife knows everything.

When a Grandmother Goes to Court

In a trial, a Southern small-town attorney called his first witness, a grandmotherly, elderly woman, to the stand. He approached her and asked,

“Mrs Jones, do you know me?”

She responded, “Why yes, I do know you, Mr Williams. I’ve known you since you were a little boy and frankly you’ve been a big disappointment to me. You lie, you cheat on your wife and you manipulate people and talk about them behind their backs. You think you are a big shot when you haven’t the brains to realise you’ll never amount to anything more than a two-bit paper-pusher. Yes, I know you.”

The lawyer was stunned. Not knowing what else to do he pointed across the room and asked, “Mrs Jones, do you know the defence attorney?”

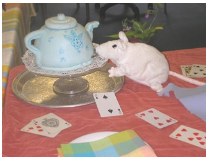
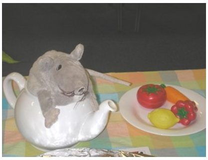
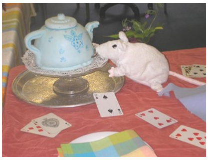
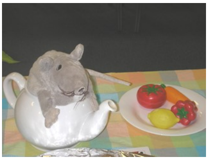
“Yes” she said “I do. He’s lazy, bigoted and has a drinking problem. He can’t build a normal relationship with anyone and his law practice is one of the worst in the entire state. He cheated on his wife with three different women. One of them was your wife. Yes, I know him.”

The defence attorney was stunned and at a loss for words.

The judge asked both counsellors to approach the bench and, in a very quiet voice, said, “If either of you asks her if she knows me, I will send you both to the electric chair.”

from Ros

“Listen,” said the CEO, “this is a very sensitive and important document, and my secretary is not here. Can you make this thing work?”

“Certainly,” said the young engineer. He turned the shredding machine on, inserted the paper, and pressed the start button.

“Excellent, excellent!” said the CEO as his paper disappeared inside the machine, “I just need one copy”.

From Dennis D

It was suggested that I might write a paragraph for the Lifeline magazine and I find that surprisingly, I'm quite happy to do so!

I had leukemia (ALL) and the treatment entailed a lot of things that required physical effort. One of my loves was golf, but even with a buggy I increasingly got very fatigued quickly, as I suspect most people that have been through the mill can identify with. The only thing left to me, I felt, was music and reading, but in the end I got restless with that: even gardening was closed to me because kneeling down I tended to lose my balance and fall over. I say all of this not for sympathy but to illustrate what eventually brought me to the Centre.

On our visits to Scotsdales Garden Centre we first heard the news of the plans to build the CCHC, and then we watched, in time, it gradually rise to what we have today. I vowed I would visit it, which I did, but unfortunately on the wrong day (wouldn't you know it) and it was some time before I visited the Centre again. Like everyone else I guess, I was nervous about taking the initial step, but as soon as I stepped through the door all my fears dissipated and I had a warm welcome from Ann and everyone and immediately felt at home.

The ambience was one of warmth and friendliness and still is after the few weeks that I have attended. I've even been encouraged to join the painting group, though until now, I have never attempted to try my hand at anything remotely like it. I'm enjoying it, though I don't think Canaletto or Monet and the rest of the Masters have got much to worry about! Still, it's great fun and to make it even better, it's a great bunch of people.

Thank you one and all for giving me a new interest in life.

from Ros:

I've learned that people will forget what you said,
people will forget what you did,
but people will never forget how you made them feel.

One Day in July ~ Alan & Jane

"What you now have was once among the things you only hoped for"

Epicurus 341 - 270 BC

We had heard rumours about a new building in the grounds of a garden centre which we occasionally visit. One day when we went there to buy plants, we read some leaflets describing the purpose of the building and the work of the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre, and as I was having treatment for cancer at the time we thought it might be of interest to take a look around without stopping, let alone going inside and possibly being a nuisance to busy people. We have all heard of people doing something out of character which results in having unexpected consequences ~ well that is what happened to us that memorable day.

As we approached the CCHC we were delighted by the beautiful garden, the flowers, lawns, trees, the lovely little summer house and the peaceful atmosphere, despite the busy road nearby.

We stood outside the open doors of the main entrance and took a tentative look inside, and were greeted by two charming ladies who invited us in. We had a lovely long chat and were given cups of tea and were made to feel quite at home. We could not believe our good fortune, and as luck would have it, the Centre was open the next day, so we visited again the next day, after I had finished my daily cancer treatment ~ and now we come whenever we can.

We do not think that the welcoming and smiling organisers and their volunteers will ever know the difference they make to the lives of cancer sufferers and their families by creating the atmosphere which is quite unique, supportive, happy, restful and welcoming, all of which is enhanced by the lovely surroundings and furnishings of the Centre.

We always drive home reluctantly, but with a smile on our faces, looking forward to future visits.

We are so grateful.

Notes from a father to his sons following a recent diagnosis.

by Peter D

Remember aggressive cancer is rare although many men die of benign cancers in their eighties without knowing about it ~ as they do from a large number of other cancers, strokes, heart attacks and other illnesses. But the good news is that at seventy-two, as opposed to men under sixty, there seems little chance, or none, of prostate cancer being passed on to any of you. In other words it has occurred as part of the normal ageing process. At the same time everyone has a certain risk of developing cancer in their lives, whether they have people in their family with cancer or not. And almost everyone has a close relative with cancer.

The Macmillan and other sites also argue, and so does my GP, that unless two or more of the cancers are the same type, and on the same side of the family, there is probably little to worry about. The Prostate Cancer organisation, and the consultant, thought it was worth your GP referring you for a PSA (which are only blood tests which take about two weeks to be checked) when you are all forty. But many GPs seemed less convinced. Part of the problem here is that PSA's are not seen as definitive but once mine aggressively moved it continued to increase over a three month period. And once there is a 'PSA trend' they seem more accurate. Mine certainly was…And don't be afraid to challenge professional opinions. My specialist, following the first biopsy, said return in six months but I 'demanded' a PSA test at three months. Which had risen to twenty-two and what had happened was that the first biopsy, although the second did, had failed to identify the cancer.

On-line sites help although they can often be very confusing. But the best site I've found is www.prostate-cancer.org.uk and their helpful phone-in service on 0800 074 8383 argues, as a precautionary measure, for testing from 40 onwards for possible 'at risk' groups. She also said any GP surgery should be able to make this happen although prostate cancer is virtually unknown at these ages. But not every GP may be sympathetic to this view in which case (a) pay for a good specialist/geneticist to estimate the risks and (b) also in your fifties and sixties it may be sensible to ask, or pay for, two PSAs each year, again, as a precaution. I had one a year from my sixties onwards and this may well be insufficient at my age (although on the last occasion, when moving home meant I left it for fifteen months, a score of seven showed up). The Macmillan.org.uk site has more to say about genetic factors but, again, my GP argues as the on-line sources do, that cancer is an extremely common disease and can originate from a number of sources. In fact only 5-10% of cancers are thought to be due to an inherited faulty gene.

There is also the probable need to take diet into account and the www.prostate-cancer.org.uk has a section on this ~ particularly on the importance of not using salami, ham or any processed meat. The Japanese prostate figures are half that of America which sounds convincing, with Japanese people living in the West, and switching to Western diets, finding similar problems to people in the West. But all should, arguably, be well, because of (a) increasing genome research and (b) that existing treatments are good if the cancer is caught early. Which can include removing the prostate if the cancer has not spread and there is plenty of learning time if it occurs between your ages and mine ~ 35 to 40 years in fact and it may, of course, never happen but it is important to take these precautions. One can even argue, since genome testing is increasingly becoming fashionable, that it is an advantage to possess this knowledge since many men have never been tested and know nothing about PSA's.

From Don ~ Chairman CambsPCSA

The Cambridgeshire Prostate Cancer Support Association is having its patron Professor Neal come and talk to us on Tuesday 2 November from 7.30 - 9.00 pm. Luckily, through the kind auspices of David Rayner and Ann we have been able to secure the Centre for this special event. We are anticipating a larger than usual turnout so do tell anyone you know who may benefit from this talk by an internationally renowned surgeon and researcher.

This is an opportunity for everyone concerned about Prostate Cancer to find out what's going on. Not just for members and carers but for anyone who feels the need to know about this disease. Part of our aim is to support those who want to know and to spread our help as far as possible. We are justly proud to have such a man as our patron, so come along and listen and meet people of a like ilk.

Three Wise Women

A few years, ago Annie and Viv thought we three should write about ‘Three Wise Women’. I’m not sure where the ‘wise’ came from when the idea was presented to me ~ but here it is. It records some of our past few years and particularly how and when we all became involved with the amazing Cambridge Cancer Help Centre.

Ann: Some years ago, when working for Robert Sayle, I was offered the opportunity to do the Myers Briggs psychometric test. The idea behind this was to illustrate that all of us excel in some things but not in others, so a perfect team comprises people who have different abilities and strengths. At the end of the exercise Madeleine, who was in charge of administering the test, told me I was an INFP. It seemed that, statistically, one of the most relevant occupations for me was working in a hospice or as a counsellor. Well, this Centre isn’t a hospice and I’m not a counsellor, but you see the connection. So time went on.

My Mum and Dad had cancer. I and the family managed to look after them at home. I read Penny Brohn’s book ‘The Bristol Programme’ in which it mentioned relaxation. I wanted some of that for my Mum and so I wrote to the Bristol CHC and asked if anyone in Cambridge taught relaxation in the way that Penny Brohn recommended. They replied “Marilyn Barnes” so I got in touch with Marilyn and eventually joined the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre’s management committee. Marilyn had founded our Centre, and one of the committee’s desires was to open the Centre five days a week, as opposed to one evening a week. I suddenly realised, while in bed, during the few minutes betwixt head hitting pillow and falling asleep, that I could offer to do this! So, offer I did …. and that is how I came to be at the Cambridge Cancer Help Centre in 1993.

What I get from there now, is that just about all my friends are involved with our Centre. I have fun there. I am sad there sometimes. But the Centre activities are a major part of my life. And how very amazing about Madeleine’s pin-pointing a new direction for me, which I didn’t do anything about until it sort of naturally arrived on my doorstep a few years later.

Annie: The day I walked into the Centre, or rather, the day Viv pushed me in to this place that was so uninviting from the outside, was the start of my recovery. I have no memories of the year previous to the stroke. I have no memories of the stroke. I have no memories of the period after the stroke ~ 17 months in total. Yet this day remains vivid. I can recall every detail. It was an evening of African music and dance, led by Keith Harris, a music teacher and one of the Centre's Trustees. (I think it was a celebration of Bastille Day! The Centre seized any opportunity to celebrate anything and have a party!)

I sat in my wheelchair and saw all these people who were happy. I looked at Viv and smiled. I couldn't then talk at all. I could swear. I drank in the atmosphere and breathed a sigh of relief. **I had arrived back in the world.**

Viv: I was apprehensive. The outside look of the place didn't appeal. Didn't need a church. In our early days the Centre used a church hall as its premises. Spending enough of my time with cancer. Perhaps I'd just go home. But no …. this was a recommendation from Bristol Cancer Help Centre, and so I had to try it. Rang the bell. Margot came to greet me and introduced me to more people than I had met in the time I had been in Cambridge ~ 3 years or so. I felt immediately comfortable. It was as if the normal conventions of conversation were ignored and there was a directness, a kind of shorthand, born of shared experience that enabled immediate contact to be made.

Ann: I remember Annie and Viv arriving. Annie was in the wheelchair. We spoke to her but she couldn't reply but she did smile. So we got on with the African dancing and singing and Annie watched. I remember thinking how fortunate it was that Viv had found Annie, along with the feeling that the Centre was the place for her. From then on Annie has gradually (no, remarkably quickly) said more and more and started to walk again ~ and we anticipate that her future will be outstanding because she is on the rampage to change things and get things done!

Annie: The following Tuesday I was up, dressed and ready, raring to go, waiting for Viv to come and collect me. I wanted to chat all the way to the Centre, but my bloody voice wasn't capable. In my head I knew what I wanted to say but the words wouldn't come out in the right order. But I still tried and I drove Viv mad, I think, but I had to get out at least a couple of words. We had arrived at the

Centre and I couldn't wait to get inside. I was so excited at finding a place I could go to without my husband and on my own. This gave me a feeling of relief.

I thought the Cancer Help Centre could not be for me because I had the wrong illness ~ that's how I felt. However, they all made me feel wanted and I got to speak ~ in my own fashion ~ with everyone. It was such a relief to know that my husband, Brian, could do his own thing and I could do mine.

Viv: I had the distinct feeling that everyone at the Centre enjoyed being there. Why would that be, given the one thing in common was cancer?

Empathy: Most people had some experience of cancer, either as carer or sufferer and conversation on that topic was readily understood.

Validation: It seemed that everyone had a role to play and their special talents were recognised and used caringly. But most of all

Fun: If you thought that going to a cancer group would be miserable, think again. Some tears of course, but mainly smiles, happiness, a positive energy and…laughter.

Research has found support groups are of benefit. Coping alone, or relying on the immediate family puts everybody under pressure. Sharing concerns with others in a support group works naturally.

Annie: Brian, my husband, is a car mechanic, who had just recovered from heart bypasses, *(7of them)* in June 2000. We were going to New Zealand in December 2003 to look round and see if this was what we wanted, hopefully to settle there. I am a geologist and New Zealand was the apple of my eye. Brian was now fit and ready for it and looking forward to the trip. And then…in November 2003, I had a stroke. Bugger. On the 21st, at midnight, the ambulance was called. I have to tell you what I've been told now as I cannot tell you myself from my own memories. I was sent to Addenbrooke's, which is only 10 minutes from my front door. Brian was totally devastated. Here I was fit and well one minute and a gibbering wreck the next. I don't know how he coped with everything. I was a very big woman, 17 and a half stone, and they had sent two slight women to carry me down the stairs. Fortunately, my husband, and his brother were big men and they gave a hand. I'm so glad that I am a lot thinner now!

I had had a bleed and was out of this world for a long time. I know I came out at Christmas for a home visit…for 3 weeks. I was in the ICU for 7 days and then moved to a room on Ward 6, but my brother, Simon, put his foot down and said I couldn't stay in that ward because our brother had died there a couple of months previously. I was moved to the Lewin Ward a few days later. The Lewin ward was a rehabilitation unit for stroke victims, who wanted their lives back. They didn't think originally when I'd come into the hospital that I was going to pull through. They only knew the bleed was deep seated and they couldn't operate on my brain. I started to 'come to' a week before Christmas and I have some slight memories of the Christmas at home. I couldn't go upstairs, I was still in a wheelchair and I couldn't stay overnight because the bloody nurse said I had to go back! (I have met the nurse since then and she is lovely – but what a Christmas.)

Through the next 3 months I was coming round slowly. We had intensive physiotherapy, occupational therapy and speech and language therapy every day except Saturday and Sunday. I felt very strongly that I would have benefited from speech therapists, who had had more experience and empathy with how it feels not to be able to find your words. You have the words in your head but you cannot transfer them to speech or written form. I know how frustrating it is. I have gone through and am still going through awful days when I struggle to get words out. How awful must it be to never get these words out, as I have eventually succeeded in doing. My friend cannot speak a sentence. He cannot write. He knows and you know and you are talking to him and you understand each other but how frustrating it is to try and fail to get these words out. So all of you just try and understand how difficult it is for us to try and get the words out. Stop and listen. Don't try to finish our sentences off. Give us time and don't be embarrassed. If the person you are talking to says he has forgotten, then is the time to jump in because you have had the OK to do so from him.

Ann: How to talk to people with cancer? I find the best way to talk to people who have cancer is actually to listen. I also believe one needs to have empathy. Emotional Intelligence plays a large part here because empathy is a key word. Without it one's listening skills don't reach their full potential. Figuratively putting oneself into someone else's shoes can be painful. But if this particular cap fits, then wear it with immense and grateful satisfaction.

Annie: I had been taking blood pressure tablets before the stroke and continued to do so afterwards. The only difference in my drugs was my diabetic ones. They went down considerably in hospital and I was taken off them when I got home.

This was all because I had lost 4 stones and I thought that I wouldn't have any injections ever again. I lasted 6 months without and then had to start again but on a smaller dose. That is the only difference in my drugs and when I asked why this was, the doctor told me it was my body even-ing out and as I was doing more now with my life that is why I had to go back on the insulin.

Viv: In 1999 I had what the GP confidently assured me was a sebaceous cyst behind my ear. He would refer me to Addenbrooke's to have it removed. After 7 months on the waiting list. I arrived unsuspectingly at the skin clinic thinking I would be out again within a quarter of an hour. It was when the consultant put his hand on my shoulder and said he wanted to bring in some colleagues, that I knew there was something up. My feet didn't touch the ground that morning, blood tests, an xray, a trip to the medical photographer, a bevy of doctors and students examining the cyst. The consultant then explained that there was to be no procedure that day ~ it was not a cyst. As to the diagnosis, he did not know for sure, but in the worst case scenario, it could be lymphoma. The tests they had taken today would confirm his suspicions. I had walked in to the hospital with a cyst. I left it with a probable diagnosis of lymphoma. I felt numb.

A week to wait. I always reckon it is a waste of energy to worry about things until they happen. I still had a week to live without any firm diagnosis. During the day, that worked fine. I got on getting on. But nevertheless, just occasionally at night, when my defences were down, tears would come and thoughts of what it might mean to have my life cut short would flood for the first time into my mind.

It had never occurred to me that I would have anything other than a long life. I still had my parents in their nineties, my aunts too, also nonagenarians, all the significant players in my life still on the stage. Good genes. My mother has Alzheimer's disease and frail old Dad cares for her as best he can and I care for both of them. As they live in London and I live just outside Cambridge, that entails lots of travelling and stopping with them overnight. So the generational roles are clearly defined. They are cared for, I am the carer. Good job I'm young (well, youngish) fit and well. Of course I know that out there untimely deaths occur, but we are lucky in our family not to have known tragedy, our deaths occur in an orderly fashion. So it's not my turn yet.

We had decided not to tell my younger daughter who was travelling in South America, of the possible bad news, but my elder daughter, Jenny, came with Fred and me to find out the diagnosis. Non Hodgkins Lymphoma was confirmed. I was now to be transferred to the Oncology department. Jenny was warned not to frighten herself to death by researching NHL on the internet.

Well, now, the diagnosis had come. I had something to worry about. But how strange is this, my reaction was one of relief. I could allow myself to admit I had been feeling tired, below par generally, nothing specific, and now I had a label for this feeling of malaise, a reason for feeling unwell. The diagnosis allowed me to stop, to stop pushing myself beyond my limits and to “stop and stare” and give time to the simple, unrushed things of life. I remember the night of the diagnosis when friends came round, we sat outside in the garden having a glass of wine. I remember my inner calm, the peace ~ yes, the relief.

The appointment for my first visit to Oncology was for a week later.

Annie: I came out of hospital in March 2004 in a wheelchair, none of my right side working and very little coming out of my mouth. It is now October 2006. I can walk a quarter of a mile inside a shopping centre. It takes me a good half morning to do this. My right arm does not work but my mouth is well on its way. I won’t say it’s good but at least I can communicate and my voice is no longer of the same monotone pitch. I will never be able to talk about rocks and different sea levels etc but I can talk, if not interrupted, using notes to an audience and even on the radio on my coping with this particular problem, and this is now far more important to me than the rocks ever were.

Ann: *(comment on Annie’s speech)* Annie can talk non-stop, with only an occasional frantic pause while she hunts for the missing word. When we recently had an event at Scotsdales Garden Centre, an event to tell everyone about the proposed new building for the Centre, Annie read a ‘speech’ without any hesitation. She had dictated it to me when we were sunning ourselves in the garden one summer morning, I typed it up for her and she read from it at the event. Fran sat with her in case she got stuck, but she didn’t. She is humorous and happy all the time and this is shown in her general everyday speaking.

Viv: The week waiting to go for the appointment was a roller coaster. Telling people I had cancer was not easy, especially all my elderly relatives. I wanted to protect them and made light of what was happening. They didn't want to believe the worst and the conversations skated round the depth of the problem. Fred wanted to protect me and kept looking on the upbeat, bright, optimistic side. He kept me going through that week. I wanted to know more about the illness before I would start to worry too much. The lymphoma turned out to be low grade, indolent in nature, (always conscientious, for the first time in my life I was pleased to be called indolent and low grade) but because of the delay in seeing the specialist at the hospital, the disease had reached stage 4 and was in various parts of my body, including the bone marrow. I started immediately a 6 month course of Chlorambucil, a chemotherapy taken in tablet form at home and not involving loss of hair. I found the treatment better than I imagined. Everybody has heard awful, off-putting, frightening tales about chemo, but I believe each treatment and each reaction is very individual and we should not generalise. The only mild symptom I underwent was tiredness, which I managed by cutting out one part of the day ~ getting up late, having a siesta or an early night. But then, of course, I had the luxury of not working.

I was very keen to find out as much as I could about the illness. Everybody is different in this regard. Ignorance can be bliss, but I felt I wanted insofar as it was possible to be able to follow explanations the doctors gave me and put relevant questions to them. I was amazed how little I knew or had been interested in the technical workings of my body before. The internet can be a good source of such information but that information cannot be accepted without evaluation ~ you learn quickly which are the sites to be trusted. And to discriminate between the many forms of the disease, some of which are immediately life threatening and others more chronic. As the doctor had advised Jenny, not to frighten oneself to death with ignorance!

I decided to go to the Bristol Cancer Help Centre to see how I could further help myself. I wanted to have a feeling of control. The way I had lived to date had brought me to where I was and I needed to have a rethink.

Ann: Bristol Cancer Help Centre

I like the Bristol Cancer Help Centre. I like its way of going on. I like its spirituality. I could listen to Pat Pilkington talk for hours on end. Several years ago a group of us spent a week there. We relaxed, we talked a lot, we listened, we were guided and influenced and anyone who had cancer could talk to the doctor. We had healing in the crypt. We enjoyed the vegan food. Only once did we sneak out to find a coffee bar to enable Judith to survive the week without coffee and red meat. If I were able to do so I would make everyone who has cancer go to the Bristol Centre.

I discovered the Bristol Centre when my Mum was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer. My Dad had a few years earlier had lung cancer. I and our family looked after both of them at home. My Dad was very ill when I was working at Impington Village College ~ they were very good to me ~ allowed me to have time off to be with my Mum, helping my Dad throughout his illness. And they continued to pay my salary.

When my Mum was ill I was working at Robert Sayle. My Mum lived about a five minute walk from the Store. I lived with her for the last year of her illness. As she became more ill they let me take long lunch hours so that I could go home and cook her lunch. Every Sunday I would go to my house to do our washing in my washing machine. I would also delight in wallpapering my bedroom, perhaps putting up one strip of paper each Sunday. I didn't tell my Mum I was doing that. One Sunday I got a call from her to say she had fallen over, was OK but shaken. So I dashed back to her and didn't leave her again, except to go to work at Robert Sayle. It soon became apparent that she was becoming weaker, although she would get around her bedsit, but I was beginning to feel uneasy about leaving her. If I started to say that perhaps I should stay with her she would insist I should go to work. It was busy at work ~ always busy. But one day I reluctantly walked down King Street, across Christ's Pieces, walking slower, feeling I should turn around and go back. When I reached the kerb opposite the Post Office in St Andrew's Street, I stopped, hovered on the kerb for a minute or two, trying to decide what to do… lots to do at work… lots needed to be done for my Mum …. turned and rapidly retraced my steps. I stayed with my Mum. Robert Sayle were marvellous, as they always are. They paid my salary for, I think, 3 months.

Annie 2010: Now, 7 years since I had the stroke I can talk, walk but I haven't got the use of my right hand. I can't walk any distance but I can drive, and as far as the group is concerned that is a great asset because a lot of them cannot drive.

The group comprises 52 members at varying stages of progress and the group meets 4-5 days a week. Our meetings are held at the CCHC in the David Rayner Building. So you can see a lot has happened in the last 7 years. We have bought a minibus which now takes us on our days-out. I had to try and think of something different for us to do so I have made up my mind that as my way of saying "thank you" to everybody for putting up with this cantankerous lady, my group and I are going to undertake a cycle ride about Anglia in 2011, and then in 2012 we shall cycle round Gt Britain, raising money for charities. That will take place around the time of the Paralympics and I don't know what else we can do but that will keep us somewhat busy for the next two years!

Ann 2010: Our Centre is now in a beautiful new building. We have improved upon the cosiness of the Stockwell Street Church hall.

Viv 2010: 11 years on, I feel strangely privileged to have an incurable cancer and lucky through it to have met strong, courageous, visionary friends and my wise women. And, Fred? Readers, I married him!
All is well.....

Heard at the Centre:

Bristol Cancer Help Centre is now **Penny Brohn Cancer Care**. On a recent Open Day one of our trustees and I visited their beautiful new building. We were shown the Sanctuary where healing takes place.

If I had been on my own I would have sat in there and cried my eyes out because I thought about and felt (or imagined I felt) the feelings and emotions in that room coming from people (some of whom I know/ have known) who have/have had cancer.

If you have cancer, give Penny Brohn a ring. Their courses are now free of charge ~ they ask for a donation if possible.

Check their website: www.pennybrohncanceercare.org
or phone the Bookings Team on 01275 370 111
or email BOOKINGS@pennybrohn.org

As long as there are
more smiles than tears
you're winning.

We Are All at Risk

A mouse looked through the crack in the wall to see the farmer and his wife open a package. “What might this contain?”, the mouse wondered. He was devastated to discover it was a mousetrap. Retreating to the farmyard the mouse proclaimed this warning: “there is a mousetrap in the house!”

The chicken clucked and scratched, raised her head and said “Mr Mouse, I can tell this is of grave concern to you, but it is of no consequence to me. I cannot be bothered by it.”

The mouse turned to the pig and told him, “there is a mousetrap in the house!” The pig sympathised but said, “I am so very sorry, Mr Mouse, but there is nothing I can do about it but pray. Be assured you are in my prayers.”

The mouse turned to the cow and said, “there’s a mousetrap in the house!” The cow said, “Wow, Mr Mouse, I’m sorry for you, but it’s no skin off my nose”. So the mouse returned to the house, head down and dejected, to face the farmer’s mousetrap…alone…

That very night a sound was heard throughout the house ~ the sound of a mousetrap catching its prey. The farmer’s wife rushed to see what was caught. In the darkness, she did not see it. It was a venomous snake whose tail was caught in the trap. The snake bit the farmer’s wife. The farmer rushed her to the hospital. When she returned home she still had a fever. Everyone knows you treat a fever with fresh chicken soup, so the farmer took his hatchet to the farmyard to get the soup’s main ingredient. But his wife’s sickness continued. Friends and neighbours came to sit with her around the clock. To feed them the farmer butchered the pig. But, alas, the farmer’s wife did not get well…she died.

So many people came for her funeral that the farmer had the cow slaughtered to provide enough meat for all of them for the funeral luncheon. And the mouse looked upon it all from his crack in the wall with great sadness.

So the next time you hear someone is facing a problem and you think it doesn’t concern you, remember ~ when one of us is threatened, we are all at risk ~ we are all involved in this journey called life ~ we must keep an eye out for one another and make an extra effort to encourage one another.

Cromer ~ Penny

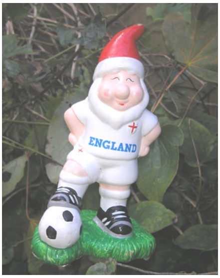
It’s August and what do we all want to do in August? Go to the seaside of course. We all remember those endless sunny days of our childhood; the beach, the sandcastles, the donkey rides, beach cricket, catching crabs ~ funny it didn’t rain back then.

So we piled into our trusty coach wearing all our layers and raincoats, because typically the weather was grey and cold, and we were asking each other who’s silly idea was it to go to the seaside in England in August? As it continued to deteriorate the closer we got to Cromer the idea of a warm pub became far more appealing, than a cold, wet pier.

Suddenly there was the sea. There was Cromer, and as we drove into town the sun came out, the sky turned blue, the sea turned blue, the wind became a balmy zephyr.

Lunchtime ~ we spotted members in Mary Jane’s fish-shop ~ some were in the Hotel de Paris, some picnicking along the prom. Refreshed they were off, end of the pier, round the town, the museums and the beach to watch the fun and frolics of the surf school or the donkey rides, everyone enjoying the Mediterranean climate.

There was an optional scavenger hunt round the town, feathers had to be collected, the funniest item purchased for 50p or less to be bought, how much is a ‘99’ at Cromer ices? On the way home we delved through the bags of scavenged goodies, the imaginations of our members had been working overtime, where did they get the shocking pink feather? The red arrow plane was a great touch, the funny putty, twister, stones and seaweed were all there, but Pam and Jimmy had excelled with a garden gnome wearing the England football strip, so they won the prize and the gnome has come to visit his relative on our roof.



The Glorious Andy Filler (Margot's son)

We were all saddened to hear about the death of Andy, reported in the February 2010 'Lifeline' ~ so good to remind ourselves about what he did for the Centre and for Help for Heroes.

I have taken the following from part of a tribute to him from 'The Journal of the Special Air Service'. It reminds us that Andy died in a tragic paragliding accident on the 14 November 2009. When his funeral took place the Church was packed with family and comrades and friends who had come from all over the UK and abroad to pay their respects to this gallant warrior. A guard of honour was provided by C Squadron. Andy is described as a man of few words, full of grit and quiet determination. He fitted in well with the Squadron and gradually moved through the ranks. It was fitting, we were told, that for this unique man his final posting was a unique position. He was appointed RQMS, which carries with it the rank of WO1, most unusual for a reserve soldier. After Andy left the Regiment he found many new challenges ~ including climbing Mont Blanc to raise money for our Cambridge Cancer Help Centre.

The author (I.G.) of this obituary tells us that the last time he met Andy he noticed a scar on his neck and asked what the problem was. Andy replied that he had had cancer on his tongue and needed surgery to remove his gland. Asked why he did not tell people he shrugged his shoulders, as if to say "it was nothing". He was only interested in talking about what he was going to do, namely a paragliding course in Morocco. It was as he was nearing the completion of the course that the fateful accident occurred, in a place high up in the Atlas Mountains on a sunny, clear day with family and friends, doing something he wanted to do. The Squadron will visit the location and erect a plaque in memory of a gallant warrior who will be sadly missed.

After the wake it was agreed that the Squadron would visit Scotland over the Easter weekend to complete the 'Caledonian Challenge' on behalf of Andy because planning the Challenge had kept him going during the dark days when he was fighting cancer. So, on the Thursday before Good Friday, 72 Squadron members and friends headed north in atrocious weather. However, on the Friday morning there were clear blue skies and snow on the mountains. So...12 Kleppers set off on this great event with walkers and bikers in pursuit. And on Sunday they finished the Challenge in Inverness. Alison, Andy's wife, and their two sons Scott and Stuart, paddled the final leg with them leading the canoes in to the finish. And so the Challenge was completed on his behalf ~ a fitting end to the memory of a gentle giant of a man who touched so many people's lives.

We at the Centre know that Andy raised a great deal of money for us. We have a display of photographs of Andy and his team, climbing Mont Blanc, including one of him taken with lots of us from the Centre, along with people who had raised money for us. We will always be grateful to Andy and thankful that his Mum, Margot, has been a staunch member of our Centre since she came to us when her husband was given a cancer diagnosis. Margot particularly wants to thank everyone at the Centre for their donations towards the fund-raising which took place in Andy's name ~ approximately £600 was raised for 'Help for Heroes' by that "gentle giant of a man", Andy Filler.

Love to you, Margot.

Amazing John Lewis - Cambridge to Coast

"Eight months in the planning…900 calories burned per person per hour…720 miles kayaked…576 Jaffa Cakes consumed…four tubes of Deep Heat used…" (I am quoting from the Chronicle – the partnership's in-house magazine.)

Six John Lewis partners took to the river on Thursday 13 May to take part in an epic kayak journey from Cambridge to King's Lynn – and back, raising money for CCHC. That journey took 3 days and covered 90 miles. The fantastic people who took part were **Gerald Brackley, Ben Duncan, Alan Gentle, Becca Human, Carlos Vicencio and Pete Whitehead,** along with **Ollie Campbell and Jack Maltby** from Scudamores Punting Company. **Sally Milligan**, with **Hannah Darking and Kate Moules** from Scudamore's met the canoeists at stops en route, approximately every hour. Food and hydration were available along with first aid equipment. Deep heat, zinc tape and sun screen were in popular demand.

It does not surprise me in the least that the Partners of John Lewis put in so much effort for our Centre – John Lewis are like that – we know them well. We hope to welcome them when they bring in their donation to help our Centre to carry on doing what it does – and what it does well, because of all the people who are part of our Centre.

Carlos also, in the Chronicle, said that they all visited the Centre before their trip and found the people there very welcoming and open about their illnesses. He thought that the Centre made a huge difference to people's lives and said he was certain that the money raised will be well spent.

When they come to see us, with their donation, I am sure all our cake makers will do their best to feed them up ready for their next challenge!

Coffee Mornings for Cancer Research UK

We all know that Cancer Research UK are carrying out lots of research to enable cancer to be beaten. So we thought we would like to give them some support. The Tea Team will have a Cakes & Refreshments day on the last Wednesday of every month. Money raised at this event will go to Cancer Research UK. (Actually the money raised will go direct to their Cambridge Cancer Centre ~ which is based at Addenbrooke's Hospital)

We will ask for donations ~ hoping for at least £1 for drink & cake. So ~ all you cake-makers (and I know we have got lots) please will you make buns and cakes for us to serve with the teas? Please put the last Wednesday in every month in your diaries. Perhaps you will let Liz, Sylvia, Wendy or any of the tea team know if you can help provide cakes. Our first fund-raising effort raised **£79.40 for Cancer Research UK** ~ more cakes please on the last Wednesday in October to help us beat that amount.

Cambridge Cancer Centre

Dr. Katrien Van Look (CCC & Outreach Co-ordinator)

The vision of the Cambridge Cancer Centre (CCC) is to deliver world-class research, improved patient care and greater local engagement.

The CCC is one of 15 Cancer Research UK (CR-UK) Centres across the United Kingdom. The Centres are 'virtual' partnerships working on a local level with universities, NHS Trusts, cancer networks and other charities, and on a national level with government and industry. The CCC is currently a partnership between Cambridge University Hospitals NHS Foundation Trust, the University of Cambridge, the Medical Research Council and CR-UK. The CCC's partnerships will hopefully expand in the future to include cancer networks, other institutions and charities.

The CCC was officially launched in February 2010 by CR-UK, but has been active since June 2007. The CCC currently has around 340 members who are clinicians and researchers from all disciplines (e.g. biology, mathematics, physics and chemistry) who have an interest in cancer. By working collaboratively and across disciplines, we hope to accelerate the process of taking discoveries from the laboratory bench into the clinic for the benefit of our patients.

Over the last 3 years, the CCC has been very successful in creating a new cross-Cambridge community of researchers and clinicians with an interest in cancer research. We will build on this strong start and we hope to bring you exciting news of developments in the near future.

We would like to sincerely thank you for raising funds for the CCC.

Professor Caldas, from CR-UK, will visit our Centre at 2 pm on Tuesday 30 November to talk about 'Cancer Research Cambridge – Gleaming into the Future' about their research into cancer. AND it may well be that we can arrange at a later date for about a dozen of us (who have got cancer) at a time to go on a conducted tour of some of the laboratories.

Cambridge Experimental Cancer Medicine Centre Open Day

The Cambridge Centre will be hosting an Open Day on Friday 26 November at the CR-UK Cambridge Research Institute. The day will showcase current cancer clinical trials' research through talks given by researchers, nurses and patients, and a poster session.

The day is open to everyone and free to attend. You do, however, need to register via: http://www.ecmcnetwork.org.uk/news-events/events/cambridge-open-day/
If you do not have access to the internet, please call Marion Karniely (01223 40 4179) or Katrien Van Look (01223 40 4198).

We hope you will be able to join us and we look forward to seeing you.

Members' Subscriptions and Covenants ~

have generated **£4,146** in this financial year ~ considerably more when the Gift Aid has been added.

Many thanks to all who have contributed.

Renewal forms are enclosed, but please ignore these if you have recently subscribed

Very many thanks for the following donations ~

In memory of Pat Manning ~ **£295**

The Histon Piston Ladies ~ **£120**

Heather & Les Coppock ~ **£150** in lieu of presents for their Diamond Wedding Anniversary

Jason Robinson from his Thai Day ~ **£300**

Mrs C A Mead ~ **£155**

Cambridge University Press ~ **£1137**

Napp Pharmaceuticals ~ **£200**

Thanks also for home collections from:

Eric & Nell
Dorothy & Joe
Cheryl & Richard
Pam & Jimmy
Margaret B
Brenda R
F & D Wooding
Penny & her brother Nigel
George Cowie
B Peake

Christmas Party at 7 pm on 9th December

As always, please bring your family and friends as well as your remarkable, absolutely excellent food to share. There will be entertainment ~ only 'silly' entertainment allowed ~ to make you laugh. It will conclude with Ros and her singing group ~ which won't be 'silly' but will be uplifting.

SGC will be open during the evening
so if you'd like to shop before the Party please do.

Christmas Lunch at 12.30 on 14th December

Due to shortage of space we will have to limit the numbers. As before the lunch will be for our members/regular users of the Centre, so no room for guests/husbands/wives/partners I'm afraid, unless they are visitors to the Centre. Much as we would like to do so, it is impossible to seat more than 100 people. We followed the same system last year and fortunately no-one was turned away.

We would like to have 150 Christmas crackers, please, so if you can help with contributions of crackers we will be very happy! The charge will be £5 per head. Please complete the booking form which is on the tea bar.

Father Christmas will be there and he hopes you will fill his sack with unisex gifts costing no more than £3. Please bring wrapped gifts any time in November or early December and put them in the sacks under the Christmas tree. Scotsdales have a large variety of Christmassy items priced around £3.

Christmas closure

Close at end of day on Wednesday 22nd December

Re-open on Tuesday 4th January 2011

Went a week too soon to the dentist for check-up. However, dentist very kindly said he would fit me in, and whilst waiting I read an article in the New Scientist which claimed that grey hair could be protecting us from cancer. It seems that cells called melanocytes produce the pigments that colour hair, and their numbers are kept topped up by stem cells. Apparently hair goes grey when the number of stem cells in hair follicles declines. Tokyo Medical and Dental University in Japan found what causes this decline in mice. So….love your grey hair. My dentist said he wouldn't mind having grey hair instead of having just too little hair of any colour ~ I said I would mention that in the newsletter without mentioning his name!

Love from Ann

PS Goods for Sale
We have such a large quantity of items for sale. It seems we need to review what we do and how we do it. The up-side of our Goods for Sale venture is that we raise a substantial amount of money from the goods you kindly provide to the Centre. The downside is that Penny has disappeared underneath the mountain of clothes, bric-a-brac, toys and allsorts. We would quite like to find her in time to organise the exciting pre-Christmas coach trip. I know we have a large Centre but storage space is at a premium and the portacabin is pretty well full. As far as clothes are concerned we have room for only one clothes' rail. So…please only bring seasonal clothes which are very nearly new ~ and no more shoes thank you. Bric-a-brac sells well and also jewellery of all kinds. Penny can do things with jewellery even though in its present form it may not sell. Toys are good sellers but they need to be in an 'as new' condition. Books are a good idea. We pass over spare books for David Rayner to sell to raise money for the Scotsdales Charitable Foundation. People no longer buy videos or cassettes, but they do buy CDs and DVDs.

Ros is always happy to receive prizes for raffles and tombola. We will be having tombola and raffles at Christmas so please keep us in mind for that. The tombola will probably run during November and December.