

TO HELP IMPROVE THE QUALITY OF LIFE FOR ALL NECK BREATHERS

Dear Friends

I hope you have been able to enjoy the beautiful spring weather we have been having and that we get quite a lot more of it through the summer, with rain at night for the gardeners amongst you! We went on a trip to a garden centre recently to get some shrubs to replace the casualties of the winter and remarked on the fields of oil seed rape flowering early this year as are so many other plants.

We are busy preparing and looking forward to our Norwegian fjords cruise. At the moment I am busy knitting the Royal Wedding Party. The Archbishop of Canterbury's features are proving rather tricky. In the past I have knitted three Nativity groups and Dickensian mice carol singers.

The Summer Lunches in Blackpool and Bridlington will soon be upon us (See details below). If you are planning to holiday in the area you will be most welcome to attend please get in touch with the organiser. As usual Bill, Sarah and I will be at the Bridlington event and look forward to meeting members there. Another event coming up soon is the British London 10K Run on July 10th. If any of your family members or friends are able to run for us we would be very grateful. Please contact the office by phone or e-mail info@cancerlt.org.

Have a good summer and don't forget your Travel Guide on trips out.

Best Wishes

Wendy Thompson

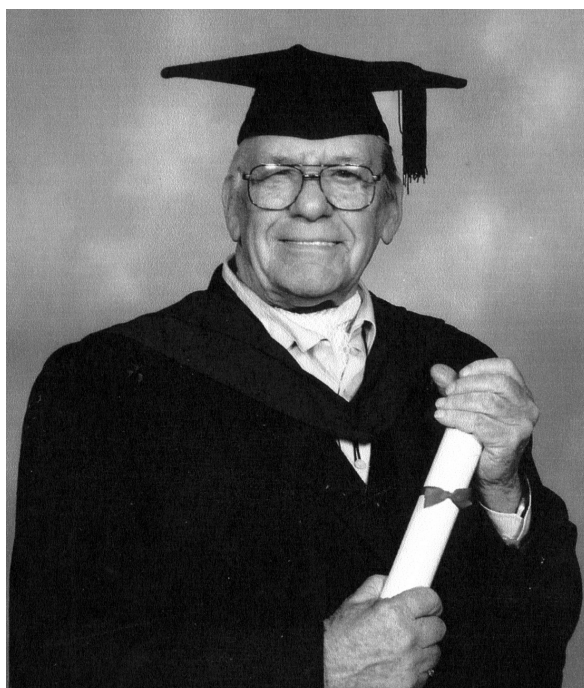
THE PRETENCE

By Len Hynds

The mask we wear, that smiles and lies,
so hides the tears that's in our eyes.
We practice hard, with inner guile.
with torn and bleeding heart, we smile.

Why should we show them otherwise,
why should we let them hear our sighs.
Let them not think, or dare to ask,
that this our smile is just a mask.

The voice is gone, but we are here,
and gone is that once dreadful fear.
The mask will vanish, just like a pain,
and then once more, we'll smile again.



Runners Wanted - The British 10K London Run 10 July 2011

With encouragement from Trustee Ros Oswald our teams of runners worked hard on our behalf in the British 10K London Run in 2009 & 2010. We are now inviting runners to take part in the 2011 race on our behalf. We still have a few places left for the race on Sunday 10 July, start time 9.35am. The race commences at Hyde Park Corner with the route travelling along Piccadilly, Pall Mall, along the Embankment towards Tower Bridge back to Westminster Bridge and into Whitehall for the finish. This year we will have Chip Timing and an Official Race Photo for each team member.



Runners must be at least 15 years old and be capable of completing the race in under 2 hours. Individual runners must complete the registration form (available from CLT, PO Box 618, Halifax HX3 8WX or info@cancerlt.org) which contains our Charity Race Ref No P937 and return the form to CLT. These entries will then be entered on-line via the race website. We can amend the on-line registrations and make substitutions before the date up to Friday 1st July.



We have had to purchase the Platinum Debentures for our runners but we do not plan to charge people to run for us. What we would hope is that each member of the team will attempt to generate at least £50 sponsorship for the charity. A sponsorship form has been prepared which you might wish to make use of or alternatively you can prepare your own version. We have permission to use the race logo. Please encourage anyone who is eligible (i.e. UK tax payer) to tick the Gift Aid box as this increases the value of their donation at no cost to them.

For more information see the CLT website www.cancerlt.org or www.thebritish10klondon.co.uk

Summer Lunches

Lunches are to be held in Blackpool on Saturday 11 June at Hacketts York House Hotel and at the Expanse Hotel, Bridlington on Sunday 17 July. We would like to invite members to attend with a spouse, carer or friend too. If you would like to attend the Blackpool event please contact Malcolm Rothwell, 23 Dorset Road, Atherton, Manchester, M46 9PP Tel 01942 892403. The Bridlington Event is being organised by Ann Smith, & Mrs Wendy Thompson, 10 Meadow Drive, Market Weighton, York, YO43 3QG Tel 01430 871561

If anyone would like to arrange an event elsewhere in the country we would be pleased to provide financial support. We can also offer grants for groups who wish to arrange outings. Please contact the office at CLT, PO Box 618, Halifax HX3 8WX or e-mail info@cancerlt.org for a Grant Request Form.

Last year The Windpipers from Blackpool were awarded a grant for their trip to Salford Quays and the Speak Easy Group from Ayr enjoyed a lovely lunch at the United Service Club in Motherwell, attended by 20 members and family.



Sovereign Healthcare Presentation

Mr Leslie Morgan represented Sovereign Healthcare at the presentation of a cheque to the charity. The photograph shows Mr Morgan presenting the cheque to the Mayor of Calderdale and Trustee Carole Stainton in the presence of members Don Owrid and Sheila Hickey. The money will be used to fund the Laryngectomees Travel Guide to the UK.



Nobody Said It Would Be Easy Part 2 by David

Is a song by Sheryl Crow, I had heard of Sheryl Crow, but not the song, however, my Ipod had been uploaded with the oddest mix of stuff you have ever heard. Thank you daughter Annette, commonly known as Nettie. Lets start with..... The Goons, then lets go to Mendelssohn, have a little bit of Tom Jones with Jools Holland, a lot of Pink Floyd, Status Quo following on, Beethoven, and in amongst this eclectic lot I found my signature tune...Sheryl Crow singing "Nobody said it would be easy" Understatement of the year I decided.

I'm a techie, have been all my life, but with a scrambled brain due to anaesthetic, finding a particular track on an Ipod, in the dark, under the bedclothes is not that easy. But find it I did, and what a hammering it got on the first night following the surgery, and the next night, etc etc.

Tubes, you ain't seen nothing like them, one from the left shoulder, and one from the right shoulder. Each one connected to its own raspberry jam jar. One tube mentioned in part one, which was sewn onto my chest, and then wound its way through my brand new blowhole, to who knows where inside the depths of me. A couple in my arms, some connected to stuff, and some with threaded ends, ready for things to be screwed into them, for pumping goodies into my system. Some of those painkillers were really something, one type made my eyes go crossed, (which is pretty good, because even when having my eyes tested for my pilots licence, they couldn't make me cross them.) Shall we digress a bit? yes, why not. (When they check eye sight for a pilot's licence, they not only check that you can see a long way a way, and in focus. They also stick a double light on double arms instrument on the bridge of the nose, and swing both lights apart to see how far vision works behind the normal line of sight. The same instrument is used to check that both eyes work in unison, seeing and keeping in focus something coming towards the centre between the eyes. My medic said, "this will cross your eyes," as he moved the light forward to the bridge of my nose. But it didn't, I never have been able to cross them. Here is a funny other thing, two of my brothers, and my only sister, have completely uncontrolled crossing eye syndrome. I'm not that sure if its syndrome but it will do as one.) any way, back to where we were. Others played havoc with coordination, or that might have just been me. All my internal requirements were handled by tubular entry. This was due no doubt to the fact that behind me was a sign that read "NILL BY MOUTH" in looking glass writing. That's because the first time I saw it was when I scrounged a mirror from a nurse. I wanted to see what they had done with my Adam's Apple and other bits, and there it was, swollen faced like Buzz Lightyear, a metal zip from ear to ear, and a sign as mentioned before.

Visitors came a plenty, how they managed to look, talk and behave normally when looking at something from outer space, is beyond my understanding. I worked my way through countless note pads, miscellaneous sheets of paper, and wore out three of those children's magic sketchpads. You know the type, draw or write what you want, pull the slider, and it all disappears. And waved and hooted and bubbled away all day.

One of my daughters arrived one day with a large print off from a Buzz Lightyear web site; she climbed over my bed, and me and stuck the thing on the wall. From then on I was known as Buzz. This part of my story will be a bit disjointed and out of sync, because to be honest, I was a bit disjointed and out of sync, and I really have no intention of sitting down trying to get everything in correct order. Visits to me were made by the maids of Macmillan, carrying bags with stuff which I would

be needing in the future, special tweezers, a stand up mirror, stoma brushes, little books which had intriguing diagrams and sketches of what had been done to me, and how they were going to get me talking again. Specialists arrived, poked

me, prodded me, and told me how well I was doing, a nurse came along one morning and said, and "I think we can do away your catheter." D'you know, I had not even realised I had not been to the loo. My powers of written persuasion worked, and we left it in place for another few days.

I asked my surgeon how I could reduce my Buzz Lightyear look, just massage it he said, this was done by me in practically all my spare time, night and day, it seemed to have little or no effect. Brainwave time, I need mechanical assistance. So when Janet arrived to visit, and since my voice was still in the Brighton landfill, I passed her a small shopping list which said:- Visit Anne Summers and buy a large vibrator. Doc says I need regular powerful massage on my face to get the swelling down. Will I ever live that message down? I think not.

One thing that really drove me round the bend was the daily "hoover visit," It went something like this:- male nurse, always a male nurse, would arrive beside the bed, pretend to be a sleep, he would take no notice. "Come on David, sit up, and let's get those bubbles cleared out." Me, I could live with bubbles, but it seems he couldn't, in one sweep of his practiced hand, the dressing was removed from around my neck, the stoma plastic thingie was whipped out, a vacuum pumpie thing was switched on, and a sucking pipe tube or whatever you want to call it was poked around the internals of my blow hole, ye gods! Coughing was not what you would call it, erupting is more like it. "Don't panic, just take it easy," was the usual comment. Panic wasn't the word. Terror was. Can't breath in, can't breath out. Silly nurse man giving lots of placitudes, which don't help. Suddenly a big lump of goo goes down the tube, hey I can breath, and no bubbles, and "thanks" I write on my pad. "No trouble," says nurse man. Now I know that it will happen again tomorrow, and I know that I will not enjoy the run up to it, but one day hopefully it will not be necessary.

The deal I had worked was this:- Can we leave the catheter in place until the raspberry jam jars are removed, and then with a bit of careful maneuvering I would be able to drag all my plugged in accessories behind and beside me to the loo. I had watched with interest how the jam level rose for the first few days, but at last the level had been stable for a couple of days. Nurses and sisters checked and double-checked. One sister returned with a couple of sticky pads. Sat me up, everything clanked, leant me forward, grasped the right side raspberry jam pipe, told me to take a deep breath, and hold it. A long steady pull, and one jam pot was free, round to the other side for a repeat, two jam pots free. Hurrah! Almost freedom. Where the jam went I have no idea. Next came the nurse, with another pad, another deep breath, and out came the catheter. I thought it was going to be painful, but no. Even more freedom sort of. The most exciting bit now was getting out of bed, and staggering across the ward to the loo, dragging various clanking stands behind me. I had to perform various ballet steps and movements to get in the correct position, both in the loo, and back in the ward to climb into bed. No sitting in the chair yet apparently.

As far as I recall, I spent very little time in the chair, may be because sorting out tubes and pipes to get from bed too chair was an almost impossible undertaking. Two stands feeding or extracting on both sides of the bed, forget permanent positioning on either side, just stretch out in comfort on the bed. I have that belief that the blanket and sheet supplied by the NHS, are only designed to be on the bed when unoccupied. Stick a body underneath them, and they immediately ruckle up, and become totally useless at covering and protecting ones dignity. I guess it's the same with the loose, floppy, dignity failing green sort of bed wear. I had to persist with this strange clothing until the old jam jars were removed. Then style, Tesco jim jam trousers, and soft cotton shirt. I didn't feel human, but I did feel getting there.

web site: www.cancerlt.org
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