



**EDITORS BIT** - *Jill Edwards – heart transplant - 20 years - Vice Chairperson (Acting Chair)*



*It is a few years since we last spoke! I am the new editor of your newsletter (again). Firstly may I say a big thank you to Lisa for her excellent work over the past few years. I am sure you have all enjoyed the lovely appearance of our newsletter. However, with Lisa's resignation we have also lost the free printing services which she managed to acquire. I cannot promise any glossy thick paper nor colour pictures, so I am afraid it is back to black and white but I hope that the content will be pleasing to you and I will try my best to keep you interested and fully informed of the clubs happenings.*

*In an attempt to try and save money in these financially challenging times please if you are receiving this through the post and would be willing to receive your copy by e mail, could you contact me and I will happily arrange it. Of course by doing it this way you can then print on whatever quality paper you choose and have colour too! On the back page you will find my contact details, together with the current up to date list of all committee members.*

*It would be nice if we could have some of your stories and to start us off there is an article from John McCafferty (our longest living heart transplant ) telling us of the early days of transplantation. We also have another anonymous writer – this one is from Wales but it sounds like he/she is just tea total, unlike our other mysterious "red wine drinker"! Amazing Justine, who had a **double lung** transplant is telling us of her training before taking part in a Round The World Clipper Race I am hoping this will develop into a regular feature, finalising with her completing the race in 2012 .*

*I would love some feedback from you. It is your Newsletter for you and I hope written by you. Tell me what you would like included or what you would like discontinued. All I would like to do is to put everything into some sort of order and get up to date information of events, the rest is up to you.....*

*Hopefully you will enjoy reading the contents, if you have never written an article for us, please consider contributing, it may seem quite routine to you but we want to hear about it! To those who regularly write something, keep up the good work, you are so appreciated.*

**CHAIRMANS CHAT – Lewis Sander – heart transplant 20 years**



Hello All,

Thanks to everyone for their letters, cards, phone calls and kind support throughout my recent illness. I thought it would be nice to give you an update about the current state of affairs. I have had three chemo sessions now and have five more to go.

I have moved from a large family sized house to a smaller flat and I must admit to feeling very comfortable in my new environment.

Although I feel weak I am hoping to get back to attending Hamster Committee meetings soon and hopefully by the second half of the year I will be back to normal.

I remain very positive – I have had a heart transplant, a kidney transplant, and this is just another life hurdle to overcome.

In the meantime, if you have any problems I am sure Jill will be able to help you.

Take care.

**NEW SECRETARY - Alan Lees – Heart Transplant 13 years**



As my Hamsters sporting participation starts to wind down I thought I could contribute to the Hamsters by helping on the committee, hence a few words of introduction.

I was transplanted nearly 14 year ago, in August 1997. I've always been active in sports and so to find myself in Harefield was, to say the least, a bit of a shock! At school cricket / rugby / football / athletics was the norm and I have always been a keen cyclist. However my main sport has been climbing in its various guises, whether on Scottish ice, in the Alps or in the Himalayas.

I do still compete on selected events at the games. I was advised, riley, by legendary climber Don Whillans “ the mountain will still be there next year, make sure you are” and the gift of transplantation allows me to do just that, even though I did a ‘Gerard\_Hoffnung’ at the Euro Games in Sweden last year, still swimming up the pool whilst everyone else was coming back! No matter: I console myself that it's the taking part. Hope to see you at the social events and the games.

**IN THOSE EARLY DAYS – *John McCafferty – heart transplant 27 years***



Being a heart transplant in the early 1980's, was at a time, when transplantation was still very much in its infancy, so much so, that life expectancy beyond transplantation, was only 5 years. It was at a time Cyclosporin, although having been used on Kidney Transplants was yet to be tried out on transplanted hearts. It was therefore in 1982 when a Senior Transplant Doctor, Mike Glasby, persuaded Mr Yacoub as he was then known, to give the medication a try. Both I and another heart transplant, Chris Cotter (now sadly deceased) started the clinical trials. Prior to this event, all 39 previous heart transplants (again sadly deceased), were prescribed steroids and a cocktail of other medication.

Unlike patients of today, earlier transplants remained in hospital over a much longer period, in 3 clinically sterile transplant rooms. These rooms with airtight double doors were totally isolated from outside contact, so much so, that Ann my wife, had to go through the rigorous showering and changing into a sterile gown, with mask and gloves every time she came to visit. Everything which you came into contact with from the outside world, be it daily newspapers, magazines etc, had to pass through sterilisation systems before you got it. Quite often all reading material was damp as a result of this procedure. If you were fortunate enough to get visitors, they could only stand outside in the corridor, looking in through the sealed glass internal window.

The airtight rooms were clinically white and it got to the point, where I had asked for my sunglasses to be brought in because of the brightness. All meals entering into my room had to pass through the microwave for a minimum of 7 minutes to kill of any potential bacteria. Each room was equipped with a small microwave for food and a small wall fridge for storing medication. Because I needed building up, I was prescribed one small can of Guinness each day. I soon learned that warm Guinness didn't taste the same, so I decided that I could put my small fridge to better use than medication. Needless to say, I developed a stomach ulcer and was unable to drink them, so it was a case of medication back into the fridge.

Like many of the other transplants before me, progress remained slow, taking each day as it came. One of the major downsides of being isolated was that many of us in those early days, encountered hallucinations. We were later informed that getting through these, was a good sign of progress. However, they remain vividly embedded in one's mind. Other effects from those early days were that many transplants ended up with very small fuses (lack of patience) and in some instances, changes to personality or character. It is questionable, whether it was as a result of being in isolation for lengthy spells or, the operation itself which in some instances, caused this to occur.

In order to prepare me for discharge I was allowed some short exercise in the hospital grounds, well wrapped up and wearing a mask. Eventually the time came, when preparing

to go home; I took up temporary accommodation, at Dovecote Close within Harefield village, as did those before me. Even the villagers knew we were transplants, as they soon got to know us by our masks. The local butcher knew precisely how to prepare our meats, discarding the fat content. Each day I had to make the long journey up the High Street on foot, wearing my protective mask, to a very small treatment room outside E Ward. This room was barely big enough to swing a cat around. It was to be our outpatient meeting point and for those patients undergoing rejection treatment. Meeting up with those earlier transplants, helped me adopt a more positive attitude towards life, even if it was only to be for 5 years.

Prior to being discharged home from Harefield, one final preparation had to be undertaken for our homecoming. Spouses had to perform the arduous task of a deep clean of the home so to speak, free of dust. Everything which I was likely to touch e.g. door handles, all had to be sterilised. All washable upholstery had to be removed and washed. Those of us who had animals or feathered friends, had to find alternative arrangements to house them. Some families got rid of their animals permanently, all in the name of bacterial infection. For some time, if you had visitors calling into your home, you had to put on a mask in fear of infection. The word "cleanliness" was to become the catch phrase of the day.

As history of the transplant programme has shown, many of those which have been fortunate enough to overcome their initial hurdles, are now surviving well beyond the 5 years we were given. Many are now reaching 20 years and beyond. I truly believe that this is as a direct result, of the advances made in Medication and Clinical Procedures and Screening.

I will always be indebted to those who have gone before me, as I learned so much from them in my giant leap forward into the unknown. I feel many of those had a much tougher time than I. My greatest debt however, will be to my Surgeon and Transplant Team with the support of the Nursing and other supporting Staff which aided my recovery and most importantly, my Donor who without their gift would not have made any of this possible.



#### **CONFESSIONS OF A WELSH TEA DRINKER**

Don't despair this is a one off, true story of what happened to me way back in 1992. At that time I was having checkups at Harefield on a very regular basis and was accompanied by my father in law, let's call him Cyril to protect his good name. We would travel up on one day, stay on F ward for £5 a night, and attend Out patients clinic the next morning. After fasting bloods had been taken it was off to the canteen where I would meet Cyril for breakfast. Now this is where things went wrong. ....

The tea machine was an electric model where you selected tea or coffee, weak or strong, milk, sugar etc and the number of cups required, Cyril was enjoying his breakfast as I got the tea. Tea - yes. Strong - yes. Number of cups, we wanted 2 but I must have delayed on the button and 3 registered. I waited a moment and thought that if I pressed again it would do as I wanted and register 1 and then 2 but no, now it shows 5. It was early in the morning and I now had an even better idea, press up to 10 where it must then most certainly go back to 1. You guessed it - now shows 11. Unfortunately this is where it went wrong, yet again, and I don't know why, maybe it was the dragon on the till, but I walked away back to our table.

Tea was coming out of the machine and all over the place, 11 cups worth. There were very few people in the canteen so I kept my head down, ate my breakfast and got out of there as quickly as possible. Cyril knew nothing about what had gone wrong but did ask where his tea was. As we were leaving the dragon was cleaning up and breathing fire! Not a good time to go back and own up.

Following my blood test it was good to get back on the M4 and over the seven bridge to safety. When we got back home it was good to have a nice cup of tea.

On my next 2 monthly visit there was a new, simpler, tea machine where only one cup of tea could be made at a time.

I still feel guilty every time I have a cup of tea at Harefield, but not brave enough to give my name as she may still be on the canteen till. Dragons have very good memories, that's a well known Welsh fact. She may still be looking for the blood of the one responsible for the great tea spillage of 1992

## YOUR LETTERS



*KEN HARRIS - Heart Transplant 25 years*

Thank you very much for sending me the 25 year pin which I shall certainly wear with pride as I never ever thought I would reach such a landmark. When I had my transplant in 1986, while there was never any indication given of life expectancy, it was hoped that the operation would give one at least five more years. As it is, I have enjoyed a lease of life that, had my problems occurred even one year earlier, I would not have been around to experience it. Yes, I know that transplants had been going on successfully at Harefield since 1980, but I wasn't actually in Harefield at the time.

I was so very lucky that one of the surgeons at the Harley Street Clinic, where I was undergoing bypass surgery (covered by an office BUPA insurance scheme I must add as I certainly couldn't have afforded their prices), had been experimenting with an artificial heart and when they were unable to restart one side of my heart after completing the bypasses it was decided to make me the first patient on whom it would be tried. I therefore have the privilege of being the first person in Britain to have had their life supported by such a device. In the twelve hours while on this machine a donor heart became available, Harefield agreed I could have it, and the transplant staff from Harefield arrived to carry out the transplant. How lucky can one get? While my thanks go to the club for presenting the

pin they must obviously also go to all the staff at Harefield Hospital, both past and present, who saw me through what was a very difficult time and have looked after me so well since.

### **DALLAS NEW HEARTS AND LUNGS – Editor**



It is with much sadness that I have to report that the wonderful Dallas New Hearts and lungs Club has now ceased to be. The club decided that it was proving just too difficult to carry on for a number of various reasons.

Over the years many of our members have enjoyed a free trip to Dallas. The lucky transplant winner was traditionally chosen by a raffle at our Annual Reunion weekend. The first winner was Geoff Gayton and I felt very privileged to be the very last transplant to win the trip last year. What wonderful , amazing hosts they have been to us. None of us who won will ever forget the visits to the JF Kennedy Museum, Fort Worth, The Ewings Ranch, downtown Dallas and many many more special places. Nothing was too much trouble for them to show us and it always included the Annual Reunion dinner of their club.

Similarly we have hosted many transplants from their club and this early arrangement was started by our founder Chairman Ken Pinfield way back when our club was formed. We will all have special memories of all the people who visited us from Dallas.

Lovely wonderful people, all sharing this special bond of the gift of life. We will so miss our American cousins each year at our Reunion weekends. Surely this must be the finale of a very very special era indeed.

### **THE CLIPPER RACE BEGINS – Justine Laymond – Double lung transplant – 4 years**

So...how did this Clipper 11-12 Round the World Yacht Race come about? Last year, I applied to an advert, and emailed Steve Wigmore (Professor of Transplantation Surgery) who was looking to get a team of transplantees to be part of the Clipper 11-12. I flew to Edinburgh for the initial meeting/interview and to meet David Cusworth (Clipper Recruitment Manager ) and get what felt like a grilling by others. But, never the shy me - went in all smiles and just gave it my best shot. A once in a lifetime opportunity, and I wasn't going to walk away with a "No – sorry.... You are not suitable"

So to the present day - here I am about to embark on my first level's training and feeling all smiley and nervous and like 'WoW..reality it's happening now'. It all fell together at the very last minute and for a while I thought it wouldn't happen due to sponsorship and over Christmas felt very down for this reason. I knew I needed a miracle and I got it! I am at the London Boat Show whereby I got to meet the amazing, Sir Robin Knox-Johnston. Sir Robin is the founder and Chairman of the Clipper Round the World Yacht Race. I am the first ever double-lung transplantee to be involved in the Clipper Round the World Yacht Race, both making and creating history - yipes. I am going to do the last leg (8) which sails from USA, Canada, Europe, Ireland and back to the UK. This



involves,4,000 miles, 22 days at sea, with 4 races in total. But, I need to complete all my training this year before the race starts.

**Friday 21st Jan -** A long happy musical drive down to Gosport after saying goodbye to my parents. Not really sure what I have let myself into and full of nerves and excitement. I arrive early evening at a local B&B and a quick walk which leads me to a local pub for dinner. Time to snooze - ready for the adventure.....

**Saturday 22 nd -** Up nice and early - cooked breaky in my tum tum and away I go to find the Clipper offices and marina. Well...lots of bags with clothing, sleeping bags and a crammed office full of people feeling all sorts of emotions like me rock up for the unknown.

There were about 20 of us and the first day was to learn about yacht 1st aid survival, safety and basic sea survival (more would be covered on this on last day). Info overload, but necessary! Then we were split into 2 groups and away we went onto a 60 foot Clipper training yacht and time to live it up onboard with 11 people. We were all going to be trained by Olly (Skipper) and Rich (1st mate).

A quick tour - bed claim and 1st meal with chatting and getting to know each other. My initial reaction was what a great bunch of people and little did I know how much we would bond by the end of the week. I also met, Nick another transplantee (kidney) and great to have a connection as its not easy for people to understand how close to death we both were - to suddenly still be alive and able to fulfil what were once mainly dreams.

**Sunday 23<sup>rd</sup> -** Quite a learning curve having a tour outside the yacht and learning about all the sails...then as easy as 1,2,3 - out to sea!! We were split into two watches - Baywatch and Crimewatch...I ended up in Baywatch (no red swimsuit though) and had competitions to see which watch could tack the fastest moving sails back and forth with wind changes. Some people already had sailing experience and for me it was completely from scratch. I did feel very overwhelmed with the amount of information, technical names etc to learn and just did as best as I could.

Today was a tough day for me and by the end I felt physically exhausted. The highlight for me, was when the yacht was on an angle and I sat with the team on the high side with my feet over the edge looking at the view in the distance. I felt quite emotional and it just hits me unexpectedly realising how lucky I am to still be alive to witness this beauty. I could have cried happy tears - but difficult to explain...so just I smiled to myself and drank a cuppa (it's a hard life - eh) x

**Monday 24<sup>th</sup> -** Living life on a yacht strips away all glamour and it is a case of back to basics. No bath/shower..no makeup...no fancy clothes...no privacy...and toilets (heads). Wet wipes as a shower and suitable clothing was the glamour! I actually enjoyed this part - even though I do like to pamper and feel good..but a good experience for me to be 'au natural'. At the end of the day - it will be about winning a race and having an amazing experience and that's why I'm here. Anything else can wait! However.....I would be lying to say when arriving at various marinas and having the opportunity to shower, was like O.M.G Lush!!!! :)

Today, we sailed from Gosport to Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight and again learnt so much to do with sails, rope knots, wind techniques and so on. Still loving my experience and eventually all end up in a local pub. Many pub games were played led by Tim (supposedly drinking games) and a great social and more bonding with us as a team. A giggly and fun evening and all I will say now is

**Tuesday 25<sup>th</sup>** Part of the team's duties is not only to be split into 'watch' groups whereby you work on a shift basis hours on (to look after sailing)/hours off (whereby when not sailing - you sleep). There are also, 'mother' and 'engineer' roles. The mother role is responsible to feed the crew with breakfast, lunch, and dinner and with copious amounts of tea+coffee!! The engineer role to check engine before sailing and other bits.

Today was my mother day with Pauli whilst actually sailing at sea! So breakfast...nice and easy, a display of various cereals/fruit. Then for lunch I buttered about 20 rolls and Pauli filled with turkey,brie, and cranberry. Dinner....hmmm, pasta and red pesto..however I wasn't a very good Mummy.....was down in the galley (kitchen) and the waves were having a little rocky motion. I started to feel a bit queasy..so it was like...get lifejacket on...get back into the cockpit and hope I'm not another victim of the sea sickness lurgy. Thankfully a sea sickness tablet soon rectified that - I just felt for those who actually were sick and a couple of people felt rough for quite a while. Ok, so maybe a mini 'low' but left Pauli to cook by himself - sorry for my blunder.

The sail we were doing was to get to Brighton - a 12 hour sail turned into a 24 hour sail. And the watch system started after dinner - with 3 hrs on/3 hrs off. Baywatch started and after 3 hours, I tried to sleep - no such luck. Back on deck..barely able to keep my eyes open. All sorts of jokes, games, stories were told - probably best not repeated on here..whats stay on the yacht - stays there and the wind blows into the sea ;). That must have worked as 2 hours passed and I thought only 1 more hour! Then back to sleep for 3 hours - don't think I really slept doing this and quite hard task doing so. However, it is all about setting us up for how things will be and what to expect, and the body will adjust and I will sleep when have the chance..that I know.

**Wednesday 26<sup>th</sup>** - Still on the watch system through the night and daytime until we arrived at Brighton about 2pm. This was a real flavour as to what it would be like on a watch rota. I sat in the cockpit dozing and finding it hard to keep awake. I almost felt defeated - but tried to keep my eyes open. This is the reality of it and mustered on I did. I reckon this must have been the hardest challenge - the mental aspect to keep strong and focused..regardless of all the physical labour to maintain a yacht at sea. Needless to say...I was happy when Brighton was in view and a shower was on the horizon.The evening was spent off shore at a local pub.....funny this sailing lark seems quite fun now ;)

**Thursday 27<sup>th</sup>** - WOOOOOooooe I slept like a trouper last night, exhaustion won me and sleep I did! Rock n Roll baby!! Today's adventure was to go from

Brighton back to Cowes and at sea for approx 8 hours. Urm....and have you ever tried having a wee whilst onboard a rocky yacht.....LOL.....don't ask!!! I totally loved today - such an amazing feeling being at sea. The evening was another night out - a need for team morale, ok any excuse to get to a pub!

**Friday 28<sup>th</sup>** - Last day at sea and time to get back to Gosport for a deep clean taking a few hours inside and out of the yacht. Team work still needed here to take on this huge challenge. But, we did and had time to shower, check out a Clipper 68 foot yacht that we would actually be racing in. Then you guessed it - PUB!! And, no I'm not an alcoholic - but J2o's did make good business from me over this week.

**Saturday 29<sup>th</sup>** - I was kinda feeling sad as today was the last day and such a great bond made with amazing people that I have met this week. Already on Facebook, Twitter, email, and number exchanges - whether we cross paths again on more courses or during actual race, definitely fabulous friends for life. Well, before I get too soppy - let me finally talk about the sea survival day course. Phew this was a learning curve - firstly how **not** to swim to safety and how **to** correctly swim to safety. I was quite anxious stepping off the pool side and falling into deep water with a fully inflated life jacket on. But, it's amazing how quick you return to the surface of the water and remembering to cover airways and keep body warm. Trying then to swim on our backs using arms only to get to the life-raft and get in - like a mound of bodies being thrown in helplessly. Everything needs to be done correctly as it has been known for people to still drown whilst entering face first into a life-raft if a pool of water inside. This was repeated twice whilst buckets of water were being thrown over us...quite scary and I hope this never happens! As cold water - shock - and actually swimming/getting into a life-raft all a mission. But, I'm definitely glad learnt this!!

And that's it!

**Sunday 30<sup>th</sup>** - Woke up feeling still drained and a little swaying. Breakfast....then homeward bound. All excited and ready for Level 2 And the bruises that I have been left with!! - all part of the experience - thank you Clipper!! xx

*There are many other photos as part of this blog which have been omitted in this newsletter. To see more Clipper pictures copy and paste this link [www.justinedoublelungs.blogspot.com](http://www.justinedoublelungs.blogspot.com) to view all the imagery from Justine's write up*

## THE GAMES – “1998 and 2011”

*Brian Unwin – Team Manager Harefield Adults – Heart transplant 22 years*



The British Transplant Games in Belfast is approaching faster than Usain Bolt on the last bend at an Olympic final 200 Meters. At the time of writing this article there are only 136 days to the opening ceremony at the City Hall. Belfast and Northern Ireland may have had a troubled past but when I attend the Team Manager meeting in late January it looks to have a very bright future. There are some of the best sporting venues I have seen in a while. The “Games” organisers have gone to great lengths to make sure that every competitor and supporter alike have a good time in the city. I am particularly looking forward to the Irish night on the Friday 5<sup>th</sup> August. The title of the evening “A good Craic night”.

“A Craic or **crack** is a term for fun, entertainment, and enjoyable conversation, particularly prominent in Ireland. If it’s anything like the Social night we had the last time the “Games” was in Belfast, boy was it good. I just remember rows of medicinal drink which were free, with no prescription required. Lots of fun was had by all. I loved the Irish diddly, diddly music. Now don’t forget that we have to compete the day after, so only the one or two to numb the pain of hanging a heavy medal around ones neck.

Whilst at the team managers meeting we had a good look at most but not all of the venues. I am particularly keen on the badminton event. The local organizing committee have chosen Lisburn racquets club, on the outskirts of Belfast. The venue has it all, from a complete knock up hall, to the use of rubber flooring in the main hall. They have said the badminton tournament may be sponsored by Yonex. All the events are scheduled to have impartial scorers. In the badminton there is only one down side, no singles this year. I know this may come as a disappointment to some, but ha’ there could be next year. The last time I played badminton in Belfast was with that wily old fox, Mr Geoff Finnigan as my doubles partner. He had to come down two categories, from the senior veterans to the senior’s age category. Boy could that man play. There was me running round like a headless chicken while Geoff, god bless him just used his little dink shots over the nets for the winners. Somehow we ended up in the final. Only thing stopping us from gold was two things or should I say two people. Mr Paul German and Mr “Big” Alan Ayers. They had won more gold medals together than Jane Torvil and Christopher Dean. If big Ali got to smash the shuttle, you had two chances of getting it back, Bob Hope and No Hope. It’s was the best final I have ever played in, Geoff was brilliant but we came second. Well someone has to, don’t they! It was the longest badminton match I have ever played in, unlike other matches which were over in a flash, this went on for ages. After, both Geoff and I were truly cream crackered. But unlike today games, there was no physio’s for a rub down, just a cold shower.

With a large amount of water between us and the games this year, the Hamster committee have given a very generous subsidy to cover either accommodation or flights, also they are paying all competing transplant athletes entry fee, which this year has gone up to £20.00 per person. So in total all transplant patients can have a subsidy to a maximum of £200.00 for the four days of the games (Thursday 4<sup>th</sup> to Sunday 7<sup>th</sup> August 2011).

Unlike the previous Belfast games in 1998, where most of us stayed in Queens University accommodation, this year we all have a large selection to choose from. There are 12 different hotels with a star rating from 3 to 5. You can still stay at the "Uni" if you like but I have provisionally booked 20 rooms at the Premier Inn hotel, Alfred St, Belfast. Each room has a reduced rate from £79.50 to £60.00 per room per night. The hotel has been chosen because it is ideally located for many of the venues, including the Opening ceremony at Belfast City Hall and The Waterfront. Both venues are well within walking distance for most of us, and is perfectly placed for the transport pick up point that goes to other sporting and social locations.

Like most of the sports during the games weekend, most if not all are being run by real authorities on the sport in question. Take for instance, the 10k cycle road race and 5k cycle time trail, being held at Ormeau Park which is used on a regular basis by Ulster Cycle club. Unlike the last cycle race in 98 games which was very very cold and very wet games, the race was around the City Hall a number of times complete with sleeping policemen. This track is fantastic, smooth, and flat in most spots and great for the spectators too. In 98 the race around the City Hall, was one games event I would rather forget. I turned out in a new Lycra skin suite in the colours of my favourite football team (Light blue and dark blue) and it was too thin, I was frozen even after the race. I've not worn it since.

Like most games, there are lot of social nights, ranging from "Craic night" to the good old disco but not forgetting the highlight of the year's social transplant calendar "The Gala Dinner". This year is being held in the "Kings Hall, Belfast". Now this place has seen it all, from Take That, JLS, U2 concerts and the IKC Newtownards Dog show. But finally, they say the cream rises to the top with the Best of the United Kingdom Transplanted community coming to downtown Belfast. Belfast won't know what's hit it again. I hope they have learnt their lessons from the last time! If you get a brewery to sponsor the gala dinner and give away free beer with every voucher. Who or how did, we on the Harefield table end up with over one hundred beer vouchers. Answers on a post card, first prize is?

I've been looking through some old records for the "98 Games in Belfast" and what a team we took, 17 athletes, winning 18 bronze, 12 silver's and 2 Gold's. We also had an army of 17 supporters all screaming and shouting for their transplanted heroes from Harefield. We also won the converted "Tesco Challenge Cup" for the best Heart team. For me, it's not winning the medal that counts but how all the team, contribute to winning this marvellous gleaming trophy whether or not they won a medal.

With the details and entry forms due out any day now, I hope that by the time you are sitting down reading this after just completing a hard training session, yes that also includes you supporters, you do need to train them voices too. You are our twelfth man or woman in a team of eleven. We could not win without you and the support you give is unbelievable.

During the tour of Belfast venues, we stopped off at the Mary Peter's Track home of the Northern Ireland Athletics Association. I can just about remember when she won gold at the Munich Olympiad in 1972. This reminds me of another hero, a true sporting legend. Whilst at the 98 games, our very own Mr Carl Whittaker won two silvers and two bronzes. Despite a sprained ankle and other injuries, this superstar, still found time to coach others in our team.

With plenty of restaurants, diners and good quality pubs, Belfast has a lot to offer us all when not competing or supporting.

All details will be available very soon, and will be downloadable from the TSUK website (Harefield Team page) or from the Hamsters website.

Keep fit, keep well and keep smiling.

Ogi,Ogi, Ogi

*That concludes your March newsletter folks. Next time I will include details of our Reunion weekend in Bournemouth. We are so lucky the hotel are keeping the prices to the same as last year. It is always great fun and I can tell you that the theme will be a mask this year. So you can get your thinking caps on and plan your anonymous facial cover!!! Let us hope that the weather is as kind as in previous years.*

*I am also hoping to have some input from the medical staff. Don't forget I am waiting for your articles to include next time and I would like your comments good and bad so that I may include what YOU want to read.*

*Keep well...Jill (editor)*

## **POINTS OF INTEREST FROM THE JANUARY AND FEBRUARY COMMITTEE MEETINGS**

*Alan Lees - Secretary*

Unfortunately Lewis has been unable to attend the committee meetings due to ill health and so Jill has stepped into the breach as acting Chairman. Lisa has decided to withdraw from the committee. Brian has taken over as our Team Manager from Natalie.

- The membership form has the revised wording, agreed at the 2010 AGM. Anomalies in the constitution have been ironed out, these changes being subject to ratification at the 2011 AGM.

The Committee have

- Written a letter in support of the initiative to further develop the VAD (Ventricular Assistance Device) turbine pump technology by Harefield.
- Decided unanimously that the number of votes cast for each candidate for election to the committee would not be printed in future, only the result.
- Were looking into the possibility of a fundraising day at the M&S store in Uxbridge. This would co-incidentally assist in raising donor awareness.
- Discussed the detail of the GB games and decided the subsidy to the competitors.
- Looking into the possibility of a Club notice board in the transplant outpatients department.

Space in the Newsletter necessitates a synopsis of the meetings. If you would like to receive a complete copy of the minutes of these or any future meetings then please email me (preferred) - [secretary@harefieldhamsters.org](mailto:secretary@harefieldhamsters.org) - or by snail mail to:

Secretary, Harefield Transplant Club, Welchwood House, 45 Parsons Heath, Colchester, Essex, CO4 3HX

## 2010 – 11 COMMITTEE

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## DIARY DATES - 2011

### British Transplant Games - Belfast

4-7 August – Contact Brian Unwin

### Harefield Fun Run

4 September – Desiree Zimmerman  
Fundraising Dept – Harefield Hospital

### Reunion Weekend – Bournemouth

21- 23 October  
(details in June newsletter)

