



Ms and John

My John's brainchild

My hubby's tumour has helped hundreds

Flopping down on the bed in our hotel room, I sighed.

'Fancy a glass of wine?' I asked my husband John. We were on holiday in Canada, so why not?

'I've got a cracking headache,' he croaked. 'I might take a nap.'

So, after taking a couple of paracetamol, he drifted into the land of nod, while I watched telly.

'Feeling better?' I smiled next morning.

'Not really,' he replied, squinting in the light. 'I feel dizzy.'

'I'm calling a doctor,' I worried. In 16 years of marriage, he'd never been one to get ill.

The doctor sent us to hospital, where John had some scans. When the results came out, the consultant looked grave.

'I'm afraid you have a tumour on the front right side of your brain,' he gently told us.

John acted like it was a cold. He was still strong

five days later when we flew home and he went into Charing Cross Hospital for an operation to remove the tumour.

It went well and, although I thought the gruelling radiotherapy sessions that followed would take it out of him, John was so positive.

'We should help others like me,' he said one night. 'When I'm better, let's raise some money.'

But 10 months after his diagnosis, John collapsed.

He was rushed straight to hospital.

'We need to do another scan,' the doctor told John. But he just stared straight ahead like he hadn't heard.

'Sweetheart?' I said. Slowly, he closed his eyes, slipping into a coma.

Scans showed John's whole brain was scattered with tumours. I sat by his bed for 10 days, hoping and praying.

John never opened his eyes. I was devastated, couldn't believe my soul

mate was gone.

'I'm going to raise the money you wanted to,' I promised him.

Two weeks later, we held John's funeral at Mortlake Crematorium. Instead of flowers, I asked for donations, hoping we'd raise a few hundred quid.

Later, I counted up the cheques. *Had I added up right??* It was £13,000!

'With that sort of cash, I could start a charity,' I laughed to myself.

So I did! The Brain Tumour Research Campaign has been set up in John's memory.

We've now raised almost £600,000 in almost five years – and last year opened a dedicated research unit at Charing Cross Hospital.

I know I can't bring John back, but perhaps I can stop others from suffering – then his death won't have been in vain.

**Wendy Fulcher, 59,
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• www.wayahead-btrc.org