

UPDATED - Diary of Illness from April 2005 to January 2006

Well its 12.50am and I've had a number of things going round in my mind, especially over the last few months, I have tried before to put it down on paper but, I just never got round to getting it all down in the right order.

I'm unable to sleep and I've just had that light bulb moment, for some reason everything has tied all together and now I'm writing this to post on my website. When I get round to building it.

Here's the story from the top, I think?

On the **24th April 2005** I was attending a dinner, I'd felt a little off it all day with the odd pain in my side but I still decided to attend the dinner anyway, (I don't like to let people down you know) Between the hours of 7.00pm and 8.30pm the pain in my abdomen got steadily worse, especially after I'd eaten the first course. I decided not to eat any more and called a friend to come and pick me up and take me home.

On the way home I had this urge to visit the Accident and Emergency department at Pontefract, which I did, just to make sure, I had a few tests, they gave me some pain killers and an injection of some kind, and sent me on my way insisting that I visit my GP the next morning, which I did. The GP suggested that I loose some weight and gave me yet more pain killers.

Over the coming weeks I found myself at A&E another two times, with the same complaint; again I was instructed to see my GP, who eventually referred me to have an endoscopy and an ultra sound on my kidneys and liver.

As the weeks went by I was still feeling really ill but now I was on very strong pain killers so I battled on, I even had the urge to attend church when it was closed just to have a go on the pipe organ, looking back, why did I do this, I'm not a religious person, I haven't been to church since 1989, The vicar even gave me a key to let myself in and out, I've never met him before, I could have been anyone, I also spent nearly 3 hours there! WHY?

Anyway on with the plot!

On the **14th July 2005** I got some bad news, I found out that a dear friend had died on the 24th April, I had only seen him 4 days before when he stayed over at my house as a guest.

I read his obituary in a magazine that I subscribe to, I was completely devastated at this event and I cried nearly all afternoon. On the evening of the **14th July 2005** I went to bed at about 7pm as I was feeling very ill indeed and very upset. I awoke at about 9pm unable to walk or breathe and my wife Tina called an ambulance, I was then admitted to Pinderfields Hospital, Filled with morphine and put on a drip over the weekend.

They were convinced at this point that my Gall bladder had ruptured, 5 days later after tests and an ultra sound I was informed that I had signs of cancer in my liver, now that was a bit of a bombshell that was!

Many tests later, including a liver biopsy, a colonoscopy, an endoscopy 2 CT scans, Three Ultra sounds including having my nuts done twice and 2 MRI scans. More needles than a pine tree were stuck into my veins and I was on so many drugs that I rattled.

I was also sleeping on a ward where the roof leaked and there was another patient who was a nutcase and kept trying to get into other patients beds, including mine.

I spent another four weeks in hospital with many tests, crap food and sometimes I was so high that I floated, anyway on the 17th August the complete diagnosis was given; Large Diffuse B Cell Lymphoma and Liver Metastasis which means the cancer had spread to my liver from my lymphatic system. I WAS STUFFED!

(Look it up on the internet its real scary stuff)

My First venture with Chemotherapy was about to begin, I was told that my condition was serious and I was critically ill,, but I had two things in my favour,,, I was young (35) and overweight! Thank God for chocolate!

Then came the bone marrow biopsy, that's when they drill a hole in your pelvis and remove a piece of marrow for testing.... Very painful, I cringe writing that bit. I would not want to do that again in a hurry! Infact the bone marrow biopsy was the most painful thing I had done, it even hurt more than having the VHS camera stuck up mi bum.

I had all the pre Chemo talk by Paul the nurse and he explained how it worked, All I knew was that I was about to become very sick indeed. The treatment I had was called CHOPR and it consisted of lots of drugs being pumped into my system which killed all fast growing cells, my pee turned bright red, I threw up, and my hair fell out pretty rapidly and my immune system crashed. And they were the good symptoms!!

I became very ill and very close to dieing on a few occasions but on a positive note I got loads of visitors and tons of presents,, anyway I got an infection and was once again admitted to hospital. Now I was really ill, infact I was so ill even I didn't find it funny, infact everybody was slightly worried as I stopped laughing and joking for over three days while I just slept and wanted so much to get better in between being sick and being in so much pain I actually wanted to die.

While I was in hospital my mouth blistered, I lost the feeling in my fingers and toes and to top it all off I had a mouth infection, 3 teeth were removed at the back of my mouth which really cheered me up, especially when it was only the middle one of the three causing the problem, but they said that it was better to be safe. At least the female dental surgeon consultant was attractive and very posh! "Phoar – attractive and brainy"

I've been on Chemotherapy now since September, my daily routine of getting up, trying to eat, having an injection and taking more tablets is beginning to wear, I'm in a wheelchair and bald, I feel like Andy off Little Britain (I want That one) I've lost 6 stone in weight and I hurt from top to toe. My legs have packed in and I'm constantly tired.

I had an MRI scan in November, No change in the Tumours in my Liver, Now that's a bummer,,,,, But I do feel different, I have no pain in my liver at the moment and the night sweats have stopped completely so something must be happening.

Just been told that I have to have another 3 treatments before my next scan! Happy New Year to me. I have my sixth chemo and hopefully the last one on the 28th December 2005.

Another CT scan in January now confirms that I still have tumours in my liver, but I do feel better, I am now a confusing case so the consultant arranges for me to have a PET scan and I have to travel to Birmingham to get it done.

Now if you have never had a PET scan, just read on, I turned up at the clinic in Birmingham I was put into a gown and placed in a darkened room to relax for an hour, the nurse came in and put a needle in my arm ready for the injection of radioactive gunk.

This thing then came in wearing what looked like a space suit and carrying a lead brick, and in a muffled voice said "Hello Mr Kidd I've got your injection" at this point I find it hard to put into words what I was thinking.

I was then submitted to a radioactive injection which was put directly into my veins. Then told to keep still for an hour and subjected to Whale music while the radioactive stuff worked through my system.

The Scanner was like a CT scanner but the colour pictures I got of my insides where like something off a science fiction movie. GOD BLESS THE NHS!

Another few weeks of waiting and I was informed by telephone that yes the tumours where still there but they were not active,,,,, THERE WAS NO SIGN OF ACTIVE LYMPHOMA IN MY BODY..... I WAS CURED..... ish

So I went out and bought a Harley Davidson Fat Boy!!!

Now this is the really weird bit that I just cannot get out of my head, my friend Joe Riding (ruddy good Magician) who passed away, actually died on the **24th April 2005** of a heart attack, I'd only seen him the week before when he stayed over. This is when all my troubles began, was he trying to tell me something when he passed away? Since then weird things have happened and are happening all the time with no explanation.

In November I had the urge to visit another old friend, I don't know why I just did, I even got out of my sick bed and visited him and took him out for dinner, all the time I felt not quite right as I was really ill after my treatment but I put on a brave face and felt that it had to be done and was the right thing to do, When I drove him home I left and felt that it would be the last time I would see him, on returning home I telephoned other friends to go and visit him as soon as possible, a week later he died.

Another friend came to visit me, he spent a good few hours with me and I told him to slow down as I thought he was doing too much, 3 days later he ended up in hospital, as far as I know he's out now and ok. I'm beginning to think I'm a jinx at this point.

People that I know are totally changing their lifestyle because of what's happened to me, well you don't expect to get a critical illness at 35 do you, yes I was 35, I'm even a magistrate so I must be telling the truth! My illness seems to be having an effect on everybody that I know.

I can say with a hand on my heart that I have had a total life changing experience, its been an adventure that I would not like to repeat and I have met some wonderful people along the way,, sadly some are no longer with us as they where not as fortunate as me.

The weights piling back on and I have my legs back, although I'm not as strong now and I get really tired very easily, plus the pain in my liver is back and hurting like hell. But with what I've had done to me and all that poison through my body I suppose something had to give, but at least I'm here and not pushing up daisies.

I can't thank my wife and son enough for putting up with my sickness, grumpiness and looking after me for over 8 months while I was incapacitated, and all my friends and colleagues for rallying round and making my illness so much easier to deal with.

A big thank you must go to the Freemasons from the Province of Yorkshire West Riding because with their guidance and contact it would have been a very hard, difficult and lonely time for me and my family.

Now I'm back to arranging charity events and doing my bit for other people which is something that I seem to be good at, apart from being an entertainer! And of course beating cancer!

Pontefract & Castleford Express – 2nd March 2006 Special Feature Magical recovery By Keir Mudie

A MAGICIAN who conjured up more than £100,000 for cancer charities as he battled the disease himself has been told he is in remission.

Craig Kidd, 36, was diagnosed with lymphoma in August and found out soon after that the cancer had spread to his liver. Craig, who lives with wife Tina and their eight-year-old son Thomas at Eastfield Avenue in Knottingley, said: "I knew when I was diagnosed that I was never going to let it beat me. "I had to stay upbeat and – with the help of family and staff at Pinderfields Hospital – start to fight it. "When I told Tina that the cancer was in remission we both burst into tears. "They had told me that I would not make it to 40. Now I can start rebuilding my life and help other people to rebuild theirs." Craig ran the magic business Tricks of the Trade for eight years before he became ill and estimates that he has used his entertainment contacts to raise more than £100,000 for charity. He first discovered his talent for entertaining people when he was a teenager. His interest in magic developed during his time in the Army and when he returned to Britain in 1997 he brought Tricks of the Trade to Knottingley. Craig said: "I knew that magic and entertaining people was the way I wanted to make a living. "We employed six full-time staff had 200 magicians and entertainers on the books." After his diagnosis, Craig sold his business and decided to concentrate on his recovery – as well as his important charity work. He said: "I'd been doing a lot for charities before I was told I had cancer. The diagnosis just made me work harder and made me realise how important it was to keep a positive outlook." Wife Tina said: "It was so difficult when Craig was diagnosed. "Thomas kept asking why his dad couldn't play with him. It has been a nightmare. "But throughout his treatment he kept smiling and although there were some really horrible moments we knew he was a fighter."

