



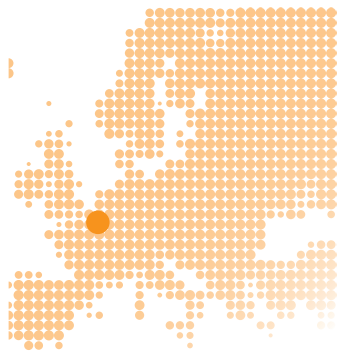
Philippe



Enjoying my grandchildren



BaRIE - cycling to Paris



**Philippe Wanufel
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My name is
Philippe Wanufel.

I am a married father of five children and grandfather to six grandchildren. I am 53 years old and have had rheumatoid arthritis since I was 43. I used to teach the Catholic religion, but because of my illness I had to take early retirement. Now I keep busy with voluntary activities like Altéo (voluntary service for Christian mutual insurance companies), and working as a 'Hopclown' (a hospital-based clown) and a Patient Partner (medical education programme). I belong to the CLAIR association, and this is how I found out about the Stene Prize. I decided to take part first, because I love writing and secondly, because this year's subject really appeals to me personally. I was always a very sporty person and studied sports techniques as part of my Humanities course.

I played football, rugby and was very keen on jogging, mountain biking and any other form of sport. I took part in the first two BaRIE cycling events to Barcelona and Paris. I believe strongly in the value of sport for any illness.

Mens sana in corpore non sano

Quand, comme moi, on est atteint
De maladie rhumatismale
Notre vie et c'est normal
Prendra un tout autre chemin.
Il est impératif d'abord
De s'accepter en tant que tel
Avec comme règles nouvelles
D'autres limites pour son corps.

Le sport est une aide précieuse
Dans ce dosage perfectible
Entre une rémission possible
Et ces douleurs insidieuses.

D'abord pour ces valeurs morales
Qui permettent de se dépasser
Et de sans cesse renouveler
Les forces de notre mental.
Ensuite pour le bien charnel
Que vous donne l'exercice,
Sans fard et sans artifice,
De toute activité corporelle.

Il faudra être raisonnable
Dans le choix des activités
Pour, sans payer les pots cassés
Construire un programme acceptable.
Nous pourrons, et çà c'est certain,
Abandonner le marathon
Comme objectif de la saison
Pour pratiquer d'autres terrains.

Quand l'occasion sera présente,
Privilégier quelques longueurs,
Au bassin pour une petite heure,
Pourra être moment de détente.
Traverser au petit matin
Sur un sentier de randonnée
Une romantique hêtraie
Vous mettra le coeur plein d'entrain.

En solitaire ou en peloton
Sillonner nos chemins Ravel
Dans nos campagnes éternelles
Vous regonflera les poumons.
Simplement devant la télé,
Suivons des yeux l'animatrice
Et copions tous les excercices
Sur un rythme toujours endiablé.

Dans le sport et la maladie
Nous retrouverons excercées
Les valeurs enfin acceptées
Qui rendront plus belles nos vies
Le courage et le don de soi,
De ses limites l'acceptation,
L'entraide et la satisfaction
D'avoir été au bout de soi.

**"Dans le sport et la maladie
Nous retrouverons excercées
Les valeurs enfin acceptées
Qui rendront plus belles nos vies."**



My family

A healthy mind in an unhealthy body

When rheumatism struck, one fine day,
Coming from nowhere, out of the blue
It changed the way I saw myself,
And made me appraise myself anew.
What once was normal for me to do,
Was now beset with limits for my frame,
New rules, new standards replaced the old
Made me accept I am no more the same.

Sport comes to our aid in many ways,
A sort of medicine to stave off the pain
It lets me hope for some remission,
But then the aches creep back again.

First, sport is for those moral strengths
That help you do your best and more,
Help renew your mental powers,
And face whatever lies in store.
Also good for bodily well-being
And gives freedom from restraint
Gives movement and aids exercise
Without pretence, disguise or feint.

You have to be reasonable, realistic
In what you choose to do
So you do not suffer consequences
Make a programme that is good and true.
No marathons any more for me
There is no doubt, it stands to reason
Need to find other roads to go,
Some other way to fill the season.

Sometimes the opportunity presents itself,
To enjoy the water in the pool,
And swim some lengths for a little while
Relax and stretch and keep cool.
Or take an early morning walk
Through fields and take care not to miss
The romantic beech grove
Which fills my heart with bliss.

In a group or on my own
Following the country paths and ways
In our eternal countryside
To which I sing a hymn of praise.
Sometimes I watch the TV trainer
Doing exercises on the screen
Which I copy as best I can
At a pace that's fast and mean.

In both sport and sickness
We rediscover those things of worth
Which make our life more beautiful
And make us happy and give birth
To courage and a sense of self,
To acceptance of our lot in life
To mutual help and the satisfaction
Of finding our true selves through strife.

**"Sport comes
to our aid in
many ways,
A sort of
medicine to
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