Three-year-old Corey Jeavons will lead the Chairboys onto the pitch at Adams Park on Saturday alongside his older brother Callum, dad Ross and mum Katie after undergoing successful heart surgery recently, having been born with a rare condition preventing him from being able to swallow.

The family of Wanderers fans have received wonderful support from a charity named **TOFS**, who provide lifelong support for those born with the same condition and are the beneficiary of a fundraising raffle which offers a wide range of prizes for Chairboys fans to win.

You could bag one of three signed shirts, a signed ball, match tickets, a mascot experience or signed copies of FC 26 in the **raffle**, which runs from now until Sunday night.

Ross's post on Facebook after Corey's operation received hundreds of messages of love and support from the Chairboys community – read his full story of Corey's journey below.

Prior to February 2022, my wife Katie and I had never heard of Tracheoesophageal Fistula or Oesophageal Atresia (best to call them TOF/OA for short). I'm sure most of you won't have either. The day Corey was born, everything changed.

It was Katie, to her enormous credit, who first spotted something wasn't right. During the latter stages of pregnancy she felt big – too big. It was different to our first pregnancy with our eldest, Callum. Investigative scans confirmed there was an issue, with large quantities of amniotic fluid pooling in the

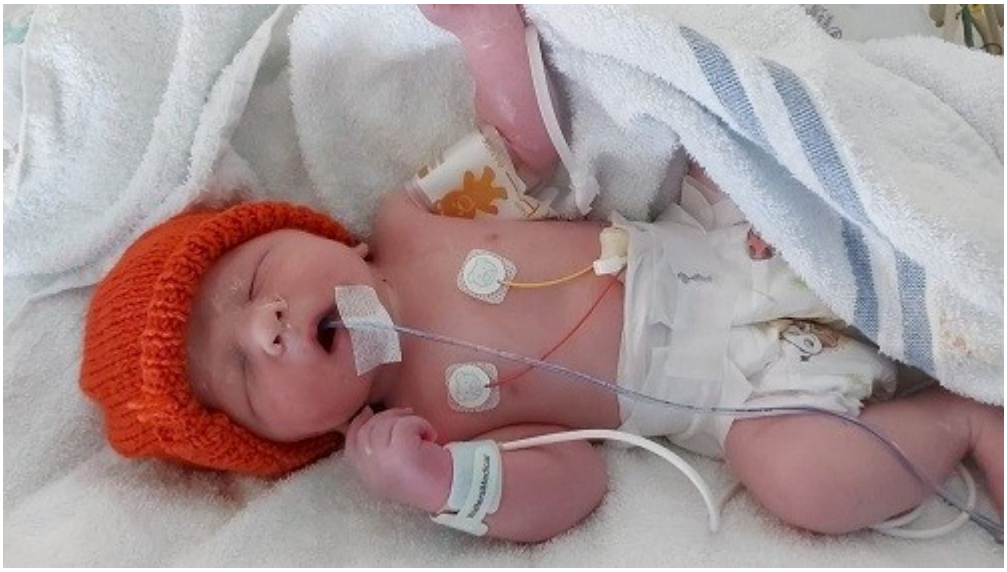
womb. At that stage there were several theories, but none could be confirmed until we welcomed our little boy into the world.

The moment Corey was born, on 27th February, a tube was placed into his throat to confirm doctors' suspicions. Our little boy had been born unable to swallow. TOF/OA affects just 180 children in the UK each year, causing an abnormal connection between the windpipe and food pipe, alongside a defect where the food pipe itself doesn't connect to the stomach.

He had his first surgery within a day of birth to attempt to attach his oesophagus to his stomach - sadly, this failed. Two weeks later, surgeons tried again, battling for 12 long hours, but once more the outcome was the same. In Corey's case, the rarer "long gap" in the middle of the two ends of his oesophagus was too wide to bridge.

That left us with little choice but to opt for an even more invasive surgical procedure – the gastric pull-up – which would see our little boy's stomach turned into a tube and pulled into his neck, as a less-than-ideal substitute for the oesophagus. Such a surgery required him to go home, grow and build up strength. So when we finally took our baby home it was with a hole in the neck known as an "oesophagostomy," meaning anything he swallowed would pool out onto his skin rather than disappearing into his chest. It seems crazy to say, but we lived like that for months before returning for another major operation in September that year.

When he once again came home, this time with a "safe" swallow into his stomach, he still needed to be tube fed. He had missed crucial early months of learning to eat, and to this day faces a long journey, overcoming both physical and psychological scars.



At the time we hoped major surgeries were behind us. Alas, it wasn't the case. Despite being a happy-go-lucky, cheeky and fully active three-year-old, in 2025 one of our worst fears came to pass.

Around half of babies born with Corey's condition also suffer from other abnormalities. After numerous tests it was confirmed that a growth on his aortic valve was causing heart problems, and the only option was surgical intervention In August this year, the terrifying prospect of open-heart surgery was here, and it was very real.

It's difficult to describe the torture a parent goes through while your beautiful child lies in theatre. Seconds tick by agonisingly. Mentally, we were traumatised by his failed surgical repair in those early months, where long delays in the operating theatre had signalled something was clearly not right.

This time, thankfully, luck was with us. After nearly seven hours Corey emerged, and the procedure was a success. Naturally that wasn't the end of it. A slow and difficult recovery began in intensive care, where we watched our little ball of energy suffer awful hallucinations as he was gradually weaned off a cocktail of surgical drugs. Every day brought blood tests, scans, pokes and prods – all beyond the comprehension of an innocent kid who just wanted to go home.

But now, we are home. And he's doing great. There will always be challenges, lifelong battles for him to fight. But trust me, if you know Corey – he won't shy away from the fight. Often people don't know what to expect before they meet him, but if you bump into our youngest at Adams Park you won't have a clue anything is wrong. He's cheeky, has a wicked sense of humour and is bright as a button. Less

than a month after going under the knife, he was charging around the local park kicking a football (strictly against doctor's orders, it must be said).

So what does all of this have to do with Wycombe Wanderers? On the surface of it, everything I've just written should put football into perspective. Evidence of what really matters in life. But I live and breathe this club, and I know that things just aren't that simple.

Wycombe Wanderers aren't just a club, they're an institution. A community. A family. Watching the Chairboys is a release of energy, an escape from reality. It links us to those we love most, and keeps those we have lost forever in our memory. It's not just a game.

I saw my first Wycombe game at the age of five, heading to Wembley for the FA Trophy final. Two decades later I took Callum to his first match at the same stadium, as we took on Peterborough.

When I shared Corey's story with the Chairboys community shortly before we left hospital last month, the outpouring of support was truly humbling. To the club's immense credit, they formalised this with an invite for both boys to head to the Barnsley game as mascots. It will be Corey's first ever match, and a wonderful reward for Callum – who is the biggest champion of his superhero brother.

A massive thanks to Matt Cecil at the club for his hard work in making this happen, and to Jack Grimmer – a true leader, who I know has gone the extra mile to drum up raffle prizes for our fundraising efforts. To borrow a phrase from one of football's great institutions, this is more than a club.

Around the Barnsley fixture, we will be raising money for TOFS – a charity very close to our hearts, offering lifelong support for those born unable to swallow and funding vital research into a criminally underfunded condition.

Please take part in the raffle, make a donation to the charity – or if you are unable in these tough times, at least spread the word about what we are trying to do.

Come on you Blues.