

## MY BREAST CANCER

Me: M.C.

2015, March, I was 57, after my mammogram, which was not my first, I received a phone call while relaxing at home. The caller said, "Marty the results show, sorry to have to tell you, you have Breast Cancer." I replied, "You have the wrong number." Of course I wanted to hang up, I was stunned, and listened thru tears.

My Journey, having Breast Cancer has been a long Journey, but also a Nightmare. I have finally realized after 4 years I will never, ever be the woman I was before BC. A shame, and I hate this, the me now.

Where is the Cheerleader, with the get up and go, the girl that would work hard 24/7 teaching, where is the girl that would saddle her horse after work, ride, and exercise her horse, work roping chutes, ribbon racer, an athlete, and then, at the end of day cook something, not always, and prepare for the morning. I so Miss Her, ME!

Where is the girl that had the energy to get up shower, blow dry her hair, put on her make-up, making sure her work clothes were pressed and clean. Lesson plans prepared for her students, grades done etc.. Teachers, know the dedication, and hard work.

Where is the girl that had exciting lesson plans, exciting ideas for her classroom, enjoyed every day to get in her classroom, and teach, where is she??? She is right here!

Yes, I *hate* this feeling, the tears that come rolling down my cheeks out of nowhere. Yes, I have to be reminded, there is Hope for Strength. Where?? From my Family and Friends.

Yes, *Hate* is a strong word. I went back to Teaching for 2 years starting in Fall of 2016, after 16 extensive Chemo treatments, 2 times in ER, low blood counts, and high body temperatures during 2015.

Radiation treatments 32 total, 2016, yes, in AZ, but it was by no means a vacation. The burns, the pain, the struggles to get up every morning to get there, Love You My Husband and without your support, and my Family, I would not have made it.

I had 4 surgeries during 2015/2016, and of course a mastectomy, which is also life changing. How at the age of 57, still a young strong woman, so I thought, lost so much, so fast! It only took a year, one year to change completely, change my life entirely, from the girl/woman I was.

I took a year off from Teaching while taking my treatments, I felt strong enough to go back to work, I was not. I taught for 2 years, then I fell apart. Osteoporosis which brings on weakness, arthritis in my fingers, and fatigue. A Doctor, no name that I will mention told me, "You did not get Osteoporosis from Chemo!". Ummmm??? Today, I continue to endure bone pain, fatigue to this day, after all Chemo and Radiation Treatments.

**Who Am I Now?? A Breast Cancer Survivor! 2019 - 4 Years Now!**