

Love and Cancer (a true story)

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A short story about the horrors of cancer.

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This story is dedicated to my wife who lost her battle with cancer.

Back in the year 2000 (Month of May) We lived in Plano Texas and out of the blue we got a very good deal on a small house located on the shores of lake Texoma. At the same time I got a great job offer located very close to the lake house. We both hated living in the city so we packed up and got the hell out of Dodge, um I mean Dallas and moved to the lake.

We settled in nicely and enjoyed fixing up the lake house and all the perks of living away from the city.

My wife was a pack a day smoker and during the summer she had periods of coughing bouts. Deep hard gut wrenching coughs.

I would mention it was time to see a doctor about the coughing spells but she refused to go.

August of 2000 she came to me and showed me two little hard knots on her neck just below the skin.

Neither of us thought much about it at the time until a week later she mentioned she found another knot on the other side of her neck.

The very next day I called and made a appointment with our family Doctor and told her she was going to go see him even if I had to tie her up and carry her in over my shoulder.

Two days later we were in the Doctors office and he did the normal set of tests and asking about change in diet etc. The Doctor gave her some meds and told her to come back in two weeks to check if med's had made a difference.

Two weeks later we were back in the Doctors office. She now having four bb sized knots in her neck.

The Doctor told us the only way to discover what the knots were was to do a biopsy. The Doctor set it up with a surgeon in Sherman Texas.

A week later my wife was in the hospital in Sherman having a operation to get a biopsy of the four small knots. Four hours later (operation was supposedly only going to take two hours) The surgeon came out and said she was resting in recovery and could go home when she woke up.

He said it would take another two weeks to get results back on biopsy and that his office would call when the results were in.

We went home and spent the next two weeks walking around the subject of the biopsy results.

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Then we got the phone call.

They did not want to discuss the results over the phone and asked us to come in the next day to talk with the Doctor.

The next day we where in the Doctors office for only a few minutes before the Doctor walked in. He walked over to my wife,took both her hands in his And with a soft voice said to her...

" There is no easy way to say this but you have Cancer. You have the number one cancer in women that smoke and your cancer started in your lungs and advanced to the lymph nodes in your neck."

Then he dropped the really big bomb.....

"It has advanced so far that little can be done and you probably only have about eighteen to twenty four months to live"

My wife broke down in tears and all I could do was hold her in my arms and try and comfort her some.

The Doctor explained that they would start her on chemo treatments,but it would not be a cure,it would just slow the cancer some and maybe give her a few more months of life....

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At this point of writing this I was doing it with tears running down my face,having to relive the emotions we were going through. I decided to post this part and add the rest soon.

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We spent he next week going back and forth from the hospital and the cancer center in Sherman.

We filled out enough medical forms for the hospital the cancer center and the insurance company to sink a battleship.

Then came the first chemo treatment,what a ordeal she had to endure.

The chemo was a very thick liquid that was given intravenously. It was so thick it would take nearly two hours to drain into her. She described it as a very cold sludge advancing through her body.

We barely made it home before she had to run n to the bathroom and upchuck her lunch. Then the nausea hit her and laid her out for the rest of the day.

Knowing she would soon lose her hair from the chemo, she got her long brown tresses cut very short. By the third chemo treatment her hair began to fall out.

She and her Mom went shopping for a few wigs for her to have and then they went to a beauty shop and she had the shave her head. She did that rather than endure watching her hair fall out in clumps.

Between the chemo treatments and the med's she was taking she was nauseous most all the time. We spent the next twelve months living day to day,not talking about the death sentence hanging over her head. Our life had

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been put on hold.

Over the next twelve months ,The Doctors tried different types of chemo formulas and finally informed us that none of the chemo treatments worked anymore.

Basically they gave up and sent her home to wait for her death. They hooked us up with Home Hospice and they took us under their wing and proceeded to help her understand what was coming.

It,the black cloud,her death took only six months to arrive.

Her health went down at a rapid rate.

Home Hospice provided two topical gels to be applied on her arms to help manage the pain.

I had to apply it to her lower arms wearing two pairs of surgical gloves to apply it. These two gels had a cost of --one at a cost of \$425.00 (per week)--and one at a cost of \$325.00 (per week).

Her weight went from a normal 125 lbs down to barely 80 pounds at time of her death.

She was a living skeleton covered in skin.

Her last three months she spent on the living room couch. She said she went to the bathroom,looked in the mirror and saw Death looking back at her. It scared her so much she was afraid to lay down in bed again.

So for the next three months she spent on the couch sleeping in a sitting position.

She spent her time napping or dully staring at the TV.

I did every thing in my power to do anything to make her comfortable and let her know how much she was loved and that I would be with her to the very end.

The last month of her life the cancer had eaten her body away from the inside and she was in a constant mind fog muddled from the pain meds given to her.

The last week of her life she no longer recognized her parents,no longer recognized any of her friends,and could not even recognize our three dogs or remember their names.

The last two days of her life her mind was gone. She just sat on the couch staring off into space.

The Home Hospice nurse dropped by for a visit,checked her vitals and said her time was very soon and told me to carry into her room and make her comfortable in her bed.

When I picked her up I was shocked at how lite she was. I carried her into the bedroom and placed her on the bed and stayed by her side for the few minutes it took her to zone out.

I spent the next day sitting by her bed,holding her hand and talking to her...reminiscing back about the ten years we had together. I do not know if she heard or understood a word I said but it helped me feel better bringing back all the good memories we had together.

She never spoke another word,never woke up. She was in a deep coma and breathing very slow.

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My wife slipped from this world into the next at 3:33 am . Her last few minutes her breathing changed and she was like a clock winding down just as she breathed her last breath she gave my hand a soft squeeze and her hand slipped from mine.....

and she was gone.....

All I could do was sit there staring at her chest my mind screaming

"Come On! Breath ! Just one more!Please..you can't leave me yet please just one more breath!

"

That breath never came.

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The Message of This Story!!!

Ladies (and Men) if you smoke and if you love your family,prove it...for them..Quit smoking!

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