



The doctor's words were abrupt and unexpected: "We'll start chemotherapy right away."

Chemotherapy ... for WHAT?

I feel just fine;
I'm not that sick;
You must be wrong.

What does it mean? I'll lose my hair; I'll lose my looks; I'll lose my life.

It can't be true: I'm still too young; The tests are off; They must be wrong.

The doctor's words were abrupt and unexpected: "It's getting worse."

It must be true:
I don't feel well;
I don't look good;
It's such a waste.
Why does life end so soon?

My body's ill
But my soul is strong.
I need to fight;
I won't give in.

And then, with time, I make my peace. I grasp what once Seemed out of reach.

> I'm calm About my lot, About my life, About my soul.

The doctor's words were abrupt and unexpected: "I think you're well."

How can this be? I had no chance; I was so ill; I had no choice.

As I look back the pieces fit somehow: Growth follows pain; Calm follows fear; Hope follows shock.

Now I have peace of mind.

As life goes on
This memory cannot fade.
It will sustain
When crisis strikes again.
I've faced the worst;
I've been refined.

I'll be equipped Next time.

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