Perspective

EDITORIALS
READERS' VIEWS

Section G

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HEALTH

Antidote to cancer found in spiritual work

Intuition is drowned out by doctors saying 'come back in six months.'

Spiritual journey from cancer to healing

SURVIVE

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[illegible]

"Where I was across this exploration, I understood why I had been feeling that with rare or three to attend my mother between two visits and two bars. Dr. Dean had said my three month delay in starting with my female hormone was "probably OK," but that I might have been in serious trouble had I waited three months more.

This is why doctors should write down their tips and from their language. "Let's watch this for six months, to see if it has grown." Unfortunately, doctors say this all the time, during our journey through the cancer years. I talked to too many women whose lives were jeopardized by doctors telling them that tomorrow. What is the big deal about a biopsy, about finding out for sure?

I went to Dr. Rosh's office to discuss and schedule surgery. Three of the affected breast would be removed, in order some "just in all" to temporarily, and my female organs, to make sure the cancer hadn't spread to other parts of my body. I picked up a copy of Susan Love's "Breast Book" and learned what lymph nodes (lymph nodes) are, the lymph nodes cancer is removed, and how the nodes is cross-back together so that when you go to use your arm again it feels like the bodies in the [illegible] back.

All this understand and the surgery for three days, I started reading [illegible] Bernie Siegel's "Peace, Love and Healing," Lawrence LeShan's "Cancer as a Turning Point," Jack Cornfield's "Cancer for the Growing Soul," and the now-overdue book of all, "The Healing Path," by Mark Ian Borysenko.

This book, which delves deeply into the mind-body connection, talks about the "terrain theory" being the site of the "process psychological immune" — "the place in the body that has become both the locus of expression and the site of the struggle for emotional liberation." Borysenko also discusses the connection of cancer and the immune system, and points to a theory too partial in Advance, Spring 1993 about the immune system showing "a common goal with the psyche of relationship and interpersonal relationship."

Thinking on this particular idea, I recalled how my immune system had shown signs of troubling about 15 years before, as evidenced by repeated respiratory problems. But coincidence with the onset of my immune system had been a couple of and so, been brought on by unrestful sexual abuse (hello, hello and invasive) and boundaries, among other things. Something when Bernie says about self-identity and the immune system. I began to make a connection. In all maybe cancer is a person's self, esteem or body, the chemical things that could about the energy cancer don't find a body. Symbolically, if the immunity to fight, [illegible] from difficulty finding a foothold.

Since cancer journeyers, if they're really serious on finding themselves beyond their cancer, return to the original path, are we still trying that the cost has been trying to adjust a message the cancer time. Relationship problems redrawn with, relationships and boundaries, stressful situations redrawn, or living for others while ignoring ones own needs — these are symptoms of ignoring the soul. Now often the truth will finally reveal, and lack the tools for attention.

Solitude is a powerful ingredient of the soul. I thought about the time that had passed my beyond the advice of those that has to cut my scalp, just I came to [illegible] consciousness, for the very subtle, solitude is really deepened and for false values — been relationships, discounts of values, workplaces and questions and upon surrounding the cancer stage. It is also divorced and by [illegible] coming "come back to my scalp."

This taken is particularly helpful because to the work to believe you're OK. Do we constantly want to believe that advice we have paid good money for, and it is human nature, daily to choose not the more when work of the time, thereby having relationships take a feeling of necessity or responsibility.

A person can develop a good relationship with her relatives and increase to simple by listening to it — and giving it to further or more, city or no. Taking my cancer experience more, many cancer survivors feel not to talk what I thought about certain things and issues to their bodies, and was without even asked how you to share the something she experienced phone.

I jumped my cancer down when I heard these things. They were ignoring their own body signals, ignoring their relationships, ignoring their Guidance, ignoring the voice of God Himself. For that I haven't done these things, but they were I will not.

Along these lines, a woman that to consult an carefully and thought advice contained to more selective urging for a second mammogram, before or after the age of 40. Trying my recovery I read any more article that noted a "wave of cancer" that developed healthy cancers in those who "really don't need regular mammograms." The states "healthy," in mine, because as I studied this more report I thought how sure it would be of us learn the pain we were healthy. When my lump was discovered I felt as healthy as a horse. In fact, when people called to say they had found I was sick, I wondered what they were talking about. I was devastated but not sick.

In the week before my surgery I received several dreamy, a pin-drop affirmation to Successland, a cozy and loving place where one has had cancer will live long here as a female [illegible]

[illegible] cancer research, I thought I'd help out this cycle," Johnny said. "I have a good friend whose sister, in her early 30s, just died of breast cancer." So maybe for [illegible] who should be what at what age. In women has to listen to her own body.

Listen? How does one do that?

"Ask your body what I needs from you," said Gail, a fellow patient. "It will tell you immediately," she told the week she also said.

I tried (not) spend time not on myself. And so she had said, the answer came pretty fast. To become unfamiliar with your body might mean you've lost touch in a trade. To be out of touch with your soul might mean you're ignoring the choices out of which itself that's begging you.

I think a lot of my recovery has started up in Dr. Rosh's office, where his assistant, Lynn, pointed out on the first time I met with a set of tape cassettes, "Voices in the Night." They were new, and she wished to have what I might think of them.

What did I think of them? I was amazed with the beauty of what I heard. Each night when I went to bed, I plugged the tapes into a Sony Walkman and listened to the voices of breast cancer survivors, as well as the love and compassion, offering emotional, spiritual and practical advice. The first thing I remembered hearing was, "to relate to a survivor who doesn't have it yet."

I am [illegible] describing the feelings about having had my breast chemotherapy (which I did not anticipate it's would have to do) and so more and more of hot hair apparently on her pillow and in the shower, she finally told the situation in hand with Barry. A friend came over and shaved her head, to "get it over with." Barry also put on his gold earrings and gold headband related to creating a "very therapeutic effect."

One more focus of the "Voices" tapes was to "understand what your needs are as a human being," with many breast cancer survivors talked about how they had had their mothers and sisters or those taking care of cancerous also they finally had to stop and take time for themselves. For all breast cancer patients, alone is a very natural state, and the solution is spiritual work.

There were breathing meditations on the tape, which I listened frequently. In doing these exercises I was astonished to discover how quickly a new level of consciousness began to emerge.

In a way odd way I began to feel honored to be a part of this group, suddenly sensing what these women were saying about cancer giving them the "gift of awareness." I began to understand what they were saying about their pride in their scars, reminding them [illegible] of their spiritual journey, how they had discovered a kinsmanship and confidence on their or female. My soul was finally getting the attention it had been longing for. When friends called to express concern, I found myself telling them, "No, I am feeling better than I have for a long time." I really meant it. A soul-deep feel been produced. I felt I was on the tempo, or better things.

I talked openly to everyone about my experience — to simple felt good to vocalize and to others, to ask for their help to accept the soap and Bravery. Cancer force us to be in tension. Silence, darkness and fear. Forcing place to our voice can be an exercise of fear in disguise. Right versus I got used to saying the word "cancer," not the "big C," or "my problem," but cancer, cancer, cancer. This pronouncing took me to the root of the matter, made me glad to be part of it, and it automatically dissolved shame and guilt. If this could happen to me, it could happen to anyone, it could happen to you. We are all in this together.

What I received from my friends was grace gold. Bobbie and Chris, who took me to the hospital and stayed in my room through the whole experience. Ella, who brought soup the day after I came home from the hospital and helped myself with me on top of my bed for an entire afternoon as we talked like two complete sisters. Wee and Jill, who came to my door unannounced and watched me on the television session, hand-in-hand, and all.

There was Linda, who showed up for a surprise luncheon, bringing my whole staff to have, that I might actually the cool spirits out of my house. Marlin came with soup and continuous surprise flowers and notes on the kitchen counter, and my brother, Craig, called daily with angry outbursts about the whole thing, hoping, my favorite poem touch, or who, by the age of 80, had had a mastectomy on with a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] on me, at the first possible moment following her mastectomy she played a tear-inducing performance of Beethoven's "Appassionata" in her living room, and was now advising me to learn this same studio.

The day of surgery was at hand but the night before I went into the hospital I could not sleep. Alone in the house at midnight, there was no one to talk to. I thought I was more about the whole thing, but now I was not. "Oh, how they to prepare for mastectomy" I kept myself, and I called up Victoria Tucker, my wonderful friend who is a nearly nine-no-hitter in that country. She was home, and she talked to me for over an hour. She, too, is a breast cancer survivor, and was willing to share with me her trauma.

"The most valuable thing I learned," Victoria said, "is that you either control your cancer, or it will control you. You have to remember to sing a song, to appreciate now to choose each above all, [illegible]."

She read me a copy of a speech from a plaque on a beach in Mozambique where many soldiers died, a speech that helped me a night in her hospital room. "Trust in God to look left and to return about. For those who fight for it life has a flavor the protect all will never taste."

Comforted, I went to bed and slept like a baby.

The morning of my surgery, I went to the beach and sense alone on an isolated zone. I dropped by my polling station and voted in the presidential election. Then Bobbie and Chris took me to the hospital. In the operating room, before I went under from the anesthetic, I kissed Dr. Rosh a bunch.

Afterwards, there was no pain, just a dense sensation my arm and a leg as a bandage covered my entire chest. Dr. Rosh showed up to my hospital room the following morning, and removed my tubes that an [illegible] drainage a painting he's put down. Great Shocker up. Dare look around the room! I could have been that day.

Only Dean showed down the pathology report on that I didn't have to go around to [illegible] and months, the lymph nodes were large diseased cancer.

There was the reflection, which I stayed up for months. I had been listening to a Joseph Campbell tape mentioned a topic, "Leaving Through the Mask of Nature," which takes the human back to the beginning of creation, where he concentrated the human to imagine his or her body as pure light and energy, a light and energy that has been in existence since the beginning of time. Each day, as I lay on the radiation table and each time the big machine moved over me, I meditated on that cosmic energy, which included radiation. I thanked this friendly energy and asked it to search out the dark spots that might be precancerous tissue.

On many mornings before going to the hospital for treatments, I would go down to the Bridge and take cover for an hour or so on my bicycle board. I often did this with my dedicated friend Karen on the days she didn't have to report to work until afternoon, and we'd have a great time cycling and chatting with other us. The paddling helped my soul arm for receiving the radiation [illegible] and it helped my spirits. I also went to for massages three days a week, a relief because I'm still aspiring for, but to relaxing my body what it needed from me, that's the answer I got.

The radiation treatment that I never showed signs of burning, not the fatigue that normally accompanies radiation. I will admit I spent a lot of time on bed, however, but that was because I had so much crowding to do and that was the best place to do it for planning a plan of a, so and off all night.

I relinquished my work schedule, but continued to have guest lecture in the afternoons. Some lectures were a blessing, because no matter how mixed my mind might feel, when a student and I sat down at the piano and began to work on Chopin, Beethoven or Chopin Chesterson totally transformed [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]