But...What If?

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I've never been great at making decisions. I tend to waffle back and forth (while also involving far too many people in the process — you should have seen me during my lumpectomy/mastectomy decision). It's a flaw. But ever since cancer, I have been stricken to the core with fear about making life decisions. I would love to (insert massive life decision here) but what if... cancer. What. If. Fucking. Cancer.

And there's no clear next statement. Just, cancer. But what if it comes back? But if I can't afford treatment? But what if I say yes to some exciting opportunity and then life pulls me back down to reality? But what if I train for this marathon and I never make it to the start line?

Admitting these fears out loud makes me feel like I'm tempting fate. But what if I write this post and then all of this actually happens? It never fricken ends, does it? It's a black hole of despair, doubt, uncertainty, worry, anxiety. And I don't want to live that way.

Being diagnosed with cancer thrust me into a mortality showdown that I never wanted to be in. I miss the ignorance of pretending that my time would never come. My therapist points out that we all live with risks, everyday. There is no guarantee that we will walk out our homes and make it through the day. Oddly, I found that comforting. Weird right?

But it means that this fear isn't related to cancer alone. It's a realization that part of being human is to know that we will someday pass on. If anything, it has brought me back into the fold that I thought cancer threw me out of. Here I am, with everyone else, just a little more aware of the other shoe waiting to drop.

I am done with the "what if" weight bringing me down. I have no idea what the future will bring, but I want to live my life as happily as I can. I want to make decisions that scare the crap out of me. I want to set goals and try my best. That's enough for me. And it's a place to start.

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