Lindsay vs. Lion

Right now, I'm slowly and steadily walking back down the mountain, but I still see the nasty mess that lion left behind

March 13, 2019 By Lindsay Norris

What's it like to go through cancer treatment? It's something like this: One day, you're minding your own business, you open the fridge to get some breakfast, and OH MY GOD THERE'S A MOUNTAIN LION IN YOUR FRIDGE.

Wait, what? How? Why is there a mountain lion in your fridge? NO TIME TO EXPLAIN. RUN! THE MOUNTAIN LION WILL KILL YOU! UNLESS YOU FIND SOMETHING EVEN MORE FEROCIOUS TO KILL IT FIRST!

So you take off running, and the mountain lion is right behind you. You know the only thing that can kill a mountain lion is a bear, and the only bear is on top of the mountain, so you better find that bear. You start running up the mountain in hopes of finding the bear. Your friends desperately want to help, but they are powerless against mountain lions, as mountain lions are godless killing machines.But they really want to help, so they're cheering you on and bringing you paper cups of water and orange slices as you run up the mountain and yelling at the mountain lion — "GET LOST, MOUNTAIN LION, NO ONE LIKES YOU" — and you really appreciate the support, but the mountain lion is still coming.

By Caitlin Feeley — read the entire post here.

I've never re-posted content for a blog post before, but I came across this essay today and felt like the author was staring straight into my soul. Such an incredibly accurate way to describe the desperation and terror one feels during that hike up the cancer mountain. We struggle to make each step forward, and it's impossible to not compare our lions to others, or not feel guilty for the pain the lion is causing our loved ones. You're expected to feel relief when you see that lion roll off the edge — but you've been tricked by that lion before… and you're still in shock you found yourself on this mountain in the first place. Right now, I'm slowly and steadily walking back down the mountain, but I still see the nasty mess that lion left behind — and I'm often looking over my shoulder, convinced I hear it tracking me for its next attack. I sure am lucky to have had so many people that ran up that mountain with me and did all they could to heckle that lion and show me love. And I am just so thankful that dang bear, it did what it had to do.

LINDSAY – 1

LION – 0

© 2026 Smart + Strong All Rights Reserved.
http://beta.docker.cancerhealth.com/blog/lindsay-vs-lion