You Never Forget the Cancer Call

My six-year anniversary of getting the cancer call was on Tuesday, September 14th.

November 25, 2021 By Megan-Claire Chase

I've been struggling with writing lately. It's not because I have nothing to say or am uninspired. It's because I have way too much to say and struggling to get my thoughts written down in a cohesive way. The perfectionist in me doesn't want to write something awful, yet I need to release some of what has been on my mind lately.

My six-year anniversary of getting the cancer call was on Tuesday, September 14th. I woke up that morning with mixed emotions. It's one of those memories that will never fade. The flashbacks are clear and packed with emotion. I was working at iHeart Media sitting in my cubicle on 9/14/15. I'd had the biopsy at 4pm on 9/11/15 which fell on Friday that year and was told it would take 48-72 hours to receive the results. I'm always aware of the time because of all my years working in media and making sure the commercials were the correct spot length. I remember looking at my phone when it rang at 3:05pm and not recognizing the number but knowing in my gut to answer.

"Megan-Claire, you have invasive lobular breast cancer. We don't know the stage yet. You need to get a pen and paper and take some notes because time is of the essence."

The entire trajectory of my life changed in an instant. Yes, I'm still alive and "survived," but many other warriors I've crossed paths with during these six years have died. Why am I still here and they aren't? They had husbands or wives and children. I don't. Survivor's guilt is real. It's important for people to not negate these feelings because the guilt is just as crushing as the loss of friends.

I miss them.

I think of their families.

I wish I could've taken their place.

So yes, I'm still here but not physically or mentally the same. I'm chronically ill thanks to fibromyalgia, back pain, and neuropathy. I'm in pain every second of every damn day. Some days are manageable and other days it's off the charts. I literally look like a different person (chemo curls are back) in a body I don't recognize at all.

Being naturally resilient is a blessing and a curse. Even when I don't want to show up for myself I

somehow always manage to push up and just do it. I'm fully immersed within the cancer space. There are days where I feel passionate about my advocacy and days where I am utterly drained. I have to continuously remind myself that it's okay to put myself first and can say no to various requests of my time. That doesn't mean I am selfish or don't care. That is self-care.

For the first time in six years, I did not completely wallow on that day. You see, cancer cannot take away the essence of me, you or anyone. Ever. The one constant that brings me pure joy is the arts, specifically the theatre. So, I went to see a musical with another theatre friend that evening. It was the first time I had done something that literally breathed life into me. I fully enjoyed myself and felt the familiar feeling of walking into a theatre and feeling like I was home. It was an evening that cancer could not touch.

Until next time,

Warrior Megsie

This post originally appeared on Life on the Cancer Train on September 19, 2020. It is republished with permission.

© 2026 Smart + Strong All Rights Reserved.
http://beta.docker.cancerhealth.com/blog/never-forget-cancer-call