

A Testicular Cancer Survivor Shares His Story to Raise Awareness

When doctors dismissed the concerns of S. SayCo Alford, he requested further tests—and caught his testicular cancer early.

June 27, 2023 By [Justin Birckbichler](#)

Welcome to the [Band of Ballers](#)! In this series on A Ballsy Sense of Tumor (ABSOT), I'm turning over control to some other ballsy testicular cancer survivors and patients who have inspired me with their work in advocacy and awareness during and after their diagnosis. This month's feature is all about S. SayCo Alford, who shares his story. Enjoy!

My journey with testicular cancer began in late October. I was helping my church move locations and thought I pulled my groin. After a few weeks of ice and heating pad, I brought it up to my spouse. Then came a crazy find at a dinner party at a local chain restaurant. I went to the restroom and the urinal was in full show right by the door. Needless to say I used a different grasp trying to block a view!

That's when I thought I felt something. I went on with dinner, and a few days later on a business trip in New York City, I thought on a whim to check. So glad I did! I found a small lump. I called home and then made a doctor's appointment.

The terrible feeling that something was wrong received a crazy turn at the doctors office?!

Two doctors felt me and said, "Feels like nothing, maybe a cyst." I was too concerned to let this go and requested blood work or an ultrasound. I am so glad I did! The ultrasound confirmed what's been happening with the groin pain.

The call I received the following morning slapped me down hard! A urologist called with the bad news: it's testicular cancer. Then the shocking news of removal surgery - ASAP. I knew nothing about testicular cancer or that I'd be losing one of the boys! Total shock facing me dead in my eyes! I called work and took off five weeks from flying for an airline.

The removal morning at Vanderbilt was like a movie to me. I have never been ill or in a hospital. I checked in, got a room, IV in my arm, and a paper dress. I'm laying there thinking how is this my life? I'm only 48. In less than an hour, I'm home in bed with the tightest medical jockstrap on. I'm not gonna lie, the first three days were hell. I don't do well with pain, as I never had surgery. A lot of rest and one day you can get out of bed easier. Time does heal. Trust me.

Better news: my medical team reports no sign of spread! They offer me surveillance scans every four months for two years. I'll be lying if I didn't think they were going to bring up radiation and chemotherapy. They believe that this was caught early. Relief!

I just had my first four month scan. All is clear!

Now time to snap out of this pity party and try to give back. I'm very optimistic. My next scans are in August. I think the best thing I can do locally in my small town is just bring it up to all family and friends. We know awareness is key!

I realize most web blogs do not include political or religious views. I respect that. However, I am a Christian, and I firmly believe that the Healing power of Jesus Christ through prayer took this away from me!

Until next time, Carpe Scrotiem!

Know someone (or even yourself!) who is supporting testicular cancer awareness and would be willing to share their story? [Drop their name, contact, and why they should be featured into this Google Form](#) and I'll reach out to them and/or you!

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