

Thoughts on Cancer Survivorship

No one prepares you for what happens when you actually get to survive, muses breast cancer advocate Megan-Claire Chase.

August 5, 2026 By [Megan-Claire Chase](#)

National Cancer Survivors Day 2026

Editor's note: This post was originally published June 7, 2026, which marked the 39th annual National Cancer Survivors Day.

Here it is, National Cancer Survivors Day, and instead of celebration...I'm sitting with a hard truth I don't hear talked about enough:

I'm aging out.

I've aged out of the AYA cancer space.

I'm aging out of the dating world.

I'm aging out of versions of myself I used to recognize.

And somewhere in the middle of all of that... I'm still trying to figure out where I belong now.

Surviving longer was always the goal, right?

But no one really prepares you for what happens when you actually get that time.

Because it changes everything.

The dreams I once had? Some of them no longer fit.

Some of them I didn't even realize I wanted until they quietly slipped out of reach.

And yet... somehow, in the middle of all that loss, I've been given opportunities I never saw coming, rooms where my voice is heard, spaces where my story matters.

That part is beautiful. And complicated.

I'm still single.

I don't have human children.

And at this stage of life, that reality can feel louder than I want it to some days, especially when it

seems like everyone else is partnered up, raising families, and building lives that look nothing like mine.

Making friends as an adult is already hard.

Making friends when you feel like you don't quite fit anywhere anymore? That's a whole different level.

But here's something I've had to learn, and I'm still learning:

There's a difference between being alone... and being lonely.

I have a full life in many ways.

There are moments of deep connection, purpose, even joy.

And there are also moments that feel incredibly quiet.

Moments where the absence of what I thought my life would look like echoes a little louder.

Both things can be true at the same time.

Cancer didn't just change my body; it changed my trajectory.

Medically induced menopause didn't just "age" me... it accelerated me into a version of life I wasn't ready for, internally or externally.

And now I'm here,
in this in-between space,
no longer who I was,
not quite sure where I fit next.

But I am still here.

Still evolving.

Still questioning.

Still showing up even when it's uncomfortable.

Maybe this chapter isn't about "aging out."

Maybe it's about redefining what belonging even looks like.

On my terms.

Until next time,

Warrior Megsie

[This post](#) originally appeared June 7, 2026, on [Life on The Cancer Train](#). It is republished with permission.

