Waiting, Wishing, Hoping… The Results Are In!

The worst bit of all this cancer malarkey is your life gets put on hold.

July 6, 2017 By Amanda Hayes

Waiting…

Waiting…

Waiting…

That's all my life consists of at the moment.

Waiting…

Wishing…

Hoping…

It's results week this week. The most anticipated post to date yet, I expect. I'm not nervous of the results because whatever it will be will be… (Que sera, sera?) Haha. There's nothing I can do to change it but it makes me anxious.

Its funny, it's not the cancer that can send your mind crazy: The fact that you've got it, that it makes you think of your mortality or even that it changes everything in your life. It's the waiting.

You've got cancer. Wait. We need to put a program in place for treatment. Wait. Chemotherapy starts. Wait. Radiotherapy starts. Wait wait wait. Scan. Wait. Brachytherapy. Wait. Scan. Wait. Scan. Wait. Treatment finishes. Wait wait wait wait wait. Scan wait wait… Meet your consultant… Shit… I'm waiting.

Its not been a good week this week. My results were great! 10cm mass? Obliterated! My lymph nodes are looking good, there's slight scarring where the tumor was but all that was bad is now good in the gynae department! Woohoo!

But…

There’s a suspicious area on my lung… What? I like my lungs. I need my lungs. My lungs are pretty fucking important! They’ve been pretty bloody reliable for 29 years so far! Don’t start this shit now!

I’ve been told I have a “fluffy” area on one of my lungs. It doesn’t have much density to it yet so they can’t do a biopsy. It’s only 9mm in size so it’s nothing to be too worried about. It could be an infection. It could be cancer.

They’re treating it as an infection for the time being so they’ve put me on some pretty strong antibiotics. They don’t think it is an infection though.

There’s nothing they can do whilst it’s so small and “fluffy.” So I’m back to waiting.

After the course of antibiotics, they’ll scan me again at the end of the month but I won’t see my consultant again until the start of August. So I’m back to the old game of waiting…

Waiting…

Wishing…

Hoping…

The worst bit of all this cancer malarkey is your life gets put on hold. Cancer becomes your life. I’ve tried hard to not let it define me but it’s pretty fucking hard when that’s all that you’re faced with day in day out.

It’s exciting times at the moment with friends. I’m at that age where everything is happening. New homes bought, engagements, weddings, babies, new relationships, career changes, all exciting things. And I am happy and excited for all of them, I really am. But it’s difficult.

You can’t help looking at your own life. My life is on hold at the moment. And that makes me sad. I don’t see my future at the moment, for the first time ever I really don’t. And I don’t mean it in a morbid way, like I’m not gonna be here to see it. Because I’ve never felt that and I still don’t. I just don’t see the next step. I’m just frozen in this fucked up time loop of waiting.

I’ve found this week pretty hard. Not just for myself but for others too. I feel like this amazing and incredible thing has happened. But it’s been shat upon by this stupid “fluffy” mass that may or may not be something. It’s not just a step back for me but for my family and friends. I don’t like to upset people and this is upsetting people all around me.

If it turns out to be an infection then it’s just stolen my happy moment. Next month with my consultant will be just a relief. My happy-thank-fuck moment will have been snubbed out. If it turns out to be cancer then it’ll just be another game of treatment and waiting with the repetitive bore that comes along with it. And when I do beat it the next time, it will just be a relief. I’ll be happy, but probably not as happy and as excited as I would have been this week.

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