

Weather Patterns, Like These Cancer Experiences, Are Circular

As brain cancer blogger Adam Hayden returns to the radiation table, it's time for his comeback tour.

April 17, 2025 By [Adam Hayden](#)

Tomorrow, I'll be back on the radiation table for the first session of my second lifetime round of radiation. The [time traveler](#) returns.

Did you watch that [video](#) of James Hetfield from Metallica, still rocking at 61 years old? He's getting ready to step on stage. He takes a couple of puffs from a cigar, spends a little time in contemplation, head resting on hands, then he climbs the steps to take the stage.

That's actual footage of me right now.

I'm on my comeback tour.

I've struggled this month. I've had a couple of bigger-than-normal seizures, and my motor impairment has worsened. Of course, the dark cloud of existential weight has moved in. A Cumulonimbus of concern. The Barometer is dropping, and thunder cracks through my skull. A headache or heartache, the soul rumbles, and the mind conjures intrusive thoughts and advanced directives.

I posted:

Resilience is psychological flexibility. Adapting to the moment that you're in. This requires presence and an effort not to get hooked in one state but tend to the present and be fully in that moment, with whatever feelings you experience. That's how sorrow and joy coexist.

Like a lot of status updates, I was projecting; projecting back to myself. I know what needs to be done. See, I'm no weather forecaster, but I'm not a hide from the storm type of guy. I'm a raise the garage door and sit while the rain falls sort of guy. The being with the storm was maybe the attention the moment has required, but I've been stuck in the rain for a few days too long.

It's time to come in from the storm.

This disease has about killed me. And I don't mean from only the disease.

As long as you've been watching it, I've been living it. And somewhere along the way, my resistance became interested in concession. That's because resisting is exhausting.

In 2019, I [wrote](#):

What if the most punk rock thing I can do is get a good night's sleep? What if rebellion in the face of illness is to decrease or eliminate those extra glasses of wine? What if my greatest act of resistance to terrible disease is prioritizing health? Health, as resistance.

The weather patterns are circular. That post from September 2019 was some three years after diagnosis, and these days, I'm a couple years out from first recurrence.

History may or may not repeat, but it definitely rhymes, and as low as I've been this month, maybe I've already taught myself the lesson. You can show up how you want to show up in any moment. Finding joy is itself an act of resistance in this climate.

Suppose it's time to take a couple puffs of the cigar and climb the steps.

This is my comeback tour.

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