What's Your Superpower?

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I have noticed lately that there is this huge improvement in the way I just manage life but I will never thank cancer for anything so I am just going to chalk this up to me being this "new and improved retro weight me."

When I was diagnosed and in the middle of the worst shit anyone with cancer can explain to you, I still kept things positive, laughing, smiling and just overall being like, "This sucks, but it could always be worse." People constantly told me how amazing my attitude was and how they were in awe of how I chose to be and I was always surprised because as I told them it was not a choice; it is just who I am. I have spent a lot of time in my life making lemons out of lemonade, I guess.

I never ever expected to get sick, though. Like really sick. I guess I thought I could keep being superwoman forever, keep bottling up my feelings forever, keep moving at the speed of light forever. Now I know those things are not what I want to be, not how I want to live. I want to enjoy life, to be present in the moment and to be more than just "mom" (although it is the best title I ever have had, I know this time is fleeting and that the kids are growing and I am sitting here with many years of being the only caregiver under my belt and it is time to expand the operation).

I hate the idea of people pitying me. I mean, I get it, it sucks to have/had cancer, but it can suck more and for people out there who think, "Oh man, I am so sorry for her. I am so happy it is not me." I can just say I used to think this way, too. I used to think this whenever I heard someone else's bad news. Now, I do not think this way anymore. Instead I think, "What can I do to help that person?" And then I do it.

This is why pity is a useless emotion. It makes you feel as though you "did" something when in reality all you did was think for that moment how much more lucky/blessed/happy you were compared to that person, and then a few minutes later, the dog crapped in the house and you forgot all about that other person and how you should be happy you don't have to deal with what they do.

I think everyone on hearing someone else's bad news should just be, like, "What can I do to help?" instead of internalizing that shit right away and forgetting it.

My superpower is that I know life is precious and worth every god-darn moment and that there are no do-overs. When I accidentally pop an extra Sudafed, I do not give a shit anymore because I know I have had poison pumped in my veins for fun. I am the person who will try to help you no

matter what. However, I, too, have my limits. I have learned the hard way that being superwoman is not so fun. It means everyone depends on you to do everything and you cannot get a moment to rest.

With my new superpowers, I can figure out what is important and put my energy on that. For me, what is important is love, laughter and the hard work that goes into being a well-rounded person. It is hard to balance all of the different pieces of me and the things I want to do. Sometimes, I feel so many emotions at once I cannot manage them all so I need to decompress, meditate, exercise and do what I need to do to take care of me. I can do that all now, too.

I also know that worry and fear are useless. Having all of that fear in my life did not stop anything bad from happening—the bad happened, I got cancer. I know, too, that even though I got cancer that does not mean all I get know is pity and sad faces. I am me, I am irreverent and will tell you all about my fake boob and make totally wildly inappropriate jokes about random things. It is infinitely better to laugh at life than to take it too seriously. There is no “why me” over here, just a constant laser-like focus on getting healthy and kicking cancer’s ass one day at a time.

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