

# Surviving New Year and Cancer

## *Life with Cancer*

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I hate New Year. I know bad stuff can happen at any time, but for me it always seems to happen around then. Fact is, I'm not even doing New Year this time. I'm skipping straight through to February. So that's it for now. Bye.



What? You want to know why? Oh, OK I suppose so, but this can't take long I've got to go hide.

It started with just the usual anticlimax feeling every year. You have such great expectations that New Year is going to be fun: parties to go to, friends to see, the exciting 10 second count down and flowing champagne. Duh, not exactly. It's more like who can keep their eyes open long enough in front of the TV to give that cursory "Happy New Year" and then collapse into bed.

But 2012 has been pretty devastating for me. My beloved Dad past away, my Mom was diagnosed with an aggressive cancer, my own cancer was found on a scan again, and all in the last three months. Not to mention my dog getting run over, and having to deal with all of my family's individual issues. I nose dived into deep depression. What was the point of Christmas, let alone New Year?

Is there a moral to this dampening tale? Well, I hope so, or else this column really sucks! What I realized is that I can easily give up hope when I'm in constant emotional or physical pain, from cancer, or any other life issue. Yes, stories of people who've beat a particular disease, and now climb mountains, are great, but when you're the one that's suffering, when you're the one with the loved ones who are suffering, or you're the one that's grieving, it doesn't make you feel any better.

So what do you say? Maybe you don't have to say anything. Maybe your mission is to bring joy into that person's life which, for however short, will make them forget the pain. Making someone who's close to giving up on hope smile or laugh, or find some kind of inner peace, may be the greatest gift you could ever give. Of course none of us want to grieve for what or

who we have lost; of course we should all cling to hope; but sometimes hope isn't a lecture about how beautiful life can be, it's about how much we're loved today.

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