

***IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH***

***My Version***

I remember it like it was yesterday, July 12<sup>th</sup> 2008, blinded by an overwhelming sense of fear, Lenora walked out of the examining room into the front reception area. I ask the general and obvious question 'so how did it go', she didn't say anything and just moved straight for to the parking lot; I knew at that moment that our lives as we knew it was never going to be the same

I caught up with her, and held her hands, looked into her eyes and waited for her to speak. She began to sob, barely able to catch her breath. Finally, she was able to get out the dreadful news... it was breast cancer, Invasive Ductile Carcinoma. I led her to the car, giving her space and the needed quite, not saying a word. So many thoughts raced through my mind, this woman, the mother of our then teenage child, my ex-wife, and ex-lover , but more importantly my very best friend on this side of heaven, was about to embark on the fight for her life, and I would be there right by her side. Once we were settled in the car, she turned to me and me to her, I said, "**We** will get through this". I told her that the battle was not over, and we just got our marching orders, she tried to smile, but I know that she was falling apart inside, I gave her the room to do that, I once again became her rock.

The summer was hard for her, we had embarked on the first of two egregious journeys, the chemo trips, some weekly, then daily, and three trips to the hospital she went in like the trooper that she is with a smile on her face, and a assurance that God was on her side, it was on... she, and me were was ready for the fight.

With our daughter Lauren by her side, we attempted to have a resemblance on normalcy in the house. When she was sick, we were there, when she started to lose her hair, I took her to the beauty parlor to have it cut off, and Lauren sat there by her side. We even came up with a nick-name for Lenora, she was now our peanut. When I gave it to her we laugh until we cried, I can see now it was a way of getting out some pent up emotion on our part.

It has been almost two years now since that first diagnosis, and I had seen Lenora, fight against the odds. This road to her recovery has not been easy, two different chemo cocktails, full surgery, and the grieving that come with that, and radiation. However, as my Pastor would say... "This is where you shout". Lenora gets up every day, thanking God for the day, taking whatever that day will bring, and celebrating in the small accomplishments... one day at a time. I have the pleasure and the honor of watching this testimony unfold.

"You Go Baby... I got your back!"