

# Post from the Past: “It’s that bad... (Not the cancer)”

Read this and other posts at my [CaringBridge.org](http://CaringBridge.org) site.

To begin, I must apologize for not sharing my results from last week’s biopsy. I have good reason as to why I haven’t written (of which you will learn later).

But first, let’s get to the good news...

The mass in my right breast is BENIGN! Basically just a fibrous mass of tissue that is NOT cancerous. Yay!

So, we are going to leave that side alone. (Phew!)

We sat down with the doctor on Monday morning and scheduled the surgery for May 26th. They will perform a mastectomy of the left breast. So far, we have seen no evidence of cancer in the lymph nodes. They will remove a few to check for sure, and if there’s no sign, I won’t need chemo or radiation. If they do find something, we will meet that road when it comes.

I’m so relieved to begin my treatment soon and also relieved that I was able to tell my class. My precious (adopted) kids really took it well, but it was still hard news. I was so amazed at how many of them could name someone they knew that had cancer. It is so prevalent! Another reminder that this is not our home, and someday God will make ALL things new.

So, you’re still wondering what took me so long to write, aren’t you? ☐

Well, if you can imagine, it was a **disaster**.

Twenty minutes before I was going to leave for my biopsy on Friday, I was going to fill our water filter canister at the kitchen sink. I reached for the spray nozzle that comes out with a long hose. It caught on something, so I gave it a

strong tug. Instantly, I heard a great wooshing sound come from below the sink. I looked under and only saw a small amount of water trickling down where the pipes come out. It sounded like it might have been coming from the outside of the house, which is on the opposite side of the wall. So I looked outside and water was rushing down the side of my house! Did I mention that our kitchen is on the 2nd floor? Oh, yes!

So I went back in and the water was now coming out from under the cabinets. I called my husband, but he didn't pick up. I texted him "Emergency!" He called me back and I told him what happened. He didn't believe me at first.

"Where is the shut off valve?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I'm coming home!"

As I paced and shouted after he hung up, I decided to try to call the PUD. The automated answering system picked up and when I heard "If this is an emergency, please hang up and dial 9-1-1." I shouted, "This is an emergency!" and then I hung up and dialed 9-1-1.

Soon the Fire Department was on their way. I texted my husband, "The FD is coming." to which he replied "What?!" to which I typed, "**It's that bad.**"

They arrived at the same time as my husband to a distraught and sobbing woman on the porch. The firemen kept saying, "It's gonna be OK. It's not that bad." And I thought, "You have no idea!"

They were very kind, asked where the water heater was, reached up and "click!" flipped off the water supply.

\*Ladies and Gentlemen... Please take a moment to find out how to shut off the water supply to your house. It's ok. I'll wait... and you'll thank me later. ☐

Ok... now that you're saved from the trouble we had, let me

share the aftermath. I had to leave for my biopsy, so my poor dear husband was left with the damage I had done. By the time I returned after lunch, Serv Pro was there tearing up all the carpet on the 1st floor. They had ripped up the carpet on the 2nd floor and pushed heated fans underneath. They filled the house with de-humidifiers and fans and for the past 4 days, have been "blow-drying" our house.

We had to move out, because our house is unlivable, at a cozy 95 degrees. When I pulled up to get something from the house yesterday, I opened the garage door to discover a stack of 10 or so boxes. I walked into the garage and noticed... there's our kitchen cabinets... and there's our bathroom sink...and would you believe it. They even threw in the kitchen sink. ☐

So, right now, our house is torn apart.

Rough estimates are that repair work will take 3 weeks. We have some very gracious and loving friends that own a quaint home with a "mother-in-law" apartment above it that they have shared with us to stay in for the mean time. We have found out that not only do we have abundant medical insurance coverage, but we also have a plentiful amount of home insurance coverage (a typical deductible notwithstanding). With my cancer recovery, I will also get new carpet and kitchen flooring. Not sure about the cabinets yet..

As wildly absurd as this all sounds, I can see God's fingerprints all over it. Every step of the way, he provided what we needed. I just dropped off our cat and dog at "Tails-a-Waggin" pet boarding that insurance will pay for so we don't have to worry about them at this time.

Through this, I have heard a new song played here and there that has really touched my heart. The lyrics are...

There's hope for the hopeless  
And all those who've strayed  
Come sit at the table

Come taste the grace  
There's rest for the weary  
Rest that endures  
Earth has no sorrow  
That heaven can't cure

So lay down your burdens  
Lay down your shame  
All who are broken  
Lift up your face

I just play this song over and over again. Remembering that this isn't it. It's not over yet. There's so much more beyond the sorrows of today, though they may be **many**. God's going to be there to see us through, and the love and support that you've shown us has proved that. <3