

My Journey to the End of the Road

To start with.....

I didn't know much about cancer then. No one in my family or my friends had it. That was until my daughter in law was diagnosed with breast cancer while she was pregnant with her first child. She needed to wait until after the birth of the baby to start her treatment.



At first it was a shock, and I started to investigate about alternative ways to treat this foreign, still far away condition called "cancer".

I sent her many articles and even addresses to consult and compare, but they were very scared, and because of the pregnancy, there was no time for my silly – holistic approach. It was understandable! They were expecting their first son!

It took quite a few years until she finished the whole treatment, and really, everything went quite well. My son shaved his head to match his wife's loss of hair. She quickly bought herself a wig. Soon I had completely forgot about that and my life went on totally innocent of this tragedy that affected so many people.

It was in May 2009 when I touched the lump for the first time on my left breast, and I instantly knew it! It was such a strong feeling! My first thought was: "*Cancer? me? What a joke!*" I didn't say anything to anyone as I was trying to convince myself that it was probably a muscle spasm. But the pain was relentlessly squeezing that part of my breast in sudden and intermittent attacks.

My GP who was panicking more than myself, two days later, had me have all of the procedures: a mammogram, ultrasound, and biopsy, which confirmed an atypical fast growing medullary carcinoma G3 (nuclei 3, tubules 3, mitoses 3). My first question was: "Why me?" and the answer came very fast: "Why not?"

The good and the bad...



At that time, I was going through such a lot! I'd just arrived from visiting my daughter in Switzerland.

I was in a terrible physical and mental state with a monumental congestion and infection in my respiratory tract. I was at a cross-roads in my marriage, my business and my spiritual life, and now this new foreign thing was there confronting me with so many existential questions.

Yet somehow I knew though that this was my door to freedom. Cancer came to tell me this message: "Stop! You are on the wrong road!"

I was very supported by my younger daughter who stopped working just to be with me. We had much fun together and I have at all times this enormous sense of being protected and with a confidence I never touched before. However my husband was a big stone creating much tension and stress and we were finished.

I had two operations in one month and ended up moving in with my daughter after the second operation (the second one was needed to clear the margins). The result was an infection, dehydration and later a fall in the toilet that aggravated the wound under my arm where they removed the sentinel node, leading to psychological collapse...

All was wrong; my breast was like a rainbow with all the colors because of the infection and swelling to the size of a melon almost. The surgeon was overseas on holidays and they were concerned that trying to extract the fluid in the breast could produce a bigger infection. What else now? What to do?

The meetings with oncologists were terrifying: Like a sentence of death; I felt they were trying to hurry me to make a decision I was not ready to make yet... Now I was really confronted with the biggest fear: Death or the possibility of being a vegetable for the rest of my life. Because of positive hormones receptors the treatment was going to be a very aggressive one: Chemo, Radiotherapy and Hormone therapy. The radiation in the left breast was putting at risk my heart and also the possibility of a stroke was there.

What did I actually want?

Was it a short life of quality, or more time like a mushroom? My doctor's told me:

"With no treatment I had a 5% chance to survive; with treatment maybe more than 20%".

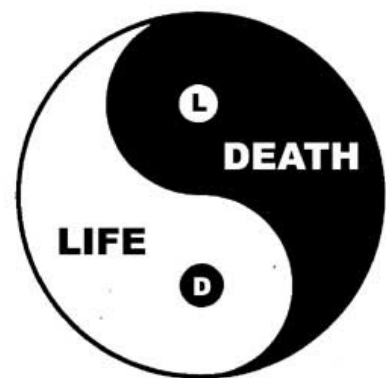
They were all trying to convince me to accept their treatment plan but my heart was speaking very loudly and I knew that I needed to trust my guts now.

At this time I was feeling totally not listened to, invisible and not seen, just like a number on the shelf. My doctor's thought that I was crazy. After the 4th oncologist trying to persuade me met with no success, they accepted that nothing will change my mind.

I had decided to try natural methods of healing.

For the first time putting my heart first,...

I took my time, I searched, and got informed in many ways. I compared and tried to make sense of each approach. I learned things that I never knew before. I got to know about so many other alternatives and met people that were on the same journey. Like me they were



She had sent me the first three links to a new world of alternative cancer therapies that have less side-effects and view the person as a whole system of causes, effects and conditioning.

My GP (who was now in charge of my progress) was astonished at my blood test results that showed an immune system that was steaming with life and health. The MRIs, which I paid due to them not being part of "*normal procedures*", were showing a completely clear picture in my breasts.

The end of the road and the future

I've learned to say "no" and be ok with that, not needing anyone's approval anymore.

I've learned to sit alone with all the array of fears, uncertainties and mind fabrications and be in a state of friendship with all of them, knowing that acknowledging them will open their cages and free the forgotten animals carrying special gifts to this new sense of wholeness.

This journey we call "cancer" allowed me to take responsibility for my life although I'm not completely there yet. I have stopped "*blaming out there*", and have looked "*inside instead*". I realized how domesticated by the system we are, both in and out.

I realised how conditioned our mind is, how blindly we walk in life, how we follow directives without questioning, following colors, sounds, shapes and fabrications that never last, and never give us happiness, but only ensure the continuation of more suffering.

I can see myself suffering whenever I get entangled with my own views, or my self-conceit, or self-image. But this is the way things are... and this is the way we grow our old shoes.... The pain tells us to change... and we can choose to change before the shoes hurt.

The end of the road is just a very sharp curve. When I thought that I was touching the end, far from that, a vast landscape opened in front of me; a new place of self- trust and freedom, freedom to follow the whisper of my inner knowing and allow it to merge with the knowing of nature, the knowing of countless beings that dance with the rhythms of life and death with love and enormous reverence.

