

In the waiting. That phrase sums up the reality of a cancer diagnosis. A year ago, I felt lumps in my breast but brushed them off, recalling a benign removal at 19 years old. Juggling a graduation and a wedding, I tried to ignore it until my husband's work switched, + I had to go in for a physical to get on that insurance. Honestly my family physician said she wasn't really worried about it either, so I was very much at peace with the whole thing.

However, during the mammogram, as they took me straight to ultrasound, **I knew something was wrong.** After a biopsy confirmed it was cancer, I freaked out a little, but ultimately felt okay, thinking about getting a mastectomy that could resolve everything. But then, my surgeon informed me that the cancer had spread to my bones—my shoulder, spine, ribs, pelvis, and femur. This news crushed my hope; even though my doctor would say the goal is to get rid of all it, it would always end with “it's not curable.”

To hear that really sucked, because before, they had told me it was. It was a rollercoaster of emotions. Walking out of there I thought I probably had 4 months to live, and the worst part was having to tell my kids. I have 4 kids. Two are out in Indiana, and to not have them close to me really sucked. Then, to try to explain it to a 10 year old daughter, and a 13 year old son, was really hard. It all sucks, and I don't wish this upon anyone. At the same time, I was glad I got to have those conversations with my kids. **Don't be afraid to have those conversations,** if you have kids. You might not get the opportunity to have that conversation and you will regret it if you don't. Doesn't mean it's easy, but I was able to tell my kids I will always be there. It doesn't matter if they can't see me, I will be able to see them, and I will always be cheering them on in anything they do. I just wanted them to remember that, because I wasn't sure at that point how long I had to live, and I still don't know.

But **God had been working in surprising ways,** reconnecting me with people from my past. A friend urged me to visit Divinity Wellness in Sioux Falls, known for their compassionate holistic care. Skeptical yet seeking reassurance, **I asked God for a sign.** It came unexpectedly when a friend's mom expressed support for my choice of a Natural approach. I realized God was aligning my path, providing comfort through familiar faces. From thereon out, I've been doing a Natural approach. Chemotherapy was never on the radar for me because my cancer is driven by estrogen and hormones. So I'm on hormone blockers, but I am also on about 17 different supplements right now with ozone therapy and the sauna.

Through further testing, my number dropped from an initial high to 3.7, leading my Natural doctors to believe I might not have cancer in my bones after all. Adaptability is one of my strong suits, but I've had to adapt a lot during this whole thing, and it's been very trying on me. I'm cautiously optimistic, and I will continue to be consciously optimistic about that – but I feel amazing. Today, I can run, jump, and play basketball with my kids, which is a huge blessing. The words “I have cancer” and “I feel amazing,” never go together, but they do for me. **God is at the center of my healing journey, guiding me through this season.** He has led me to a place filled with hope and care, reminding me through scriptures and worship songs that He's with me.

Daily encouragement comes from friends and family sending Bible verses. I had a friend give me a journal, which I hated journaling, but now I love this one because it has a verse of the day, my prayers, my praises, + my worries. I also was given “**Praying through Cancer.**” It's from a lady from my hometown who went through breast cancer as well. A lot of it doesn't really pertain to me, but I can make it relatable to me. I was also given a jar of verses, I open every day and pick one out. Between all of those verses that I'm reading, whether it's one from my friend or one that just stands out to me, I mark every single one in my Bible and put that person's name by it, just so that I can remember.

My son, Paxton, often tells me, “**God's got this,**” reinforcing my trust in God. I am huge on worship + worship songs, so many songs have spoken to me. It's been crazy to see how I was in Indiana visiting my kids, and these two songs were played there, and when we came back that weekend, Ransom was singing the same two songs. That has been a huge part of my joy in all of this. Some of it is sorrow, and it's okay to have sorrow. The song **Quiet** is my sad song, and that's the one that I listened to when I found out I had it in my bones. That's the one I listened to when we weren't sure what we were going to do, so it just brings me back to a place of sadness, which isn't a bad thing.

To all the people out there who consider themselves the helper. **It's OK to be helped and it's OK to let others do things for you.** You don't always have to be the one helping. No matter how hard it is, just sit back, relax, and let people help you. There's always hope, the waiting is hard, but **God will give you a peace that passes all understanding.** He will give you exactly what you need, every time – you just have to ask. I actively seek to understand God's purpose for me through this experience, knowing there's significance in my journey. Choosing to worship in the middle of uncertainty is essential. I can't imagine going through this without faith. I would be in a really dark place. I believe that **joy helps in healing,** and if I can reach even one person through my story, then my purpose is fulfilled. While the Devil may roar in despair, I hold on to the voice of the Lamb, hoping my testimony shines light in the darkness, reflecting His love and hope.

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