

I am a current, survivor of Colon Cancer. I had no symptoms as promoted on all ads for Colon Cancer, until the last stage. It was a shock, needless to say.

When after many tests, they discovered what was happening to my body, the doctor before going into surgery said, " We will open you up, and at that time we will make a decision to close and let you know your options for preparing for the next six months of your life or we will address immediately and chart your diagnosis path of hopefully full recovery."

I wanted to know what was happening to me and what would happen if the surgery was not going to help. It gave me pause, needless to say, but I wanted to plan the remainder of my life with family if necessary. I also wanted to fight light hell to beat this disease. I even joked with my surgeon, "if you have to open me up and nothing can be done, can you do a tummy tuck so I will look great going out?" He indicated he was going to be a little busy, but smiled and commented on my positive attitude, saying you are going to be okay. I would fight and keep a positive attitude, however God chose for me to go. I started my journey staying in the hospital after recovering from the first surgery, with a seven days of intense chemotherapy 24/7. I had a bag placed in my side to help get rid of anything that might linger after surgery or beyond. I was promised it would be temporary. I continued chemotherapy each week for almost a year.

During the process within that year, I reminded the doctor our deal about the bag, needed to come out as promised. He was still worried that as bad as it was for me with the cancer, we had to continue for a while to help my health. I resisted immediately, I had this horrible thing in my body for almost year and we had agreement. I said no lets do now. He resisted, I let him know "if you won't, I will get a doctor who will." Needless to say it came out. The doctor shared with my husband after the surgery, if I had not pushed for the bag to be removed, I would have had it for life, due to the tremendous scar tissue which had built up and was destroying the way to attach. God was at my side that week.

I continued to live my life as normal, playing fast pitch with my team, bowling, dancing, sailing, golf, taking trips even the week after hospital stay. I was not going to let this disease control my life. I am not saying it was easy, but my frame of mind was positive at all times, even the hardest days. I was not going down without a fight.

I remember the doctor telling me, look at the inside of your body as the old "Pack Man" game, those little guys running around, knocking off the enemy....well cancer is your enemy and "you have to knock them off, eating all around them to make a healthy body". That is exactly what I did with my mind set. I was tired a lot, but kept pushing myself. I was different, I did not want to talk about it. So only our close family and friends knew.

I was very lucky to have a great Oncologist and great family support. I could not have been so strong without my hubby, and a very dear friend who stood by me through my many ups and downs. It's not an easy process, but I really think if you believe strong enough and keep a positive attitude the odds are much better for you even at stage 4.

I was drawn to CFOH because of my love for others and the need to help those who has been effected with the big C. I love CFOH and what it does for so many with limited funds raised each year for research! The organization has many wonderful ladies and men who give of their time and money to help so many. The CFOH organization has given a tremendous amount of money raised over the years to help doctors with their research to fight CANCER. CFOH is a all volunteer organization. All monies raised each year go directly to the researcher for research endeavors to eliminate CANCER.

Blessings to all those wonderful survivors who share their stories to help others.

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