

Preface



I was diagnosed with breast cancer on October 16, 2006. And to be perfectly honest, this news literally shook me to the core. I felt as if I had been emotionally blindsided and spiritually assaulted. For weeks, I could not wrap my mind around the thought of what it might mean. I could not begin to consider what it may suggest.

Was I scared? Unequivocally, yes! Cancer?! Come on. I was only 38 years old. I had a husband and two young sons whom I loved with every cell of my being. I had a fulfilling job and career. I had a growing professional music ministry. I was extremely active in my local church and loved serving my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. All I knew about cancer at that point was that it was a formidable opponent whose blow often could be quick and fatal; and if the cancer did not deliver the fatal blow, the treatments and their effects could be equally debilitating.

However, unlike what some would imagine, “why me?” was not my first question of interest. In fact, looking back, I am surprised that I never felt compelled to ask this.

Perhaps, I had remembered from past difficult experiences how this question would often take me down this emotionally descending and spiraling path where I would revisit every one of my former acts of poor judgment and recklessness. Such a reflection often conjured feelings of worthlessness and futility. Or, maybe I had recalled from other challenging life episodes how this question would frequently move me to compare my life and circumstances to those of others. This analysis would arouse, in many instances, emotions of injustice and self-pity. Possibly it was the enormity of the event that I was facing. I just could not fathom that it was solely for and/or about me. Thus, for whatever reason, on this occasion, I chose not to entertain the question of “why?” Instead, I asked, “What?” Specifically, I asked, “What is the purpose of this, Lord?”

Upon reflection, I praise God for this change in course of inward dialogue. The question of “what?” opened the door for me to hear God afresh. The question of “why?” always led me to ponder the possible “because” answers with its focus solely on me and that around me. However, the question of “what?” allowed me to totally attune to Him for only God in His sole omniscience could respond. As I sought to hear His discourse, the same

scriptures I had read time and time before now took on new significance and meaning. The songs He had written on my heart in the past now spoke to a new audience of one-- me. Prior challenges now seemed like pre-game activities in relation to this new circumstance. Most importantly, God revealed His answers to me in the context of the most well-known of scriptures, in the simplest of tasks, through the most unlikely of people, and with a sense of humor that unarmed my deepest worries and fears. In fact, He took my physical battle and made it a spiritual classroom.

On the following pages, I attempt to share with you some of the insights from this journey. Included you will find excerpts from actual email messages sent to my prayer circle of Christian sisters who laughed, cried, and prayed with me throughout my healing process. I sincerely hope that my sharing of this journey will bless you as much as my experience of this journey has stretched me (which is a WHOLE lot).