

MY BELOVED CANCER CHILD

CYNDI SMITH

*[Editor's Note: This piece
is written in the style of
an ABC story.]*

AFTER HALLOWEEN, we were at the children's hospital's doors, with her walking by my side. Believing the doctors, they can cure her cancer. Caity is my nine-year-old daughter, who needed the cure. Dog was stuffed in her right hand and her left hand was holding mine. Every step we took, was one step closer to her remission. Following the arrows that led us to the oncology department, we laughed and giggled (deep inside I was scared for her).

Giving it no thought, she started the treatments. Health was to become good over time. Innocence and imagination, she was full of. January she was in remission and returned to school. Keeping the scarf on her head, she meets all of her classmates who were wearing hats for support. Love and laughter every step of every office visit. "Mommy", she said, "When will these visits stop?" "Now you know I made a new friend at school and these is taking my time away from her." Oh no Caity, I am sorry. Please forgive me, we got to get you back to the school grounds. Quietly, we walked into class and she and her new friend hugged as though they have been friends for a lifetime.

Remission did not last long. September was here with bad news. Tumor was obscuring in her chest lymph node instead of her neck this time around. Unfortunately, the bone marrow transplant was her next step. Victory was not in her favor this time. While I helplessly watched, she spent four weeks in an isolated room. XoXo I gave to her. You know something, Caity, mommy loves you to the moon and back. Zany attitudes were what we lived for.

"Mommy, I know you love me. Now stop saying it. I am watching Hanna Montana." It echoes in my mind. If only, she could be here, I would say it a million times more and tell her, she is the bravest girl I have ever known.

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