

# My mothers breast cancer



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My Mother's Breast Cancer There are things that we all expect in life. We expect to pay taxes and to work hard for advancement. We expect to meet people we don't like and to fail in some of our fondest endeavors. Life is difficult. It is joyous, too, but we all know that nothing is perfect. We learn at a young age to handle the sorrows of defeat. We learn to pick ourselves back up, redefine our goals, and charge back into the game that we call life. There is nothing, however, that can prepare a child for a parent's serious illness. Death, to be sure, is inevitable, but how often do we really consider the effects of death How often do we truly imagine life without the person most dear to us I imagine that people imagine such an occurrence superficially, that they think of it in abstract terms, but these types of thoughts do not do justice to the true depth of the pain when presented with the prospect of losing someone whom means the whole world to you. When I first learned that my mother was diagnosed with breast cancer I was in shock. This was, without question, the most intensely emotional moment in my life. By moment, I refer not to subsequent events, but to my immediate reaction and state of mind.

How does a young adult, still dependent and searching for her way in life, react to the news that her mother has cancer There is nothing but shock, a desperate sense of disbelief, and a subsequent search for answers that may not even be worth asking about. My initial reaction was shock. A heavy stillness enveloped me and I found it hard to even move my mouth. My hands fell listlessly to my sides, the very breath inside of me seemed to escape, and I was at a complete loss for words. My entire being was devastated, sunk, and I felt unable to offer any aid or comfort to my mother. I was in shock and helpless. More, I knew at this moment that I was helpless.

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I wanted to say something to reassure my mother that everything would be fine in the end. I wanted to hug her and comfort her as she had comforted me so many times in my life. I wanted to scream and cry and pull my hair out until I awoke from this terrible nightmare. Despite all of this, there I sat, speechless and motionless.

I've heard it said before that there are rare moments in one's life when time seems to stand still. I've heard it said that you can never forget these moments, no matter how much you age and no matter how much you forget the rest of your life. This describes this moment in my life, when time stood still, and when a reality of life presented itself so profoundly and so personally that a single detail will never be erased from my memory. I would have traded places with my mother in a heartbeat. I would have accepted any fate just to spare her the one she had been presented. Perhaps this was also the greatest lesson that I have ever had in my short life. Life is precious. People are precious. All too often we forget and neglect these fundamental truths. These truths have been reaffirmed for me, and I feel wiser for the experience.

In the end, my mother survived. She fought, she comforted her family, and she was granted more time to live her life. I can never look at my mother without a deep sense of admiration. She is a strong woman. She is a loving woman. She is my mother and I am her child.