

Fuck Cancer

The post title pretty much explains it all. FUCK CANCER. It is horrible and I hate it.

When we went to the beach for July 4th my mom was in a lot of pain. Her stomach was protruding in one spot and we thought maybe it was the mass? She ended up going back home Tuesday evening and at hospital in Birmingham by Wednesday. They found fluid on her abdomen which was the protruding spot we had noticed. They drained 3.4 liters one day and 3.6 the next. Thought she might be able to get some relief from this but the next thing we found out caused just the opposite for us all.

Her cancer has grown. Multiplied by 10. The liquid thats forming is what happens to cancer/chemo patients in the end stages (most of the time). I just couldn't believe it. The doc got back from being out of town to read her results and give a prognosis. He let us know she probably has 6-8 weeks left. There's no need for chemo anymore, just spend time with your family. My mom has been on chemo for almost a year now and I can honestly say I wish she would have never done it. It is not a way of life at all. She's been so very sick ever since she started. I know she's sick partly because of the cancer too but maybe if she didn't do the chemo we would have been able to enjoy her a little more instead of a little longer. I feel terrible for my mom. She wants to be out of pain and its something we are having a very hard time giving her. From having to switch pain meds because of insurance so she can get on Hospice, theres a lot of things involved and never did I know how hard insurance/hospitals and so on make it so hard to die. Its quite the biggest bull shit I have ever seen in my entire life. She is now on Hospice (started last Friday) thank goodness. Yes, I know what hospice means but my mom needs this. We need a nurse with us to tell us the steps, it is called being prepared and not having to worry about the end when it happens. No, it doesn't mean I am ready to lose my

mom, but I am a grown up and I know what has to happen. I will never be ready to lose my mom. I don't know what I will do with myself. I think about it often because it is inevitable but will never mean I am ready.



My mom on the other hand? She might just be ready. She is in so much pain. She is tired of it. She knows what all of this means. There are days where we get the lucid her and she cries because she doesn't want to leave all of us, especially her grand babies. She is not scared though. I think there comes a time when a person is in so much pain it lessens the fear. The fear of dying and creates a comfort of being comfortable. Out of pain, with God, where we belong in the end. I hate this. I hate that I am blogging about this, I hate that we have to talk about all of this, I hate it all. I am not ready to lose my best friend and while I might hate it all, I definitely don't want my best friend, my mom, to be in pain. I want her to be out of pain because she's miserable and thats what she wants most of all.

Monday, I dropped the kids off with Matt's Nanny and was able to go do some of her laundry and get groceries. It was really important to me to let her know how great of a mom she is. Y'all, she is the best. She is the best mom I have ever known. Would do anything for her kids to make them happy even if it

meant jumping on the trampoline when she weighed 250 lbs. She is selfless. I aspire to be just like her. She was lucid that day and I was able to tell her just how I felt. I told her I love her, she's the best mom anyone could ever have and I was ok with everything but I was going to miss her. I just needed her to know. The funny thing is she knows all of those things; like I said she's amazing.

So the wait begins now. I guess you could call it that? The wait for God to come get my mom so she can be pain free. This is the hardest thing I think any of us have ever/ will ever do in our lives. Please pray for my mom, Kellie Aycok. Please pray for our family, and the children. Thank you all for your support during this time.



