

# Prayer Requests

Thursday night I asked for prayer requests on IG. Specifically for my mother. I did not and still have not told everyone as to why I have asked for those prayers. I have been trying to get the courage to talk about it. Its very hard but here goes nothing.

Thursday started out as a very normal day. We woke up, we went to school, came home from school, cooked dinner, had family time, put the babies to bed and climbed in our own bed. As I was getting the twins to lay back down (like we do every night, 20 times a night) Matt yelled "Jenn, your mom is calling!" That phone call changed everything.

My moms health has been declining for a little over a year now. There are times where she feels better and times where she has just not been good at all. None of us knew what was wrong. No one could ever diagnose her and some doctors thought she was crazy. She has been declining at an even faster rate lately and finally found a doctor that was willing to do an exploratory surgery on her stomach. He ended up removing 4 inches of her colon and found lots of old bacteria and a tumor in her *old stomach*. My mom had gastric bypass about 14 years ago. They biopsied it and sent it off during surgery.

Back to the phone call.

"Baby, I have cancer" my mom told me in the sweetest most scared voice I have ever heard. My heart stopped and I couldn't talk. I wish we would have been face to face so she could hold me and I could hold her. She tells me more about it while we both bawl and apologize to one another. She informs me that its a stage 4 and its already in her lymph nodes too. As if the cancer news wasn't bad enough. I was in shock, I am still in shock.



It is a very rare stomach cancer. Its ass of a name is [Signet Ring Cell Carcinoma](#). It is a cancer that is hard to find too. It is slow growing but theres no telling at this point how long mom has had it.

The first thing I did is ask WHY? Hasn't she been through enough in her life??? She got down to 89 lbs after gastric bypass and hurt so bad she started taking pain pills that later led us to putting her in rehab. Shortly after that my maw maw passed away and my mom went into a deep depression that sort of caused a shock throughout her body. She woke up one morning and could not lift her hand, foot, leg or arm. She was diagnosed with neuropathy. After 2 years of hospitalization and physical rehabilitation she was doing so much better. Her and my dad moved to the beach and were finally living. Then she starts feeling bad about a year and a half ago. She went to the hospital every time she felt bad in this past year and they always sent her home. This makes me so mad. Someone could have found this, someone could have saved her before it got to stage 4. So I am going to ask again, WHY is this happening to my family?

I have cried since Thursday night. I don't know how to deal with these emotions to be honest. My eyes were so swollen on Friday morning and Jocelynn informed me I needed to get new ones. She kept asking me why my eyes were like that and I just started crying again. I was trying to hold back in front of my babies but one of my best friends told me to let them see me react to a sad situation. It is ok to be sad. I told Jocelynn that moo-moo was sick and it made me sad. She got up in my lap and started crying with me.

I don't want to lose my mom. My mom is my everything. She is my best friend, she is the person I call when I am bored, she is my number one fan and I am hers. I know theres a chance here. But we have all got to prepared for this, especially my mommy. I am not ready to talk about what is going to happen a year from now, I am not ready to except I could possibly lose my best friend during this and my kids lose their moo-moo. I cant go there. I cant lose my mom, y'all. I won't.

So Mom if you're reading this,

I know you are tired. I know you've had enough but I need you to fight. I need you mommy. I need you in my life, my babies need their loving moo-moo. When you are tired of fighting, you just tell me and I will come hold your hand and help you fight. I will be here the whole time for you as everyone else you love will be too. We are going to win this battle, I am convinced. I just need to convince you. I love you with all of my heart, please please don't stop fighting.

I am asking all of you, please pray. Please Pray for her. Pray that she can fight this, pray that she lives, pray that this cancer isn't as bad as we think. Just please, pray.

\*An Update since Friday\*

She's not doing well. She is using a walker because her legs are so swollen (we are guessing from not being able to pee) and hurting her. We are not sure if she's in bad shape from

the surgery or from the cancer. Or maybe a little bit of both. There is some good news out of all of this though. She was suppose to come in this week to start spending time with us until we wait for her to get her PET scan. Well, my dad found a way to get her into the MD Anderson cancer clinic in Houston next Monday!! She agreed to stay for a little bit longer and go to that appointment and listen to his treatment plan. Mom cant have a PET scan done until her tissue in her stomach has gone down from surgery. If they did the scan right now, it wouldn't be able to see all of the cancer because of her swollen tissues. We are praying that by Monday maybe, just maybe they could do it then and there so we can start treatment ASAP.