

# The Prognosis

Some people might wonder why I am blogging about this. Why am I putting this out there? Well, the answer is simple. This is my blog, my life journal. My memory is so bad lately and I want to be able to go back and remember it all. Good and bad. This is the bad. It doesn't make me not want to blog about it though because I get to post my moms journey through a horrible sickness. I get to post pictures of me and her or her and our family. In 20 years I will be able to read all of this and instead of having to explain a difficult time to my babies, they can read about it. One more thing about blogging about it all is getting more prayers. I've said it before and I will say it again, miracles can happen through power or prayer. *He* is amazing and *he* will look after us all when asked and sometimes when *he's* not asked. I am hoping *he* is looking out for her now and I pray *he* put his healing hands on her to help her fight this.

Its been a tough two weeks. Mom has been very sick. Throwing up left and right, legs swelling so bad she cant even walk. My poor mom hasn't been able to eat or drink anything since I don't know when. It breaks my heart. It is so hard to see someone you love with all that you have go through something so horrific, and we are just at the beginning of fighting this.

At the end of last week she got even worse. She ended up going to UAB and got a CT scan and a blood transfusion. They were mean to her, but in their defense my sweet momma can be very mean lately. Who can blame her though, am I right? She has some very bad memories at that hospital and she only went there in the first place because me and my sister asked her to. I should've just let her do her own thing. She was miserable there and they even released her the next day. She went home still throwing up and very sick. My brother then took her to Brookwood. They did a CT scan..again. A doctor

came in soon after and what he said scared us all. He walked into her room and said "Mrs. Aycock, I feel terrible for you. This is bad. It is all over your stomach and intestines. Is there anything I can do to make you comfortable? What can I do to make you happy?" Well, that's never good. My brother was with her that night and it tore him up emotionally. We thought "well this is it." My heart stopped. I didn't know what to think. My dad had three way called me and my sister to tell us this. I just kept hope and my faith going. I wanted to hear from an actual Oncologist before I let my heart feel what it wanted to feel.

Monday afternoon I drove up to the hospital after Matt got home so he could stay with the babies. I planned on staying a while so my friend got the twins from him soon after I left to help him out. My Aunt (my dad's sister) had been up there since 6 that morning since Meagan (my sister) and I can't be with her at all times. My brother, Matt, is with her most of the time too. My Aunt lives in Chattanooga so it's very nice of her to help us out like this. Shortly after I got there the oncologist came in and talked for a while. It was good. I mean the situation isn't good at all and I would pay out the wazoo for all of us not to be in this situation. Since that won't work I am just counting on God to interfere. We all loved the oncologist. He was very upbeat and positive. Just what every cancer patient needs. He immediately told us it was bad. We know this. It's all over her stomach and causing almost full blockage to where she won't be able to get anything down. He did say although it's bad and although it's *unbeatable* doesn't mean it's not treatable. If she refused treatment, aka chemo, he predicted she would have lived 1-2 months. With treatment she will get 1-2 years. I was so happy while he was talking that I didn't hear that. I did not hear that my mom now has a *life time line*. That sucks. I'm not going to lie. I want her to beat this and live 20 more years. It hit me after I left the hospital later that night that my mom might not be here when Maddie turns 4 or 5. That she might not be here. to

just say that out loud breaks my heart. I am not giving up but I also don't want to be hit in the gut one day in the future. I really don't think my mom heard her prognosis either. After the doctor left we all gave hugs and cried and mom started talking about her getting her beach house on the ocean with dad in 15 years. I didn't correct her. I couldn't bare to tell her she might not get that wish. She was talking positive and talking about the FUTURE which I haven't heard in a while. It made me happy and it made her happy. She even used the word *excited* at one point. You know what? Every year we get with her all the cancer researchers are finding out something new. They are finding new ways and new treatments every single year so I will take it. He said 1-2 years but with cancer research advancing maybe we can get more. I hope we can get more. I pray to have more time.

The plan was to do an endoscopy today and try to put a stint in her stomach to create a way to get food and drink down without her getting sick. She was also going to start chemo today through a pic line. Neither went as planned. Her stomach has so many tumors everywhere and the anatomy of her stomach is just very different because of her gastric bypass. They were able to biopsy it and we will get that back in 2-3 days. The pic line didn't go as planned either because they couldn't find a good vein. Plans change, right? You listen, you breathe and readjust. The doctors are trying to come up with a plan B. As of right now they will start her chemo on Thursday through a port. I am not sure about the stint in the stomach part yet. We will see. I am just praying the doctors can find something so we can start fighting this and start having some fun. I am going to make sure she has the best of days every single day that she has. I know its going to be a while before she will feel better from the side effects of the chemo but I am planning. Whatever she wants she is going to get and I am going to make it happen.

I will keep everyone updated so you can keep her in your

prayers. For your prayer, her name is Kellie Aycock.

