

Cancer Always Calls Collect - Part 13 - Revival of the Fittest

by Linda Seccaspina

My body continues to tread water through its daily existence and each day challenges me to find some sort of grounding. I often wonder who needs taking care of as I find myself sometimes spiraling in a downwards cycle-- not even taking a required break.

This time is different and my load is not as heavy, but my mind cannot seem to process things when it should be a snap. I search for answers on a daily basis and "hell hath no fury" for those that get in my way. I want the storm clouds to break and give me some sort of ray of sunshine but the doom and gloom persist and sometimes I wonder if I will get out unscathed.

In my search for something, anything to ease my thoughts, I turn to God. Throughout the years I have asked HIM why my life is so difficult but I continue to pray hoping one day I might find some light. Perhaps happiness is an ongoing battle, and I wonder if it isn't one I'll have to fight for as long as I live. I wonder if it's worth it and ask my friend if I am going down the wrong path.

Kevin tells me he believes strongly, and perhaps irrationally that there is a God and He is not a person, or anything his mind can imagine. He thinks when a group of people come together with the intention of spiritually connecting through with each other, great things can happen. I need great things to help me now so I seek a larger group of people outside of my small congregation to give me some inner peace. As Elizbeth Wurtzel once said:

"This fog (depression) is like a cage without a key."

I sit on a chair where the people around me are hypnotized with lust for their higher power. Why am I not feeling anything? People look at me strangely almost thinking I am a child of Satan. Surely the congregation attending this revival must understand I did not sit in the front row reserved for Satan's children and my purple hair should not even enter the realm of discussion in the house of the Lord.

They dance, sing and praise Him but no relief is entering my soul. It feels like my body is putting up a wall of rejection lest they decide to embrace me before I decide what I choose to accept. As the Revival progresses I wonder if there is anything here for me at all. I stand in line for faith healing and watch as others fall to floor in happiness. What I would give for a minute of their ethereal feeling for my family.

When it is my turn I tell two women my story:

"Someone in my family has terminal cancer and those around me believe if I look after him he will be saved. I will do anything to help but I cannot do this alone."

They place their hands on me and pray in tongues while a continuous gentle stream of tears flows from my eyes. I know no one can fight cancer alone-- no one has super powers, not even here. I have so much love in me, but the cancer is not accepting it and now I have an inner rage spread thin.

On the drive home my friend and I agree there was something in that church, but it wasn't for me and I should continue my journey. My mind is shell shocked and reacts like it has had its own private mental enema. Continuous thoughts are pouring from within and I cannot process it. I don't know what I saw or what I feel anymore. I am sick to death of cancer and how it has ravaged my entire family from beginning to end. It just never stops.

One more time I assure myself I will find answers elsewhere, and one more time I ask,

*"God please save him-- they need their father.
And God?"*

If you have a chance?

I really miss my life. There are just too many wide-open spaces right now in my mind."

