

# 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."*

