## Cancer Always Calls Collect - Part 2 - Dear Santa

by Linda Seccaspina

I saw a Dear Santa mail box today and decided I might as well write a letter. I am looking for a miracle and maybe the spirit of Christmas will help me. I never thought I would be doing this again. Who knew I would be hand-holding someone else through chemo and see the dark cloud of cancer hanging over another member of my family.

They all look at me like the wide-eyed faces of a Keane painting, thinking that I can provide the answers and a cure. We all know that sometimes miracles happen and sometimes they don't. Some days are good and some days go by slowly as the fatigue sets in and he realizes that he is fighting cancer.

He was always a winner and had access to everything money could buy, yet life is now denying him, which is harder to digest than the food he sometimes painfully consumes. His eyes lack light and sometimes flashes of anger fill the room. Once powerful he has become a shell of what he once was. He knows the odds and says if he survives it is because of me and how I have taken care of him. Once again they all think I can provide positive results and I silently shake my head. Through the years I have been told it was always my fault, but if he dies will it be my fault once again?

All I can do is provide what I know - love, compassion and a lot of hard work. We all know that's not enough and if I fail what will I tell the others? My stomach rolls and fear sets into every vein of my body. No one seems to understand how accountable I feel and quickly I push the thoughts under the nearest invisible rug. I know Santa does not exist but I will write the letter anyway, because I

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need hope. I am not and cannot be the answer - after all I'm only human.  $\,$