

THE  
BIG  
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My Experience  
with Cancer

Rebecca Swan

7th January 1992

Yesterday Mum, Dad and I had a meeting with John Matthews after he'd presented my case to the lymphoma conference.

It was unanimously decided that I'd need chemotherapy and radiotherapy as the tumour in my chest was 10cm x 12cm,



which is too large to fight with radiotherapy alone.

It was a shock to me, even though I'd run the scenario through my head. It wasn't quite the same in reality. I went to pieces last night. I had

a good cry with Mum - I think we both needed it.

2nd February

I feel like my life is defined by my illness at the moment, and I don't know where to start to create one beyond it.

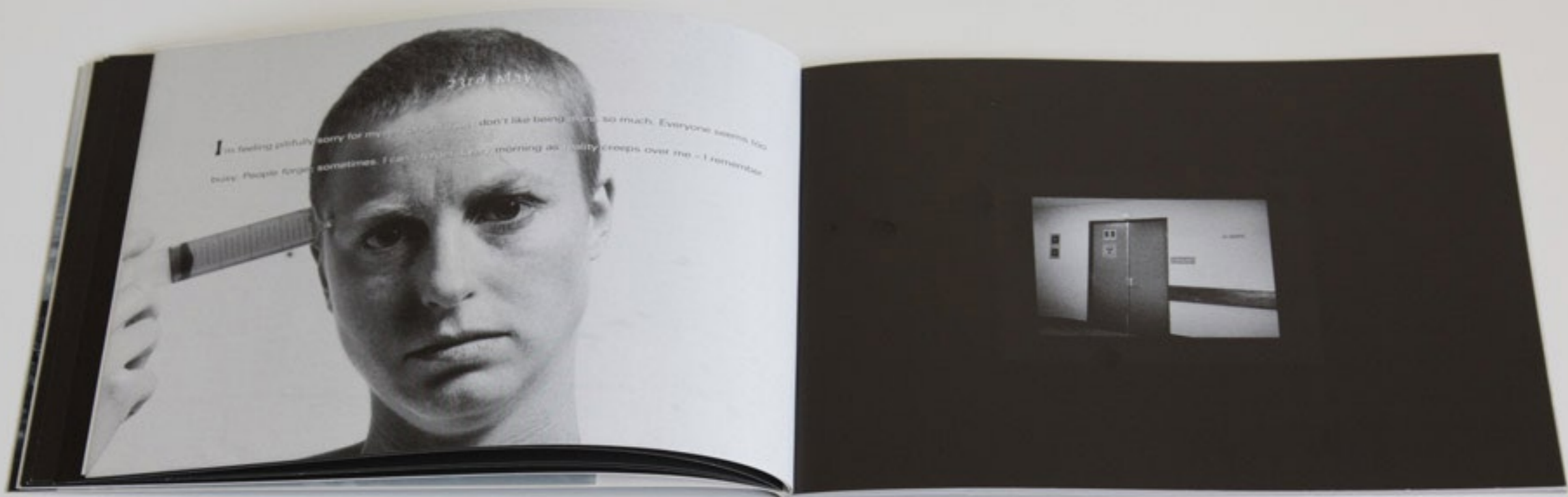




23rd April

Wellington, to me, was like reconnecting with an old life of mine when I was free and creative and happy. I felt a resurgence of confidence and ability and insight about where this long hard journey is leading me. Closer to truth and freedom within myself.





33rd May

I'm feeling pitifully sorry for myself. I don't like being here so much. Everyone seems too busy. People forget sometimes. I can't find my morning as reality creeps over me - I remember

17th June

**I**ve just spent the last half hour admiring my bald head. I felt enormous control and freedom when I did it. I laughed as I shaved. It feels great. I hope I can be strong enough to wear it down the street. I feel really happy today.

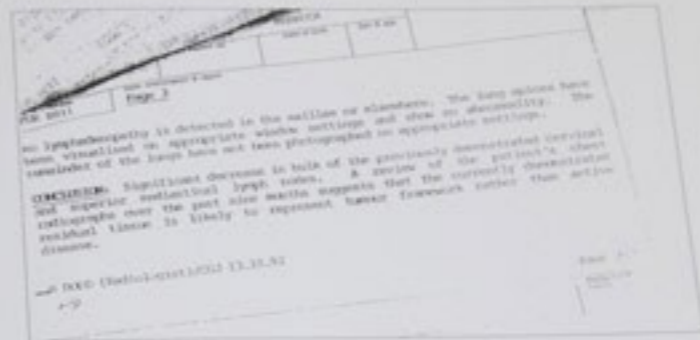




10th October



I've just had this overwhelming feeling that I don't need any more treatment, that I don't have cancer any more.



27th December 1995

The sea was quiet today, gentle. At dusk she was metallic and proud, even a little vain as people walked along the edge of her petticoats.

As I stayed and waited for the light to drop she was like a huge mirror to the deepening sky.

I found an area of veined sand that looked like blood vessels all leading to a heart. The sea, the heart of the world. As old as anything on earth and witness to all the changes through time.

She's a constant.

Beating eternally as she meets the land. The sound of waves a reminder that our worries and fears mean very little. Before we were here the waves broke and returned to their mistress and they'll do just the same after we've gone.

