

*Prayers*  
*for Coping*  
*With Cancer*

MARKING  
THE JOURNEY

*Edited by*  
DIANA LOSCIALE



Liguori  
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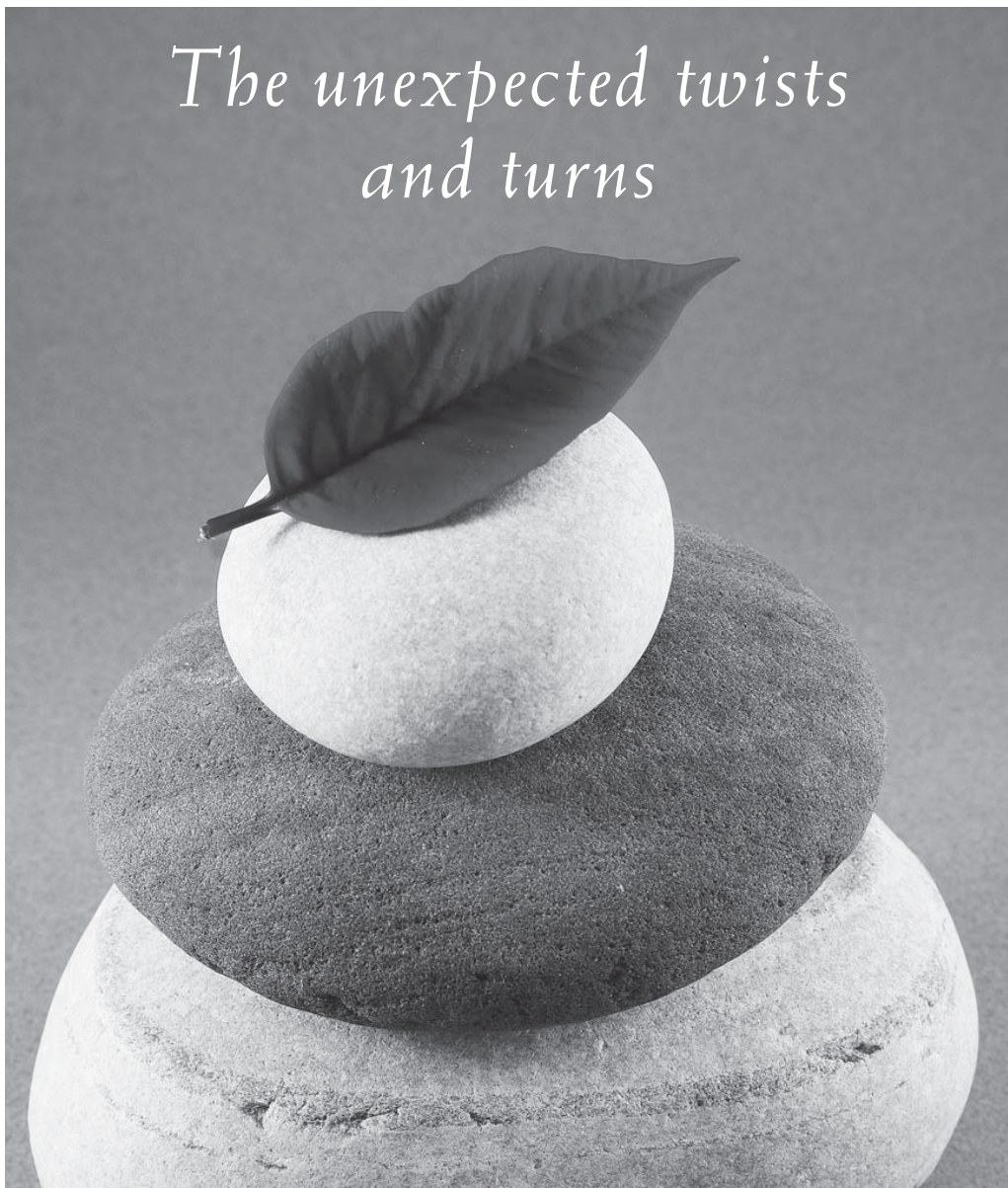
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# THE JOURNEY CONFOUNDS

*The unexpected twists  
and turns*



## *DAILY LIFE, INTERRUPTED*

**A** friend once wisely said, “The problem with life is that it’s so daily.”

As a thirtysomething educated woman who had a successful career and then chose to stay home with our young children, I faced dailyness. Boredom and frustration were routine. My days were filled with menial tasks like staring down mounds of laundry, scrubbing floors on my knees, changing stinky diapers, and constantly picking up LEGO pieces.

On a cold winter morning in January, after slogging through a messy breakfast in which a full gallon of milk had been spilled over a freshly laundered tablecloth and my son’s syrupy little hands got stuck in my hair as I lifted

him from his highchair, I locked myself in the bathroom to escape.

The bathroom had become the only sanctuary in my life. The shower was my inner sanctum, the one place where I could find the true me, an escapee from the Land of Dailyness.

The warm steam opened my clogged thinking. As I recalled the creative woman I thought I had once been, the glycerine soap slid easily between my fingers and my tense muscles.

I raised my left arm over my head as I did every month to check for a lump I never expected. All clear.

I raised my right arm over my head, soaping the familiar spaces. All clear, once again. Of course. Routine. And then I felt it. Something foreign on that familiar terrain. A lump.

I slipped my left hand to my right armpit. I felt them. Big lymph nodes, swollen.

*I have cancer*, I thought. Just like that.

O God.

Immediately, my morning shower reverie

and the dailyness of my life were shattered.  
How dare this happen?

O God.

I sank to the floor of the shower. The water pelted me and blended with my tears.

Questions flooded my brain. What should I do? Whom should I tell? Where could I hide? What would this take from me? What if I died? Why didn't I find it sooner? Who would raise my children? How much pain? How long did I have? Would I see my daughter marry? What would my husband say?

I went numb, paralyzed. If I stayed here in the shower, it would all go away. Nothing would change. Maybe this was not real. Maybe it was a mistake. A joke.

O God, help me.

The door handle of the bathroom wiggled.

"Mommy? Mommy? Are you in there? I'm hungry."

Who was that calling for Mommy?

Again I burst into tears. I wanted *my* Mommy. Where was she? She could make this all better.

“Mommy! Mommy! Unlock the door!”  
my daughter said.

Her persistent voice called to me from the distant Land of Dailyness just on the other side of the door. A land that no longer existed for me.

But the tasks and routines of the Land of Dailyness sounded in her five-year-old voice.

I rose and turned off the water. I picked up my towel. I wrapped my wet hair in it. I got out of the tub, took my bathrobe off the hook. Put it on. Opened the door. The cool air rushed in. My daughter took my hand and tugged me toward the kitchen.

But my soul lay back there, behind me, on the bathroom floor, waiting for God, or my mother—someone—to make it all better.

I spent the rest of the day praying it was all a dream and longing for that boring reality I'd had only minutes ago called dailyness, knowing I'd never venture there again.

At least not for a long time.

REV. DR. MARTHA FRIZLANGER, SURVIVOR  
INDIANA

## *My Father, My Rock*

Dear God,  
Please look after my Dad, who really  
needs you right now.  
Console his fear and give him courage.  
Engage his mind, as his body is weak.  
Bestow hope upon him  
during his time of despair.  
Counsel him, as he is too proud to ask for help.  
Soothe his aches and shield him from pain.  
Remind him of the countless blessings  
his life has given to others.  
Allow him to see himself in his grandchildren  
and great-grandchildren.  
O Lord, please protect my hero,  
my rock—my father.  
Amen.

NANCY SLADE, DAUGHTER  
MISSOURI

## *The Waiting Room*

A waiting room is for waiting, so I wait.

I wait for the surgeon to come

    and tell me my husband's cancer surgery  
was successful

    and that he is fine.

I wait for my anxiety to subside.

    (My heart is beating faster with each  
passing hour.)

I wait for this nightmare called cancer  
to be over.

I wait for our old life to return.

And, God, I am waiting for you to say  
something—anything! Talk to me, please!

I am waiting.

SUSAN CHARTERS RABIOR, WIFE

MICHIGAN

*Beloved, I hope you are prospering  
in every respect and are in good health,  
just as your soul is prospering.*

3 JOHN 1:2

## Trust

Let it be.

Lord Jesus, let everything that happens today  
be according to your Word.

Let every test result be for your glory and honor.

Let it be.

LINDA MARTIN, SISTER  
MISSOURI

## Strength

Dear God,

Thank you for the blessings of faith and hope  
you have bestowed upon this young man  
and his family

who dare to face this devastating blow

with such bravery, courage and devotion.

May he be granted the miracle

we so deeply desire.

ROSEANN CARACO DORAN, DAUGHTER AND COUSIN  
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