A Love Affair

with

Cancer.



John W.Pattison. 1957 to 2009.

Damage Of Life.

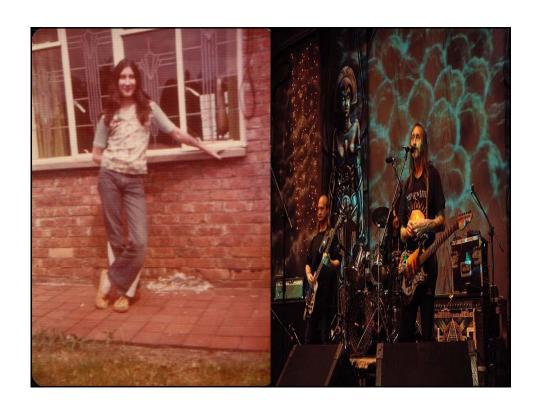


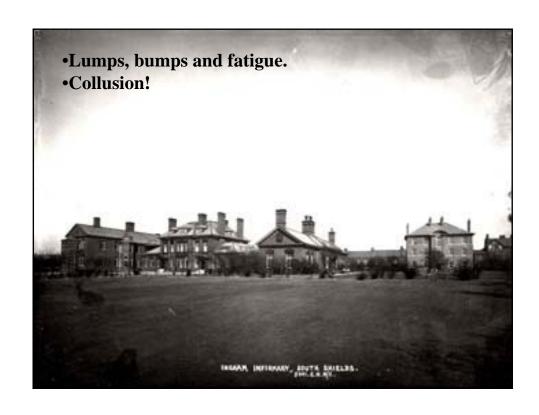
A diagnosis of cancer brings with it a change to every aspect, without exception of your life. Your thoughts divert off at tangents during the most inopportune moments and serve up a constant reminder that cancer is a life threatening disease. A convergence of negative and positive emotions, causing regular emissions of confusion and bewilderment.





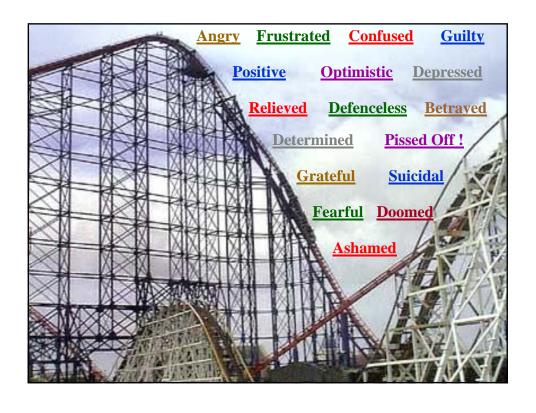








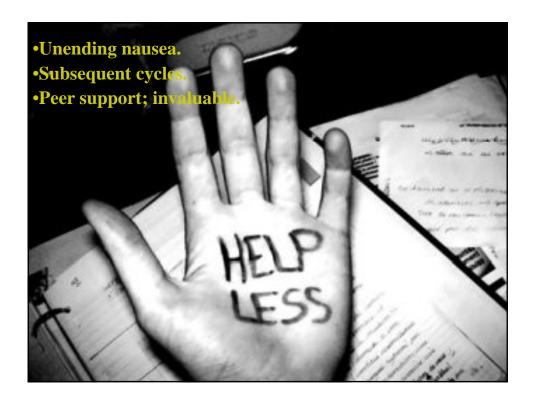


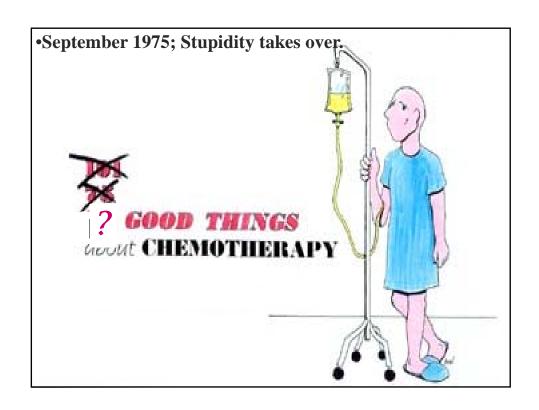










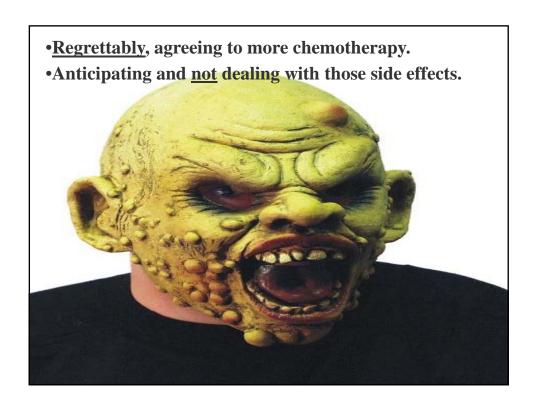


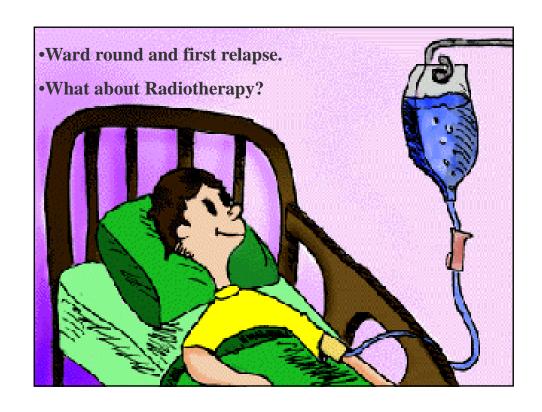


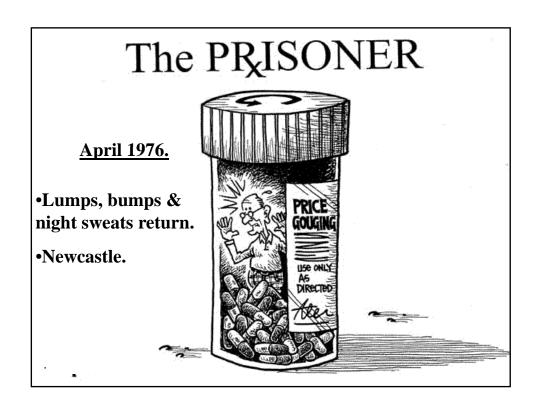
Lost Johnny.

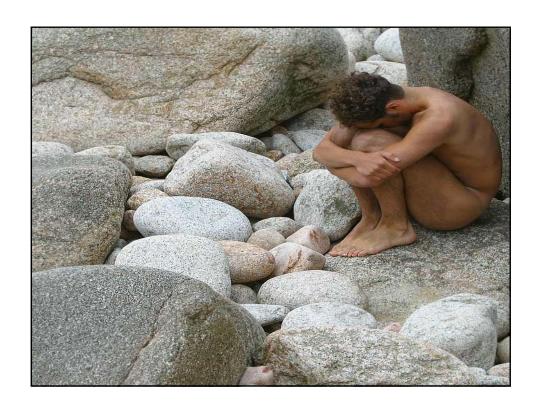


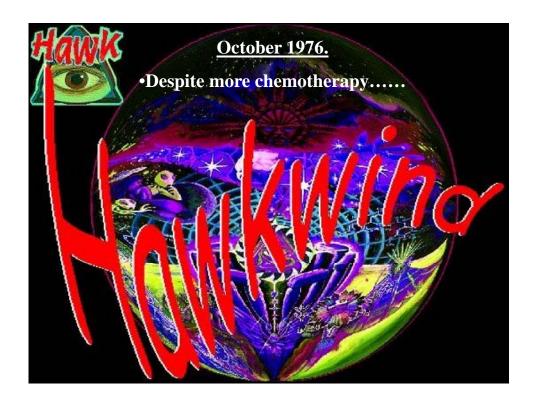
I retired early to bed that night in September and felt at perhaps my lowest ebb since discovering my diagnosis, upset that the doctor had been so brutally explicit regarding my future and bewildered as to what course of action I should now take.

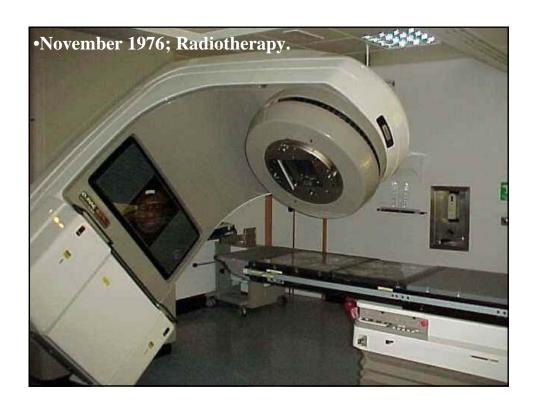










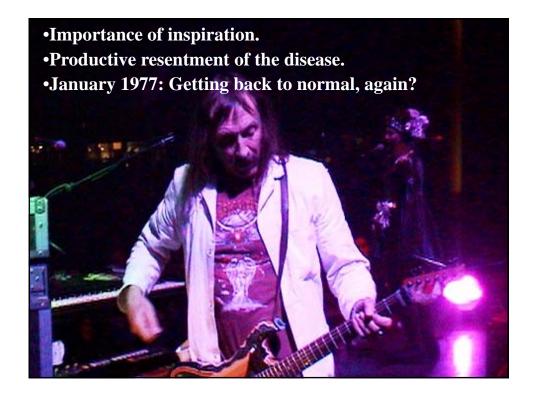


Brainbox Pollution.



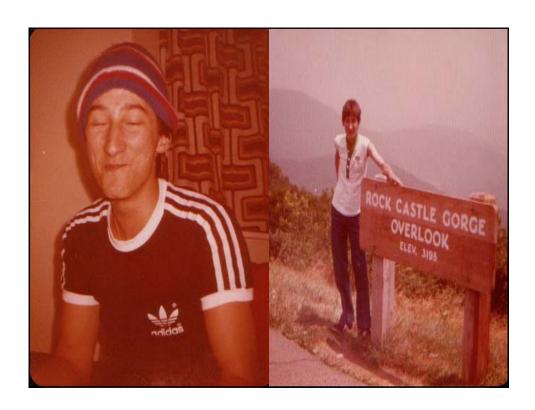
Christmas 1976 was without doubt, the worst Christmas of my entire life. My get up and go, got up of its own volition and went, leaving me bereft of vigour, drained of enthusiasm, in the depths of despair and persecuted by an illness I could not see and more importantly, had no control over.











•September 1977



"Dwelling on the negative simply contributes to its power."

Shirley MacLaine.

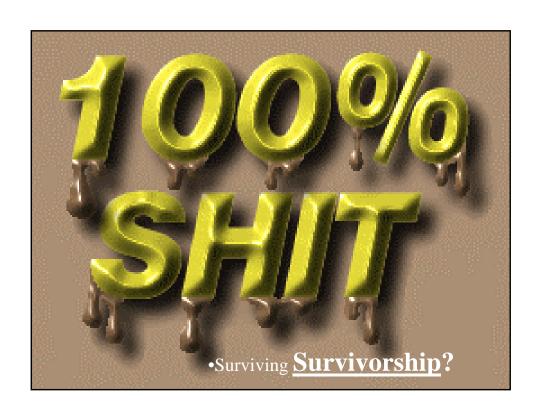
Wind Of Change.

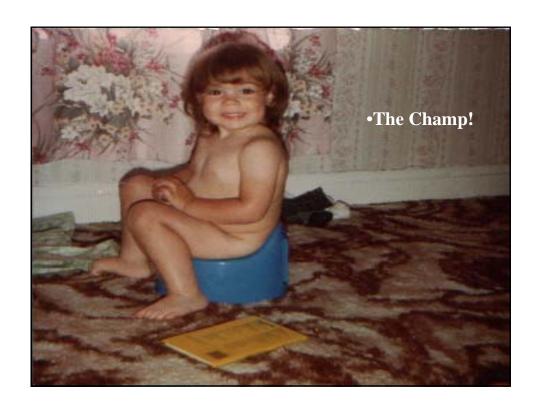


Those five words were crystal clear and I hear them many times in my head, even today and to my dying day, I will not forget that particular moment more than any other during my traumatic experience.





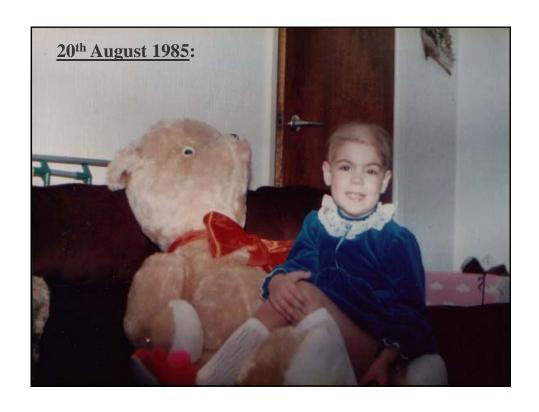






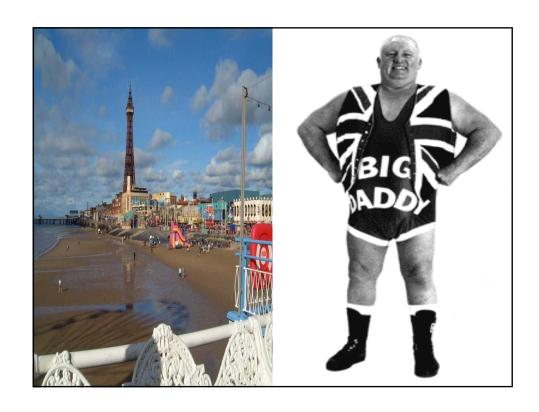










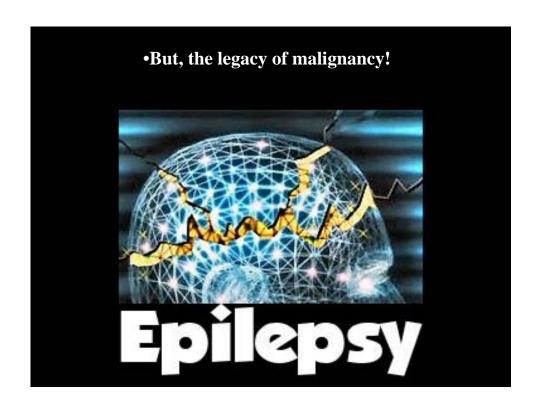








•Her first poignant day at school.











Out Here We Are.



It wasn't just the physical destruction caused by a malignancy that I objected to, it was the fact that it was eating into my very soul, sowing seeds of doubt within my mind, interfering with every element of my very existence. Slowly but surely, it was leaving a permanent and unseen reminder, a hidden scar and a legacy, which if I were fortunate enough to survive, would last forever.





