



'Her Story'

(As told by Jeanette K. Regnier)

Installment One

It is November the seventh, 16 days since Emily passed away, in much less pain than when she began this last long journey with Cancer.

I watched the leaves depart the trees at 3:45 am. I was sitting on the front porch remembering Emily as her daughter awoke from a dream and asked for her Mommy. So much better to not hear the baby she wanted so much to beacon for her from a sound, soft sleep, so off to the porch for me where crying in the dark and alone is quite allowed.

The leaves seemed like bats at that hour, so high up to be something without wings and I saw the grounded maple leaves scurry in the darkness with their stems resembling tails. A few inches at a time, like a mouse in the dark trying to get home and out of the wind. This time, autumn came with all the notice it deserves. The barren trees seem appropriate.

Emily had mentioned to me just a few weeks before that she had no idea what season it was. If she was not in the hospital for tests or for blood products to sustain her, she was here in my home, in her bed, dealing with the pain of a cancer that refused to stop growing, and even decided to transform itself into something more sinister, like a LARGE B-CELL LYMPHOMA.

The first cancer, which came on slowly when she was around 11 was noticed on her neck. Left side, a lump here, it receded, extra lumps a few weeks later, "nothing to worry about" to quote her pediatrician. Life kept going and so did Emily. She was involved in many school activities and found education more than fun. Nothing like her mother here, I assure you.

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