

Trust the Universe.

My mother visits me lately. When I feel her, I stand taller, and I breathe more fully. She pushes me forward with her whispers. And thank God, for these last three treatments have beaten hard on my body. My mind often spins into a full gale of grief, blowing me sideways. I collect myself, and remember that up and down is real. There is room for self pity, because really, I am good. And my heart overflows with the joy of this season!

My last chemo is on Friday. Number 12. We did it again. Although a bit tempest tossed, my family still stands. I irritate everyone by talking about all of the signs. They ignore all of my coincidental conclusions and my continued search for meaning. I am down right dissed when I beg them for favors while swiping the cancer card. Erin whines back the reminder, "Oh For God's sake, you've been terminal for six years. I'm over it!" I love the banter, the visits, the normalcy of sass. Libby argues, "You are either cancer free or you are terminal- choose one and let it alone!" I am horrified that she has now adopted my sense of humor. The boys are far more reverent in their distance to disease. Cy's new baby will carry my name (top THAT, other McCormick's). Jake chauffeurs my sorry ass around town, and wrestles me with one hand behind his back before he orders me back to bed. Rikki keeps shaking his head.

Advent normally has people anticipating a birth. For me, the preparations are different. In my nostalgia, I recount all happy moments. Blessings abound. So, I am sort of ready for what waits. But then we get a phone call canceling our Tumor Board meeting. In the middle of wrapping and decorating we learn that my end stage, inoperable, chemo resistant, recurrent tumor has disappeared. GONE. Oh, Holy Night!

I didn't really believe that thinking it away would work. But I stayed busy at working pretty hard to make the cancer flee. Breathe in wellness and light, breathe out toxins and tumors, in every way possible. And the goodwill of men... the meals, prayers, phone calls, cards, facebook inboxes, chance meetings, invitations, tears, laughter, wine, travel. These are the gifts of the Magi, the wise promises that empathy restores humankind. I don't know what the healing means, or how long it will last, or what to do now. But I do know that peacefulness is easier than worry. That humor is more powerful than fear. That looking for clues is rewarding. That faith is an excellent anti-depressant.

God is love. And love is the energy of the gods. We are all anointed to spread the word. As disciples we are charged with keeping our brothers. Positive energy has no limits, no boundaries, no scary numbers like stage 4. Channel it all with all our hearts. Give it away unceasingly- like my mother did everyday of her life. I can't pretend to understand why some prayers are answered and some are not, but I vow that I won't be wasting all of yours. Love lives in me and with me. I can't wait to give it back- to scatter it all over this blessed universe.