



One Fine Day

Susan Markham

Exercise Journal: June 8, 2000

Whew! What a run! I conquered three hills and a total of eight miles this morning. Next goal: ten miles and six hills. I'll give myself three weeks. Well, off to clean up and out the door to work.

Exercise Journal: June 12, 2000

The other day in the shower I found a suspicious lump in my right breast. This afternoon I have an appointment with my doctor. I hope everything goes well. I don't want to end up like my best friend, Sally Benson. She and I were the same age, that is, until she died of breast cancer last May. I miss her dearly. She'd be proud of the progress I've made. My run today though was less than four miles. I wasn't mentally up to the challenge.

Exercise Journal: June 14, 2000

Dr. Higgins called and said the results of the mammogram showed a suspicious lump. She wants me to get a biopsy done. My appointment is this Friday. I don't know how to handle this. Mark has been very supportive though; he says that no matter what, he'll still love me. I went online and checked a website for women with breast cancer. I'm more scared now; I guess it's fear of the unknown. Went to the gym today to pump iron. I looked around at the other women and thought to myself: "Can they tell what I'm feeling? Would it be noticeable if I got a mastectomy?" My workout was ineffective; I went home in tears.

Exercise Journal: June 21, 2000

Fear has been confirmed.

Exercise Journal: June 28, 2000

I had an appointment with the oncologist, Dr. Mason. Seems like prognosis is good: I can go with a partial or total mastectomy and chemotherapy, or just the mastectomy. Such appealing choices I have as a woman. I feel less

than whole already. My next appointment is a week from Friday. No workout today. I need to figure out the rest of my life.

Exercise Journal: August 3, 2000

Sorry for not writing. I've been recuperating from the surgery. I opted for the total. Better to get it all now than fear of its return later. It's been almost four weeks, and I still feel a little sore. Dr. Mason also did an implant to help it look more natural. The scar is healing nicely. Too bad my self-esteem is not. Mark's been very attentive; however, I know he looks at me differently. Doctor said no running for another six to eight weeks. I'm doing a lot of reading.

Exercise Journal: October 2, 2000

I finally put on my running shoes today, just ventured around the block. I ran for only twenty minutes; I need to get back in the groove. It felt so good to get out again. The leaves are changing colors, and the air is crisp. Soon we will need to pull out winter blankets. Mark and I are going skiing in Colorado as a "good will" trip; to lift my spirits, he says. The only lift I'll get, I joke, is the ski lift.

Exercise Journal: November 23, 2000

It's Thanksgiving Day today. We're expecting over 40 guests throughout the day. I've been increasing my runs now to six miles three times a week. I'll tackle the hills eventually. The pain and soreness are gone. I am liking my new shape. Mark looks at me differently now, more with a lustful passion than disdain. It makes me feel sexy and sensual despite what I've been through. Life holds more promise for me now and I won't take anything for granted. I'm looking forward to Christmas, for many years to come.