



CANCER



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For any healthy person hearing the word, CANCER, is very frightening. When I was told that I had cancer, I could not believe my own ears. There had never been any history of cancer in my family according to my father who lived to 104 years of age.

On March 18th, 1997, I discovered that I had an infection of my right breast with pain, redness and induration. My internist has not seen me for 3 years so I made an earliest appointment with him. After seeing me he immediately referred me to a surgeon, who saw me within half an hour. (This is very unusual because he is a busy surgeon.) He did a needle biopsy, prescribed antibiotics and ordered all the tests for cancer. A week later the infection subsided. The surgeon removed a small mass after injecting local anesthesia. However it was the most painful cut that I have ever experienced because the anesthesia was not deep enough. The I had to wait for the report. I was ready

to accept the worst report since I knew that nothing could ever happen to me without the permission of my Lord. I have always told others that the sun shines on the good and the bad. I also learned from the seminary that God is a sovereign God. We should not ask "why" but to submit to His will. He always knows the best for us. I intended not to tell anyone except my own family if the result were cancer because I did not want any of them to misunderstand my God. Yes, the report of the mass was BREAST CANCER. An immediate operation was arranged in the out-patient department. My daughter came from New Jersey and accompanied me to the hospital on April 3rd 1997. For six hours under general anesthesia I felt that I was dead. When I woke up, the nauseous feeling was unbearable. With nothing by mouth for 24 hours prior to the operation, I had nothing to vomit out. Feeling so bad I could not make up my mind whether to stay overnight in the hospital or not. After I was able

to walk to the rest room, I decided to go home to go to bed instead of waiting to go through the procedures of admission. This was the right decision.

Without my knowing, 7 people including 3 pastors, one evangelist, 2 staff members of a church and the Bible Study Chairperson prayed for me at the hospital during my operation. I was even told that some one entered the prayer request inot the internet. I shall never know the number of people who prayed for me. Even though I was grateful for their love and concern but I felt uncomfortable for so many people to bother my Lord. On the second thought God probably would not mind his children's prayers for each other. Then God gave me peace.

The surgeon performed a lumpectomy and removed 15 glands. If 4 lymph glands were to show cancer cells, I must receive chemotherapy and my prognosis would be poor.

Waiting again for the report was like going through the shadow of death. I learned again to accept the worse. For one moment I felt like Isaac waiting to have the knife coming down to me. Thank God that it never did since the 15 nodes were ALL CLEAN

with no cancer cells. Isn't my God merciful and great? He is very precious to me. He has answered the countless of prayers of those who love and care about me.

Then I learned to be a good patient and to follow all the instructions of 6 ½ weeks of radium therapy. Since the hospital was close to me, I was able to walk there every day for treatment, Except for taking some medications for the next five years I can live normally for the Lord for the rest of my life.

Recently I was in Honolulu visiting my son's family. During the Sunday service my son introduced me to the congregation of his church. He told them about my cancer and quoted Luke 8:48 "Daughter, you faith has healed you. Go in peace."

"Give thanks to the Lord, for He is good. His love endures forever." Ps. 136 : 1

" Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding:

In all your ways acknowledge him, and he will make your pathe straight." Prov 3 : 5-6

AMEN

