Family, prayers buoy breast cancer patient

Eight weeks ago I would have al-lowed nothing to interfere with my daily routine, which began when I rolled out of bed and into my leo-

rolled out of bed and into my teotards.

Aerobics, walking, bleyeling — I
was obsessed, and this obsession allowed me to stay a fairly solid five
to 10 pounds overweight and to feel
wonderfully fit and healthy.

Then I felt the lump in my left
breast. My self-examination had
been regular but haphazard in technique. The next day, my gynecologist, with concerned detachment,
rattled off the many reasons "my"
imp didn't meet the criteria for a
malignancy, but still, to be safe, insisted on my seeing a surgeon.

With a holiday weekend to endure,
got to the surgeon four days later.

I got to the surgeon four days later. In the interim, I expected the strange mass on my breast to disap-

pear.

I dodged into public restrooms to check if it was still there, I fell askeep palpating, and while it did become less tender and smaller, it

come less tender and smaller, it didn't go awy.

THE SURGEON advised blopsy, so one week later I had the outpatient procedure, still fully expecting to be turned away from the preoperative area when they checked to feel the lump.

I was certain it had become too small to merit any attention. But blopsy it was, and the frozen section indicated my worst fears and every woman's mightmare: Cancer. Surgery, Endless opinions to be gotten; material to absorb, digest, sort through, disregard or, finally, swear by.

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When you're the one woman out of 10 or 11, or when your lump defles all the "fules and regulations" and ends up being mulies and regulations. The word of the

'When you're the one woman out of 10 or 11, or when your lump delies all the rules and regulations and ends up being malignant, how do you pull yourself together?'

with the reality of "life after lum-pectomy" — the procedure I ulti-mately chose — which involved stocking pantry, freezer, attacking laundry, long-standing ironing and freshening up my supply of pretty gowns, robes and slippers. I also found myself spending a great deal of time communicating suits field.

I also found myself spending a great deal of time communicating with God.

MANY OTHERS offered prayers for me, which they continue to say throughout my treatment. Being part of a traditional Jewish community, where special prayers and psalms are regularly offered for the sick, was reassuring and comforting.

As is also the custom, my husband and i made it a point to increase certain charitable gifts in exchange for a special blessing for my recovery. The day of surgery came and went.

went.

I did well, determined to be a model patient — the sooner to leave the hospital. I'm convinced that my excellent pre-operative condition played an important role in my smooth and rapid recovery, and my positive attitude.

or partial mastectomy) or total mas-tectomy, in my case, with lymph node dissection. Shortly after my biopsy, late one night, my brother called from Cleve-land and asked if he could please wake up now from this terrible dream.

wake up now from this terrible dream.

It had been just over four years since we lost our mother to cancer. My sister in Chicago had spoken those few days, and the state of t

nosis.

I telephoned my daughter in Israel and told her, "Now you have a history of breast cancer in the family and you must begin, at once, to be vigi-

Jant."

RELATIVES AND friends besteged me with calls.

Some cried with me, some gave
pep talks. Some were coldly curious.

Those who could, shared information, some simply spoke of their corcern, their fondness for me and how
important it was to them that I sur-

important it was to them that I survive.
Meanwhile, I had a week between
hiopsy and surgery, and during those
days I was some other person going
through automatic motions.
Certainly, sleep was impossible, so
while my house rested, I compulsively cleaned closets, drawers, made
piles of give-aways and wrote endless lists of "must-do-before-survery."

less lists of "must-do-before-surgery."

From the start, my husband and I
talked and talked about cancer — to
each other and to our children. It
was a family matter. We also addressed it openly outside the family.

There were phone calls to be made
for medical oplinose, visits to acqualitances who had endured breast
cancer, other people to call for advice, reading information, which we
devoured, studying oplinose resulting from research and trying to relate to statistical evidence.

At the same time, we had to deal

izations to into anything it.

But then, again, I kept telling myself, "If she could do it. I can do it." And I did it, and I did it well, and I'll continue to get through it for the next year.

I'll continue to get through it for the next year.
Certainly, there are other ways I'd choose to spend 1987-88.
But look — my course of radiation has already ended. My support system is solidly in place.
Even though my emotions occasionally get out of control, I allow myself this temperamental iouxry of feeling bitchy, unecoperative, unattractive, impalent, unloving, unlovaterning.
I have discovered that these feelings are normal for cancer patients, and many of them are medically induced. Some of it is due to the sheer traum of the diagnosis and the ensuing terment of the discose.
SURVIVAL IS the goal, and survival is a good bet these days.
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smooth and rapid recovery, and my positive attitude.

I had too much to accomplish a languish in the hospital. I wanted to begin my radiation and chemotheraby, which the presence of malignanty in the lymph nodes had determined I would need.

The pain was minimal, and I was up and around and at home after five days, getting dressed each day and wearing make-up.

I was fortunate to be occupied by family and friends who faithfully visited, called and kept me in beautiful fresh flowers, fruit and even luxurious silk nighties.

Emotionally, this was a difficult time, and the attentiveness of those dear to me greatly helped me retain a positive attitude.

breast cancer, but not so many are taken, today. This doesn't allow us to become complacent. It is terribly important to follow all the guidelines set by the American Cancer Society. Ask your gynecologist to teach you self breast examination and insist on mammo-

American Cancer Society. Ask your American Cancer Society. Ask you groenlogist to teach you self breast examination and insist on mammograms at proper intervals.

Don't be afraid, should you suspect something irregular — even something resembling a dimple or a rash flun, don't walk, to your decin to survival, so although site of every 11 women will the work of every 11 women will be a supported to confuse the possibility of every 11 women will be a supported to confuse the possibility of breast cancer. As for me, 1 am extremely thankful that I was diagnosed early, treat-ent properly and that am sound enough of mind and body to tolerate the various treatments. I give thank daily for my family and friends who have had the strength and devotion to rally to me on an ongoing basis, long after the acute crisis of detection and surgery have passed. My priorities have, in many ways, been newly revised, my sensitivities to others in this position have become incredibly keen. In facing the reality of cancer, one has the opportunity to become, at once, wisten controlled the property woman to the reality of cancer, one has the opportunity to become, at once, wisten.

THERE ARE age-old perks and bright feminine percegatives for every woman, but there are also se-

Joanne Zuroff, a Farmington Hills resident who writes a col-umn for the Southfield Eccentric, draws strength from her friends and family in her battle with cancer.

rious liabilities. Responsibility for one's body relative to female discusses is one. Personally, I accept the challenge and the responsibility for my own health, hoping others will join me as the outlook for breast cancer patients becomes more and more hopeful.

After all the experiences of this recent episode, I know this about

Ruth McKinnon's Herbal Wreath Making Workshops, which are a tradition in town for the pre-holiday season, have been scheduled for Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 15-17, in First Presbyterian Church of Farmington. 26165 Farmington Road.

Wreath making

taught in workshops

myself. I am woman, I am accountable for myself. I am resilient and — with God's help, my own perseverance and my wonderful doctors — I will soon be well

Joanne Zuroff, of Farmington Hills writes a weekly column, "In Touch," for the Southfield Eccen-tric.

The 2½-thour sessions begin at 7 pm Thursday, 9 am and 12:30 pm Friday, and 9 am Sautgday. The fee of \$118 covers the instruction, the wreath form, pins and all the herbal materials needed to complete a wreath Participants are asked to bring their own pruning shears. Reservations are necessary because class size is limited.

Removerations are taken by McKla-

Reservations are taken by McKin-non, 661-4912

Scouts earn badges in record numbers

Handcrafters Unlimited

ARTS & CRAFTS SHOW

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On Main Street-Northwile

A record number of merit badges were banded out by Scoutmaster Chuck Williams during Boy Scout Troop 179's fall Court of Honor. Through the summer the scouts had worked to earn a total of 140 badges.

Brad Moore and Ted Skinner arented their Lifeguard badge, which means the troop will now have their own lifeguards for campouts and canoe trips.

Those awarded membership into the Order of the Arrow were Eric

Friday Oct. 16

Saturday Oct. 17

Don't Miss Our Christmas

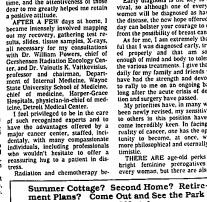
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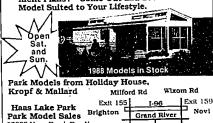
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10-9 p.m.

10-5 p.m.

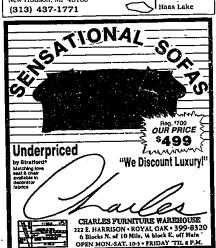
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