

In Like a Lamb, Out Like a Lion Cont'd

"I'll be in the office until 2:30 PM and then out all next week. I can have another doctor run the tests if necessary," he informed me before hanging up. I wanted to cry. I was scared silly. My Positive Pants attitude sounded like an extra huge whoopee cushion as it deflated.



This was a defining moment. I had to remember who I was. I am a spiritual being in a physical body. I get to choose what I focus on. It did no good to let my thoughts go off to things unwanted.

I had a life to live no matter what I was faced with. It didn't matter how I got here or why. My job was to let go and focus on my Well-Being. In other words, I had to let go and let God. I grabbed the book, *"The Astonishing Power of Emotions"* by Esther and Jerry Hicks. I went directly to page 51 titled, *"Example 1, I Have Been Given a Frightening Diagnosis: How Long Will It Take Me to Find My Solution?"* I read, re-read, and re-read again the suggested downstream thoughts. I cried. I found and felt a whiff of relief. I clung to that faint whiff of hope with my hands, arms, legs and feet. I felt the empowerment of focusing on what I wanted. Then I got mad at the urologist. That was movement up the emotional ladder! How dare he just casually throw out such a scary diagnosis without any regard to how that would affect someone emotionally? Why... he had done it twice! Grrrrrr.

This was the hardest thing I have ever had to do, yet do it I must. I knew the outcome I wanted and it was up to me to focus upon it. I was having trouble sleeping so I popped in *What the Bleep, Extended Version*. When I woke up, I turned over the DVD and fell asleep to the interviews. I popped in *The Secret* and fell asleep to that twice during the night.

There wasn't any room for thoughts on what I didn't want. I kept my mind busy contemplating miracles, my Well-Being and staying focused in the present.

I knew that what I focused on in that red-hot moment would affect the outcome. Besides, this is what I had been studying, practicing and being for several years now. It was time to pull up my big girl panties and walk my talk. A whopping dollop of humor helps take the sting out of the seriousness of it all.

Rex did not go to work that Friday. We held hands as we drove to the OB/GYN. My heart was overflowing with appreciation and love for this man. We were both eager to hear what she had to say. We waited for 45 minutes in the waiting room. This is normal for my OB/GYN. She's a one-doctor show. I'm always amazed how she balances her time between the office and attending to births. That morning she had an emergency C-section thus the extra wait. The room was full! Rex stood by my chair and held my hand. His presence was a comfortable warm blanket and soothed any fears that tried to pop up.

We were called into the doctor's office and waited some more. I gazed about recalling another time in 1995 when I was called into her office regarding an abnormal pap smear. I laughed. I had been with this doctor since 1992 and her office had moved around the building several times. As we waited I took in every little detail, the pile of papers, the various knick-knacks on the desk, the gifts, her family photos, and she had a nice view of the mall next door. Rex noticed a turkey vulture casually gliding around the mall. That was unusual! You don't see them too often in the city.

Vultures, according to Ted Andrews are a sign of life, death, rebirth, and new vision. I took it as a Uni-wink.

She came into the room and gave me a copy of the CT-scan report. This was the first time I got to read it for myself. She also explained the blood test. It's a generic test to see if there is a tumor in the body and/or detect

cancer. She also explained that within the last year she had several women my age experience this kind of weird mass. Normally she would do the surgery herself however because this blood test read a 31.6 versus less than 21 (meaning something hoey-ish was going on) she would like to refer me to a GYN/Oncologist. I passed on the message from the urologist.

“No offence to the urologist, we need to get this thing taken care of. Whatever tests he wants to run he can do so either after we are done or while your being operated on.”

I love this woman! She also told me that it was highly unusual that a woman of my age would have cancer. She wanted to err on the side of caution, therefore the referral. If it happened to be anything else besides a fibroid tumor, then he would be able to take things further than she would. Her whole demeanor gave me more whiffs of peace. We were closer to knowing exactly what this mass was and it was sounded less and less scary!

A nurse made the appointment for 1:30 PM, pulled a card from the doctor's desk, wrote some information on it, and handed it to me. We also had to go back to the hospital to pick up the CT-Scans to bring with us. We were on our way! I could feel the end of this wild week was near! It felt good to be moving closer to an answer. In the car I flipped the card over to read the other side.

The Light of God Surrounds Me
The Love of God Enfolds Me
The Power of God Protects Me
The Presence of God Watches Over Me
Wherever I am, God is.

I cried. The Universe was standing by, on call, and ready to go. I was going to be okay. Rex smiled. On the way to the doctor's office I asked Rex if they ever did surgeries on Saturday. He didn't think so. Darn. I sure would like to get this done and over with!

We arrived at the GYN/Oncologist's office and had a very short wait. The nurse took my blood pressure, which was low. I told her I was so nervous! She agreed especially after listening to my heart! The GYN/Oncologist walked in. I had to tell him the whole story from the beginning and pass on the urologist's message. He took a look at the CT-Scans. It was my

first look at the mass. Wow! It was huge! He explained how a CT-Scan works and told me that it certainly looked like a fibroid tumor. More whiffs of relief!

He explained that it was pushing everything including my bladder upwards. It was no wonder when I drank too much I couldn't pee! It was not unusual in his field for women to experience urinary retention when the fibroid was in this position. Yes! A fibroid gone mad! He left the office to call the urologist to let him know his diagnosis. The doctor was very confident that it was benign, however he wouldn't know for sure until he operated and a pathological test was done.

The doctor and urologist agreed to disagree. The urologist in his 30 plus years of experience had never experienced this kind of thing. The doctor felt that the tests the urologist wanted to do were not necessary, however it was up to me what I wanted to do. He explained to me (and the urologist) that he had rights to check my bladder if he found anything amiss. Does that mean whoever gets to my bladder first plants their flag on it and claims it? I felt so at ease with this doctor that I would have handed him my bladder on a platter.

He proceeded to do a pelvic exam. He could easily feel the fibroid through my abdominal wall. When he inserted the speculum to check my cervix, all he could see was the fibroid. He finally found my cervix pushed up into my pelvic bone shivering in fear. The fibroid was a bully! How dare he shove my innards about like he owned the whole abdominal cavity!

He told me that I would need a hysterectomy. I was so relieved. I have two children already and no plans for more. I wouldn't have to worry about birth control and no more periods!

He also gave me a choice on keeping my ovaries. This whole conversation was surreal. He gave me all the pros and cons of the ovaries. I decided to keep them. Rex is so lucky! I get to still experience the ups and downs of hormones every month.

The doctor told me he could perform the surgery tomorrow (which was Saturday) if I wanted or he had an opening the following week either Thursday or Friday. I scheduled it for Saturday. I signed the necessary papers, received my pre-op instructions, and we were on our way home. I cried with relief.

Oh my God there was so much to do before tomorrow! I had to get the stuff to clean out my bowels, I had to pack a bag, phone calls to make and break the news to the kids that Mom was going to be in the hospital for a few days.

Due to the urinary retention factor, I had to take the colon blow stuff twice. It was the nastiest tasting concoction my taste buds have had to endure. Why do they bother putting a flavor on the bottle? Cherry? There wasn't cherry anything in this stuff, just pure undiluted nastiness. My Dad warned me that when it took effect to make sure I was near the bathroom. It was taking its sweet time about it! I hadn't eaten anything since lunch and the doctor advised against any solid foods for supper. I finally had to go and it wasn't anything to write home about. I was feeling pretty cocky about the whole thing. Ha! I don't have anything in there to clean out! Well you know how it goes when I get cocky. It wasn't long before I was running to the bathroom as fast as my feet would take me. The porcelain throne was now my best friend. I'm glad laptops are so portable.

Saturday, I had to be at UT Medical Center by 9:30 AM for my 11:30 surgery. We were running a few minutes late so I left Rex at the van and walked/ran as fast as I could into the building. He later teased me about that. It wasn't long before we were directed to the surgery waiting area and a nurse met us. We were taken into the prep area where I was instructed to don the necessary garb. I started singing "I'm too sexy for my Johnny" to Rex. I posed for him on the bed with my best come hither look with a fancy blue cap and funky blue hospital socks. We joked and laughed. The nurses and doctors were amazed at our sense of humor and how happy we were. Pretty soon it was time to wheel me into the operating room. I was instructed to keep my hands and feet within the bed at all times. I asked if I could raise them in the air and yell, "woo hoo"! They laughed and told me I could. Out of respect for the early day, I didn't. All I remember of the surgery room was the mask placed over my nose and mouth, a few more questions and then I was gone.

When I was settled in my room and the pain was dulled, Rex told me the Doctor informed him it was indeed a fibroid tumor. Everything went well.

After that all he heard was “Blah, blah, blah blah.” It’s a good thing I had a chance to talk to the doctor the next day!

And, the pathology test came back benign.

My journey with Frank the Fibroid taught me much.

First off, I am loved by a lot of people and that was humbling and bit overwhelming.

There are no words to express the gratitude and appreciation I have for those who offered prayers, healing energy, and good vibes. It was your love, caring, and vision of my Well-Being that attributed to my fast recovery. The nurses were amazed at how fast I was able to sit, stand, walk and most importantly pass gas. Farting is an important milestone after surgery! My world is surrounded and full of such loving people.

I gained a renewed appreciation for life, living in the moment, and my family.

Rex is an amazing man. I’m so grateful we get to walk through life together. I told him I would never again tease about trading him in. He told me that I wasn’t getting out this marriage that easily! Besides wasn’t it me that would tell him, “I’m not going through a divorce again. One of us will die and it won’t be me!” Yeah, I guess I did say that.

A dear friend of mine came back into my life. She told me that she missed me and loved me. I’ve missed her company and her laugh. I’m so happy we can enjoy each other again.

You have a choice. It doesn’t matter how you got there or why. The most important thing you can do is to decide how you’re going to look at the situation. I chose to immerse myself in positive light fluffiness. I chose to laugh all the way to the surgery table. I was determined to find the funny in all of this. I also chose to find the lesson and what I could learn about myself.

I discovered something positive about scars. As I stared at my Franken-belly, I noticed the staples ran from my belly button right into my caesarean scar. If I ever forget my name, I can simply drop my pants and I'll have a clue. It starts with "T".

It's also a great excuse to get a tattoo, of a zipper!

Have a Wonder-Filled day and enjoy your journey!

Namaste,
Tracy



The Domestic Gourdess is a creative fiend. She delights in playing with dried gourds and blogging. Her gourdacious creations can be found at <http://thecandlegourdess.com>. You can read about a day in the life of a Domestic Gourdess at <http://thedomesticgourdess.com>. Warning, reading her blog has been known to cause giggles, laughter and uncontrollable spitting of beverages. You will be entering another realm of pure silliness and may not return the same person when you leave. You have been warned.