

After 4 months of therapy, I've hit a couple bumps in the road.

Not entirely unexpected, but I was hoping to avoid them.

The results of my last lab work showed a couple low numbers. Both my platelets and my white cell count are borderline low. My doctor told me this is normal and expected. She let me proceed with therapy No. 9, but we are taking an extra week off before therapy No. 10.

I am totally cool with that!

A bit of a break before the final quarter. An extra week of feeling strong. An extra week where I can have a cold beer or two. An extra week of getting my body ready. My new target date is Friday, April 12th. On that day, the final pump is removed and therapy is complete.

My doctor also informed me of a nodule on my thyroid. It was discovered during one of my scans. She referred me to an endocrinologist. A biopsy was performed (this consists of jabbing two needles into the neck - creepy) and the results came back benign. Awesome. Another bump passed.

The final bump was the night before therapy No. 9. Cindy and I were watching TV, when I had one of my toughest moments yet. I told her I did not want to go to my next treatment. I told her I was tired of the coming fatigue, of carrying a pump for 48 hours, of the smells of therapy. She quietly listened, and after I finished venting, she asked if I was going to the center in the morning. She did not argue or plead or yell at me. She calmly asked if I was going. "Yes", I responded.

I have watched her do the exact same thing with our son since he could talk. Let him have his say, get it out of his system, without confrontation. Inevitably, he would realize what he needed to do.

Now she was doing the same thing with me. There is no way I could have gotten this far without her.

So onward we go. 3 more. We will make it. Together.