

"I don't believe it! I look so well. I feel so fit. And yet they give me only weeks, not months, to live!?! C'mon, you're kiddin' me"



At the Shaggy Cow, enjoying the Warm House-Smoked Trout Salad, cos lettuce and chat potatoes, topped with a poached egg and aioli vinaigrette.

However, You-Jo my Oncologist has officially told me, face to face today, that there is nothing more he can do for me. All that can be done now is treat the symptoms of the two cancers, lung and liver. He suggested that if there is anything I really want to do, I should do it sooner rather than later. He assured me that I should be okay to travel as far as Newcastle to see our eldest daughter who is just back from America, but if I get sick on the way, there are lots of hospitals between here and there. And we're talking about Newcastle NSW; not Newcastle on Tyne or New Castle, Delaware!

Palliative Care is now primed and ready to whisk me away in the middle of the night to a waiting bed if we just dial the secret 24 hour number. All the appropriate medication has been arranged in advance and will be waiting for me. "How do you like Morphine?" Theresa the Nurse Practitioner asked. "I love it!" I replied much too quickly. I thought I should go on to explain that I had had it for the couple of bouts of severe abdominal spasm that I suffered in relation to a bowel obstruction earlier in the year, just in case she thought I was merely a geriatric junkie hoping to get hooked.

So here I am. Waiting for something horrible to happen to me, but finding joy every day in the small things: enjoying every new bloom, every birdsong, the dogs going past with their owners, the lithe young ladies in black lycra leggings, the cheeky black cat with one white leg across the road who thinks he owns the neighbourhood, the mob of lazy kangaroos lolling by the pond at the end of the street, the greenness of the lush new grass after our unprecedented rain, even the gorgeous little purple stars of the Onion Weed in the front lawn and the brilliant yellow profusion of the Cape Weed that adorns the all the kerbs. How can things so beautiful be called weeds?

One day at a time. One day at a time.