



# KICKING-CANCER CHRONICLE

EDITOR: BARON ROBISON

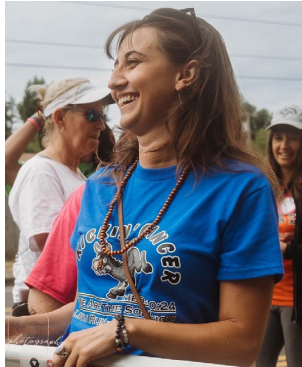
**SUPPORTING** THOSE WHO HAVE FOUGHT, OR ARE FIGHTING,  
THE GOOD FIGHT AGAINST CANCER.

**EDUCATING** PEOPLE ON HOW TO LIVE AN ANTI-CANCER  
LIFESTYLE BY EATING REAL FOOD AND DOING SOME MOVEMENT.

## “COMING ‘HOME’ TO MYSELF”

BY MORGAN DAVIS (Q. 3 2022 GoTeam... and KickinCancer board member)

Growing up I was the oldest of three younger brothers and I was raised to believe we should be private about our lives and our feelings, especially being a “lady”. Receiving a cancer diagnosis has shown me that being vulnerable about my experiences and real about my feelings is so important in times of hardship. Though I still sometimes find it challenging to share news that has the potential to make others sad or worried because I believe that a positive mindset is absolutely crucial for resilience. However, vulnerability is ultimately what led me to all the support I received from Kickin’Cancer and where I am now.



I moved to Oregon in 2019 on a scholarship to attend law school at Willamette University, but had to take a medical withdraw from law school when I got so sick I missed weeks of class. Things changed when I found a mass in my neck last fall. After many tests and self-advocacy, it was determined that I had an underlying auto-immune thyroid condition causing my symptoms and my thyroid to attack itself and creating this mass. My biopsy revealed that the mass was “abnormal” and surgery was an option. I took the option out of precaution based upon my family’s history with cancer, and had surgery at the end of June 2022 removing half of my thyroid. Convinced I was on the path of recovery, I received a call from my doctor about a week later letting me know it wasn’t over. The mass in my neck was cancer and I needed more treatment. The news hit me like a ton of bricks...

I was in shock. I had been doing everything that I thought I could to be healthy and prevent cancer. I thought to myself, I’m only 25 - what have I done wrong to have caused this to happen to me... I know that it wasn’t my fault, but I do fundamentally believe that without a doubt there is a relationship between our health and our emotions. More than anything, this diagnosis served as a reminder that life is unexpected and too short not to LOVE.

After the diagnosis, the really hard part came, telling my close friends and family. Seeing the looks in their eyes and hearing their responses was one of the most challenging things I’ve experienced. I knew I was going to be okay, but it didn’t make it any easier. The more open I’ve been about my journey the more support has just poured in. During this time, Baron Robison and the Kickin’Cancer organization had slowly made their way into my professional life. We had connected at a Chamber Greeters presentation and again at a Rotary meeting. He then started talking to me about getting involved on the Board of Directors for the organization. My first board meeting was three days after I was diagnosed with cancer.

One of the amazing programs Kickin’Cancer offers is called, Pathways. At our meeting, Baron shared a story about the brother of a cancer patient committing suicide, and how impactful mentorship and support can be for the siblings and children of those who have cancer. I hadn’t told anyone on the board about my diagnosis and after this story I broke down in tears in the middle of our meeting. I was so embarrassed but I had just had one of the most difficult conversations of my life with my younger brothers, who struggles with depression, the day before talking about my diagnosis. I was incredibly blessed to be wrapped in support from the entire board after sharing this news.

I feel lucky to have only been diagnosed with Thyroid cancer, as things could have been so much worse than they were. So when I found out that Kickin’Cancer wanted to dedicate a parade to me, I had a hard time saying yes. But I did and shared that my request was to call it, “Walk with Morgan” not “For Morgan” because this journey is so much bigger than just me. Cancer touches almost all of us in some way or another whether it’s those who love and care for me; those fighting a journey much harder than mine; or those we have lost because of this wild and unfortunate illness.

After two surgeries, hormone therapy, and lots and lots of rest, I can finally say that I feel better now than I ever have before. Receiving a cancer diagnosis drastically changed my relationship with myself in more ways than I can explain. More than anything, it showed me how to come “home” to myself. It showed me how to slow down and take care of my body, my mind, and spirit. It brought to light what is truly important to me, while learning how to ask and receive support.

Thank you to all my friends, family, colleagues, and even a few strangers for all your prayers, blessings, encouragement and support as I went through my health journey this last year. As strange as it may seem, I am grateful for getting cancer. There have been so many unexpected blessings that have come my way because of it and that’s what I’m taking away from this situation.

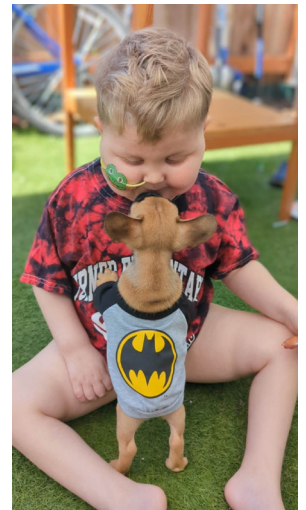
## FOLLOW UP GOTEAMOZZY - Q. 3 2022

BY CHYLA BROWN (Ozzy’s mom)

Ozzy got a feeding tube placed in to help us give him medicine and eventually give him more nutrition. It is helping so much with the medicine and knowing how much he is taking in because he was spitting it out. He was placed on steroids at the end of last week because Ozzy lost the ability to talk, and move his right arm and right leg. He also has been having a hard time chewing food and swallowing. If you picture drinking something with a straw that has a hole in it that is how Ozzy eats and drinks food. The steroids did help Ozzy regain the ability to roll over and move around a little bit better on his own!

In this appointment we talked with oncologist and they unfortunately said in Ozzy’s current state our options for clinical trials are very limited. They informed us that chemotherapy was our only option at this moment. So Ozzy started his second round of chemotherapy. The worst was talking to Hospice. We are going to start in home care and weekly check-ins. As painful as it is to set up. I never thought I’d be sending something like this up for my 3-year-old baby boy. My sweet precious boy, but this is the reality of things.

This pain is unlike any other I could ever express in my life. What I would give to take this away from him. What I would give to give it to myself. God knows this is in his hands and I praise him every second of every day. I still will pray for a miracle for my baby, but in the meantime I will cry out. Hallelujah Jesus praise your name and thank you for him every second of every day with Ozzy. Thank you for letting me know my baby.



## “EVENTS UNFOLDING”

SUBMITTED FROM A KSLM LISTENER OF “THE TERRY SOL AND AMANDA SMITH STORY”

“My name is Paul. I was born in Tacoma and left for Basic Training in Oklahoma in 1986. While I was away my dad was diagnosed with prostate cancer and waited to tell the family until I was home on leave enroute to my first real duty station. Fast forward 5 years and I was 2 weeks away from departing for a “critical management (classified)” assignment overseas when my mom was diagnosed with ovarian cancer. I was able to extend my leave before leaving thanks to the Red Cross so I could be present for my mom’s first of many surgeries. When I returned, I was



assigned to Ft. Lewis. My dad’s cancer was pretty aggressive and while I was there, it had moved into his “daddy parts”. After leaving for Louisiana his condition grew worse and I ended up flying home to see him in the hospital. My flight into Seattle was quite late and so, I stayed the night at my sister’s and she was knocking at my door at 3:30 the next morning telling me that he had passed. There is a little part of me that is sad that I didn’t get to see him, but I’m grateful that I have no memories of his time in the hospital and I can just remember him as “Dad”.

Another 2 years goes by and while I’m in Alaska, I went home on emergency leave for another of my mom’s surgeries. After the surgery, the doctor talked to us and told us that when he opened her up that her entire abdominal cavity was full and that her intestines were like “cold spaghetti” all stuck together while they should be my like hot noodles being able to slide around and when he saw what was happening, he just closed her back up. She got back to her room and was in good spirits and looked to be ok. I flew back to Fairbanks, just to receive a call from my sister telling me that “mom had done a 180 and you need to get back down here now”. I got back to Tacoma the next day and saw her. It was not my mother. By that time her brother and his wife (my aunt and uncle) had arrived. That evening we decided that we would take shifts at the hospital and that my sister and aunt would stay there overnight. As my uncle and I were leaving for the hospital the next morning my sister calls to tell us that mom had passed. Long story short, I lost both of my parents in a matter of 2 years and at the time I was 34. I lost my motivation as a soldier and realized that I wasn’t doing my soldiers any good by being there so I decided to get out. I’m thankful for the way the events unfolded, but again, there’s a little part of me that wishes I could have seen my father before he died. We were all more prepared for my mother’s death, but that didn’t make it any easier.”

## “HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?”

BY JOHN WRIGHT

In 2018 my doctor told me I was a candidate for early cancer detection screening for cancer. The first one went ok they found some polyps on my lungs, which is normal most polyps are non cancerous. The next year around June 2019 I went in for my second CAT scan. A couple polyps had grown. It also was showing I had chronic COPD. I was then referred to Salem pulmonary they sent me in for a biopsy of my lung. In the mean time I started researching lung cancer and what the outcome may be for me. I must say I was concerned I had no idea what stage it was in, or in fact if I had cancer everything pointing that I do it runs in my family. After researching it

I’m finding there’s not much symptoms until its late stage 3 or 4, and by that time it’s too late. Most people don’t make it.

Now its time to go in for biopsy after getting prepared doctors tell me they are not convinced it was cancer so did a CAT scan and sent me home. I’m really confused! Maybe I don’t I have cancer. Or maybe not. After many cancelled appointment, I went to my primary physician and told her I was a train wreck. My appointments keep getting cancelled and I’m not sure if I have cancer. She confirmed I did have lung cancer! At that time it all sunk in. I just felt overwhelmed with everything. If I have cancer I just want it removed.

She sent me to OHSU in Portland Knight Cancer Institute I met with my surgeon Dr Schipper in Feb 2020. Did some lung function test. Went over what the game plan was and he set appointment for March 17, 2020 to remove a wedge out of my lung where the polyps were. Plus they removed other polyps to be tested for cancer which were negative. At that time no chemo was needed. I had to have a CAT scan every 4 months to make sure it doesn’t come back. In July 2020 I went in for my CAT scan and another cancerous polyp showed up. All I could think was, “How is this possible? I thought it was removed. How come this wasn’t removed with the others?”

In August 2020 I was back in the hospital having my upper lobe of my lung removed, approximately 1/3 of my right Lung. In Oct 2020 I started chemo therapy for several months, going in for infusions every day. I just feel blessed to be alive. I strongly believe if it wasn’t for early cancer screening I wouldn’t be telling my story. If you get the chance for early cancer screening test I would take the time.

## QUARTERLY THOUGHT SMALL PROGRESS IS STILL PROGRESS!

BY BRENDA FARRIS

When we take ourselves out of the ‘busyness’ of life and prioritize daily self-care, we are not only calmer and more focused, but we actually get more done AND are truly happier and more satisfied with the day. The goal here is not to punish yourself for your shortcomings. Rather, you want to make space for healing. This is a gentle reminder for you to embrace imperfection. It’s time to redefine what success truly looks like to you. Let go of comparison to take the pressure off. Give yourself permission to move forward at your own pace. Be mindful of your internal dialogue. Notice how you deal with self-critical thoughts. The more you practice self-awareness, the easier it will become for you to replace a bad habit with a good one. Work towards your goals from a place of self-compassion. Be your own cheerleader! Embracing imperfection is all about making space for mistakes, and consequently, learning and growth.



Experiencing setbacks doesn’t mean that all your efforts are wasted. Setbacks and mistakes are proof that you are willing to take risks and do things out of your comfort zone. I like to refer to it at “Flaw-some” (ie: flaw + awesome!!) You will figure it out as you go. You’re still worthy, and valuable, even if you stumble on the way to achieving your goals. Small Progress is Still Progress! Despite the obstacles you come across in your journey, you can still achieve growth, and find happiness. Enjoy where you are now. Celebrate the positive lifestyle changes you’ve made thus far, and plan to add another in soon – maybe this week!