

# TITANS of TeAL



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I was 28 years old when I was diagnosed with having had Ovarian Cancer. My doctors figured that I had it for approx 3 to 5 years before it was removed. I had the symptoms but I paid no mind to them, I never knew it was ovarian cancer, I just knew I didn't feel too good. I had stomach aches, I had back aches, I had pelvic pains from HELL, had my period for well over a month. But I figured that my back hurt from work, that I had a lot of stomach bugs and that I pulled a pelvic muscle, again from work.

As time went on my stomach began to get larger yet I began to lose weight, noticeable enough that people complimented me. These compliments kept me in denial. I knew something was wrong with me. I remember laying on the floor, reached under my bed for a photo album and it feeling like I was laying on a ball. Little did I know..

I stayed in denial, my stomach area grew and even by touch gave a very numb feeling.

On January 2, 2006 I snapped out of it. I KNEW that I had cancer. I called my doctor and scheduled an appointment. Went in and found out that I had a HUGE mass in my stomach and pelvic region. Scared the hell out of me. My parents hoped that it was bloating from suddenly being lactose intolerant, one of my symptoms. My sister thought I was just fine, that it was IBS, something a couple years prior I had been diagnosed for. **Misdiagnosed.**

I had emergency surgery January 17, 2006. I was so afraid that I would die, my whole family was too.



But I lived to find out that I had a tumor removed from my left ovary the size of a basketball and one the size of a grapefruit from right ovary. They were attached to my ovaries so they were removed as well.

Two things piss me off from this surgery, one is that my idiot doctor left my uterus thinking I was 28 with no kids and that maybe I would want them. Of course I did, and do, but my own, a HUGE heart-breaker for me and two that my doctor did not care and speak to my proxy, my parents to ask if I would want this, my uterus. If he had done this I wouldn't have to face a 3rd surgery for this, I would be done, instead I have to know in the back of my head that cancer could come back because of his idiotic assumption.

A couple months after surgery I met with my oncologist once ever. Told me that I had had **Ovarian Cancer** and that I was cancer free. A huge sigh and deep breath from this answer. Happiness and yet sadness.

I don't know how it feels to have to wonder if you will make it through chemo, I don't know or understand the drugs that one needs to take to live. I don't understand this stuff and in some odd way it makes being a **survivor** from this just not right? Yeah I lived, yeah I lost the one thing I wanted so bad all my own... But I just feel so bad and so alone in not needing anything further...? Anyone else would say you are lucky, but I wish I could really see that.

July of last year I began what is called the **Pepsi Refresh Project**. For 6 months I worked 24/7 on this and I won a 5K grant from Pepsi to help promote Ovarian cancer awareness and was/is the very first ever for oc to win.

I also began a website a couple of mths ago that will be an ongoing site called **Hope Heals**. No matter my questions, anyone's questions or thoughts HOPE will HEAL you. You just have to be open to it.

I am 5 years and 2 mths cancer free and yes I do feel DAMN LUCKY since most can not say what I just said.

<http://www.hopehealsoca.org/>

