

Winner of 2007 Coldwater Creek Co-Survivor Award

This award was established at the 2005 Komen Detroit Race for the cure® to recognize the important role played by co-survivors – the person or persons who stand by the patient with strength, support and love from diagnosis throughout the breast cancer journey. We thank all teams who submitted stories and encourage more to do so in 2008.

Submitted by: **Kaye's Lucky Charms Team Captain, Kaye Weinberger.**

I am writing this story about my mother; tomorrow is her 85th birthday.

This year I am celebrating 20 years cancer free. Hearing the report from the doctor that I had breast cancer was devastating. When my husband and I left the doctors office we were in shock. All along the doctor told me it was nothing. He only removed it because I wanted him to. He admitted being very surprised himself. We drove to my parent's home to tell them the news. They were surprised to see both of us stop by in the afternoon. We sat in their den and told them their youngest daughter had breast cancer at 34.

My mother helped me get things in order for my kids before I had to go back for a more invasive surgery and lymph node removal. I stayed in the hospital for five days. Every day my mother was at the hospital at 8 a.m. I would listen for the familiar sound of her foot steps walk down the hall. She stayed with me all day, everyday. She was there to support me when I got the report that lymph nodes were involved and I would need chemotherapy and radiation.

Then the doctor's appointments and therapy began. I was afraid and scared I wouldn't survive. My mother was always there to listen when I needed support, which was often, as I cried almost daily. She always knew what to say to make me feel better. When I didn't want to go out she would say "get ready, I'm coming to get you." She went with me to every doctor's appointment. My mother took me for my chemotherapy every week for a year. I know it wasn't easy for her to watch, but she never let me see her upset. I also had radiation therapy five days a week for six weeks. Mom came with me most days and if she couldn't, she made sure my sister came with me.

1987 was a difficult year but I got through it with the help of my mother. She has always been there to support me in what ever I do. I know she will always listen when I have a problem. Somehow she always knows when I need her.

Recently, I had genetic testing done to see if I carried the breast cancer gene. I didn't tell my mother I was having this done because I didn't want her to worry. No one in our family has ever had breast cancer, but I wanted to be sure for my daughter's sake.

As I was waiting for the doctor to come in the room with the results, my mother called me on my cell phone. She hardly ever calls me on my cell. She wanted to know where I was so early in the morning. She always knows when I need her.

My mother is my co-survivor. She has been there every step of the way with understanding love and support. Happy Birthday to the most wonderful mom in the world.