

**Marilyn Head**  
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I walk because..... the mere mention of that C word makes me sick. It appeared at our door July 1999. It had first disguised itself as recurring bronchitis, but before long the disguise disappeared to be replaced by the real diagnosis "Cancer." Cancer of the lungs, liver and bones!!! We were stunned because this man had never been sick a day in his life and had his physicals religiously. He would go to work in Atlanta everyday and come back by the office to take his chemo and radiation. He was a fighter, but Feb. 15, 2000 and at the young age of only 47 he got his call to go home.

Life went on... although we questioned our ability to do likewise. Once again in August of 2001 there was another knock on my door. It was the C word again. This time it was breast cancer for myself. I wanted so much to be able to take care of this and shield my children at the same time. But you can't do both. So for the second time they were once again hearing this awful word. They were so brave and stood by me thru it all. I had a lumpectomy and lymph node surgery (2 of 12 tested positive) then a port put in and I began my chemo and radiation. Let me tell you, bald was not beautiful on me!!!! I never knew how vain I was until I had no hair. Now there's never a bad hair day! There's always a rainbow right after the storm and mine was named Garrett. My first grandson was born in November and he became my reason for getting out of the bed. God has since given me Luke, Savannah and Wyatt. The man was my husband, Mickey Crawford. And my real reason for walking is so maybe my children and their families won't ever get that knock at their door!

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