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Scuttlebutt

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What the Devil – 2016 is the worst year in living memory!

If the truth has to be told, for me this has been the worst year I have ever had to live, it has been like wherever I walk, I am followed by a dark cloud that brings me nothing but despair and loss, not to mention luck where everything just seems to go wrong. Now for sure the year has been bad but still I have to admit, my life had a couple of very bright shining stars poking through the fog and overcasting dark clouds that filled the sky above me, they were like a light tower guiding the wayward ships coming across the unpredictable seas with its rough waves striking the rocks and shores of my existence and I can only wonder what else can go wrong.



Why, you ask did I create a home grown rag called Scuttlebutt?

I don't know why or who might be interested in this, that is, if anyone is at all, anyway with my life, but since I was in a writing mood I figured that I would create a home grown newspaper or newsletter, or a running journal, that I am calling Scuttlebutt for my own tracking of what is going on in my life, which I would be able to document my current medical situations; well a general report of what I am going through as I face my recent health challenges. And of course, the information that I record within this journal can be transferred into a more definitive record, such as a book. I mention a book here, because that is what my brother asked me to write about my experience with the cancer that has invaded my life.

Now if you know me, you'll know that I enjoy writing, regardless of whether I am writing a novel, doing an essay on any given subject or just writing in general; I view what has taken place in my life recently, without my brother pointing it out to me, as being worthy of something that needs to be reported on and I feel this will allow me to document the path my health has forced me along, a path that I am now traveling.

Still and all, someone, I don't know who, just might be interested in how I'm faring over the days and months as I go through my treatment cycles, and as I go about doing what I deem necessary to keep my word to my family, as each of us are hoping for a cure or at best, just maybe, a remission that would permit me to live to a ripe old age, I know some will say I am already enjoying a ripe old age, being 76 at this writing.

So I thought I would share what has been going on over the past three months (August - October), plus I'll publish this newspaper or newsletter on somewhat of a regular schedule to keep anyone who is interested with my progress up to date on my condition. Now should any reader want to correspond with me about this home paper, or have an idea or subject they would like to see added, please feel free to do so, and in doing this I can be reached using my email address: usmc_poet@yahoo.com, or if you have personal contact with me, just give it to me; I will be happy to answer any inquiries..

Recent History

For me it all began in August when I went to Urgent Care because of what I believed to be a tumor and low and behold, it actually turned out to be just that. Having learned that I did have a tumor that Urgent Care thought should be looked at by an Oncologist at the Rocky Mountain Cancer Center located at the Boulder Community, Foothills Hospital on Arapahoe in Boulder. I made the necessary appointments, got checked over and then I was sent to see the Surgeon who was located in the adjacent building, needless to say, arrangements were made for me to undergo surgery at the Foothills Hospital on September 17th, which was on a Saturday. Anyway surgery went well and the doctor removed part of the tumor that was located in my left colon area; however he didn't remove it all, he left some in so I have Colon Cancer that needs to be treated.. They tested the tumor and found that it was cancerous, plus they made an exploratory biopsy on my Liver, which also turned out to be cancerous as well.

Now my most recent visit to the Oncologist I had an opportunity to see my PET Scan and actually see where the cancer was located within me, which as it turned out, the focus of my chemo treatment will be my Liver; as I was told the same treatment could be used against the cancer in the liver as well as the colon..

So where it stands now, cancer wise, with me having infusion sessions lasting about 2.5 hours every other week on Mondays, which is immediately followed by another 46 hours of me wearing a mechanical pump on my waist that is connected by a tube that is attached to my PIC Line on the under side of my right arm, that continues pumping chemo into my body.

I guess what I have previously said in this short dissertation has primarily dealt with my facing cancer, but oddly enough I have been undergoing dialysis treatment, three times a week since 2003, and having been a patient in a number of dialysis clinics in Colorado. So you can pretty much say my weeks are pretty full of medical clinic, with me being, not only treated for renal problems, but now cancer as well.

I can tell you that I have had meetings with my family about whether I would or should agree to allow myself to undergo all of these medical treatments. Of course, should I not accept the need to submit to these treatments, in both areas, Cancer and Dialysis, my life expectation would be in the area of 8 to 10 months. Now the other side of that coin of forecasted life expectancy, for treatment or no treatment, I might be able to live for an additional 3.5 years.

So because I have so many things I have not completed as yet, I gave my word to my family that I would do everything possible to keep my word and attend all scheduled appointments for my cancer treatment, along with also continuing to undergo my dialysis treatments three times a week as well.

Projects



I have projects to no end, I write many essays to keep my mind busy and I want to get them into print one day, and in the time that is available to me at the moment, the driving factor in all of these undertakings of mine is time. I hope I continue to have the energy to be able to pursue all of what I want to get done.

Projects (continued)

As I said, I have many things to get done before I reach the end of whatever road is still waiting for me to walk along. For example I am only about half way through with book number four of my fictional series 'The Greater Good,' and of course it would not be fair to my readers if I just leave it unfinished. From where I sit, it does need some closure, not just for me but for the readers, who I hope have enjoyed the first three books.

My next project, that is if you are possibly interested in it, is one that I have a rough working outline for is a love story. It is a personal story that deals with my wife and I finding each other after many years of loneliness and what came into our lives prompting us to become connected in the oddest of ways, now this story will also include our lives burden as we both of us suffered from cancer; not at the same time mine you, because she came down with it before I did and succumbed to it in March of this year (2016), while I didn't discover that I had cancer until four months after she had died of her cancer. This approach in writing about cancer I feel will meet my brother's request that I write on this topic.

Plus I have taken up the pencil, brush and paint again to express my thoughts in pictures and I will share some of my works in this publication with you.

Well that is all I have for now, if you are interested in reading more about the saga of me living out my life to the fullest extent of my ability, let me know, and I will continue to provide copies of the Scuttlebutt to you. (By the way, if I didn't tell you previously a scuttlebutt is a water fountain in the military, where people gather around drinking water or grog and exchanging war stories.)

Closing thought

I could always use a friend or even just a pen pal who would be a muse to encourage me, who would provide me the much needed encouragement as I face each new day, giving me the will to be strong as I fight this battle against cancer, which I am now forced to face everyday as I make my way along the road I find myself moving forward in my new daily life. You will note that I didn't say I needed a care giver, I have that in my family, but a friend would always be welcomed.

An added thought, if you need a parental approval to write to me or even read my efforts here, please get it

Thank you — Ron Wicker



My sense of humor has to survive all that I am facing and going through on my new path, for it is my sense of humor that give me the strength to laugh in the face of adversity and it is my sense of humor that give me the humanity that allows me to cry in public when I think of the loss of my wife. And should what makes me who I am today not survive, then as I see it, I should just stop everything I am doing right now and quit.