

Collateral Damage

Cancer changes people, and cancer also changes the people supporting the people who have cancer. It's something I heard before going through this experience and I am proof positive that it's an actual thing. It's sort of like collateral damage. Adrienne got a bomb tossed at her and when it exploded there I was, standing beside her, getting hit with some random debris.

One of the hits I took was to my filter. I used to have a REALLY strong one, like a five second delay that gets put in place by censors to ensure that nipple slips or the seven words you can't say on television don't get aired on live broadcasts. I would be able to have a thought, analyze it a bit to see if it was appropriate to move from brain to mouth, and act accordingly. It has helped me in many a challenging situation, like not verbally bitch slapping a bigot or turning the air blue when I'm around my grandchildren if I stub my toe or put my phone in the washing machine. Now, I'm a little bit leery of my ability to shut myself down. This morning is a perfect example of why.

Reason 652 that Adrienne needs someone with her during treatment, even the easy ones like radiation, happened over the weekend. Her lips have felt like they are on fire, and she's tried everything possible to ease the discomfort. She's very careful of products she uses on her face because of how many times she's had a bad reaction. Nothing has changed in the last little while in skin care routine or food, so we thought it was just maybe sunburn from the radiation. Then this morning she was in the bathroom and I walked in to see if she was okay and she looked at me and said...

"Mom look how swollen my lips are".

Now I was concerned because they were visibly swollen, and that's very worrisome considering her allergy history. I ran through in my head the usual suspects, thinking back on what she's eaten or been exposed to over the last week outside of the radiation. mentally locating my stash of antihistamines to get her some to help reduce the reaction, knowing if she was on Benedryl she'd need more mothering because it makes you so sleepy.

You know, like a good Mom.

But here's what shot out of my mouth...

"Jesus you look like a Kardashian".

One more thing to be grateful for. I'm still allowed to live here.