

# Endless Mercy

In October of 1999, I was diagnosed with breast cancer. Following a lumpectomy, I learned that I needed a mastectomy because the cancer had spread to my lymph nodes.

The next seven months were filled with chemotherapy, radiation and testing. My mom, who is also my personal prayer warrior, prayed continually for me.

My family and church blessed me in so many ways. I knew people were praying for me all the time.

The worst time for me was at night. I had insomnia, and Satan used those lonely hours to torment me.

I was frightened and confused and wanted God to just reach down and heal me. But during this time, I learned so much. I especially came to know that He loves me more than I can understand.

God finds many creative ways to comfort us during dark times. For me it was through poetry.

As I lay in bed, a verse would pop into my head, and I would jot it down. Before I knew it, I had written a simple little poem.

I knew these were love letters written by my Father just for me. They gave me peace when I was otherwise inconsolable.

I am a cancer survivor now. I thank God every day for my health and spiritual growth and for bringing other women with cancer into my life so that I can share His love with them.