



I'm young and fun, and kinda cute,
Eat right, workout, got brains to boot!
Ten years ago lumpectomy and radiation fixed me up,
Fast forward to the present – uh-oh another lump!
Double mastectomy and treatment – stayed strong and tried not to weep,
At night I tossed and turned – counted millions of those darn Serta sheep!
I made it through surgery – woke up a brand new me,
Surrounded by family and friends, hopefully cancer free!
Recouping on a lumpy mattress in my bedroom boring as white rice,
I'm grateful for so many things – but my room could use some spice!
I love watching Mr. Filicia work his magic on the tube,
Thom, please make my room look perky – just like my two new boobs!
That's my story – I'm a survivor no doubt,
I've learned life is short, don't waste it – there's too much to be happy about!

-TRACY MARKLEIN





I have cancer. Or does it have me? The battle has begun, so we'll just have to see! I'm 36 years young, with a husband, daughter, and a son. It's hard, sometimes, to do what we're told! I've had to learn to surrender and reach for outstretched hands to hold.

SIMPLIFY is my mantra. Sleeping in holds no guilt, nor shame; And instead of waiting for the storm to pass, I'm trying to dance in the rain!

I wave to bald-headed friends at starting lines of Races for Cures.

We may look goofy, but this is not a club for sissies, only the strong and pure!

So I fight, and hang on tight, and dream of sleeping on a new Serta tonight!

My nightstands are plastic; we have no dresser drawers; and my comforter, well, it's 12 years old!

For me, a bedroom makeover would be more valuable and healing than gold!

-SHERRI BURMESTER

