

Share Your **BREAST CANCER** Story

Thrive.

Marge.

Survive.

Live.

Power.

Hope.

Share.

Laugh.

Love.



My mother died of breast cancer when I was five years old. To me “breast cancer” were two very frightening words. It was so difficult to hear that I had breast cancer at age 53. Although my son was much older and in college at the time, I certainly was not ready to leave him.

Fortunately, after two surgeries and treatment, I am healthy. My diagnosis was more than 10 years ago. Because I felt fortunate to be a survivor, I have spent much time trying to help educate others about this disease and talking with legislators about increasing funding for research. It is time we all work together to end this disease, once and for all.

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