

C Life

By: Courtney Staunton

This book is dedicated to all of the people who have helped me through my struggles, to all of the people at Dornbecker and Shriners for helping me to overcome cancer and to be able to play sports again, and finally to those who continue to inspire me on my journey; Faith, Joanne, Coach Susan and especially my parents, who keep me going.

I love you all.

Thank you.



Where does it all start? Life
and its unending thread...
this life, this beauty floods
into my soul filling it with
wonder. Yet achingly it tears
my heart apart for I am still
not whole, and this majestic
reminder just leaves me feeling
so...

so empty.

[illegible]

Nothing could keep me down for long.

But this indestructible kid is nothing more than a distant memory of what it was like to be carefree, only worried about the next time I could shoot hoops.

Maybe I idealized who I was and how active in basketball I could have been, But there is a part of me that wishes I could go back.

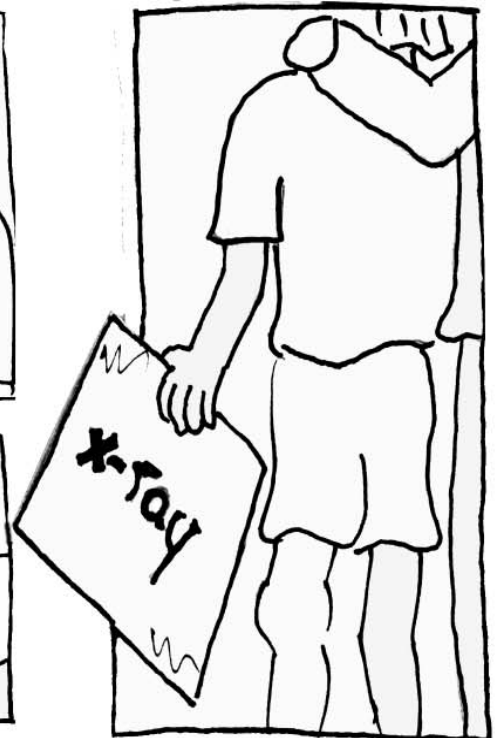
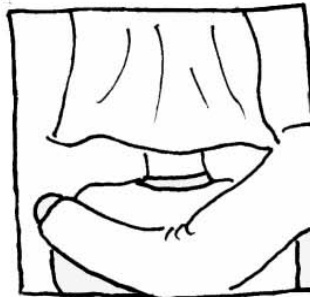
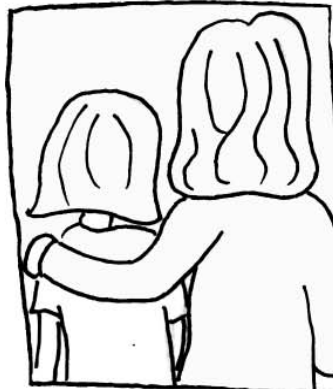
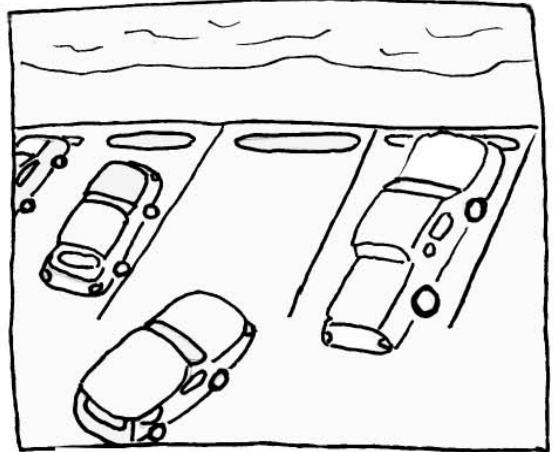
For I discovered all too soon, how short life can be.

For months the doctors told me it was just
growing pains...



but that typical morning it grew
into something more.

They took my x-ray, then told me to go over to the Orthopedic Clinic.



And that day I learned what waiting rooms are for...





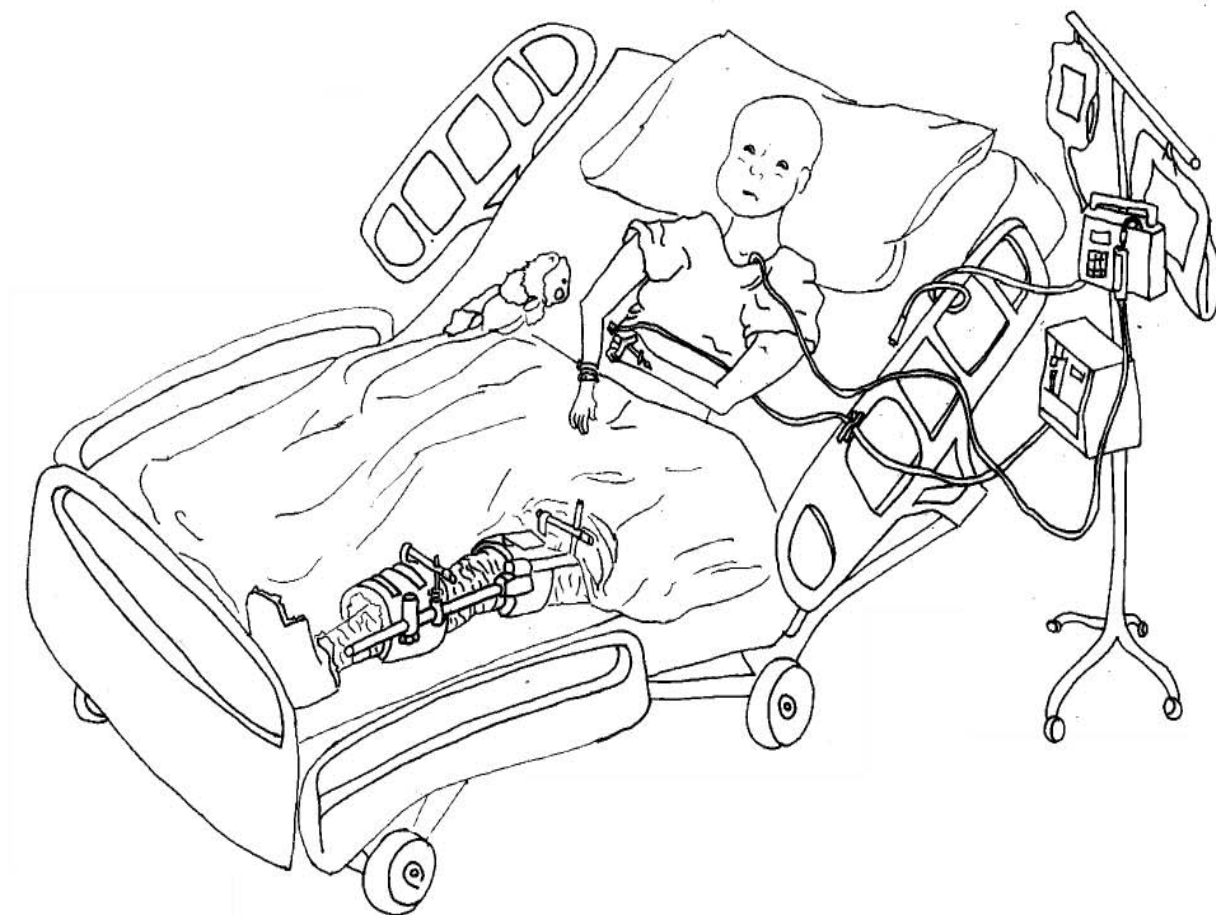
...for those who are healthy enough to wait.

Cancer.



Breath In...
Hold.
Breath Out.

Beep . . . Beep . . . Beep . . . Beep . . . Beep . . . Beep .

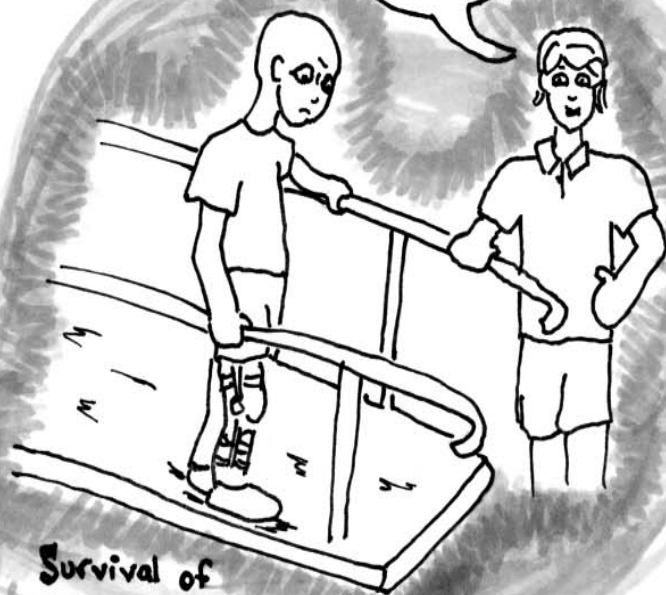


Beep . . . Beep . . . Beeeeeeeeeeeep!

High School became a blur of survival...



Survival of chemo...



Survival of recovery...



Survival of basketball...



Survival of reoccurrence...

1st lung surgery

2nd lung surgery



Please don't find anything
Please...

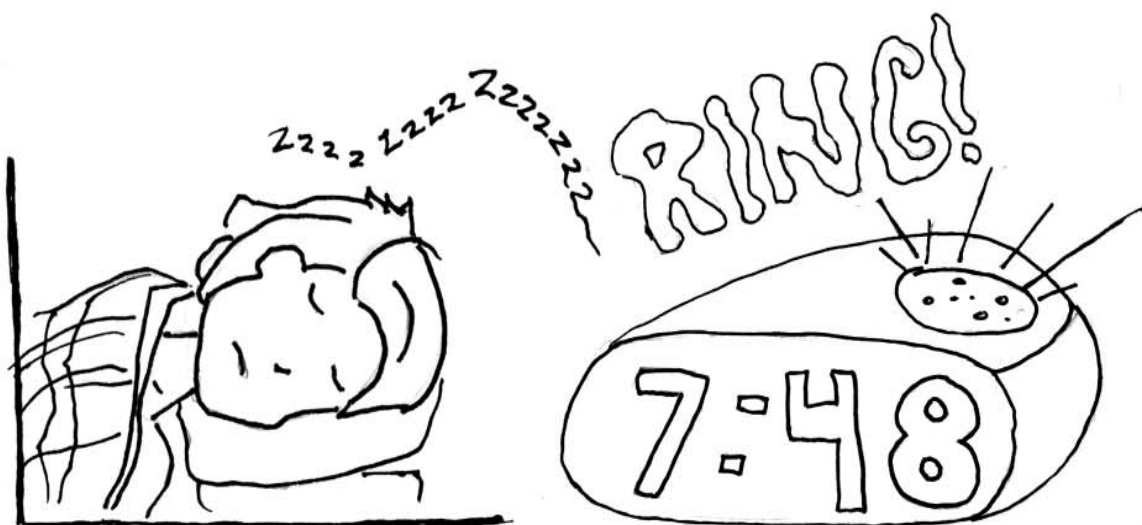
Yearly
Check-up:



Survival of Remission...



...And when I finally got to college, my positive survivors attitude had dwindled away to a bare thread of existence.



Life is precious now, why do I feel so tired.









I don't...

Well I've got alot
of work to catch
up on.

Sorry.

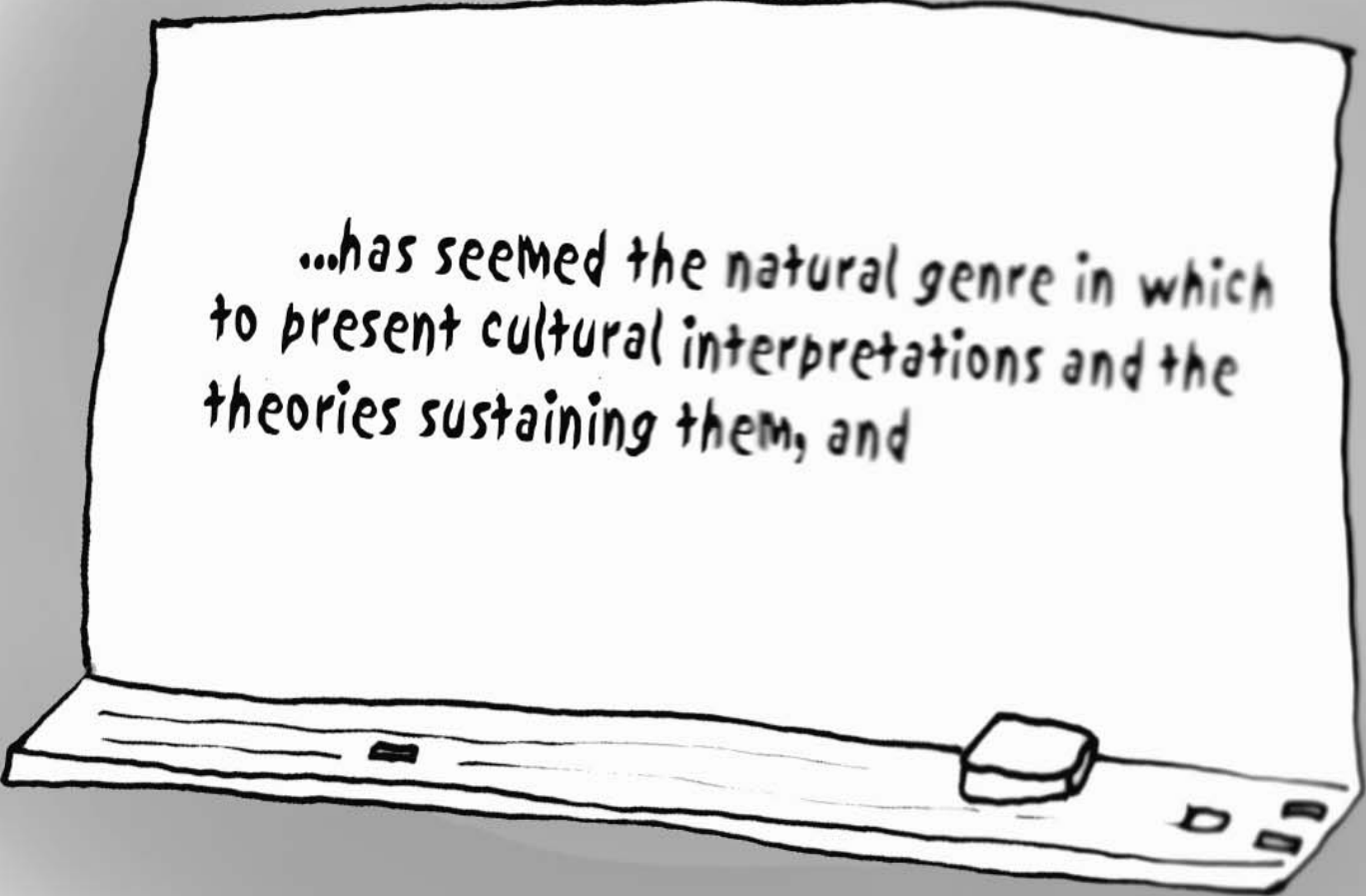


Maybe some
other time.
OK?

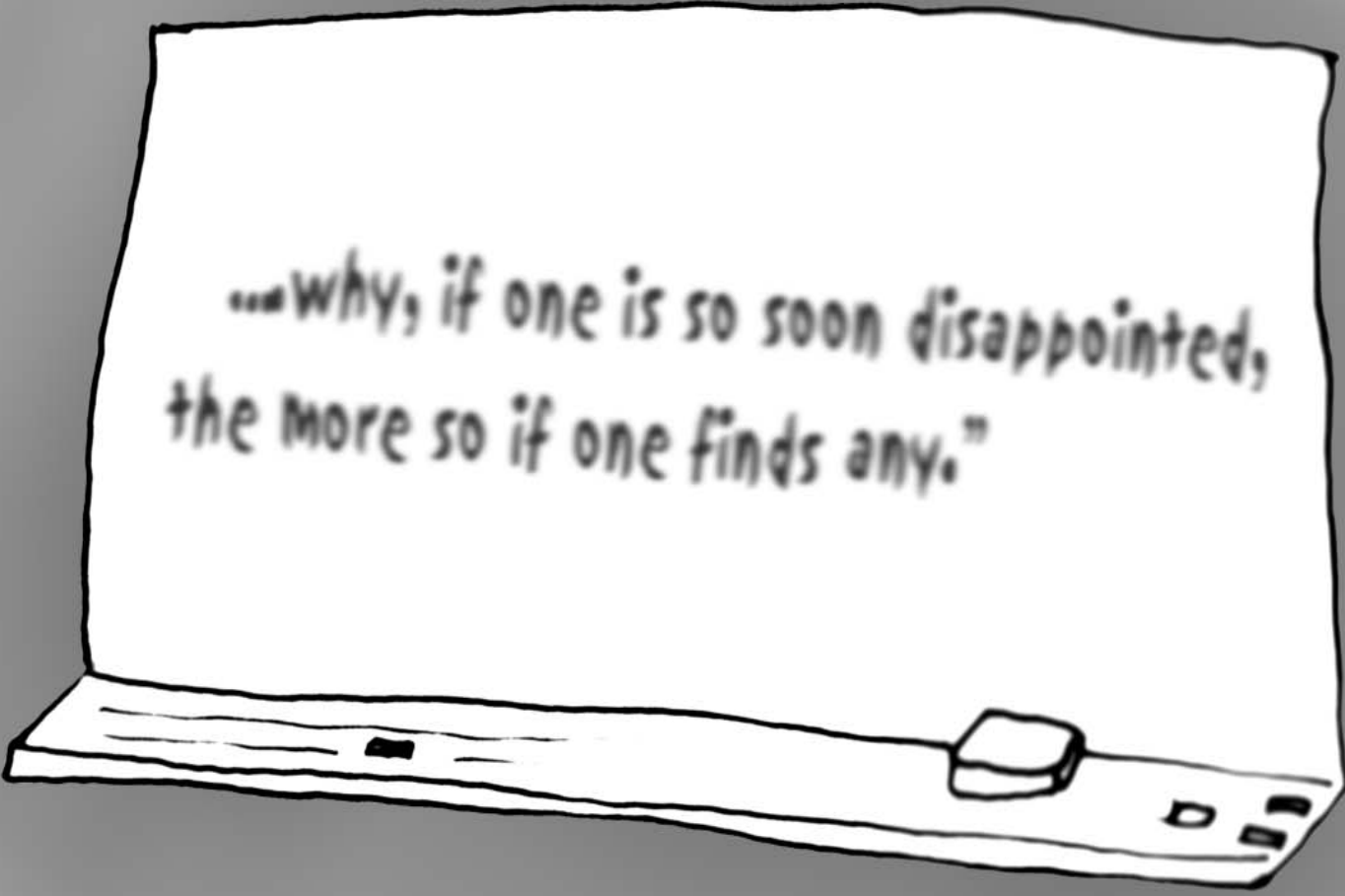


According to Geertz, "It is
for this reason,
among others, that the
essay, whether of thirty
pages or three hundred,





...has seemed the natural genre in which
to present cultural interpretations and the
theories sustaining them, and

A hand-drawn illustration of a whiteboard with a black border. The whiteboard is tilted slightly to the right. It has a small black eraser on the right side and a small black marker on the left side. The text is written in a simple, hand-drawn font.

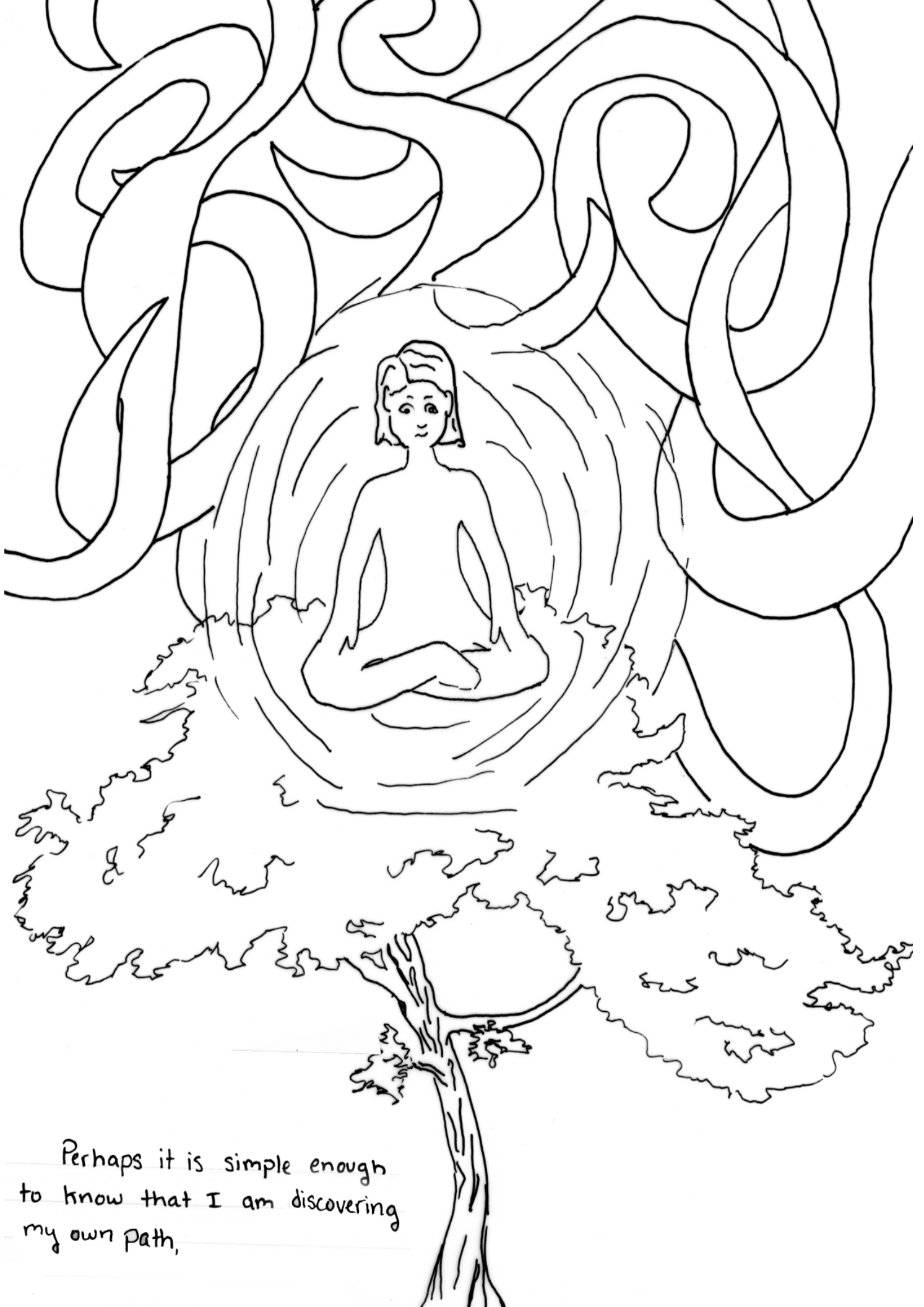
...why, if one is so soon disappointed,
the more so if one finds any."







"A human being has so many skins inside, covering the depths of the heart. We know so many things, but we don't know ourselves! Why, thirty or forty skins or hides, as thick and hard as an ox's or bear's, cover the soul. Go into your own ground and learn to know yourself there."



Perhaps it is simple enough
to know that I am discovering
my own path,



... and this is what I can
hold on to.