

"I've beaten cancer, so why do I feel so bad?"

*Shane Varga Update, 7-2-09*

It has been a few weeks since my cancer has been successfully destroyed, but things sure haven't gotten any easier. In fact, I actually feel worse than I ever have. I feel blindsided in a way. Maybe I let my guard down and thought it was over. The sad thing is that it has truly only begun.

My treatments are getting much, much worse. I am consistently getting very sick at my treatments now and if I had 50% of my energy before, I would say I am at about 30% now. Pushing myself to the limit now consists of waking myself up on time to go to work for about a half day or a little more. Imagine a morning when you wanted to get up, but just couldn't, and had to go back to bed. Think of how tired your body was and no matter how hard you wanted to get up your body said NO. Many days that is my normal. When I gave the analogy of "the title fight" with cancer in one of my earlier updates, I think I may have overlooked the #1 challenger.

My title fight was an early round easy TKO. However, the next fight, the one against chemo, is definitely going the distance. Twelve "rounds" to be exact. Twelve total rounds of chemo treatments are literally the fight of my life. I am done with five now and I can assure you this is more like an "anything goes street fight." I truly underestimated what chemo was going to do to my body because of how well I did early on and how successful the curing of my cancer went.

I guess I would have to say that chemo has already put me to the canvas once. You know what though? I like it. I am one of the most competitive people you will ever meet. Sure, I am laid back and mild mannered, but doing what is difficult drives me. What fun is dominating something? It takes the *competition* out of competition. I like being the underdog and over matched. It makes it that much sweeter to pull off the upset.

Maybe I should be glad it's hard. Hopefully, I only go through this once in my life and why not take everything bad it has to offer. I think I would feel cheated if I wasn't able to truly see what I have inside of me. Think about it... how often are we tested to the degree of truly needing to dig deeper than ever before - just to do *half* of what was once an average day?

This is truly unlike anything I have had to battle before. It's like fighting a ghost. The cancer is gone so it is like a battle against myself. The chemo is literally killing me, but what do I fight to stay alive? It was much easier when I still had cancer. How do you fight yourself by supporting yourself? This is a different mindset for me. I was all about using every bit of strength I had to destroy cancer and now I have to switch gears. I have to fight the smart fight with endurance because strength won't beat my current opponent. It's funny; isn't that life in a nutshell? To me, life is an endurance race against things we only learn how to overcome through trials, wisdom, and experience.