



## **DES MOINES AREA ONCOLOGY MOMS**

A rainbow, by definition, is the display of the colors of the spectrum produced by dispersion of light. It is the very thing we search the sky for after the rain, perhaps as proof that there is beauty beyond the storm.

As mothers of cancer warriors, we plead of the universe to give us even a mere glimpse of something beautiful during the most brutal of storms our children are forced to withstand. A rainbow is a symbol of hope; a reason to believe that the thunder of heartbreak and the lightening of pain will be equally met with the soft hues of pink, yellow, blue, green and violet to offer the comfort of healing and the promise of tomorrow. We look for them in the darkest of days when color eludes us and we are stuck in the gray that is watching our children fight for their lives, enduring unspeakable pain, relentless and cruel treatments and mourning the loss of who they used to be. As mothers, we grasp for any reflection of light that might allow us to see our way through the devastation of hearing for the first time that our child has cancer, the six hour surgery to remove her leg, the helplessness of watching him receive his first chemotherapy treatment, picking her up off the bathroom floor because she's too spent to stand on her own, the hopelessness of losing her hair, the anger while watching him being held down for a painful procedure, helping him learn to walk again.....and the utter emotional exhaustion and searing torment of having a child with cancer.

We beg God to grace us with even a sliver of nature's prism so that we can square our shoulders to be strong and fierce if only to match a fraction of our children's determination and courage in the eye of the most unrelenting storm they stand in. We fall to our knees yearning for the skies to open enough to let the sun in and dazzle us with a blinding display of colors that reach from one end of the Earth to the other. We ache for the hope and faith and sheer perfection of something so beautiful, it brings tears to our eyes.

.....and then we realize, we've been looking at them the entire time. Our children, our stunning warriors, battle marked and scarred, are too beautiful for words and so filled with hope, that they are unmatched by anything or anyone we've ever known.

A spectacular reflection of light and sun, dazzling the sky with everything that matters in the world, they are the hope and promise and the very definition of what the human spirit can do when the storm tries to crush them with cancer.

They are our rainbows. And we are their mothers.

