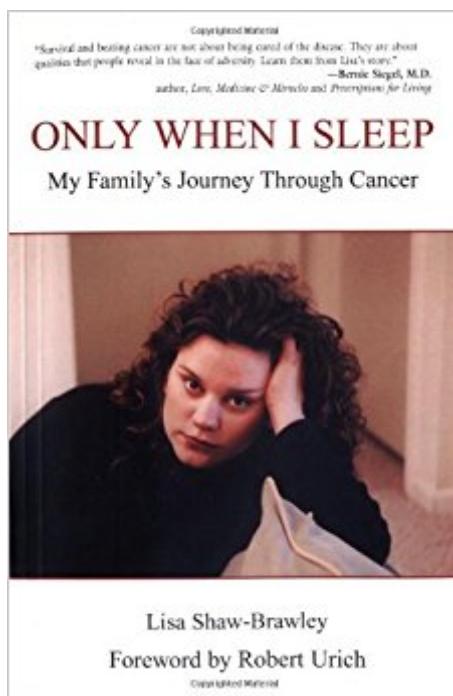


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Only When I Sleep: My Family's Journey Through Cancer



Synopsis

In December of 1995, at the age of twenty-four, Lisa Shaw-Brawley was diagnosed with Hodgkin's disease, a form of lymphoma. Shaw-Brawley and her husband were visiting her family in California during the Christmas holidays when swollen glands sent her to see her lifelong family doctor. Only When I Sleep: My Family's Journey Through Cancer is her inspiring, first-hand account of what she learned that day and the battle she fought against cancer, based on the journal she kept from the moment she was diagnosed. The story chronicles in detailed, compelling scenes both the emotional and physical journey of cancer, including the numerous tests and treatments Shaw-Brawley endured. Honest and forthright, the author does not disguise the bitter truth of her experience or the fear that accompanied her diagnosis. Because of this, the book will reassure newly diagnosed cancer patients that their fears-of possible infertility, hair loss and recurrence-are normal and give them guidance on facing these fears. Only When I Sleep is also the story of Shaw-Brawley's family, and their journey through a harrowing and ultimately strengthening experience. The book is a remarkable story of family love and the commitment of marriage, which also explores the tensions and comforts of returning home as a married adult. In vivid prose, the author invites the reader into her family's home, into their hearts, and into the battle of their lives. As readers join in this journey, they will be moved, informed, reassured and assisted in their personal journey. The author's father also contributes a heart-warming journal entry of what his family endured, offering comfort and insight to every mother and father in a similar situation. In the end, a second miracle in Shaw-Brawley's life proves to be the ultimate lesson in redemption and hope. This, coupled with her determined fight, will send a clear message of survival that will inspire and empower other cancer patients.

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Customer Reviews

Lisa Shaw-Brawley was diagnosed with Hodgkin's disease at the age of twenty-four and learned first-hand about the ordeal of treatment and the common physical and emotional stages of recovery. Her articles related to cancer research and recovery have appeared in Houston's Sun and Observer newspapers. A journalism major at Texas A & M University, Ms. Brawley is currently on hiatus from school while staying at home to raise her son. She lives with her family in Texas.

Chapter OneChristmas Night, 1995I should be in bed. It's after midnight, so Christmas is officially over. As much as I have come to accept living further away from my family, it always feels good to be home. I write by the only light in the room: a glowing angel atop the Christmas tree and the colored, blinking lights draped from limb to limb. We trimmed it just two days ago. Traditionally, we would cut down our own tree Thanksgiving weekend on my Grandma and Grandpa Shaw's mountaintop property, but with my Grandpa, so many cherished traditions have died. My dad describes this year's tree as the Charlie Brown Christmas tree. The few branches it does possess are frail and have few pine needles. It has already begun to dry out. My parents have never been very particular about the tree that we trim, because they have always said it's the people who live here who light up our home. When my brother and I used to anxiously ask how we should begin decorating each year, my mother would say, "Decorate the tree the way you've decorated our lives." There were times in my life that my brother and I would each receive only one gift from my parents, because that was all they could afford. The gift was always something we desperately wanted, like alloy rims for my brother's slowly built BMX bike or the typewriter I begged for that weighed more than I did and was just as loud. No matter the gift, we learned early on the meaning of Christmas. Even as the years passed and my father began to earn substantially more money, we never made Christmas lists or expected Santa to bring us everything we asked for throughout the year. We loved the gifts, but I think even at that young age, we just felt lucky to have each other. One of my best friends used to come to our house Christmas morning and show me all of her gifts, but I never got jealous. This is the same friend whose mother was on her third marriage to a man that she didn't love but who did provide the gifts that appeared under their tree each year. I knew my life was richer. She probably did, too, because she usually spent the rest of the day at our house with my

family rather than her own. Since Wesley and I moved to Texas in early 1994, we have promised to return every other year for the holidays. There's something very special about waking up in the only home I remember living in as a child and being able to have Wesley and our dog, Huck, here with me. When I was a child, we lived in the smaller house two doors down before my parents had this one built. The times I spend awake while everyone else sleeps are always spent reflecting on the years I lived here. I just finished watching a television interview with Naomi Judd. She was talking about remaining in remission from hepatitis C, attributing it to her spirituality, taking care of herself physically and having a positive attitude. I honestly don't know how she does it. To have something so wrong with you it could take your life. I can't imagine. I've always heard the saying about God not giving people more than they can handle, but I don't believe that always holds true. I have suffered little in my life, which makes me more vulnerable to life's unpredictable possibilities. Only in the face of genuine tragedy do most people learn of the human spirit's promise. I don't think I could be so strong. As much as I enjoy spending time alone while everyone else sleeps, I am mainly still awake because I can't stop itching. I thought for sure it was the laundry detergent or the water at home, but after washing my clothes and showering at Wesley's mom's house last week, I don't know what it could be. I guess I will go to bed. I think I will go see Dr. McCabe tomorrow since I am here. Early tonight, I discovered that my glands are still swollen from a few weeks ago, and I just noticed another gland swollen between my collarbone and my neck. The lump is small, smaller than a golf ball, but it wasn't there earlier today. He'll be able to give me some antibiotics to lessen the swelling. I woke Wesley up to feel the lump and asked him if I should go to the doctor. He said I should if it'll make me feel better. I'll try getting in to see Dr. McCabe tomorrow, while Wesley and my dad are golfing. It's better than waiting until we go back to Texas. I feel more comfortable with my doctor. After all, he did deliver me twenty-four years ago. Chapter Two December 26, the next day . . .

One word...amazing! I have not had cancer myself, however I have many friends and family members who have both won their battle with cancer and some that have lost. I thought I understood what they were going through, not until I read Lisa Shaw-Brawley's book did I realize just how little I knew about their struggles. I found this book educational and surprisingly, though I never thought I would describe a book on cancer as such, but also a love story. For such a young woman, being diagnosed with Hodgkin's, Lisa at only 24 is a very centered and determined young woman. In the very early stages of her treatment she made choices about her journey through cancer that meant the difference between living and dying. With determination to fight her way back

to a body free of cancer, along the way Lisa helped those around her deal with all of their confusion and fear of a disease that came into their lives with a thunder and changed them forever. Have faith in God, trust in your doctors, love and support from family and friend and a will to survive, is what Lisa said got her through to where she is today. I cried for her and rejoiced for her and along the way was lost in this book that I could not put down. I have a greater understanding and admiration for what my friends and family members went through because of "Only When I Sleep". Thank you Lisa for writing this book.

The pouty look on the author's face on the cover of the book should be enough for anyone to know exactly how the book will read. As a current Hodgkin's patient, I was highly disappointed in Only When I Sleep. I kept reading it only because I wanted to be able to write a review here to counter those that convinced me I should buy the book. I am experiencing how personally devastating cancer can be, however, I am ashamed (and a little bit angry) that people might think that all cancer patients behave like spoiled children, moping around in search of pity and verbally abusing those who love them. There are certain emotions and ideas about cancer which the author writes about that I do agree with; however, it's mind-boggling why someone would want to actually put their selfish and immature behavior on display like this. Shaw-Brawley wasn't happy unless everyone was coddling her; she had to see everyone cry over her before she was happy. Her poor parents and husband deserve some kind of award for putting up with her--they were probably exhausted by the time her treatments were over. I agree that families experience cancer right along with the patient--there's no denying that--but none should have to suffer like Shaw-Brawley's. I don't doubt that keeping a journal throughout her ordeal was beneficial and cathartic to Shaw-Brawley, it was not something I feel she should share with the world. In no way am I saying that what she was feeling was wrong or that she should have kept it bottled up...it just wasn't worth publishing. Journals are meant for personal reflection and should be kept in a box in the back of the closet. I gave the book two stars only because it must have took some kind of gumption to show this side of herself in a book. Do yourself a favor and don't buy this book...neither the writing or the editing is that good anyway.

I still have the red 6" scar on my back reminding me of how just six weeks ago the surgeon removed a large piece of my back which contained the remaining parts of malignant melanoma. When the doctor told me I had cancer, I just went numb. How could that be? I am young, I am a mom, I have so much more I want to do with my life. Cancer doesn't care about any of that, it doesn't pick and

choose, and when it chooses you, your life will never be the same. This book is for anyone who has had cancer, has it now, or knows of someone who has had it or is going through it now. You literally feel as though you are in the treatment room with her and going through not only her pain, but her families pain as well. You will cry tears of pain for what she must endure, and thank God that it isn't you. You will cry tears of joy for her when she beats it. Cancer affects not only the person whose body it has invaded, but also their family and friends. I see things differently now, and this book will open your eyes up too. It will make your realize how precious life is, and that you should live it to the fullest each and everyday and thank God for the little things in life. I thank her for being able to share her experience with us in hopes of helping others deal with the experience.

Lisa is a brave and intelligent person. The words she writes of her cancer experience are from inside her soul, they are real. She dares to speak of her fear. You can hear her fear and her courage to fight fear. She insists on explaining this life changing event. She describes cancer's potential and how paraylzing an experience can be. I myself am a (2) time Hodgkins Disease survivor. I can relate to Lisa in many, many ways. The title, "Only When I Sleep," says it all. I strongly encourage anyone to read this book to hear words of a cancer experience and the meaning of a cancer survivor. Those who have experienced cancer and read this book will applaud Lisa for her strength to overcome adversity and commend her for not letting her experience go unnoticed. That yes, Cancer is life changing, it will try to take you down, but for many not without a fight. With a loving support system, you can overcome.Thanks Lisa, and happy healthy - life to you and yours.Patti Nowak

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