

**Embracing the Light Amidst the Shadows:**

# Reflections on My Journey with Cancer Patients

**M**y first ever experience dealing with a cancer patient was during my internship. I still remember the smile pasted on that little boy's face when I first saw him. He was a 4-year-old cheerful child, with a big belly and a couple of missing teeth. I often wondered how he was so brave, even with the IV lines hooked up to him and the intense chemo he took, that little boy always smiled through it all until he couldn't anymore. My last meeting with him was unpleasant. He was in isolation in the ICU, screaming in pain, his little fingers curled up in his mother's hands. I recall his mother would always put on a courageous face until she could not anymore. The last time I saw her, she was outside the ICU, wailing, screaming, and beating her chest as she asked God why he had taken her first son when he was only



**From the energetic and positive "hello" he would say when the patients walked in, to cracking jokes during the session, to reassuringly holding their hands while breaking tough news, there was always an atmosphere of comfort in that clinic for those going through the darkest moments**



**Dr Serene Sara John**

4, and now the second child at the same age. I remember standing there, frozen, and helpless. This memory haunted me for the rest of that year. From that day on, I thought of cancer as the wickedest of all diseases to ever exist.

Not too long after that, I started working at a cancer clinic. On my

first day there, cancer painted another picture of itself. I remember it was a good day, I saw patients on paths to recovery, I saw cancer being wiped away, I saw beaming faces, and I heard congratulations. In the next few months, I saw so much more.

I realized that cancer is not always an old cachexic man coughing up