

LIVING THE DELAY

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Heroism is usually measured by a willingness to die.
Yet sometimes, far greater courage is needed for something else.

To stay.

To live.

Every single day.

Cancer.

And in an instant, your former life ends.
A different kind of battle begins.
And there is nowhere to retreat.

It doesn't matter whether you are twenty or eighty.
Everything you built, planned, or postponed for "later" suddenly ceases to exist.
Only one question remains:

How do I live now?

You arrive for your next round of chemotherapy.
Cry through the night.
Smile at your loved ones in the morning.
Wait for the next CT scan.
And one day, you hear:
"No new lesions found."
And those words sound almost like:
"Today, you can keep living."

Illness alters more than just the body.
It alters time.
Before the diagnosis, life is measured in years.
Afterward — in scans and check-ups.
Fear never truly disappears.
It simply stops being a reason to stop.

You quickly learn who you can confide in.
Those who can bear it.
Who won't bury you before your time.
Love is rarely loud.
More often, it acts.
Even when you no longer resemble your former self,
love does not fade.
It holds the line.
It stands steadfastly behind you.

Then suddenly — a second, invisible obstacle.
"The medication is out."
"When will it arrive?"
"We don't know."

The illness has no waiting mode.
Metastases don't care about logistics.
And so, you search.
For medication.
For money.
For a clinic.
For a way out.
Even when you have no strength left to look.

And if you don't find it — you still wake up in the morning.
You go to treatment.
You carry on.
You don't feel heroic.
You simply say:
"I just want to live."

The cruelest part of cancer isn't the pain.
The cruelest part is the uncertainty.
Life shrinks to a single day.
And that day must be lived.

Almost no one recognizes these people on the street.
Their struggle doesn't happen all at once.

It happens on a Tuesday.

On a Friday.

In November.

After a sleepless night.

After another round of chemo.

After the words: "We continue treatment."

The heroism of this quiet struggle almost never looks like a feat.

It looks like tomorrow.