

The story behind the crest of MacKillop Catholic College

CHRISTINA RAMSAY'S DIARIES

"In no particular order go these entries, just a jumbled selection of snippets into my heart during differing times of my treatment, from surgery to chemo, everything they have tried.

Inside the pages of these diary entries are some of the rawest emotions that go through my mind my heart and my soul me a cancer patient.

These things usually confined in secret in my diary behind closed doors, today are being revealed to you.

This is me, what you read is real!

When will I be free, my body longs to find shelter from this storm. I am tired so exhausted. I long to be able to sing in the shelter of eagles wings. My body aches, I don't know what to do I am in such a dry land where I cannot find water your healing waters.

Here, I fear there is not water.

I read your word, I don't know where to look I am stumbling. What I am I supposed to do. The mud is rising higher and faster covering me, I cannot see light. I am so consumed I am calling out to you, please help find the light, your light, but I fear also that there is no light here.

Where can I go to be at peace to be free, I can't seem to find this place, my tears they run madly like rain in the evening. Silent and in secret. I am so confused my hope my faith has it failed.

Jesus, I need you here beside me now, help me to walk this rocky country.

Jesus, I am so emotionally drained. I feel like a zombie. What is happening to me, I just don't know what to do: I'm lost and confused. I am so scared of making the wrong decision I am terrified of Chemo. I always thought if someone asked me, if I actually wanted chemo I would definitely say no. But, back then I didn't think possibility of not having chemo anymore.

Please find me and lead me Jesus, I don't know what to do.

I walk into that room where my nightmares all began and now, have all come to life again. He holds up the pictures is it ... no it can't be, not again, we move to get closer look (like we really want to see it) something is not right, I feel my heart going harder is it tearing. My throat feels like it is going to explode, I am shocked my eyes sting like crazy and go all weak.

Don't let the tears come, be strong I need to be strong.

Back into the car now I want to kick and scream. Hold me now someone ... I plead. Don't want to be in here, let me out, I run. The door is opened; the expressions on their faces are suddenly changed. I am cold and shaky, can't talk, can't move. I'm cold ... I feel so weak. Was I ever told this could happen?

Will it be over this time ... will it or must I go through it all again.

I woke up the next morning so afraid, so nervous for I knew what the day had in store for me. I walk towards the group I know so well, I can already feel the tears welling up; I keep my face to the ground.

A voice that seems so distant says, "how did it go?" I can't even look at her, keep my eyes down, it's too hard I look up. Now she knows.

I don't like being here, everyone rushes around. I don't really know where I'm headed or what's around the next corner, just have to trust you.

I walk into the room, expecting I don't know what. He seems nice then he begins talking, telling me what he thinks is best, none of it seems best to me at all. All of what he says it makes me sick. I walk out trying desperately to be strong, a voice that seems miles away says to me to, "let it out!" I don't want to be weak. Another voice tells me that I'm shaking. I feel like yelling at them both to leave us alone, they finally do. The only thing I want to do is go home. But there are still so many questions that need answering.

Days after I use the phone to call home, I hear her voice and I want to cry, I wish I were there. I just want to go home!

Tonight my heart is heavy so much so I can hardly bring myself to write. I am so angry at myself...so stressed... .. so very tired! Earnestly I seek you Jesus, in a dry despairing land. But find you I do beside the clear waters, my soul finds rest in you alone.

I am feeling so alone in so many ways. I am struggling to keep myself a float. I feel like I have been abandoned in the snow and my shouts are only fading off into the distance. I am so lost. I just seemed to be wandering around in circles.

Jesus I just don't know what to ask you or what to say. It's so very terrifying, that this pain is back so soon and with a vengeance. This disease is so sinister. I'm losing my energy to fight for my survival. I can't seem to find my strength anymore. It's lost.

My heart is so barren so cold, it's like a stone cave by the sea. I am so indescribably downhearted. Lord I am in a bottomless pit, I just keep falling deeper and the more I try to scramble out the deeper I fall. There is no light in here.

In your arms is where I find refuge, it's the only place to be. It's the where I run to. Everything good is in your embrace.

There is so much to pray to think to write about, my mind seems to be running continual marathons so fast, that I can't even keep up.

All I know is that my hair is falling out and I loathe this. It's been so much harder, to deal with my hair falling out, this time round. I guess when my hair begun to grow back, it was like, a new beginning. I was so happy with life, with who I was and I loved my new chocolate curls. Now that they are falling out well I feel so worthless ... so small and timid, yeah I feel small, not physically, but I guess maybe mentally. I feel so cluttered with my emotions there are so many and I feel surround by them. I can't break free.

I long to be out of captivity, from all this that consumes me.

Fan a flame within me Jesus, I feel so dry and emptied. I am so gloomy all that consumes my mind is cancer – death! So many negative thoughts, seem to swim around my head like killer sharks invading my brain.

Jesus please set me apart me from this. I feel so isolated from you. I am so paralyzed and alone. Come release me.

If I were an eagle I would fly high above the clouds to a place where only you and I could dwell. I would soar upon your wings and never have to come down. Oh to soar to a place where I can be me, where I can be free. When will I be free ...?

I feel so unsightly, so worthless like I have nothing to offer. I want my hair back so badly. I am afraid to cry, to let out anything, to let the rawness inside of my heart out. My thoughts are so exhausting.

I feel like I can't accept what is happening to me. I feel stupid talking or sometimes even thinking about the future. Please Jesus hear me, I am, just so enraged, so upset. I am disgusted with the way I am. Everything just seems to be so crooked. I thought that maybe I was passing through the tunnel and it was all becoming ok again, but I was so wrong. I forgot nothing is ever ok for too long. That would just be too weird. I fear that maybe it is even worse now. I am searing so hard, what is wrong with me why can't I just be HAPPY.

Last night I dreamed only a dream. I soared upon Eagles wings. I rose the evenings clouds, there I laid and slept with the angels. They shone their light upon me, to keep me warm, it was so warm here, that I never wanted to leave.

I dreamed a dream, so far, I couldn't even see it. I flew with the dolphins of the sky. I held them so close and so tight for fear if I even moved one finger, they all might slop away and fall to the ground. The angels embraced me and cradled me. We flew right up into the heavens, here I saw and met with God. I ran to his arms, he held me so tightly but so softly. He never let go of his embrace, I think I'll stay here forever now, I love it here I love to be with my father and all the angels. Come join me and we'll fly just like the angels in heaven and we'll always be free.

*Tonight I think I'll fly to the moon. I'll fly up with the owl for it can see in the dark.
Upon it I flew, till I too learned to see in the dark, then we flew together collecting, stars
and evening clouds for me to sleep upon. When we reached the moon, the owl sang softly
to the heavens so I would be kept safe on the moon. The owl stayed there all night
keeping watch.
Soft whispers I heard as morning came, the owl said we must return, we dived off the
moon and I feel slowly and softly onto my pillow. I wanted to keep the moon and all that
I found there, but I guess I can only keep it all in my heart.*

Into the tunnel of my nightmares, I find myself. I try to escape, but where can I go. The music is thumping in my ears I just can't seem to stop the tears. I wish I could slip all this, stop my world from spinning round. My eyes are soaked with tears, my pillow I could not ring dry. I never knew I could cry this much. I look outside for stars but all I can see is the blackened sky. Alone in the night I cry myself to sleep, seeking desperately your voice and sheltered arms, find them I do.

Oh my dear Jesus; Why why why do I feel so very isolated and mournful, I just want to be happy again, I want to look normal and feel complete again, I don't want to be an ugly faceless freak!

Father I want to be able to say that I had a good day and truly mean it. I feel like nobody knows how painful all this has been for me and I guess they can't, I wish they understood just a little, of all these feelings that make me feel so unworthy. They are so intense sometimes I just wish I were dead!

OH WHAT A NIGHT

I just can't believe what's happened one extreme to the next. One moment I was so elated the next, well... I was in complete anguish, I felt as though I was being tortured. How can I even explain how horrifying it was, only you know Jesus?
Waking up Sunday not being able to even walk was scary, gosh it was so much more than scary, words can't explain the fear that was struck me. On Saturday night I just didn't want to say anything I was frightened to admit anything being wrong, to the reality of the cancer starting its murderous attack on me, again.

I just don't feel myself I am not positive about anything what is there to be happy about in my little world... ?

I wish I could fly away forever.

Writing those words brings such an anguish to my whole being, I feel as though something is severing away at my heart.

What has happened to me... ?

I used to think and believe I was a real fighter, now, well I have lost the tune, I've forgotten the dance.

What a divine day you have spread out to us.

I wish I could delight in it. OH Lord I feel so messy and dazed. I just don't know what to ask you or what to say, if anything.

I have so much to say (but also so very little) I just don't know how to get my thoughts out.! I just lay my whole self, all I am at your feet Jesus, 'cause that is all I KNOW.

Help me Lord I am so angry, it's almost like I put on a show during the day masking that everything is ok, when truly it's the exact opposite.

I don't even know what to write anymore or what my feelings are they usually are so deep and dark that words can't seem to express them or do them justice.

Words would only diminish my emotions, so they stay locked away in my secret heart.

I've really been inspired, my faith and my spirits have been uplifted just enough to keep on keeping on, to keep a fight about myself.

But Father God for how long, must this battle continue. When can, I come into your glory and be at peace, forevermore.

I was so afraid to go to fall asleep last night, scared the pain would return.

Jesus, tonight I am like a wounded soldier, all I have to offer is my bleeding heart and my butchered body: I want to give all that is within me. My heart, my spirits are so painfully heavy inside of me.

I wish, Jesus, that sometimes I didn't have to explain my feelings, it's so hard. Most of the time, I don't know how I am feeling, let alone know how to explain them to someone else.

But I do remember a day spent with a friend, she seemed to know exactly where I was coming from, 'cause I guess she had been there too... ..

Jesus,

It seems that all I have ever known is being sick, 'having cancer'. It's so hard to remember a time, a season even, when I wasn't disease ridden. It's almost frightening in a way, to visualize a life where I am perfectly well.

Thank you Jesus, for this gorgeous day it was so warm and lovely. Seeing my friend today was well I am not sure. I felt almost shattered when I left. It was like she could see right into my soul, like she saw the sadness that camped there.

When she hugged me and told me that she loved me I thought I would break down, I couldn't even bring myself to say it back. I could hardly speak, the knots in my throat, they gripped at me like a vice. I just wanted to let my stupid guards down and fall in a heap crying but I couldn't.

I look up into the moonlit sky, how beautiful I thought, were the stars speaking so way up high. I wish I could reach them and hold them in my hands.

Sometimes I think about death, it just seems so very great, to what is happening at the moment. So many times I wish, no the word wish is too simple, sometimes I just crave to be with you. Where everything is perfect, where angels fly.

I wish I could leave my life and come be with you.

All I can see, all that my life is absorbed with is being sick. Recently I have seen bad in life, everything is wrong.

Jesus help me to see your beauty and know and feel your love even more. Help to spread it on to others.

Insecurity once again covers my soul, I stare into that ugly mirror that used to be beautiful. Only anger and pain stare back. My smiling eyes mask the tears, can't shake that feeling, it always haunts my thoughts and dreams. No sleep is had while these dreams continue, only pain and fear is felt alone at night. Fear of everything fear of the unknown.

I am scared of the dark night, when I fall asleep, the faces they haunt me all night.

I tried to stop the nightmares, I can't I am scared to fall asleep.

Why does it take so long, they say it is serious but why does it take so long. Again that mask begins to cover, will this battle ever end.

I can't keep up I am tired. I'm screaming out can't you hear me?

I am terrified so frightened. I haven't been scared till this day, this hour. Some part of me just wants to run back screaming to switch that decision. I am so scared to walk down this road. I feel so very alone, like a little lost sheep.

Well that is the end of my Journal entries that I set up for you to read, I wish however, I could say it is the end of my journey with cancer, but I fear that there is more around the corner.

This part of my journey could prove to be the hardest.

My own story though, of life shall never be complete, as new things are happening every day and I am learning so much all the time. Even though, throughout this simple insight into my heart and soul it may seem that I have lost it, believe me when I say, that I really do love my life and everyone in it.

Life is a precious gift from God, I am intending not to waste, one single day of it with meaningless things, but with uplifting experiences spent with my friends and my savior Jesus Christ.

For he is truly my Lord and saviour.

*He is the one who brought me through to this side smiling.
Without him I am nothing and I have nothing."*