

Make-up With Cancer in 2018: The New Face of Cancer

Donna Dylan, age 60

Before my eyes opened last March after my colonoscopy these words were washing over me

Mass

cancer

Surgery and

Chemo

Almost immediately

friends

family and

strangers said words like

Strong

courageous

sweet and

beautiful

I am in the fight of my life

Fear

doubt

panic

and pain

are with me

In my quick witted way when I would hear

Beautiful

Stunning

Gorgeous and

Lovely

I would say thank you and add that Cancer looks really good on me and Chemo does wonders for my complexion

I would look in the mirror at my reflection

smile and shake my then bald head

I couldn't see strength and courage but I should definitely be able to see beautiful

I had always liked my facial features and had recently enjoyed my newly greying hair

But beautiful and gorgeous did not seem to fit with cancer and chemo .

My new beauty regimen consisted of

Little sleep

GI upset and

Dehydration

Did I have a secret the cosmetic industry didn't have

A new chemical peel

As it would turn out I had plenty of

hours

days

Weeks and

months to do some research

I was the rat and I lived in the lab

My research has been collected and my findings are these

Wash your face in tears just before bed
In the morning cleanse
Yourself of everything you thought to be true
You will no longer need concealer because your entire foundation has a crack
Uncertainty reveals a truer you
You will begin to glow and it won't be from a cream called Hope In A Jar (an actual product)
It will be from the light within that softens the lines of fear
It is the vulnerability of your naked soul that others will see in your eyes
A child like quality will maintain your youthful tone
And lastly
Love
It shows up in the people that surround you and cast you in your best light
You will not need a case to carry your new regimen in
just an open heart to new possibility

Perhaps in our most vulnerable moments we are literally the most beautiful because
something that did not exist before is born out of our suffering

That beats Hope in a jar !