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## CHEMOTHERAPY NOTES BY SHI ERGANG

Today is the fourth day of chemotherapy. Four days ago, three chemotherapy drugs were injected into my bloodstream from a Medi-port on the upper right side of my chest. Oxaliplatin, a platinum-containing chemotherapeutic molecule, specifically blocks the replication of DNA molecules and prevents fast-growing cells from proliferating, causing them to enter the cellular self-destruction process. Truly a golden bullet. The second chemotherapeutic molecule, Leucovorin, is not actually a chemotherapeutic drug, but an adjuvant that strengthens Oxaliplatin. The third chemotherapeutic molecule, Flurouracil, 5-FU for short, is a nucleic acid transcription process that blocks the only way for cell protein molecule synthesis, and also causes cells to fail to proliferate. The patient was injected with such a large amount of 5-FU, about 4000 mg/m<sup>2</sup>, that it is conceivable that there are about 37 trillion living cells that make up my entire body, and almost every cell is surrounded by 5-FU. Any cell that wants to proliferate will be suffocated immediately. Four days ago, I was also injected with another special anticancer agent, an antibody immunoglobulin molecule, anti-PD1 (drug name Nivolumab, or Nivo for short). This approach, known as immunotherapy, is a new discovery in the last decade. In order for cunning cancer cells to escape the killing of abnormal cells such as cancer cells by immune T cells in the body, a considerable number of cancer cells will spread a message protein molecule called PD-L1 on their surface. When killing T cells with PD-1 molecules on the surface approach tumor cells, PD-L1 on the surface of tumor cells will "handshake" with PD-1 on the surface of T cells. Once "handshake", T cells will treat malignant cells as normal cells and not kill them. Injecting anti PD-1 can prevent T cells in the body from being confused by the "handshake molecules" on the surface of cancer cells, and then can recognize and kill cancer cells.

I lay in bed and listened to the 37 trillion cells in my body. To try to feel that they are having to go through the stifling pressure and struggle of survival brought on by chemotherapy drugs. I said to them tenderly in my heart, cells, you will suffer with me. I beg you to forgive me for the mistakes I made in my diet and life, which made my lovely stomach, which has worked hard for me all my life, finally breed hateful malignant cancerous cells. I know it's hard for you, but please bear with me so that the flying bullets, and the fighters chasing the cancer cells, can fight a cheering battle of annihilation in enemy-occupied territory.

In the few days after going into chemotherapy, I didn't have any adverse reactions such as vomiting, fever or body aches. It's just that I often feel a strange pain in the area where my right lower quadrant tumor is located. I gently stroked my stomach and silently listened and felt what was going on in my body. Bullets with gold heads are flying around, the "poisonous gas" (5-FU) that suffocates the growth of cells surrounds almost every cell, the screams of tumor cells are dying, and those young and lovely normal cells are not able to grow normally. Sigh, the T-cell armed police force is fighting to kill cancer cells... I seem to hear the dying and wailing of tumor cells under the pressure of tremendous chemotherapy.... Sometimes there was a rumbling vibrating sound, wave after wave, rumbling sound. I seem to hear the sound of victory cannons in the distance, as well as the hurried footsteps of people.

I thought to myself, "This seems to be a life-and-death battle." I remember lying on my hospital bed the night I just got my cancer test results, staring at my phone screen, engrossed in looking up the grim facts about this cancer. After more than six hours of concentration, my soul has already jumped out of my body, wandering hungrily in the cancer information data. In the face of the grim reality, my heart sank into the valley of the shadow of death like a tightly bound body. I could hear death's approaching footsteps. Satisfied reading, but also tired. I stared up at the ceiling of the ward and quickly reviewed my life. I felt a genuine peace and contentment. All my life, I've tried to be who I am. I was surprised to find that I was satisfied with my life and didn't have too many regrets. I am proud of my pursuits, my dreams, my professional interests, my marriage and family, and my beliefs. I was astonished to find that I faced my own death with complete equanimity, even with a mixture of excitement and curiosity mixed with a mixed joy. I really can totally accept it. At the same time, an extraordinary peace and a firm belief rose from the bottom of my heart. Starting today, every day is God's grace and reward. Why don't I live out my best self in this limited life? Why not enough, live boldly, pursue boldly and tenaciously, and do your best in the life-and-death battle against cancer? More importantly, since I got sick, the brothers and sisters in the church have cared and encouraged me spiritually and in life, and prayed day and night to support me. Their lovely faces, sincere conversations and prayers warmed my heart like the light and heat of life. There was also a dying patient across from the emergency ward where I was staying that day. I saw five or six nurses, several doctors and assistants concentrate on rescuing him under the bright white spotlight. At that moment, all existence suddenly came to a standstill, only the fully focused rescue of a life's selflessness. And the meticulous care given to me by the doctors and nurses over the past few days, which made me feel a heartfelt excitement and emotion: "We are all together! "Something at the bottom of humanity that transcends the narrow ego that connects us at the level of responsibility, mutual assistance, compassion and love. I whispered my name: "Ergang, you really need to face your cancer." win this battle. You must not let down the brothers and sisters in the church, as well as those friends and relatives who sincerely care about you." I secretly encouraged and reminded myself: "Ergang, now is the time to play the real thing. What you do is no longer just your own business. Others are watching you. You also know that some people love you deeply and are looking forward to your victory. You are truly blessed to have this cancer opportunity. face it! experience it! beat it! Put yourself out as a living example of life, maybe someone who loves you or acquaintances and friends can draw some strength from you to face their own difficulties in life, and have the opportunity to grow from their own difficulties. A better and more beautiful self". Thinking of this, I lay in bed, listening to the movement of my body, the 37 trillion cells, they are enduring, insisting, they are waiting for my decision... At this moment A strong, unconquerable confidence and strength arises in my heart. I will and will give my best efforts. Because this will be the most proud and worth fighting for in life. Because I'm not just living for myself anymore. I think about the 37 trillion cells in my body, eager to hear my voice, my confidence in the pain of chemo, and then glow with cancer-fighting Fighting spirit, this is the real place where the miracle will happen.

Every day in the dead of night, I cry out to God in prayer: My God, please forgive my sins. Please open my ears, please let me hear your voice. I thank you for having this opportunity to exercise and grow in the battle against cancer in my life. I know that this is happening with your permission, and I have the confidence to take this opportunity to more truly know and experience your presence. I know very well that without your blessing and guidance, I would not be where I am today! I cry out to you in the toughest moments of the road ahead of

me. Because your words never change. You say: You are our refuge, our strength, our ever-present help. Amen!