

Sanctuary

The flowered walls became my garden, the candles my sunlight. After being diagnosed with Stage 3 Ovarian Cancer and undergoing chemotherapy, my bed became my sanctuary. There was something about being cocooned within my blankets, painkillers and God that made it a place of respite. I often thought I could hear the heartbeat of God when I was lulled to sleep by the fan that oscillated to the rhythm of my breathing. I closed myself away from the craziness of life. I knew the only place I would gain my strength again was in the hallowed walls of my sanctuary.