Fighting back one step at a time

Written by Deb Egenberger Thursday, 29 July 2010 11:58 - Last Updated Thursday, 29 July 2010 12:00



Step by step, bag after bag the lump in my throat grew heavier.

I did not recognize all of the names on the luminaria lining the track at the Lincoln County Relay for Life last weekend. It didn't matter. I knew full well what each of those bags symbolized.

Cancer.

There were photos of children, young adults, grandmas and grandpas.

There were notes to sisters and husbands and dear, dear friends.

Some luminaria contained messages of victory and triumph for those honored. Others bore words of sadness and longing for those remembered.

In the daylight, the luminarias were simply a bunch of white paper sacks decorated with crayons and markers.

When the full moon rose and the stars came out, those sacks were magically transformed into glowing symbols of hope.

The flickering candlelight inside each paper monument spoke to me as if the spirits of those honored were whispering in my ear.

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