

## The Power of Love

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Bob entered his oncologist office that Monday morning. Surprisingly, there was a patient ahead of him: an attractive thin lady wearing a turban to cover her bald head ravaged by the side effects of chemotherapy that she was receiving for breast cancer.

Vanessa was her name, he later learned. She gave him a little smile and nodded to him. Bob was encouraged by her friendly gesture and demeanor.

“Hi,” he said and stuck out his hand in friendship. “I guess we are both here for the same thing.”

Soon Bob and Vanessa were talking like old friends. Both were single, as Bob’s wife ironically died of breast cancer and Vanessa’s husband died of a massive heart attack within the last year.

Soon Bob and Vanessa confided in each other that their prognoses for their illness was not good. Bob had lung cancer.

These weekly meetings went on, and soon Bob and Vanessa admitted to themselves that they were looking forward to their weekly visits to the doctors’ office.

One morning Dr. Collins, the oncologist, caught the couple holding hands. They were obviously totally wrapped up in each other, oblivious to their surroundings.

Dr. Collins kidded the couple and complained that he would have to hire a chaperone. Vanessa blushed and lowered her eyes.

Dr. Collins called Bob and Vanessa into his office with a broad smile on his face.

“Folks, I do not know how to say this, but both of your cancers are doing amazingly well and are in remission. I did not change a thing with the treatment schedule. I did not do anything different.”

Vanessa broke out in a smile.

“Doc, we are going to miss next week’s appointment. It seems that we both have an appointment with a preacher.”