



## A Bump in the Road, Theresa's Story

This is a story about my sister, Theresa, and some of her struggles and challenges with metastasized breast cancer.

Theresa loved to ride motorcycle. Many times, she chose not to wear a helmet as she rode casually. We know there can be bumps in the road when we ride a bicycle, car, or motorcycle. These bumps can come as a surprise and shake us up a bit. In 1999 Theresa felt a lump the size of a pea in her right breast. She was diagnosed with breast cancer. This was definitely a bump in the road for her. She chose to have a mastectomy, and started using Tamoxifen, but no radiation and no chemo. She was told her lymph nodes were cancer free. When she returned to the doctor several months later, she was told she had stage 4 cancer. Tamoxifen, we found out later is not the best drug for some types of cancer.

This setback was sad and disappointing. She was determined to fight it. She started researching what she could do to help her body heal. She learned about herbs and other nutritional foods that could help diminish the effects of the cancer. She went to self-help seminars/conferences to help with her emotional concerns.

Her life had been filled with many disappointments: a bitter divorce forced her to leave her home, community and a secure job. She started a new life with a toddler and a new job many miles away from family and friends. It seemed like she had a long hill to climb. Quickly though she became familiar with her new role as mother of a growing child diagnosed with ADHD and helped him every way she could with his struggles.



She loved her new job and met many people who loved her in return. She worked at the State Department of Agriculture in Aquaculture where she planned annual national conventions all over the country. Her diligence and commitment won her the Sergeant badge which her colleagues pinned on her. She was known as Little t or t, Indy by her motorcycle friends, Shorty by her son and his friends, DeeDee, Teri and Theresa by family members. She was all of them, a compassionate loving woman, dealing with life.

Just one time I went with her to her appointment when she had the chemo drip. I remember Theresa being very sick the first week after she received a chemo treatment. The following week was better and finally she had a good week and she started all over again with another treatment.

After she was on chemo for several months, they couldn't keep her at the Department of Agriculture, so they asked her to clean out her desk. That was a very sad day for her. But she was not giving up easily! She knew and had already worked with the person who was doing great things for the Industrial Hemp Council and he asked her if she wanted to work from home when she could. She dove right in again planning conventions for the Industrial Hemp Council.

September 2004, in an email Theresa wrote "My oncologist has stopped the drug that I received monthly since January 2003: Zometa gave me the feeling of security from bone pain, fractures and further cancer development. I believe Zometa is the cause of my Osteonecrosis of the jaw, which is not being diagnosed because Medicare will not cover for the test! I had 2 teeth that just fell out and have 3 more teeth that are loose. He also mentioned it may be damaging to my heart. Maybe, just maybe being off Zometa will be a benefit. He says that there is no "data" stating that being on Zometa any longer will be of any benefit for me. He will see me in 3 months. "

She continued, "So I am drug free! After three and a half years of being on different chemotherapy drugs, I'm scared because I grew so dependent on them. On a positive note," she says "I expect my Stage IV Breast Cancer mets to the Bone to continue as "stable" in my healthy body living with cancer. I will continue to take my many supplements. I am so very blessed."

That day she wrote that email Theresa drove to my house after work and stayed overnight. She had come to get new hearing aids the next day. When she awoke in the morning, I suggested she see a well-known hypnotherapist, who was an RN and Healing Touch Practitioner. She could help her with her fear and anxiety about her new life without chemo. Reluctantly Theresa agreed if the therapist had an opening she would see her. When I came to pick her up from the Healing Touch Therapist, she gave me a big hug, thanked me and said the therapist told her she will be writing a book! I often asked her about the book she was going to write. She always said she had not started it yet.



Deer hunting was a special event for Theresa. She went to the family farm and hunted with her family. In 2002, when cancer was in her bones, she was not able to go in the woods, so she received a special permit to go in her car and "hunt." Later years when she went hunting she had a walking stick from the family farm and chairs were placed around so she could sit and hunt from different places.

Theresa asked a seamstress friend to sew a soft deer hide vest she could wear over her leather jacket. Her friend noticed Theresa was not the same happy person

that day. After thanking her, Theresa pinned the cancer buttons on the finished vest, feeling angry, because the cancer had come back. She didn't want to talk about it but as she did, she was able to let go of some of the anger. She pointed to the button and said, "This says it all!" **Cancer Sucks!**

Theresa always talked about her ten thousand angels and how they helped her. She had an abundance of angel statues, paintings and pictures in her home. Each one told Theresa their name when she received them as gifts from her friends and family and other places she found them.

One special angel statue she found at an auction and was quickly drawn to it because of her broken hand. Theresa said, "This angel is like me ... broken!" The angel had a little girl at her side, originally came from a church, and now it came to live with Theresa. The angel told Theresa her name was Cricket.

**Theresa had a 'God To-Do Box'.** This box was on her desk. She would write requests for God to take care of things she could not handle by herself, so she wrote it down on a note and put it in the box.

In January 2005, in another email she wrote:

*I didn't know this note was gonna be this hard to write, but it sure is! I guess my expectations were too high again. Even though I live, and am very thankful for each day I have, I was hoping to hear different words from my doctor*

*I have been off chemo for my stage IV breast cancer that spread to my bones, since September 2004, because the chemo had damaged my heart 50-60 %: that means my heart is only pumping 40-50% and may cause congestive heart failure (CHF) I understand many people have CHF, so I'm just another person with CHF. I had been on chemo since 2002.*

*The cancer in my body refuses to go away. I am still as full of cancer in my bones as I was in July of 2002. Currently, I have weaned myself off all medication, that's good. I continue to seek out alternative health ideas that will help me to continue living for the next 18 years or so ☺. I guess I'll just have to do it WITH cancer!*

*I know the word for me for 2005 is "acceptance". Accepting all the daily activities that I can no longer do and knowing that I have to settle for less" fun" in my life. That's ok, I can do this. It is just a sad feeling for me; I know there are so many people that have many more challenges that I do, and they continue to rise above their challenges every day.*

*I'm good. I wake up every morning with a smile and thank God for another new day. Some of my difficulties are that my energy doesn't last long. I get short of breath just walking, cannot stand for long, cannot sit in a straight chair, unable to focus on anything for long, can not bend over to any degree without back pain and many other activities. So I am accepting to do everything in "little" bits: sit take naps, type on the computer, drive, talk, laugh and enjoy the best as I can the life God is giving me."*

*My son Andy, "Mud" continues to live with me and assists me daily with all my needs. I am so thankful to have him in my home, although he's planning to move out, I believe this summer. He is a young man (26) and feels the need to be on his own again and away from "Mom" I can respect that feeling and will be just fine if he moves out.*

*I want to thank you each and every one of you for ALL your prayers, thoughts, emails cards and kindness, support and help you've given in any way. I believe without them I would not be alive on this earth today. Your prayers and thoughts for the continuance of my life are always welcomed.*

*I have added two more wheels to my motorcycle-quadcycle (Yeager kit) I cannot ride just two wheels anymore. As I lose my balance just standing or walking. I'm excited to see spring and summer arrive so I can let the wind blow my hair. I really have some hair again! It's so COOL!*

*Love ya'll, May God Bless and the Angels Watch Over US  
Live-laugh-love-ride free—be well"  
Theresa Boberg*

Theresa began to enjoy life again. She was a member of Women on Wheels and Women in the Wind. After she added the extra side wheels, she called her bike "Wings", very appropriate for Theresa because she loved to ride without her helmet, FREE, her hair blowing in the wind.

She told her friends "You gals, you Iron Butts, you go riding your 800 –mile days across this country. "Not me," she said, "I'm content taking my time, riding 200 miles a day. It's what my body can do. I just keep moving forward, one mile at a time"

One of her motorcycle friends said we knew the wild side and the strength inside of Indy. Even with stage 4 cancer she rode to the annual Buckskinners' Rendezvous in Prairie du Chien, WI. When she got caught in a rainstorm she enjoyed the ride anyway. In May 2005 she surprised her entire family when she rode 5 hours one way on "Wings" to a graduation party in Minnesota, and then home again.



Our annual family picnic- reunions, which Theresa instigated and kept vibrations of loving high energy were always held the last Saturday in July. July 2005, she asked her nieces and nephews for help to continue planning the annual family picnic. She felt it was time to let go of some of her many commitments.

September 2005 on a ride with her motorcycle friends, Theresa wrote, "A darn sweet ride. I was so happy when BB, the leader that day, did not turn to go home. I wanted to go on and on without stopping. It was perfect evening and a perfect way to end the summer!"

In Spring 2006, she wanted to take a trip to Texas to see her brother and his family again, but this time she would go in her car, so she had something to drive while she was there. She drove 1700

miles alone and planned to stay about six weeks. Her visit was cut short when her lungs filled with fluid and she was rushed to an area hospital. She was having a lot of serious pain. Her older brother offered to fly down and drive her home. She refused and said she could make it home. She told me later that she was in excruciating pain as she drove back to Wisconsin. Then she was admitted to the hospital again to have her lungs drained.

She started another round of chemo and scheduled another hair cutting fundraiser for "Locks of Love". Her beautiful long hair was completely shaved off for the second time. She never wanted to wear a hair piece again.

My sisters and I took turns to help her at home with medicine, self-care, meals, laundry, and cleaning. We made room for a hospital bed. She continued to think she could improve and get back to healthy living again. One night one of her sisters heard her say, "I'm not mad, just sad."

On what would be her last visit to her oncologist, she witnessed another big bump in the road! When he came in the room, he looked at her and said, "I guess there is nothing more we can do for you" and he turned and walked out the door. Theresa looked at Rosie, her nurse sister who was caring for her 24-7 by then and asked, "What do we do now?" As they walked out of the clinic, nobody would look at them, nobody smiled, said good bye or anything. It was a very cold, sad feeling for them.

A few weeks later she begged to go to another clinic to get another oncologist opinion. I took notes how he described her situation, "There is one more chemo we could give you, but you would have no quality of life at all. You would be sick all the time, and it may be less than 20% effective." Theresa did not hear him. A day or two later she asked, "What did the oncologist say?" When I told her, she was quiet. This was not a bump in the road, this may be the end of the road!

In the last couple of weeks, a nun would come to Theresa's home. After prayers and communion, she said to Theresa, "Being born is very difficult, fighting to breathe in and get air, but dying is easy, all you need to do is breathe out." These were beautiful words and Theresa could relate to them because her granddaughter was just born a few days earlier.

She was getting much weaker, eating very little. Her family was coming to visit, including her brother from Texas. He encountered an accident but continued to drive from Texas. After visiting a while in the afternoon, they had gone to stay overnight at a cousin's house.

The September Moon was full, and Theresa remarked how bright it was. One of her best motorcycle friends stopped with a dream bundle for Theresa to share with her newborn granddaughter, so they could connect in dreamtime. When she left, I went outside with her to talk for a few moments. Theresa told her sisters "I'm going home!" When I came inside Theresa looked at me and said, "Joyce, can I come to your house?" I said, "Sure, you can come to my house."

I knew she wasn't going anywhere. I believe her spirit was letting go of her physical body and I just gave her spirit permission to come to my house. A couple hours later, she was failing quickly, the family was called back to be with her as she passed.

After the funeral, another good friend sent an email. "Theresa received her Wings." It was a picture of Theresa with her bike and her friend had fixed angel wings on her. A beautiful way to remember a beautiful soul!

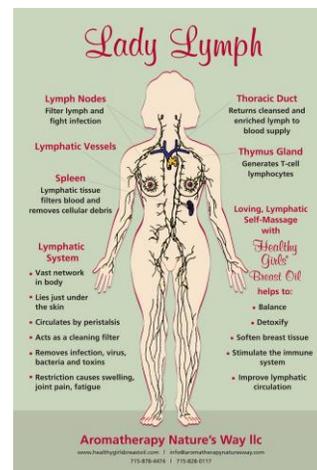
I feel very passionate about telling Theresa's story to women who will listen and learn about preventative and restorative breast health. Theresa said she was coming back to kick butt and I believe my butt is one that she is lovingly kicking to continue to educate women about how they can heal themselves with self love.

When I gathered all her information, I realized she had written her story. It was about old patterns that would surface again and again, about lessons learned and not learned. Yes, **she had written her story**, the part of her life that needed love. I know the information I have learned and share with women now is divinely guided from her.

I created a Lady Lymph Poster to teach the importance of the lymphatic system.

The main function of the lymph system is to isolate toxins and filter them out of the body. Because lymph fluid moves slowly, inactivity can seriously restrict its flow. Muscle contraction (as in the diaphragm) with deep breathing and manual manipulation (as in massage) are the primary means for our lymph to circulate and drain from the body. Self breast massage has physical benefits, including reducing tenderness, pain inflammation, lumps, cysts and fibrocystic breast tissue. To read more about the lymph system and see the You Tube video with the lymphatic self breast massage go to my website:

<http://www.aromatherapynaturesway.com/lymphatic-system/>



Healthy Girls Breast Oil has been updated from when I first created it in 2007 to a high quality, sustainable, mild and beautiful scented oil to use with the lymphatic breast self massage



Using it can be very relaxing, help to relieve stress, create body awareness, and bring you more in tune to loving your body.

Eight beautiful essential oils are infused in clear Jojoba oil.

**Jojoba oil, the carrier oil**, is highly absorbent, has anti inflammatory properties, and leaves the skin light and silky feeling.

**Lemon** purifies immune and lymphatic systems, dissolves cellulite

**Sweet Orange** rich in D-Limonene, promotes tissue repair

**Lavender** balances physically and emotionally, cellular repair

**Geranium** balances, regenerates tissue, and opens liver to discharge toxins

**Frankincense** adds oxygen, stimulates immune system, and wards off infection

**Nerolina** promotes healing, slows aging with tissue regeneration

**Marjoram** eases congestion and pain in tissues, increases longevity-“Joy of the Mountains”  
**Rose absolute** raises frequency of all cells, brings well being and love to the body

Self breast massage with Healthy Girls Breast Oil has many mental, emotional and spiritual benefits as well as the physical benefits. It is a simple practice to do daily that will have a big impact on your health and well being. Love your girls and take good care of them with the Nine Steps to Natural Breast Health which may be downloaded from my website:

<http://www.aromatherapynaturesway.com>

Joyce Sobotta, educator  
Certified Aromatherapist , Certified Reflexologist  
[joyce@aromatherapynaturesway.com](mailto:joyce@aromatherapynaturesway.com)  
715-878-4474- 715-828-0117