



CIRCULAR of 28/12/2024

Dear friends,

It's been a long time since I got in touch with you to let you know how I was doing. It's high time I gave you a sign of life because, yes, I'm still alive, as alive as one can be with prostate cancer! You'll no doubt excuse me for making this my main point, as apart from it, I really don't have much other news to share, my life revolving around activities designed for, let's say, "oldsters".

In December 2023, I was rushed to hospital six times. Yes, yes, six times! The last time, they decided to give me the great gift of a catheter, which I'm still wearing a year later. I was then put in touch with a urologist, who kindly prescribed biopsies to be certain of the cancer he had detected manually. This procedure displeased me to no end. In fact, it gave me the worst pain of my life. Thank God it didn't last forever. It must be said that I've been blessed with highly sensitive skin. For example, if I try to take a slice of toast when it's just come out of the toaster, I must drop it: it burns my fingers.

On 10 December the cancer was confirmed. The good news was that it wasn't widespread! I was then transferred to the radiotherapy department. On the 9th I met the specialist. I had a choice: either nothing would be done, given my age, or I would have radiotherapy. After a period of questions and answers, I decided it would be wiser to opt for radiotherapy. A long treatment - over a month - would be enough to kill my cancer. I suspect, but I'm a long, long way from being a specialist, that the next step is to keep the cancer under control. So much for my cancer. I'll get through it, with great satisfaction of course.

But there was one unfortunate BUT to this great and wonderful news: I was doomed to die with my catheter. You read that right. And every week until I died, I'd have to go to the CLSC to have my catheter flushed. And every 5 weeks the catheter will have to be changed. So, I'm going to have to take this sentence with philosophy, or else it's going to take a good chunk out of my relative human happiness.

Let's move on to something else now. I had to confront the director of our residence face to face because of injustices practised by the authority. This was in response to a questionnaire sent to us by the head office. If you know me well, you know that when it comes to justice, I can be uncompromising. He was forced to admit that I was right. Will there be any follow-up to this? I can only hope so.



Among the many Christmases that are now celebrated in our society, there is one that I personally still hold dear. It is the authentically Christian Christmas, the one that celebrates the “infinite love” of the one who is our hope, because he identifies with the least and invites us to greater simplicity and sharing. This is the Christmas of the Light that illuminates our many nights, both personal and social.

Have a Happy New Year.

Yves La Fontaine, C.M.M.