

We lost our friend Joe last week to an awful battle with cancer. When we heard the news, we cried. We knew we would have to say "so long" to him on the day of our 5th wedding anniversary. He was in our wedding. Just 5 years ago, he danced and celebrated with us. The morning we buried him was 5 years to the day that I was calling him to remind him to return his tux so that he didn't get charged. I think of that and laugh. He would have wanted us to laugh.

Of all that, and in the middle of the Christmas season, the hardest part of all of this was explaining to my almost 4 year old son that Uncle Joe had to go away and that he watches down on us now. My 4 year old asked "Where did he have to go?" "Why are you sad?" He clearly didn't understand what was going on (and I wasn't sure exactly how to explain to him his first experience with death) and I hope he never will. I hope that as he grows up and continues to better the world as he has done for my family every day since he was born - that he never knows the suffering that Joe endured, along with his family and friends. I hope that my 4 year old never has to know cancer, or any terminal or other illness - like the MS that affects his Nana. I pray each day for a miracle for my mother (Nana) who suffers in pain - and can't play with my son, or newborn daughter, because she has a miserable disease that pulls from her core being a little every day. I wish that my Husband knew my mother before this disgusting disease ravaged her and made her into an unrecognizable person.

I hope that through the Right to Try, people find something that works for them. A cure even. Help for one person - relief for one person - could mean the world to a little boy. Because I spend every day teaching my children, 'how do you know if you don't try'.

Please, think about the difference allowing someone all the chance to fight in the world may have on one little boy, a family. To you it may not mean much, but to that little boy and that family, the chance to fight a fair fight may mean the world.

Regards,

Kristen Bedell
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