



The LORD is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The LORD is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? <sup>2</sup>When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. <sup>3</sup>Though an army should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, even in this will I be confident.

Dear Cancer Soldiers,

The winter of 1998 and 1999 was not only a typical cold winter but it was full of sadness and fear for our family. As one chapter of life was closing another brutal battle had begun.

In August of 1998, I buried my father, Harold Wilson Bagley, after eight long years battling sarcoma, an aggressive form of cancer that forms tumors in afflicted areas. While this chapter ended, our 4-year-old son, Chandler, was showing signs of an oppressed immune system. Several months later in January of 1999, Chandler was diagnosed with Acute Lymphocytic Leukemia (ALL). A diagnosis a parent never wants to hear.

During the first round of treatment our family held tight together and fought the disease with a desperate fear and deep sadness. As many cancer families know, ALL, takes over three years to treat. In short, it is not an eternity but definitely a long period of suffering. Upon completion of therapy, we moved forward without a clear knowledge as to whether or not he was cured.

Then in August of 2004, Chandler relapsed with Leukemia. The disease had returned after a couple years of being in remission. We had actually past the well-anticipated 5-year cure date. This time the fight in front of him was great for the disease could prove to be terminal; however, based on specific details of the diagnosis, the Doctors believed it to be beatable. This fact brought us little comfort for the second time is most assuredly a greater risk.

After we gathered around our family and church for support, we were prayerfully prepared for an additional 2-year treatment period. Our son knowing the graveness of his diagnosis quickly acknowledged that he could not fight this battle alone. He turned to us and humbly proclaimed that our Lord Jesus would do it for him.

The next morning, he arose from his room for day one of chemotherapy wearing camouflage battle gear from head to toe. Fully aware that the clothing was only a metaphor, he coined the name ChemoCamo and marched off to battle.

As we were forced to reflect on the past five years and look forward towards the next two, my wife and I came to a clear realization that God's people had surrounded us throughout. Many times during the first treatment, people whom we never knew brought us meals, mowed our grass and most of all prayed for his healing. With the words of our son clearly entrenched into hearts, we understood that only God was in control and only through the love of Jesus could we survive another round.

Later in the week after Chandler completed a new first round of chemotherapy, the ministry of Cancer Kids for Christ and serving cancer children at large was laid on our hearts by our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

May the God of All Comfort, comfort you in your time of affliction and may His Church walk steadfast into battle along your side.

In Christ,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Michael C. Bagley".

Michael C. Bagley

Cancer Kids for Christ, Inc.  
837 Mill Rock Street  
Lawrenceville, Ga. 30044  
(770) 377-8377

Cancer Kids for Christ is a non-profit 501(c)(3)