

# Celebrations

Category: Courage

written by Tina Harrach Denetclaw | December 8, 2024

My third summer, I was 30 months old, sitting with my older brother on a warm brick stoop. Mother brought us an ice pop. Two wooden sticks, two sides to the treat, broken in half—one half for my brother, one half for me. Sticky orange or red melted on our hands and faces. Then, one day, for an unknown celebration, two halves for each of us!

My fifth winter, we arrived home in the dark, snow so deep and cold. Daddy loaded up three kiddos: one on his shoulders, one on each arm. We laughed as Daddy navigated drifts to an icy sidewalk and then slipped—"Whup, whup!" He turned just right and we all fell back into the snow, no harm. We laughed again.

One by one, through the decades, shining stars of friendship entered my life and never left, each one a precious gift.

My husband and I never talked about politics or religion before we married. As life proceeded with its challenges and losses, we discovered a perfect fit. We grew closer with each deeply felt find.

Then came that ugly enemy my mother called "The Big C," which Steve Jobs for all his money could not dispatch. But with a breakthrough combination of drugs, a high dose, warranted only if the tumor is still contained and removed (my husband just barely met the guidelines), there's a chance, a chance, a chance!

And still a chance, these 20 months on, still clean. Watchful waiting, celebrating each view of normal markers, after first summoning the courage to open the tab and see the results.

My heavy heart breathes, thankful for courage.

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