

Secular Wisdom of the

Bad Dalai Lama 

Prophecy & Advice from the World's Worst Religious Leader

©2018, Glenn Campbell - BadDalaiLama.com

Monograph #184
January 2, 2019

*Pine Grove, Pennsylvania
W3W: tipping.suffers.drift*

Cancer was Fun!

By GLENN CAMPBELL

Latest Incarnation of His Badliness

One week ago, I was declared in remission from lymphoma, a blood-borne cancer that deposits cancer cells in the lymph nodes. Six months ago, there were hundreds of tumors throughout my body, some of which could be felt as hard lumps beneath the skin of my neck and chest. Today, there are none.

When the cancer was detected in July 2018, it looked like I would die. It had spread everywhere, including a big tumor in my head, so I assumed it had metastasized. On July 13, I was given a formal diagnosis, and when I Googled the lymphoma subtype, I learned that it had a “poor prognosis”.

During 4½ months of active chemotherapy, I spent 80 days in the hospital and over a half million dollars of my insurance company’s money. How would I describe the experience? Painful? Stressful? The worse time of my life?

Not at all! I thoroughly enjoyed my cancer adventure. I would even call it *fun*.

I don’t want to minimize the seriousness of my disease or the suffering of other cancer patients, but my own treatment was a breeze. I experienced very little pain and virtually no emotional distress. I loved staying in the hospital and enjoyed the staff on my ward. There were plenty of inconveniences during my months of treatment, but nothing I would call “suffering”.

There were several factors that contributed to the joy of my experience. Some could be considered lucky breaks. Others were deliberate decisions or features of my personality. My attitude in any situation is to take control and make the best of it, which certainly helped.

Getting cancer was unlucky, and my specific diagnosis was even worse, but from the time I learned I had it, everything seemed to break my way.

My diagnosis was preceded by 2½ months of vague illness, which my doctor and I were trying to figure out. I was scheduled for more tests in early July when I blacked out while driving, courtesy of the tumor in my head. My first lucky break was that the accident was relatively minor and I didn’t die instantly.

At the hospital I was taken to, scans were conducted that revealed cancer throughout my body. Things looked bad.

Surprisingly, I didn’t feel bad. In the hospital, I sensed no cognitive decline, but I also felt no anxiety, which seemed odd. I was facing an apparent death sentence but wasn’t stressed about it. Instead, I started rationally planning for the end, with contingencies in case I lived.

I’ve always been a cool dude but never *that* cool. I later attributed my lack of distress to the tumor in my head, which was pressing on my right amygdala, an emotional regulator. I couldn’t ask for a better form of brain damage at exactly the time I needed it. All the higher functions of my brain seemed to work fine, but now I was free of the anxiety that might inhibit their effectiveness.

I knew something was different because I have always suffered from a mild form of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. I grapple with traumatic memories many times a day, mainly reliving old mistakes dating back to my childhood. When my tumor was active, I could recall the same memories but without the anxiety that used to accompany them. My past mistakes were just things that happened, not something

to be embarrassed about.

This blissful state lasted until August 20, when I experienced my first traumatic memory in two months, coinciding with the shrinking of the tumor. Now I am back to my normal PTSD, which I have learned to live with.

Another factor that made my cancer easier is that I am single and deliberately homeless. Although I lost my income during my illness, I had no mortgage to pay or children to support. No one sat by my bedside to worry about me, which would have worried me more than it worried them.

Insurance paid for all but about \$8000 of my medical expenses. I set up a GoFundMe page, and donors were good to me, contributing over \$5000.

I enjoyed the hospital because it was like a forced vacation. I had no obligations and could work on my computer as much as I wanted: writing, posting updates and making videos. I never watched TV because I had better things to do.

I started writing a book about my cancer, *Losing My Amygdala*. Whether it will be finished remains to be seen, but working on it was an important part of my therapy, helping me to organize my experiences as they happened.

Whether I lived or died from cancer was out of my hands, which made things simple. Far worse was my painful divorce and financial collapse of 2003-06, where the well-being of five children was at stake and everything depended on me. That was truly the worse experience of my life.

After that, cancer was a piece of cake.

www.Glenn-Campbell.com