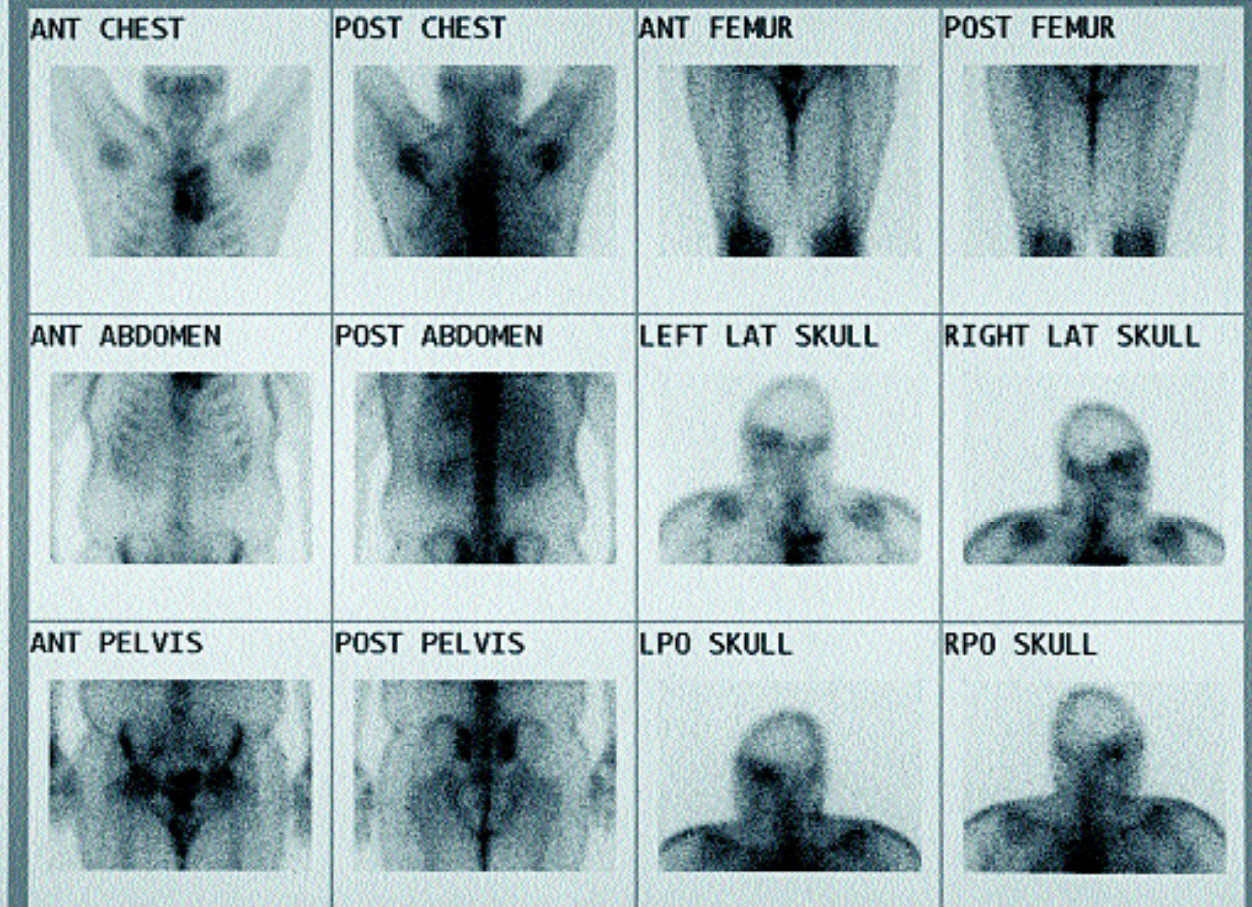


DANA-FARBER CANCER INSTITUTE/LEM
DAVID, JOJO/ GALLIUM 9/14/98 209566 TORSO 1998.09.14

PATIENT NAME : DAVID, JOJO/ GALLIUM
PATIENT ID : 9/14/98 209566
BIRTH DATE :

INSTITUTE : DANA-FARBER CANCER INSTITUTE/ LEM
PROTOCOL : GENERAL IMAGE DISPLAY
ACQ. DATE : 14-SEP-1998



JoJo David, gallium scans, September 14, 1998

HELLO MY Friends

*THE MEDICAL BULLETINS
OF JOJO DAVID*

EDITOR'S NOTE: In August 1998 JoJo David was diagnosed with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, a cancer found in the lymphatic system. Thirty-three years old, David was a composer, pop singer, liturgical musician, and the vocal director for BC bOp, Boston College's student jazz band. Over the next 14 months, JoJo, and sometimes his wife, Anne Marie, and sometimes the two of them together, sent E-mail to a distribution list of some 160 individuals who had asked to be kept apprised of his condition. Among them were BC colleagues and students, musicians, family, and friends. The following excerpts were edited from those letters.

8.25.98

*HELLO CHUCK & KATIE**,

Thanks for your concern today. We are grateful for all the calls and prayers.

There is something near the middle of my left lung, and we will find out what it is and what to do about it. My doctor immediately set up a CAT scan and blood test for tomorrow morning. He's also trying to get me to see a pulmonary specialist by week's end. He has ruled out pneumonia.

Keep us in your thoughts this week, and we'll keep you abreast of the situation.

Love,

JoJo and Anne Marie

**Chuck Tooman and Kate Dickenson, friends of the Davids*

9.7.98

HELLO MY FRIENDS,

Many of you already are aware of my recent diagnosis, but have not heard the latest update of my condition; there are also those of you who may not have heard anything yet. I share this with you because you are my friends, and though I wish I could update you personally, my condition and the num-

ber of calls I/we would be making would simply be impossible.

Last Monday's biopsy (8/31) revealed that the tumor in my chest is non-Hodgkin's lymphoma. This cancer is curable. My chemotherapy begins tomorrow at the Dana Farber Cancer Institute and continues for the rest of the year. Recent tests show that the lymphoma has not spread beyond my chest, and this is very good news. I'm feeling fine but fatigued, and sometimes uncomfortable. The tumor has impinged on nearby organs, leaving me with no voice and slight breathing problems. This will improve as chemotherapy kicks in.

Anne Marie is even more of a blessing to me now. This crisis has strengthened our love and dedication to each other. Our families and friends have helped tremendously. Calls, prayers, E-mails, and letters overwhelmingly greet us each day, and we are so grateful.

Thank you for your support and your prayers, and may God bless you.

Love,

JoJo

9.22.98

HELLO MY FRIENDS,

I hope the fall equinox finds you well.

Your thoughts and prayers have brought better news.

Recent tests revealed that the tumor is localized. There was no trace of cancer in my marrow. We exhaled big time. The first round of chemo went as expected—nausea, fatigue, and overall blah. But the news from my doctors dispels a lot of fear and allows me to cultivate hope. Chemotherapy will conclude on December 23 (radiation will follow).

I have been blessed with great care from Anne Marie, my doctors, and you. Your cards, E-mails, calls, and visits sustain our spirits—thank you so much. My parents have been in Boston for a week now, and we have reconnected in a new way.

I intend to complete my master's degree at the New England Conservatory of Music while working part-time at Boston College; Anne Marie will continue her music ministry and teach the piano. Primarily though, we are focusing our energies on getting well. Though not out of the woods yet, we are going forward, slowly and surely.

Be assured of my gratitude and love.

JoJo

11.12.98

HELLO FRIENDS,

I've just endured my fourth chemotherapy treatment. I've got two chemo treatments remaining. The good news is that the battle is proving successful. But all wars have casualties, and my loss may be my voice.

Last week's CAT scan shows substantial reduction in tumor size. Gallium scans confirm fewer living cancer cells. Seeing the progress on film rejuvenated our hope and brought tears of relief and joy. Add to that the news of a damaged laryngeal nerve and perhaps a permanently paralyzed vocal cord. On the one hand, life; on the other, the price. I could wax rhapsodic for pages, but this is not the place, and I'm not the type.

Our daily lives together are what keep us going. Add to this your love and support, and we'll beat anything. Every day is Thanksgiving.

May God bless you.

JoJo

1.29.99

HELLO FRIENDS,

Since my last chemotherapy treatment, I have regained strength and am feeling well. I hope this update finds you in good health and spirits.

I met with my doctor today, and the news that follows is a heavy dose of reality, most of it troubling.

This week's scans indicate that no progress has been made since November. In fact, new tumor cells are active and growing. Instead of a final round of radiation therapy, we will begin a new protocol next week.

Over the next few months I will undergo a different kind of chemotherapy—three times the intensity of my recent regimen—and I will be admitted to the hospital for five days during each infusion. After chemo, doctors will restage (determine the size and location of) the tumor and proceed with a treatment called high-dose chemo-

therapy with stem cell rescue. I will be in intensive care for about a month. This procedure involves removing my white blood cells while infusing me with high doses of chemotherapy, followed by an infusion of my original stem cells.

Though Anne Marie and I are heavy of heart, we have complete faith in our team of doctors. Honestly, we're scared. It's mind-bogglingly difficult to assert hope in the face of despair, especially today. But we find the strength and love to do so, as we are each other's greatest asset and gift in life.

We ask you for your continued prayers today and over the next few months. Each time I mail an update the outpouring of support is tremendous and inspiring.

Be assured of our gratitude and love, and may God bless.

JoJo and Anne Marie

2.18.99

HELLO MY FRIENDS,

We are grateful for and truly humbled by your ongoing prayers and organized efforts to help us fight my cancer. Your immense presence allows us to draw on a collective strength. Hugs for everyone.

The latest results are mixed. The last chemotherapy reduced the size of the tumor by about 25 percent but not by the 50 percent our good doctor had hoped. I will need more chemotherapy prior to the stem cell transplant and therefore will be admitted to Brigham and Women's Hospital again next week. Happy birthday to me.

The pain and side effects are greater with this new chemo, and so is the uncertainty.

There are 30 types of non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, and mine is stage one, aggressive (intermediate), and diffuse large B-cell (King Hussein recently lost his struggle with a different form of non-Hodgkin's). Overall, the cure rates are greater for Hodgkin's lymphomas. But my young age, good health, and strong support weigh heavily in my favor. Thus, we are making more aggressive efforts and using the newest technologies.

And so we keep on. We get weary from this encounter, emotionally, spiritually, and physically. But in those times we are held and sustained by you. We have fear, but we are not immobilized by it. We are fortified and enlightened by our love for each other, our trust in God, and your presence with us. We couldn't have planned a more loving community. Kudos to God for doing so.

SEEING THE PROGRESS ON FILM REJUVENATED OUR HOPE AND BROUGHT TEARS OF RELIEF AND JOY. ADD TO THAT THE NEWS OF A DAMAGED LARYNGEAL NERVE AND PERHAPS A PERMANENTLY PARALYZED VOCAL CORD.

As always, we are yours as you are ours. May God bless.

JoJo and Anne Marie

3.18.99

HELLO MY FRIENDS,

I hope that the upcoming equinox will elevate your energies and spirits. I know the warming sun and spring winds carry your prayers of healing our way, and we receive them with gratitude.

There has been a positive change in my voice quality—I have a voice! This gradual recovery began two weeks ago, and it has been an amazing lift. This is the good news for today. The bad news is that my upcoming treatment is changing due to a lack of response to chemotherapy.

The new chemotherapy over the last two months did not work. The cancer cells are still active, just as they were in January and last September. So proceeding with the high-dose chemotherapy will probably be ineffective.

Twice-a-day radiation therapy will begin next week and continue daily for the next month. The short-term goal is to banish the tumor in my chest; the big picture poses a greater dilemma: how to kill the disease, which may exist in other parts of my lymphatic system. But as before, we'll cross that bridge . . .

The pessimist in me says we're moving on to Plan C; the guarded optimist that I am says we're going on to another Plan A. My reality is that my treatment options are thinning, but at least we know what doesn't work. Yeah, I'm scared, and the search for alternative and complementary therapies is on.

Anne Marie and I are doing what we need to do to stay strong, individually and as companions. I find strength in prayer, in solitude, in my work at Boston College, in shooting hoops, in Anne Marie, and in you. Anne Marie cultivates her spirit in similar ways. Know this: We will not succumb to this disease. The good book says, "To everything, turn." Composer Michel Legrand puts it this way, "You

Must Believe in Spring." I believe my time for healing is due, and this is the season.

We love you,
JoJo and Anne Marie

3.25.99

HELLO MY FRIENDS,

Enjoying a wondrous day here in Newton. Hope you can do the same under the same sun sometime soon!

Just a brief update: Radiation treatments to my upper torso begin tomorrow. There will probably be progressive fatigue, but the nausea and other side effects should be less than with chemotherapy. Yesterday's CAT scans indicate that the tumor has grown a bit since January.

I have started weekly visits for acupuncture and Chinese herb therapy. The practitioner is a wonderful man who was highly recommended by a non-Hodgkin's survivor.

The afternoon sun is just too inviting to deny. I will close now in favor of immersing myself in spring. I'll take in your prayers on the wind.

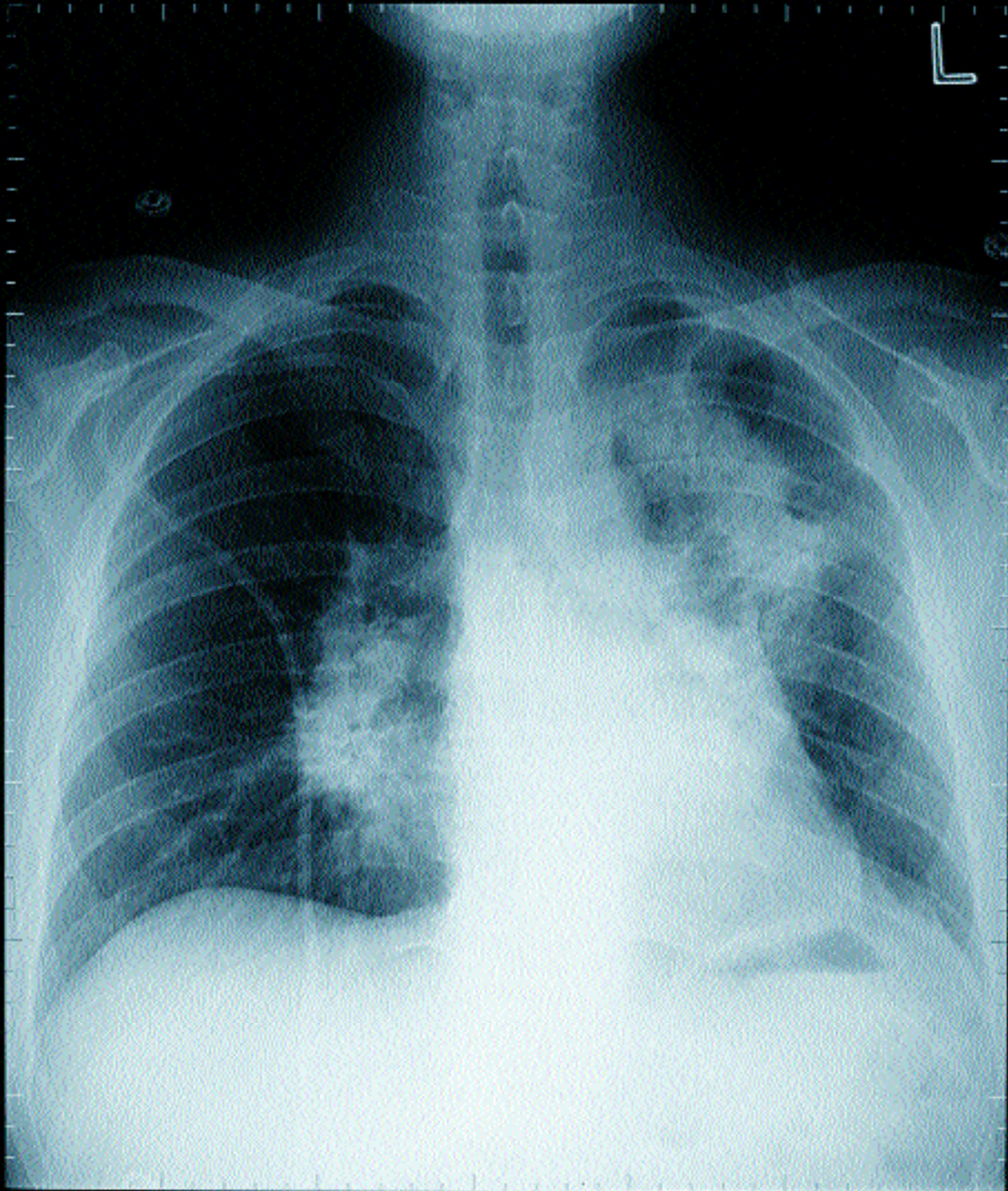
Everybody breathe.
Good.
All my love,
JoJo

I am humbled to the core

4.1.99

MY FRIENDS,

What wondrous love. My entire physical and spiritual being was moved by a liturgy of healing prayer Monday night at St. Ignatius Church in Chestnut Hill. The Lenten service was dedicated to my healing by Fr. Bob VerEecke, and once again I am humbled to the core. Our love and gratitude



DAVID JOJO P.
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1:1

Jojo

Jojo David, chest X-ray, June 29, 1999

to Fr. Bob and the St. Ignatius family.

The inner healing is real. Your love matters and contributes to the strength people say I have had throughout this ordeal. My weariness during radiation pales in the light of your giving. I thank God each day for allowing Anne Marie and me to persevere, cry, accept, and live this life of gifts together and with you.

We are living a miracle, folks. Believe it and share it. Let there be peace all around us.

And thanks.

JoJo

4.25.99

HELLO MY FRIENDS,

We at Newton headquarters continue not only to survive but to heal because of your ever-present love and generous support. A recent milestone was celebrated last week at St. Ignatius Church—a benefit concert entitled “Of Music and Miracles.” Anne Marie and I benefited from the money raised to help pay my bills, but it seems as though everyone present received as well. And in place of anxiety, fear, or grief, I perceived (and still do) a stronger sense of strength and joy in you. From this I gain a deeper presence of peace, and I thank you.

Three weeks of radiation concluded on April 15, and I feel that the treatments reduced the extent of the disease. Fatigue and eating difficulties persist but do not overwhelm my spirit. I’m as wacky as ever. I just have to sit.

The next step consists of a series of tests, treatments, and procedures culminating in a stem cell transplant. Stay with me here: On Friday, April 30, I will be admitted to Brigham and Women’s Hospital overnight for chemotherapy. On each day of the week of May 10, I will be hooked up to a machine at Dana Farber, which will collect my stem cells and freeze them for later use. On May 17 I will be admitted to the Brigham for a period of four to five weeks. In the first four days I will receive a continuous high dose of chemotherapy, which will clear out my bone marrow—gone, bye, see ya—followed by two days of rest. Then I will receive an infusion of my previously collected “purged” (clean) stem cells, and over the next three to four weeks I will be closely monitored to see how my body is accepting these cells.

All the while I may be physically unwell, at times quite sick. In fact, I basically will be the boy in the bubble for those four to five weeks at the Brigham due to the need for sterile conditions. Oh, and this

“purging” process is experimental—I will be the eighth person in the world EVER to have my stem cells taken, purged, and infused. Note that the hematology department at Dana Farber is the world leader in these transplant procedures.

Expect miracles, folks. And remember we each are living one. I love the miracle of you.

JoJo

5.11.99

HELLO DEAR FRIENDS,

This update comes to you from the sixth floor of Brigham and Women’s Hospital. I was admitted yesterday (Monday) due to a fever and serious pain over the weekend. Apparently, I got an infection, and my body had nothing to combat it with. A common and unfortunate side effect of my recent chemotherapy (Friday, April 30) was plummeting blood counts: My white blood cell count dipped to an all-time low and stayed there longer than ever.

Word on the pod is that I’ll be released tomorrow, as my counts have finally begun to rise and my fever is coming down. However, tremendous pain in my throat (from radiation) continues to limit swallowing, and consequently I’ve lost 10 pounds in two weeks. I feel crippling physical pain, but the optimist in me tells me I’ve got many more wardrobe options—it’s a good thing we never got around to that Goodwill clothing drop-off.

During a blood transfusion on Monday I asked my nurse about my blood type. “B positive,” she answered. There you have it, straight from my body’s life stream. I’m going to be fine. Thanks for holding me up. I love you.

JoJo

Oh, friends, this is big stuff

5.17.99

HELLO FRIENDS,

My prayers are going out for JoJo in a big way over the next two days. Between 7:30 and 2:00 tomorrow and Tuesday, JoJo will be at Dana Farber, hooked up to the machine that collects his stem cells. If not enough stem cells are collected by Tuesday, they will have to extract the marrow manually—quite painful—then immediately proceed with the transplant. Oh, friends, this is big stuff.

Anne Marie

5.19.99

DEAR FRIENDS,

Thank you so much for your recent prayers and notes. Many things seem to be converging nowadays. Most dear to us is the love of our friends.

I don't really know how I feel about this update. In fact, I've put off writing it. As with the other updates, please remain seated.

Under the ever-expanding category of "things we now know won't work," you can add stem cell transplant. In the last five attempts not enough stem cells were harvested to sustain me through a transplant procedure. Consequently, it is no longer a viable option. This is unfortunate, because we took this route to avoid the possible pain and complication of a bone marrow transplant. Next Wednesday, May 26, I will be admitted for a bone marrow transplant.

Apparently my stem cells didn't mobilize as expected due to my recent fever/infection and the effects of my three weeks of radiation. It's quite frustrating, and if I hear the words "Plan B" one more time, anger will ensue. At last count, we're actually on Plan G.

Yet still, living today and looking forward brings me peace. I'm with you on the recent months—enough is enough. But I refuse to suffocate from what has been, and choose to breathe in the hope of what will be. You, my dear friends, have not just pampered me in my fall, but more importantly inspired me to rise and live this life with you, and for you. You bring this to me, and in some way to each other.

The sun has fought through the clouds at this moment, and I'm catching a cool breeze. My head is up and onto the finer things. Know that in my life our connections are among the finest things. Sending you my finest, from Newton headquarters. You are now free to leave your seat.

All of me,
JoJo

5.20.99

HELLO INQUISITIVE FRIENDS,

This is for those of you needing more specifics on what's happening next week. In addition to your uplifting words—thank you very much—many of you have asked the same questions. Here they are:
How are you? Where are you?

I am home now, and I feel fine. My blood counts

are low, and I'm getting stronger for next week's procedure.

Why are your counts low? What are they doing to boost them?

My blood counts—white, red, and platelets—need to rise for the transplant to occur. They are low due to radiation and chemotherapy. My body is fatigued and recovery is slow.

Do you need a bone marrow donor? A blood donor?

I am receiving an "autologous" bone marrow transplant, meaning my own bone marrow will be extracted, frozen, and returned to my body. This procedure is preferred to an "allogenic" transplant, in which the bone marrow comes from another person. Thanks to all who have offered their bone marrow and blood to me.

You have cancer. Why would they use your bone marrow?

My bone marrow is free of disease, according to my recent biopsy. This makes an autologous transplant feasible. The goal of the transplant is to produce new blood cells, which will then recognize and eradicate my cancer.

When do you go in?

If my blood counts are high enough this Monday, May 24, the harvesting will begin on Wednesday, May 26. Otherwise doctors may transfuse me with B positive blood.

Can you have visitors? If so, when?

Yes, I can have visitors. Each visitor will receive a complimentary mask and pair of gloves. Afternoons are the best times to come.

Do you want visitors?

Yes, but call or E-mail before you come (I will have Internet access). Visiting via E-mail is preferred. Since visitors will have to be masked and gloved, I will see only half of your face, and you'll get a facial from your breath.

Is your voice back?

Yes. Miracle.

Have you recorded a CD single that marks your return to singing and features backup vocals by your wife, Anne Marie, a recording you hope to give to as many people as possible since you printed so many copies?

Funny you should ask. It is entitled "I'll Walk by Your Side," and it is dedicated to the healing community of Littleton, Colorado. It was performed at an ecumenical healing service that marked my first public singing since the diagnosis. A shameless plug, but it is my healing offer.

Cheers,
JoJo

APPARENTLY MY STEM CELLS DIDN'T MOBILIZE AS EXPECTED DUE TO MY RECENT FEVER/INFECTION AND THE EFFECTS OF MY RADIATION. IF I HEAR THE WORDS "PLAN B" ONE MORE TIME, ANGER WILL ENSUE. AT LAST COUNT, WE'RE ACTUALLY ON PLAN G.

5.25.99

DEAREST FRIENDS,

I will be admitted for my bone marrow transplant this Wednesday, May 26. Everything holds true according to my recent update and FAQ, with the exception of the following: "The goal of the transplant is to produce new blood cells, which will then recognize and eradicate my cancer."

In fact, my transplanted bone marrow will rescue me after my original bone marrow is wiped out by the chemotherapy. The transplant, however, does NOT attack the cancer at all. It does not stimulate my immune functions.

Here's how I'll explain it to my seven-year-old nephew: "This is like the story of Noah's ark, except my body is the Earth and my bone marrow is saved on the ark. Once my bone marrow is safe (harvested and frozen), there will be a flood (chemotherapy), cleansing my body. This flood will last four days. Then there will be two days of rest. On the seventh day, the ark will be opened and the bone marrow will run through my body, making new blood cells so I can live."

I'll see you on the other side.

With love,

JoJo

6.2.99

HELLO MY DEAR FRIENDS,

The storm has passed, and my bone marrow will be returned to me over the next two days. The ark is opened! The bone marrow cells will reestablish their connection in my bones and begin flourishing anew. They call today Day 0, and we hope that I will produce normal blood levels and be discharged by Day 12, if not soon after.

The "flood" was intense, as I was very sick the entire four days. But I am well now, feeling the best since my admission last week. The next weeks might bring pain due to plummeting blood counts (it takes a while for the bone marrow to take and

begin producing). I'll encounter fevers, mouth and throat sores, achy bones, and some serious down time. I've experienced this many times already with previous chemotherapies; this one just hits harder and longer.

Thanks for your inspiring replies and cards. I believe in the miracle of us; our connections bring me joy.

I love you,

JoJo

6.8.99

DEAR FRIENDS,

I begin this message at 4:30 A.M., once again taking you with us on this journey. The pain in my arm forces me to be brief. Unfortunately, I have developed tendonitis in my arms (tennis elbow). I am treating this problem in a variety of ways, including physical therapy.

These days when people ask how is your husband, I don't know what to say. The four IV pumps connected to JoJo's line are used constantly—to keep him well hydrated (he is still unable to eat) and to administer an hourly dose of pain medications, antibiotics for his recurring fevers, red blood cell and platelet transfusions, drugs to protect the kidneys and liver, to name a few.

At midnight they also began an antifungal medication because his fevers recur despite the use of antibiotics. The next five days will continue to be rough, and then we expect to see his white blood cells and immune system begin to return to normal levels.

JoJo's tenacity and spirit remain solid, and in the midst of it all, he still makes me laugh. Oscar (our beloved cat) and I miss him terribly here at home.

Please know we feel a collective force from you, our dear friends. You continue to keep us uplifted. For you, I am truly grateful.

All my love,

Anne Marie

THESE DAYS WHEN PEOPLE ASK HOW IS YOUR HUSBAND, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. FOUR IV PUMPS CONNECTED TO JOJO'S LINE ARE USED CONSTANTLY—TO ADMINISTER PAIN MEDICATIONS, ANTIBIOTICS, RED BLOOD CELL AND PLATELET TRANSFUSIONS, DRUGS TO PROTECT THE KIDNEYS AND LIVER, TO NAME A FEW.

6.18.99

HELLO MY DEAR FRIENDS,

After 22 days and 22 pounds, I've been discharged from the hospital. I'm much the weaker for it, but I'm home and thankful to God for the love of my wife and of my friends.

Thank you for your continued prayers. I won't be able to see visitors for a while, so please keep in touch via E-mail.

I love you all very much.

JoJo

6.18.99

DEAR FRIENDS,

I want to share my joy and relief at bringing JoJo home. There is a new concern amid the joy: leaving the constant watch of the professionals. Now it's completely up to us to discern his symptoms, administer medications, change the dressing of his Hickman line [a catheter into a vein near the heart], and so on. His body is weak, his spirit constant and strong. We sat together by the lake outside our apartment; we were grateful for the setting sun and fresh air.

Thank you for the many ways in which you offer support. The E-mails have been great—sorry for not responding to each one personally.

Now for the big question: What next? Here is the answer given by JoJo's doctor: Our goal was to eradicate the cancer with the transplant, and it is our full belief that JoJo is now cancer-free. The combination of radiation and transplant is enough for the medical community to go on. We have no reason to believe the cancer shall ever return. The cancer is gone. That's the best answer they can give. They'll follow up weekly with JoJo, but they won't scan him for at least six months, and even then they'll rescan only at JoJo's request.

This news is what we've been waiting for—

Hallelujah! Thank you for your continued prayers as we enter the next phase of healing.

All my love,

Anne Marie

6.28.99

HELLO FRIENDS,

A minor setback occurred last weekend. After realizing I had a fever, Anne Marie and I went to the emergency room as directed by our doctor. They found something in my chest in an X-ray taken that night. Consequently, I've been admitted to the hospital.

A silver lining is that I was placed on the same pod as during my transplant—same nurses, familiar faces. They do a good job here, and I attribute much of my peace of mind to these blessed caretakers.

Today I will undergo a bronchoscopy. From this, doctors will ascertain if this infection is a side effect of my radiation or pneumonia. So there you have it. Please send your prayers to Anne Marie as well, as it is tedious for her to watch me go through this again. I'm lucky to have her. I'm lucky to have you.

Peace,

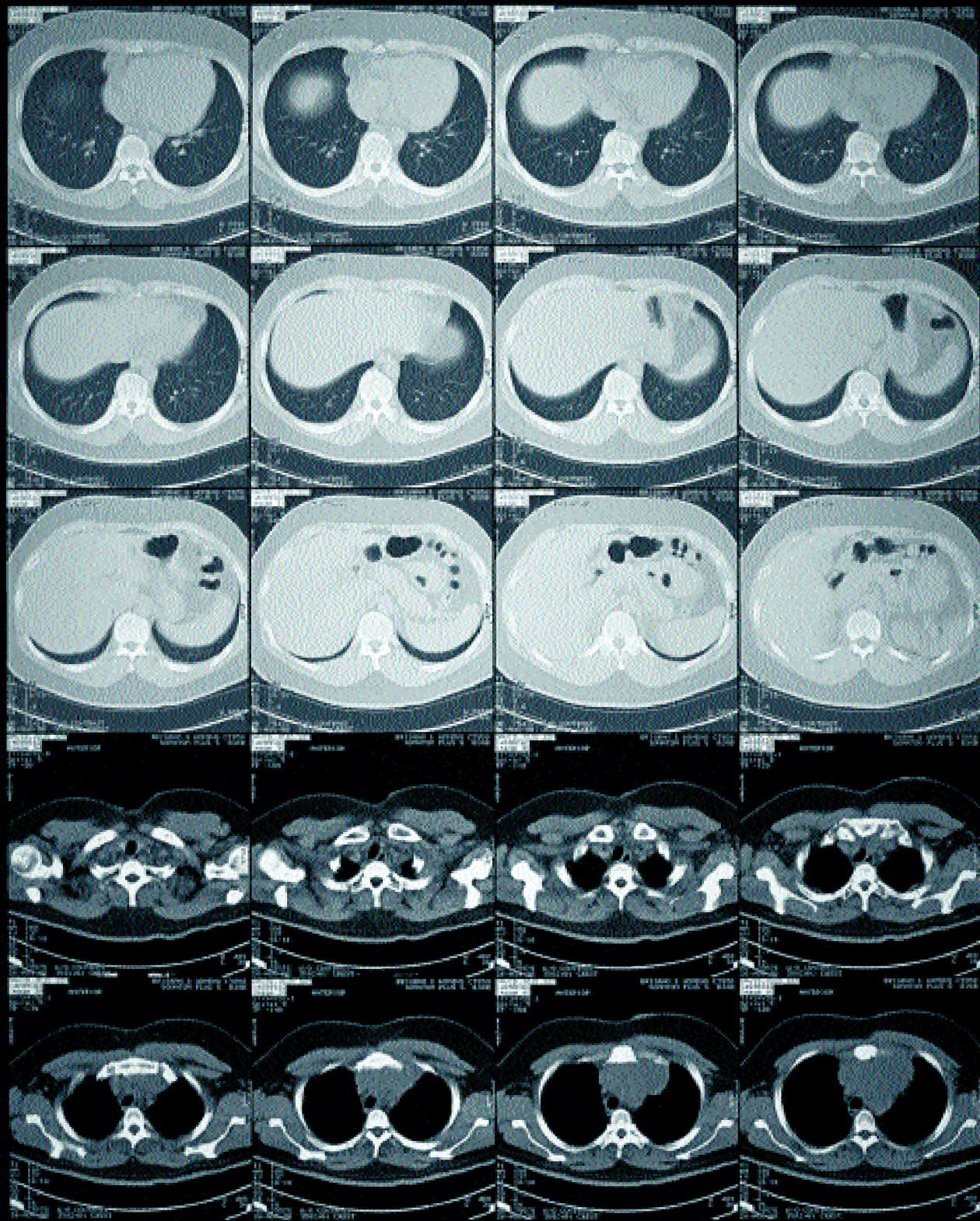
JoJo

6.30.99

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I am home. Many medical minds went into deciding that what caused my fevers was radiation pneumonitis—an inflammation of my lungs due to radiation treatments. The damage could be temporary or permanent. If permanent, it's minor. I just won't be running the marathon in record time.

I've been sent home with new medications and instructions to chill for a few months. So that's what I'll do: take it easy. Stay clean, infection-free, and positive. I hope that from now on all updates will



Jojo David, CAT scans, August 26, 1998



CARY W. GILBERT

JoJo and Anne Marie David, March 22, 2000

be written from my desk.

I feel stronger, people tell me I'm looking much better, and I think I'm gaining on life each day. Thank the Lord, and thank you for listening and loving.

Much love to you,
JoJo

A season of my life has turned

7.9.99

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

Daily victories. This week's blessings have made for our best week since this whole thing began.

1. I began to eat solid foods, as my appetite is returning, and surprisingly the food tastes good. I'm

up and walking, staying away from crowds and infection-prone situations, staying clean and gradually getting stronger.

2. My oncologist made special arrangements to have my Hickman catheter removed from my chest today.

3. This became possible because my blood counts have rebounded in a big way! Since leaving the hospital just 10 days ago, my white blood count and my platelets are at normal levels. My red cell counts are a bit low still, but hey, I'm only on Day 35 from getting my bone marrow back. So this is to be expected, and the doctor is not concerned.

4. I received a phone call this week from the conservatory informing me that I officially earned my master's degree.

5. Anne Marie has been given the green light from her doctor to begin playing the piano again, incrementally each day. With me, she is on the mend, and we're happy.

I'll close for now and send out songs of gratitude on the summer wind. We thank you again for the tangible and intangible deeds, for the spoken and unspoken words of support and prayer.

As ever, yours,
JoJo

8.8.99

HELLO DEAR FRIENDS,

I hope this update finds you well. Anne Marie and I are indeed staying well and taking vacation time together this week. First time in a long while for us.

My second post-transplant follow-up at Dana Farber revealed strong progress. All of my blood counts are normal, as are other nutritional checks, and my weight has stabilized. I look good, and for the most part I feel good. My current side effects are fatigue, a slight lack of appetite, trouble sleeping, and shortness of breath due to deconditioning and the radiation's effect on my lungs. Most of these side effects will last six months to a year, and hopefully the damage to my lungs will reverse in time.

More than ever, it is our love, friends, and faith in God that sustain us today. We seek joy to balance the underlying fears. And we find that joy in each other, our friends, and our music. It is a challenge not to hold onto the anxiety and remain stressed about the unknown, but we feel it is a responsibility to find the grace in each day, to be thankful for now, and to live now.

The next milestone in my recovery is September 10—Day 100 after the transplant. On this day the medical community loosens the reins on my lifestyle a bit by allowing me to eat a wider variety of foods, to work part-time, to go to more places, to extend my environment. Today is Day 67. I'm getting there! Anne Marie is also on the mend. She is slowly returning to playing, and for this we can be thankful. Strive to live well.

Peace,
JoJo

9.10.99

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

It is overcast and raining on the East Coast as I send out greetings and smiles on the 100th day! This day marks a major threshold because many restrictions have been lifted.

Last night we were inspired by the John Singer Sargent exhibit at the Museum of Fine Arts, which marked our first outing together in a crowd. It sig-

nified "coming out of a cave," as JoJo described it. He is slowly making his way back to doing things that were on hold. This week also marks the beginning of rehearsals with his vocalists at Boston College, and JoJo returns to his music ministry at the family Mass at St. Ignatius this Sunday! These steps are very meaningful, and through this E-mail we all can celebrate. Cheers to you, JoJo!!!!!!

Storming heaven with our collective prayers and love for JoJo *has* made a difference. We are all part of a miracle.

All my love,
Anne Marie

11.21.99

HELLO MY DEAR FRIENDS,

It's been a whole season since my last update, and in that time the leaves put on a great New England autumn finale. I hope your fall has been as brilliant.

A season of my life has turned as well.

I am feeling new, or, as my oncologist says, reset. After being purged with nine hits of chemotherapy, 28 radiation treatments, and a life-sapping bone marrow transplant, I felt barren, blank. It was as if my spirit was eradicated with my bone marrow, yet never replaced. For months my body steadily strengthened, but my spirit was in no-man's land. I was frozen with anxiety. But now my appetite has returned, my sleep is restful, my energy has increased, and my hair is curly. Best of all, I once again feel passion. I realize what a tremendous gift it has been to be sustained and fortified by the love of family and friends. My angels and saints.

Well, my friends, I'm back; everything and anything is possible—why not? Sometimes fear motivates me to live, and that's perfectly OK. If that's what it takes to experience what's left of what is, so be it. Our God-given gifts brought us to each other, and while walking on life's ledge these gifts are what balanced me: my gift of music, my gift of words, your gifts of prayer and of love.

As I pick up my journey farther from that ledge, I do so with every sense of what it was like to have been there. I was told of a painting of Mary, in which she is walking away from Jesus' open tomb and glancing back at the cave as she moves on. What has been, has been. I carry forward with me what matters most, and you join me.

This is the season of Thanksgiving. For you I give thanks. Be assured of my passion and my love.

JoJo