



“Doing Great!”

By Bella Babot

Is there a correlation between happiness, positive thinking and healing? Many arguments have started on this particular topic and there appears to be evidence on both sides of the discussion that are indeed valid.

So when scientific validity is in question, I tend to go with personal experience. It is from this viewpoint that I feel pretty “positive” that the “happiness” factor plays a rather large role in healing.

In July of 2011, I was 47 years old and diagnosed with an 11cm pancreatic tumor which to many might be a death sentence. Or at least, that was my impression. I left the hospital unsure of my future and my health.

But not once did I ask “why me,” instead I thought “why not me?” And for those who know me, they might guess what my next three questions to the surgeon were:

1. “Can I still go on my three week holiday to Asia?”
2. “After surgery, will I be able to work from home?”
3. “How soon can we get this out so I can get back to having some fun?”

As it turns out, this particular journey to healing is a long one

with its ups and downs along the way. What I do know is that throughout this particular journey, I decided I was not going to allow it to change who I intrinsically am – a joyful person who loves life and cherishes every part of it.

It was with those thoughts that I decided I would always look for the silver lining in each day, as truly there is always good somewhere in the day or night.

One day I was so fatigued and in much pain and wondered how I would even venture from the bed. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath and upon opening them, I looked down to find our golden lab, Mia, with her face gently resting on the edge of the bed so as not to disturb me.

Her chestnut eyes watching me and her favorite, well-worn tennis ball placed ever so tenderly next to my left leg. I laughed aloud at her loving offering and realized it is those simple gestures, those small things that make life unbearably and positively sweet.

As I laughed, the fog of pain that shrouded me, started to dissipate and all I could think of was carefully treading to the side yard to throw Mia her ball (of joy). As I ventured out into the sun, reveling in the warmth as it encompassed me, happiness flowed within me, as

I giggled at her antics and pure uninhibited joy at the simple pleasure of a tennis ball.

And for those 30 minutes, life was normal again. And therein was a life lesson for me. Every day holds delights, and if we are able to look for those small jewels of happiness, life feels a whole lot better. Life is a whole lot better.

Thus when people would ask how I was, I would say “I’m doing great,” whether I felt that way or not. Why? Because when I said it aloud, it somehow became my truth.

Doing great could mean, “I got out of bed today,” or doing great might mean “I went to the beach and watched the most magnificent sunset.”

“Doing great” to me meant I am alive and looking forward to the next day. Looking forward to having a next day.

For me, without a doubt, the happiness factor is one of the keys to my successful recovery. I firmly believe when I smile at the world, it smiles back. When I laugh at life, it laughs with me. And that is powerful medicine.

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