

1: General Gayety Humor Column

A Pink Badge of Courage Chemo treatments, breast reconstructions and a 25th wedding anniversary. Our breast cancer roundtable convenes for the fourth year to talk about life events and their shared connection.

All the other characters in the book are there to serve Henry in some way, either by prompting him to action or reflection or by being a comparison or contrast to him. Crane devotes the entire space of the novel to showing how the war affects Henry and causes him to change. The Youth is a typical young American brought up in the nineteenth century. Raised on a farm in rural New York, he is not afraid of hard work and appreciates the wonders of nature. He has been taught to equate manhood with valor, to dream of the glories of warfare, and to be unthinkingly patriotic. As a result, when the Civil War breaks out, he volunteers to join the Union forces. By nature, Henry has a very reflective temperament and a sharp, sensitive mind. In the army, he becomes an introspective loner, rarely interacting with the other soldiers. He isolates himself to think about home, which he misses greatly, and to ponder whether he will be adequate for battle. His active mind imagines that the enemy is a huge monster with extraordinary powers, a picture that is much worse than the actuality. Because the Youth is established as introspective, Crane can explore the terrain of his interior world and look into his deepest thoughts. Henry has been influenced by reading Homer and learning about the heroes of ancient Greece. He imagines himself as a Homeric hero, accomplishing great deeds. In the army, however, he sees no heroics around him; instead he is haunted by the everyday boredom of routine military life, the cruelty and indifference of his military officers, and his fears that he cannot live up to a brave performance in battle. At the first charge from the enemy, his regiment becomes scattered and disorganized. Seeing some other men leave the battlefield, Henry throws down his rifle and runs. At first he worries about how he will ever find his regiment again and about his cowardice being discovered. He grows obsessed by fear. Needing to do something to protect himself, he joins a procession of the wounded. This simply makes matters worse for several reasons. The men injured in the fighting make him feel guiltier than ever for fleeing. When the Tattered Soldier asks him about his wound, it is almost more than he can bear. At this point in the novel, Henry would rather have an injury than almost anything else in the world. Ironically, Henry soon receives a wound -- but not in battle. When he sees his troops retreating, he grabs a fleeing soldier by the arm in order to find out information about what is happening. The frightened soldier hits the Youth on his head with his rifle. Henry falls to the ground in agonizing pain; but he now has his "red badge of courage," which changes everything for the guilt-ridden young soldier. Because he is injured, he now feels he can rejoin his regiment and hide his "sin." They tend his wound and believe that he has been grazed with a cannon ball. The kindness and consideration that he is given begins the change in Henry. He finds himself feeling a part of the regiment and carrying on casual conversations for the first time. When the regiment is ordered to march towards a charge on the enemy, Henry is very fearful about how he will react in the next battle. He covers his fear by boasting and being loud and argumentative. When the battle begins, Henry is swept up into the fighting and holds his own. He even becomes an encourager to the other soldiers, pressing them forward. The more he fights, the stronger he feels. When the charge is over and his regiment is successful, the other soldiers admire his courage and his lieutenant praises his battle fever. In later fighting, Henry seizes the flag from the dying standard bearer. In turn, he marches, without fear, at the front of the line and urges his comrades onward. His fear about fighting is truly behind him. At the end of the novel, Henry reflects on his experiences in the war. Even though he is still ashamed for fleeing from the first battle and deserting the Tattered Soldier in his time of need, the Youth has matured enough to forgive himself. In spite of his weaknesses, he accepts himself as a man and is proud of his accomplishments in the war effort. Crane has succeeded in showing how Henry Fleming has totally changed as a result of his battle experiences. At the beginning of the novel, he is an extremely loud and boastful soldier, claiming that he will be able single-handedly to beat the opposing army. He is also argumentative, picking fights with his fellow soldiers. Before his first battle, Wilson suddenly grows afraid and fears dying. He gives a packet of letters to the Youth to deliver to his family, for he is sure he will be killed. After the first battles, Wilson totally changes, as evidenced when Henry rejoins the regiment. It

THE PINK BADGE OF COURAGE pdf

is Wilson who tends the head wound of the Youth; he also offers him his "bed" to sleep in. Further proof that he has changed comes in the fact that he has become a peacemaker. When his fellow soldiers argue, he steps in to quiet them. The Youth is amazed by the positive changes he sees in his friend and begins to emulate his behavior. As a result, on the battlefield they become true comrades, fighting together.

2: A Pink Badge of Courage

*The Pink Badge Of Courage: A Young Mother's Battle With Breast Cancer And Melanoma [Laura Donnelly] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This is the true story of a young mother who prevailed through three cancer diagnoses and treatments (breast cancer twice and melanoma once).*

October 10, A Pink Badge of Courage Chemo treatments, breast reconstructions and a 25th wedding anniversary. Our breast cancer roundtable convenes for the fourth year to talk about life events and their shared connection. This year we added a few new faces. Read and enjoy and feel free to reach out to the panel with comments and questions. Susan Desmond with her husband and daughters. She underwent chemotherapy, a mastectomy, radiation and breast reconstruction. Her tumor was estrogen receptor positive, so she also takes hormonal therapy every day. Rachel with her husband and son. Surgeons initially performed a lumpectomy but when the tumor turned out to be larger and seemingly more aggressive than expected, Rachel had seen enough. Then, in she underwent a full hysterectomy and oophorectomy since she was at risk for uterine, ovarian, and cervical cancer. She is currently taking the hormonal drug tamoxifen and this past year underwent breast reconstruction. Nancy Nash with her family. Nancy initially attributed a lump in her breast to a fall in her laundry room. Chemo-sensitive to an initial regimen of drugs, Nancy began taking Taxol along with two monoclonal antibodies, which fortunately are working. She has completed 10 out of the 12 treatments. Anita with her husband. The images revealed what ultimately turned out to be Ductal Carcinoma In Situ, where abnormal cells congregating in the milk ducts of the left breast. During a surgical follow-up, physicians found another lump in her right breast that appeared to be a cyst on the MRI, was actually a Stage 1 tumor. Following lumpectomies in both breasts, Anita underwent seven weeks of radiation therapy and is now taking Tamoxifen. Pat, third from right, with Anita, far right, and their Global Challenge Team. Pat underwent a lumpectomy and had 18 lymph nodes removed, three showing evidence of breast cancer. She also received chemotherapy and radiation treatments. She recovered and is doing fine. Anita was also part of the team. In December I had a hysterectomy because I was having some problems. Besides that my health has been fine. After the first eight weeks of treatment, I was still walking and exercising and doing everything around the house. But the last few weeks the treatments have really hit me. We like boring in our cancer world. This year was not uneventful laughs. I actually finally got reconstruction done. I went ahead and did the TRAM and the recovery was gnarly. I was in the hospital for about a week just because of my oxygen levels. I came home with a bunch of oxygen tanks. How does sharing your stories at work impact your sense of connection, and sense of being cared for at Charles River? It makes you appreciate what Charles River does and how it helped save me. I feel like the people that I work with are the most positive. I find myself being approached as well. I think you said that perfectly. I always felt good working here even before I became, sick, and now just to know that I benefit from it is even more rewarding. Your organization is standing out to me as particularly unique in doing this roundtable. What has it been like for you to be this public about your diagnosis? It can be challenging just putting it all out there. For me to be public about this is hopefully helping someone else. I know when I was first diagnosed, I actually had my husband tell people because I just felt awkward. How do you continue to selectively absorb information that is relevant to you, and how do you navigate sites for information about breast cancer Nancy: You can get overwhelmed. What you have to focus on is are these legitimate sites and is this what I need to be looking at and not go any further. Dana-Farber sends me this little magazine, and I read a lot online. But I think from day one I was very positive. I went through it with very few complications so that made it a little easier for me. I do still go online to different groups. They have some good topics that they toss out and allow you to share your experiences. October, when breast cancer awareness takes on a real consumer drive, can be a challenge for some people. How do you filter out information and close that door when you need to do it? I struggle a little bit. I try not to go on social media too much because you can just get overwhelmed. Now, I just try to stay away as much as possible because it gets in your own head. You can make yourself crazy just thinking about it. Now I think about it all the time. They saved my life. I am not to the point where I need to filter out all this information. Working from home I can go a week

and never even leave the house. Do you feel like breast cancer has overshadowed everything else and become your main identity? There was one time though when we went away on vacation, I was wearing a bikini top for the first time since my surgery. The only exception was last summer. I signed up for a massage at a lovely hotel resort and they asked if I had had breast cancer. I have to agree. It helps educate people and be more comfortable with the subject matter. I talk to my doctors all the time, nurses, everything. Even a superwoman laughs. To be honest with you, work has given me more meaning than anything else. You should be resting. I kept putting them off, putting them off. So I finally got the mammogram and it came back with breast cancer. If I had kept going with the same train of thought of not getting them, it would have kept, you know, kept going. Just go and get it done, because let me tell you something. After you actually have radiation and all the surgery, it hurts a lot more than it used to hurt to get a mammogram done. Listen, mammograms are so good now, too. They hurt less and they see more. So, this is after they found out something on the mammogram.

3: Pink Badge Of Courage Poem by William Lindenmuth - Poem Hunter

Beginning Oct. 1 you will be able to see the latest uniform modification if you see a member of the Scioto County Sheriff's Office. In recognition of Breast Cancer Awareness Month, the sheriff.

He knew at once that the steel fibers had been washed from their hearts. They were bursting from their coats and their equipments as from entanglements. They charged down upon him like terrified buffaloes. Behind them blue smoke curled and clouded above the treetops, and through the thickets he could sometimes see a distant pink glare. The voices of the cannon were clamoring in interminable chorus. The youth was horrorstricken. He stared in agony and amazement. He forgot that he was engaged in combating the universe. He threw aside his mental pamphlets on the philosophy of the retreated and rules for the guidance of the damned. The dragons were coming with invincible strides. The army, helpless in the matted thickets and blinded by the overhanging night, was going to be swallowed. War, the red animal, war, the blood-swollen god, would have bloated fill. Within him something bade to cry out. He had the impulse to make a rallying speech, to sing a battle hymn, but he could only get his tongue to call into the air: They were leaping and scampering all about him. Their blanched faces shone in the dusk. They seemed, for the most part, to be very burly men. The youth turned from one to another of them as they galloped along. His incoherent questions were lost. They were heedless of his appeals. They did not seem to see him. They sometimes gabbled insanely. One huge man was asking of the sky: Where de plank road! He wept in his pain and dismay. We have hundreds more books for your enjoyment. Presently, men were running hither and thither in all ways. The artillery booming, forward, rearward, and on the flanks made jumble of ideas of direction. Landmarks had vanished into the gathered gloom. The youth began to imagine that he had got into the center of the tremendous quarrel, and he could perceive no way out of it. From the mouths of the fleeing men came a thousand wild questions, but no one made answers. The youth, after rushing about and throwing interrogations at the heedless bands of retreating infantry, finally clutched a man by the arm. They swung around face to face. He was heaving and panting. He still grasped his rifle, perhaps having forgotten to release his hold upon it. He tugged frantically, and the youth being compelled to lean forward was dragged several paces. He adroitly and fiercely swung his rifle. The man ran on. The energy was smitten from his muscles. He saw the flaming wings of lightning flash before his vision. There was a deafening rumble of thunder within his head.

4: Pink badge of courage - Portsmouth Daily Times

The night before Jessica Ayers was diagnosed with breast cancer at the age of 29, she prayed: "Please, God, let this be it." And it was. Jessica was about to start a journey of courage, strength and acceptance.

For example, in the passage, "The cold passed reluctantly from the earth, and the retiring fogs revealed an army stretched out on the hills, resting," an example of personification, the cold, the fog, and the army are described as persons with specific behaviors, feelings, and needs. In addition, Crane uses personification to create a personality for the combatants, both collectively and individually. The clauses, "brigades grinned" and "regiments laughed," are good examples. The imagery developed for an impending battle uses similar techniques. All these images contribute to an ominous mood of foreboding. The regiment is sometimes identified as a person, sometimes a monster, and sometimes a reptile. These images cause the reader to lose sight of the fact that the regiment is really a unit of men — of individual soldiers. The continued use of personification draws the reader to a feeling that a battle is a battle of regimental monsters, not of individual men. In Chapter 5, Crane continues the use of figurative language, including simile, personification, and metaphor, to paint images of war. For example, he writes that "A shell screaming like a storm banshee went over the huddled heads of the reserves," a simile, and "They could see a flag that tossed in the smoke angrily," a personification, and that "The composite monster which had caused the other troops to flee had not then appeared" a metaphor. The enemy is still not visible. The wait for that "composite monster" continues. Just as the troops experience the dreadful wait, the reader feels the same emotions that all the soldiers are feeling. Crane develops this fear by using figurative language to create monster imagery. Crane employs similes and personification to draw pictures of soldiers and their weapons. The use of personification in the line, "The sore joints of the regiment creaked as it painfully floundered into position," turns the regiment into one large, tired soldier. For example, to Henry, the enemy soldiers are metaphorically "machines of steel," "redoubtable dragons," and "a red and green monster"; the men who were nearest the battle would make the "initial morsels for the dragons"; "the shells flying past him have rows of cruel teeth that grinned at him. In Chapter 9, Crane continues to use figurative language to support the war motif. He turns machines of war into people by using personification in the line "a crying mass of wagons. Henry in his own mind is a "worm" and "a slang phrase. In Chapter 11, Crane uses metaphoric language to describe both the enemy and war in several ways, including "The steel fibers had been washed from their hearts," the enemy is the "dragon," "They [the enemy] charged down upon him [Henry] like terrified buffaloes," and war is "the red animal, the blood-swollen god. In Chapter 12, 13, 14, and 22, Crane includes several more instances of figurative language to describe the enemy, Henry, himself, the weapons of war, the officers, the troops, the battlefield, and the flag. The enemy becomes "a hound taking a mouthful of prisoners. The horse metaphor works very well for a regiment that has just run across a battlefield. The regiment is also described as being "the dejected remnant," "the depleted regiment," "a machine run down. Crane, through Henry, identifies the flag metaphorically in the following manner, "It was a goddess. It was a woman, red and white, hating and loving, that called him with the voice of his hopes" examples of metaphor and personification. The use of personification in describing the smoke as "lazy and ignorant" helps the reader to feel the frustration of the troops. The use of smoke, haze, fog, and clouds as symbols for the confusion of war, for the atmosphere surrounding war, are constant throughout the novel. At the same time that Crane describes the ugliness of war metaphorically, Crane also uses descriptive vocabulary words and figures of speech to highlight the beauty of nature in the midst of death and destruction. The reader should note the use of a flower metaphor in the image, "the shells looked to be strange war flowers bursting into fierce bloom. Examples include, "The clouds were tinged an earthlike yellow in the sunrays and in the shadow were a sorry blue" and the flag was "sun-touched. In Chapters 11 through 13, Crane creates graphic images by combining colors with concepts, settings, attitudes, and individuals. For example, Henry experiences "the black weight of his woe"; he is both "a blue desperate figure" and "a blue, determined figure"; he fantasizes that he "stood before a crimson and steel assault"; he "soared on the red wings of war"; the army was "a blue machine. For example, the faces of the sleeping men are "pallid and ghostly"; Henry

confronts a "black and monstrous figure"; the campfires gleam of "rose and orange light"; the leaves of the trees were "shifting hues of silver with red"; and "the stars [are] lying, like glittering pebbles, on the black level of the night". In Chapters 17 through 19 Crane makes use of color imagery to bring the battle alive visually. The rifles being fired released "beams of crimson fire," and "the blue smoke-swallowed line curled and writhed like a snake stepped upon". In Chapter 18 and 20, Crane also uses color to create moods and to reveal attitudes. For example, "There was a row of guns making gray clouds. Equally sinister is the description of a burning house, set afire by a cannon barrage. The burning house is described as "glowing a deep murder red. In creating this red imagery for a burning house, burning as the result of battle in war, Crane reveals his strong feelings about war. Color imagery also supports a somber mood in Chapter 20 as Crane uses dark and fog imagery to describe the men as they continue their retreat, their "black journey. This helps the reader to identify the combatants, both physically and emotionally. The Union forces are described as "dark-blue lines," "a blue curve," and "a magnificent brigade. Even the lieutenant is down to "his last box of oaths. Crane concludes the novel with a series of color images to support the various stages of thinking that Henry experienced on the walk back to the camp. Henry had been "where there was red of blood" and "black of passion," a vivid contrast.

5: The Red Badge of Courage, by Stephen Crane; CHAPTER XII. Page 1

Pink Badge Of Courage by William www.enganchecubano.com wears a pink ribbon for her loved ones She braves the toughest of fights Wearing it as a badge of courage While the battle goes on day and night.

Television ads touted two of the more popular items: Bactine and Unguentine, two completely different products despite the common -ine suffix. Bactine, originally developed in postwar Germany by the same nice folks at Bayer that gave us aspirin and heroin, was and still is a liquid antiseptic containing benzalkonium chloride as the active germ-fighting ingredient and lidocaine for topical pain relief. Unguentine, as its name suggests, was and is an ointment containing camphor, phenol, tannic acid, and zinc oxide. Maybe they stuck the zinc oxide in so you could also slather it on your nose by way of a sunscreen. The Elisson clan was Old-School. First in our antiseptical armamentarium was good old Tincture of Iodine, a solution of elemental iodine and sodium iodide in alcohol. Owing mainly to the alcohol, iodine tincture stung like a bastard when it was applied to an open wound. For that reason alone, most kids hated it People still use iodine as an antiseptic. The other Big Gun in our ancient first-aid kits was a fluorescent pink medication: Merthiolate is a trade name for sodium ethyl mercury thiosalicylate, AKA thiomersal frequently spelled thimerosal in the United States , still used as a preservative in some vaccines A sister compound, Mercurochrome dibromohydroxymercurifluorescein, AKA merbromin , was equally popular - and is now equally unavailable here. My ancient bottle of Purex Tincture Merthiolate, still useful for the occasional cut or scrape. Back in the day, nobody was worried about potential mercury poisoning - never mind that you would literally have to take a bath in Merthiolate for it to be toxic. Every scraped knee or skinned elbow was decorated with that familiar pink fluorescent color. We kids wore the pink badge of courage proudly: It meant that we were out playing and getting banged up, rather than living mushroom-lives indoors, watching TV. Not for us, that wimpy Bactine or prissy Unguentine. We glowed in the dark with our Merthiolated and Mercurochromed wounds. But I still have a little bottle of Purex Tincture of Merthiolate squirreled away in my medicine cabinet.

6: The Use of Figurative Language in The Red Badge of Courage

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Retrieved November 15, , from <http://Next> The embedded audio player requires a modern internet browser. You should visit [Browse Happy](http://BrowseHappy.com) and update your internet browser today! The next morning the youth discovered that his tall comrade had been the fast-flying messenger of a mistake. There was much scoffing at the latter by those who had yesterday been firm adherents of his views, and there was even a little sneering by men who had never believed the rumor. The tall one fought with a man from Chatfield Corners and beat him severely. The youth felt, however, that his problem was in no wise lifted from him. There was, on the contrary, an irritating prolongation. The tale had created in him a great concern for himself. Now, with the newborn question in his mind, he was compelled to sink back into his old place as part of a blue demonstration. For days he made ceaseless calculations, but they were all wondrously unsatisfactory. He found that he could establish nothing. He finally concluded that the only way to prove himself was to go into the blaze, and then figuratively to watch his legs to discover their merits and faults. He reluctantly admitted that he could not sit still and with a mental slate and pencil derive an answer. To gain it, he must have blaze, blood, and danger, even as a chemist requires this, that, and the other. So he fretted for an opportunity. Meanwhile, he continually tried to measure himself by his comrades. The tall soldier, for one, gave him some assurance. Still, he thought that his comrade might be mistaken about himself. Or, on the other hand, he might be a man heretofore doomed to peace and obscurity, but, in reality, made to shine in war. The youth would have liked to have discovered another who suspected himself. A sympathetic comparison of mental notes would have been a joy to him. He occasionally tried to fathom a comrade with seductive sentences. He looked about to find men in the proper mood. All attempts failed to bring forth any statement which looked in any way like a confession to those doubts which he privately acknowledged in himself. He was afraid to make an open declaration of his concern, because he dreaded to place some unscrupulous confidant upon the high plane of the unconfessed from which elevation he could be derided. In regard to his companions his mind wavered between two opinions, according to his mood. Sometimes he inclined to believing them all heroes. In fact, he usually admired in secret the superior development of the higher qualities in others. He could conceive of men going very insignificantly about the world bearing a load of courage unseen, and although he had known many of his comrades through boyhood, he began to fear that his judgment of them had been blind. Then, in other moments, he flouted these theories, and assured him that his fellows were all privately wondering and quaking. His emotions made him feel strange in the presence of men who talked excitedly of a prospective battle as of a drama they were about to witness, with nothing but eagerness and curiosity apparent in their faces. It was often that he suspected them to be liars. He did not pass such thoughts without severe condemnation of himself. He dinned reproaches at times. He was convicted by himself of many shameful crimes against the gods of traditions. In his great anxiety his heart was continually clamoring at what he considered the intolerable slowness of the generals. They seemed content to perch tranquilly on the river bank, and leave him bowed down by the weight of a great problem. He wanted it settled forthwith. He could not long bear such a load, he said. Sometimes his anger at the commanders reached an acute stage, and he grumbled about the camp like a veteran. One morning, however, he found himself in the ranks of his prepared regiment. The men were whispering speculations and recounting the old rumors. In the gloom before the break of the day their uniforms glowed a deep purple hue. From across the river the red eyes were still peering. In the eastern sky there was a yellow patch like a rug laid for the feet of the coming sun; and against it, black and patternlike, loomed the gigantic figure of the colonel on a gigantic horse. From off in the darkness came the trampling of feet. The youth could occasionally see dark shadows that moved like monsters. The regiment stood at rest for what seemed a long time. The youth grew impatient. It was unendurable the way these affairs were managed. He wondered how long they were to be kept waiting. As he looked all about him and pondered upon the mystic gloom, he began to believe that at any moment the ominous distance might be aflame, and the

rolling crashes of an engagement come to his ears. Staring once at the red eyes across the river, he conceived them to be growing larger, as the orbs of a row of dragons advancing. He turned toward the colonel and saw him lift his gigantic arm and calmly stroke his mustache. It must be the coming of orders. He bent forward, scarce breathing. The exciting clickety-click, as it grew louder and louder, seemed to be beating upon his soul. Presently a horseman with jangling equipment drew rein before the colonel of the regiment. The two held a short, sharp-worded conversation. The men in the foremost ranks craned their necks. The youth wondered what a box of cigars had to do with war. A moment later the regiment went swinging off into the darkness. It was now like one of those moving monsters wending with many feet. The air was heavy, and cold with dew. A mass of wet grass, marched upon, rustled like silk. There was an occasional flash and glimmer of steel from the backs of all these huge crawling reptiles. From the road came creakings and grumblings as some surly guns were dragged away. The men stumbled along still muttering speculations. There was a subdued debate. Once a man fell down, and as he reached for his rifle a comrade, unseeing, trod upon his hand. He of the injured fingers swore bitterly, and aloud. A low, tittering laugh went among his fellows. Presently they passed into a roadway and marched forward with easy strides. A dark regiment moved before them, and from behind also came the tinkle of equipments on the bodies of marching men. The rushing yellow of the developing day went on behind their backs. When the sunrays at last struck full and mellowingly upon the earth, the youth saw that the landscape was streaked with two long, thin, black columns which disappeared on the brow of a hill in front and rearward vanished in a wood. They were like two serpents crawling from the cavern of the night. The river was not in view. The tall soldier burst into praises of what he thought to be his powers of perception. They persisted with other theories. There was a vigorous discussion. The youth took no part in them. As he walked along in careless line he was engaged with his own eternal debate. He could not hinder himself from dwelling upon it. He was despondent and sullen, and threw shifting glances about him. He looked ahead, often expecting to hear from the advance the rattle of firing. But the long serpents crawled slowly from hill to hill without bluster of smoke. A dun-colored cloud of dust floated away to the right. The sky overhead was of a fairy blue. The youth studied the faces of his companions, ever on the watch to detect kindred emotions. Some ardor of the air which was causing the veteran commands to move with glee—almost with song—had infected the new regiment. The men began to speak of victory as of a thing they knew. Also, the tall soldier received his vindication. They were certainly going to come around in behind the enemy. They expressed commiseration for that part of the army which had been left upon the river bank, felicitating themselves upon being a part of a blasting host. The youth, considering himself as separated from the others, was saddened by the blithe and merry speeches that went from rank to rank. The company wags all made their best endeavors. The regiment tramped to the tune of laughter.

7: The Nest at Finch Rest: End of an Era - Badge of Courage

'A Badge of Honor' In January , Hunt was finally free of cancer after two surgeries, four rounds of chemotherapy and 33 radiation treatments, but faced a new battle as her sister, Sandra.

Jessica was about to start a journey of courage, strength and acceptance. The doctors carried out a routine ultrasound and said she was fine. After changing the scope, they saw spots on her right breast and immediately ordered a mammogram. Typical symptoms of breast cancer include a lump in the breast or armpit, skin changes, nipple discharge and sometimes pain. The majority of breast cancers are asymptomatic and detected through routine mammography, said Dr. Jessica was diagnosed with advanced invasive ductal carcinoma with lobular features in December of . Ductal Carcinoma is the most common type of breast cancer and accounts for 80 percent of all breast cancers. This means the cancer began in the milk ducts where breast milk is carried to the nipple, and the tissue surrounding her breast was invaded. Jessica Ayers sleeps after one of her chemo treatments in Orlando. The risk for the average woman to develop breast cancer in her lifetime is approximately 12 percent. In , approximately , people were diagnosed, according to the American Cancer Society. What do I do now? Gathering her mother, her brother, her boyfriend and his two kids, the family met at their lake house, where breaking the life-changing news would be comforting. Ayers gathers with her family in Georgia after her diagnosis. With two large masses that measured 9 centimeters total, her road to recovery would be a long and difficult one. During Christmastime of , Jessica thought she was going to die. Like a dog shedding its summer coat, as Jessica described it, it started out slow but soon fell out quickly. An electrical outlet-like port was put in her chest, where the chemo would pump through her body. Together, they would make the drive to Orlando for her treatment. By the 16th chemo treatment, Jess was really quiet. I bought a birthday bag before she started chemo, and on it, I wrote the numbers one through . She had 16 treatments, so each week she covered a number counting down to the end. Jess would be done by her birthday in September. Other notes from friends and family as well as some of her favorite bible verses kept her going. After she started posting about her experiences on her blog and her Facebook page, others reached out to tell her that she was helping them through their personal battles with cancer and other illnesses. Things will change, but it will get back to normal. Your eyebrows and eyelashes will grow back and you can get reconstructive surgery, but at least you made it. While there are different viewpoints about when screening should start, women should be counseled about routine mammograms and breast self-examinations, according to Rostorfer. Like Jessica, anyone any age can be diagnosed with a disease that can change a life. But, cancer taught Jessica that life is too short to deal with negativity.

8: The Pink Badge of Courage – HOME: Living in Greater Gainesville

The author's feelings about her cancer experiences are mirrored in her evolving view of a pair of pink-ribbon earrings that come to represent a badge of courage for her. Finally, the author describes the closure that she has attained following her family's relocation to her hometown, and she offers several lessons that she learned from these.

He knew at once that the steel fibers had been washed from their hearts. They were bursting from their coats and their equipments as from entanglements. They charged down upon him like terrified buffaloes. Behind them blue smoke curled and clouded above the treetops, and through the thickets he could sometimes see a distant pink glare. The voices of the cannon were clamoring in interminable chorus. The youth was horrorstricken. He stared in agony and amazement. He forgot that he was engaged in combating the universe. He threw aside his mental pamphlets on the philosophy of the retreated and rules for the guidance of the damned. The fight was lost. The dragons were coming with invincible strides. The army, helpless in the matted thickets and blinded by the overhanging night, was going to be swallowed. War, the red animal, war, the blood-swollen god, would have bloated fill. Within him something bade to cry out. He had the impulse to make a rallying speech, to sing a battle hymn, but he could only get his tongue to call into the air: They were leaping and scampering all about him. Their blanched faces shone in the dusk. They seemed, for the most part, to be very burly men. The youth turned from one to another of them as they galloped along. His incoherent questions were lost. They were heedless of his appeals. They did not seem to see him. They sometimes gabbled insanely. One huge man was asking of the sky: Where de plank road! He wept in his pain and dismay. Presently, men were running hither and thither in all ways. The artillery booming, forward, rearward, and on the flanks made jumble of ideas of direction. Landmarks had vanished into the gathered gloom. The youth began to imagine that he had got into the center of the tremendous quarrel, and he could perceive no way out of it. From the mouths of the fleeing men came a thousand wild questions, but no one made answers. The youth, after rushing about and throwing interrogations at the heedless bands of retreating infantry, finally clutched a man by the arm. They swung around face to face. He was heaving and panting. He still grasped his rifle, perhaps having forgotten to release his hold upon it. He tugged frantically, and the youth being compelled to lean forward was dragged several paces. He adroitly and fiercely swung his rifle. The man ran on. The energy was smitten from his muscles. He saw the flaming wings of lightning flash before his vision. There was a deafening rumble of thunder within his head. Suddenly his legs seemed to die. He sank writhing to the ground. He tried to arise. In his efforts against the numbing pain he was like a man wrestling with a creature of the air. There was a sinister struggle. Sometimes he would achieve a position half erect, battle with the air for a moment, and then fall again, grabbing at the grass. His face was of a clammy pallor. Deep groans were wrenched from him. At last, with a twisting movement, he got upon his hands and knees, and from thence, like a babe trying to walk, to his feet. Pressing his hands to his temples he went lurching over the grass. He fought an intense battle with his body. His dulled senses wished him to swoon and he opposed them stubbornly, his mind portraying unknown dangers and mutilations if he should fall upon the field. He went tall soldier fashion. He imagined secluded spots where he could fall and be unmolested. To search for one he strove against the tide of pain. Once he put his hand to the top of his head and timidly touched the wound. The scratching pain of the contact made him draw a long breath through his clinched teeth. His fingers were dabbled with blood. He regarded them with a fixed stare. Around him he could hear the grumble of jolted cannon as the scurrying horses were lashed toward the front. Once, a young officer on a besplashed charger nearly ran him down. He turned and watched the mass of guns, men, and horses sweeping in a wide curve toward a gap in a fence. The officer was making excited motions with a gauntleted hand. The guns followed the teams with an air of unwillingness, of being dragged by the heels. Some officers of the scattered infantry were cursing and railing like fishwives. Their scolding voices could be heard above the din. Into the unspeakable jumble in the roadway rode a squadron of cavalry. The faded yellow of their facings shone bravely. There was a mighty altercation. The artillery were assembling as if for a conference. The blue haze of evening was upon the field. The lines of forest were long purple shadows. One cloud lay along the western sky

partly smothering the red. As the youth left the scene behind him, he heard the guns suddenly roar out. He imagined them shaking in black rage. They belched and howled like brass devils guarding a gate. The soft air was filled with the tremendous remonstrance. With it came the shattering peal of opposing infantry. Turning to look behind him, he could see sheets of orange light illumine the shadowy distance. There were subtle and sudden lightnings in the far air. At times he thought he could see heaving masses of men. He hurried on in the dusk. The day had faded until he could barely distinguish place for his feet. The purple darkness was filled with men who lectured and jabbered. Sometimes he could see them gesticulating against the blue and somber sky. There seemed to be a great ruck of men and munitions spread about in the forest and in the fields. The little narrow roadway now lay lifeless. There were overturned wagons like sun-dried boulders. The bed of the former torrent was choked with the bodies of horses and splintered parts of war machines. It had come to pass that his wound pained him but little. He was afraid to move rapidly, however, for a dread of disturbing it. He held his head very still and took many precautions against stumbling. He was filled with anxiety, and his face was pinched and drawn in anticipation of the pain of any sudden mistake of his feet in the gloom. His thoughts, as he walked, fixed intently upon his hurt. There was a cool, liquid feeling about it and he imagined blood moving slowly down under his hair. His head seemed swollen to a size that made him think his neck to be inadequate. The new silence of his wound made much worriment. The little blistering voices of pain that had called out from his scalp were, he thought, definite in their expression of danger.

9: Chapter 2 | The Red Badge of Courage | Stephen Crane | Lit2Go ETC

Hopefully Trump will proudly display his "Pink Badge of Courage" prominently during his campaign stops. I wonder will the Donald don a vagina costume as the Code Pinkers love to do, and screech "profit over people!" sarcastically?

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