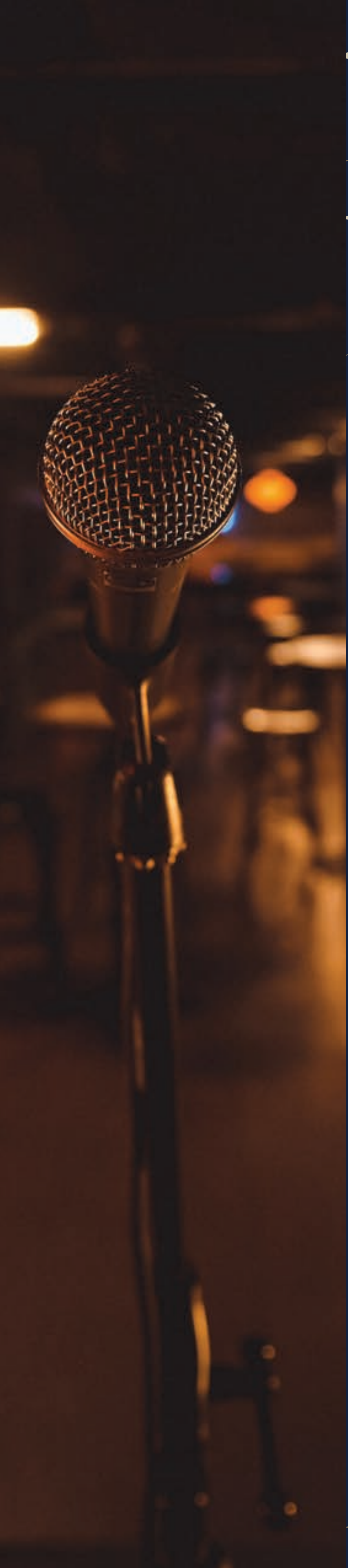

Courage&Cancer

An Evening of Stories

"Resilience"

May 7, 2025
5:30 PM-8:00 PM

Brown's Revolution Hall
Troy, NY

Honoring

Amy Karas

To benefit the
NYOH Community Cancer Foundation

NYOH Community Cancer Foundation

Event Program

5:30 p.m.

Doors open, light dinner buffet, cash bar, & raffle prizes

6:45 p.m.

Storytelling and honoree recognition

Katie Mangan

Eileen Clinton

Scott Baker

Recognition of honoree, Amy Karas

Johanne Morne

Linda Kindlon Cary

Our Mistress of Ceremonies for the evening,
Dr. Arsyl De Jesus, New York Oncology Hematology

Event Details

Food catered by Brown's Brewing Company.

Try your luck winning a fun raffle basket prize! $20 donation for an arms-length of tickets. Winners must be present to win, take your raffle prize home tonight. Scan the QR code at the end of the program or check posted signage as you leave to see if you've won.

Food, cash bar, and raffle prizes will close when the event program begins.

Photography by Fullness of Joy Photography.

Video recording by Agora Media.

ASL interpretation provided by Living Resources.

Thank You to Our Event Committee & Volunteers

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Christa Carson
Frances Ford
Lisa Proskin
Molly Renaud
Elliot Sobel
Dawn Vyvial
Casey Mulligan Walsh
Takara Wiles

Meet Our Honoree

Amy Karas is a business leader, community advocate, and cancer survivor living in Gloversville. She is the owner of Ruby & Quiri in Johnstown, a family-owned business providing furniture and appliances for over 75 years and Ashley Home Furniture in Amsterdam.

Beyond her role as a small business owner, she also serves on multiple Boards of Directors, such as Mountain Valley Hospice, The Eccentric Club, and the Fulton-Montgomery Chamber of Commerce; as well is a champion for numerous local causes such as the Glove Cities Rotary Club, 100 Women Who Care of the Adirondack Foothills, and cancer-awareness events such as Salon Strong, which connects stylists and barbers on how to support and empower cancer patients.

Amy lives in Gloversville. She has a son and grandson.

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in honor of Shannon Walsh

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in honor of my sister, Johanne Morne
& all those battling cancer

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Jason and Alecia Thompson,
in tribute to all those affected by cancer

Trisha Verdile,
in memory of Ann Marie Richardson

Benjamin & Julie Wajda,
in memory and in honor of current
family survivors

Jill* & Michael Walsh,
in memory of Donna Offenbacker

as of April 22, 2025

**NYOH Community Cancer Foundation Board of Directors*

Meet Our Storytellers

Scott Baker

Scott is a husband and father of two sons. He recently retired from a 30-year career with the NYS Department of Transportation, where he was a bridge engineer. After surviving Non-Hodgkin Lymphoma four times, he has dedicated himself to supporting other cancer survivors by volunteering as a mentor with Livestrong at the YMCA and as a Board Member with the Wicklund Warriors. The Wicklund Warriors is a local non-profit which offers support to the blood cancer community in the Capital Region. Scott published a book called, "No One Rises Alone – What Almost Dying Taught Me About Living", which reflects on his journey and discusses all that he has learned from the people who were there to save him. Scott also loves to spend time hiking and enjoys time on Burden Lake, where his family owns a camp.

Linda Kindlon Cary

Linda has proudly called Albany, NY home for her entire life. Many in the Capital District will recognize Linda from one of her many career pursuits including time spent as a beloved waitress, bar owner, civil servant, and as Speckles the Clown! Most, however, will know Linda from her 15 years as owner and operator of Bake For You Bakery and Cafe. Linda currently serves Albany County as an Opioid Addiction Prevention Educator as well as producing candles and various artworks available at local boutique retailers. She lives with her husband and two rescue dogs in Slingerlands.

Eileen Clinton

Eileen is an author and five-year leukemia survivor with a background as a death educator, hospice bereavement specialist, and licensed funeral director. She co-founded the Bereavement Studies program at Maria College, where she taught courses on loss and grief. Having experienced personal loss, including widowhood and leukemia, Eileen believes in the power of storytelling to inspire others. Her book, What a Wonderful World: Reflections of Loss, Love, and Hope, shares a message of resilience and gratitude.

Katie Mangan

Katie is mother of four adult children, a recently retired seamstress, prolific knitter and breast cancer survivor who enjoys sharing her cancer treatment experiences in the hopes of empowering others during this life changing experience. Her cancer journey has brought her back to the cathartic power of journaling and writing.

Johanne E. Morne

Johanne is currently the Executive Deputy Commissioner for the NYS Department of Health. Prior to this position, Ms. Morne served as the Deputy Commissioner, Office of Health Equity and Human Rights for the New York State Department of Health. Ms. Morne was appointed in August 2022 to establish the new Office and serve as a member of the Department's Executive Leadership Team. Ms. Morne has been with the Department for 17 years. Most of those years were in the AIDS Institute, serving as the Director from 2016 – 2022. Prior to coming into state government, Ms. Morne worked in community-based settings that provided access to care and support to individuals under and uninsured. Regardless of her title, her priorities remain the same – the advancement of equity, social justice, and trauma informed care.

Emily Rubin

Emily Rubin is an author and writing instructor. Her debut novel, Stalina (2011), was a selection in the Amazon Debut Novel Award Contest. She was awarded two NYSCA Literary Arts grants, the Sarah Verdone Writer's Award, a finalist in the International Literary Awards, and a Pushcart Prize nominee. She runs the Write Treatment Workshops for Mount Sinai and NYOH Cancer Centers, has lectured at Bard College, and taught fiction for Columbia University's Narrative Medicine Program. She was treated for breast cancer in 2008 and has recently started treatment for a recurrence. Rubin lives and writes in Columbia County, NY. Learn more about Emily at emilyrubin.net.

Additional Stories of Resilience

The following heartwarming stories were selected for our print program. With each author's permission, stories have been edited for length.

Ten Tips

By Kimberly Albarelli

Kelly Preston was a beautiful and talented actress, well-known as the wife of John Travolta. In 2020, she lost her battle with breast cancer. I learned of her passing one July morning amid the pandemic, after reaching for my phone to read the news.

At the time, I had a routine scan scheduled in just a few days, but with my strong family history of the disease, I couldn't shake the sinking feeling that the results wouldn't be good. Deep down, I already knew—I had cancer. And I was right. Stage 1 invasive ductal carcinoma, triple positive.

Treatment was one of the hardest things I have ever had to do, and while I was going through it, I carried a notebook and wrote down tips to pass along to other women on their own breast cancer journey. My top-ten tips:

1. **The initial shock:** The first time the doctor tells you that you have breast cancer, it will feel like an out-of-body experience. This is normal. With time, it will become more routine.

2. **Don't go at it alone:** Bring a companion to your oncology consultations. Your doctor will share a lot of important information, and it may be overwhelming. You might only absorb a fraction of it as you process the reality of the situation, so have your support person to take notes for you.

3. **Play it again, Sam:** You'll be asked about your medications at every consultation or treatment. Make a list of all prescriptions, over-the-counter medications, and vitamins, including their strength and dosage. Keep it updated and bring it to every appointment.

4. **Questions, questions:** Ask your doctor if your chemo will cause joint and muscle pain. If so, discuss a way to get in front of it. Don’t chase the pain!

5. **Reward yourself:** Before I began my chemo, I bought a dozen inexpensive pick-me-up gifts: one for each week of treatment, and put them in a pretty bag. Think: a pretty nail polish, a Kit Kat bar, a fun pen. Every Monday afternoon when I got home from the hospital, I’d reach into the bag and pull out one item as a reward. It was a fun way to treat myself.

6. **Journaling is so worth it:** Get a blank journal and write down how you are feeling every day during treatment. Be sure to note any changes and side effects you’re having. Bring this information to your doctor appointments. Your oncologist will appreciate this.

7. **Wear it, toss it:** I wore inspiring t-shirts to chemo treatments so that I would not associate any of my regular clothing with cancer. It was one of my best decisions. My fave? A shirt that said, “Killing It”.

8. **Heed the side effects wheel-of-fortune:** Chemo will make it difficult for you to clot if you cut yourself. Keep Band-Aids on supply and carry some in your bag for nicks or paper cuts. Dark eyeliner on your upper eyelid can help hide the lack of eye lashes, should you lose them. Search the internet for “tightlining” or check for how-to videos.

9. **Take it three days at a time:** Treatment and recovery are not straight lines. You will make progress, but maybe not every day. This is so important to know - make it your mantra!

10. **One mo’ time:** Treatment and recovery are not straight lines. Trust the process.

Courage and Cancer

By Jennifer Church

In August 2021 at age 41, I was diagnosed with rare, stage three triple-negative breast cancer. I found a lump, but like 75% of women, I have dense breast tissue, so I didn't panic. Because of the pandemic, I'd skipped the mammogram I'd gotten yearly beginning at 35, since breast cancer ran in in my family.

On day five, the stupid lump haunting me, I saw my doctor. Ultrasound and mammogram showed abnormal tissue. Six days after my biopsy, there it was in my patient portal: positive for adenoid cystic carcinoma, which I learned mostly occurs in women over 65, attacks salivary glands in the head or neck, which appears in the breast <.1 percent of the time. Paralyzed with fear, all I could say was, "I don't want to die."

Visits with surgeons and NYOH set off a whirlwind of life-changing decisions. My final plan involved a double mastectomy with immediate implant placement—nipple-sparing if possible—and lymph node removal.

At NYOH, I saw Dr. Ammannagari along with Yassah Sim, NP, who've been amazing. Dr. A recommended chemo but no radiation since my lymph nodes were clear. After a second opinion from Sloan Kettering, the two offices formulated my chemo plan together.

Chemo, with all its dreaded side effects, made me nervous, sad, and angry. I felt guilty burdening my loved ones, who needed to care for me. The side effects started right away: no energy, taste, or hair. The symptoms of menopause crept in. I thought Why am I doing this? The answer: I'm doing this for myself, those I care for, and to show cancer who's boss. But twenty weeks of chemo and drugs put my body through hell.

I'm forever grateful and humbled by all the support I've received. Writing about my cancer journey weekly helped me vent, cry, smile, and show my vulnerability. I'll share some of these entries with you:

Week 5, during chemo treatments:
Week five, you have been a complete bitch...I'm short of breath and exhausted just doing small tasks. I have to look at the big picture to motivate myself to keep going.

The thought of one more of these red-devil treatments makes me want to cry… I've had multiple moments of sadness, denial, anger and frustration this week. I will not give into cancer…When I was four or five, I'd climb on my pony, Ralph, and he'd buck me off, over and over for hours. This journey reminds me of how determined I was not to let him win. Cancer‘s taken so much from me and my poor body at this point…I keep reminding myself how far I've come in the past three months…With love and support from my friends and family, we're going to do this.

Week 20:
I AM OFFICIALLY DONE WITH CHEMO! I'm excited, overwhelmed, and almost in shock that I'm done with this part of the journey and closer to being in remission. I'll have my PET scan and see the docs in June, and I hope to say I'm cancer free… Next, I need to exercise and get stronger before my surgery in July. I've gained 40+ pounds in steroid weight and can't wait to get rid of it!

Last night, I completed the Corporate Challenge 5K. It was a struggle, but I got through it…my work family and my beautiful daughter supported me every step of the way. This is a new beginning, with new goals and outlook on how precious life is…I believe the storm has passed and the clouds are finally clearing. This journey has made me stronger mentally, and I've learned that life is a privilege. Please remember everyone can have new beginnings…Some people don't get their tomorrow…Count your blessings every day.

Week 27:
I continue to be grateful, but I'm eager to move on…I feel stronger each day and want a purpose again. Cancer survivors fight for months or years, and afterward, we can feel lost…The cancer is gone, but the worry and fear continue. I'm so thankful I've been given this new chance at life, but I'll never be the same…You don't stop to think about this until you hear "You're in remission"…I've had the greatest support and love, and I'll conquer this next step one day at a time with all of you by my side.

There's so much more to tell—reconstruction battles, scares of recurrence, goals to raise money for breast cancer patients and education, my weight loss battle, and the push to move on mentally and physically, even two years later. Cancer has left scars, but they symbolize my pain, struggles, strength, love, courage, resilience, and most of all, life.

My Breast. Cancer Journey

By Lisa Giknis

My cancer journey started,
When I was 40 years old,
I just lost my mom to this disease,
But her story never got told.
She was just 64,
And I was only 39,
She was my best friend,
A bond undenied.
After she passed, although being only 39,
The doctors said get a mammogram,
To that I said,
I don't think I can.
But I heard my mom's angel voice,
Say, Please, child get this done,
I proceeded to make the appt,
It was on a Tuesday at 1.
I got a call back,
And had to do one more time,
I said, is something wrong,
Yes, we saw a spot the size of a dime.
After the test,
A biopsy followed,
DCIS was the diagnosis,
A good result,
But I still felt hollow.
I had a lumpectomy,
And 33 rounds of radiation,
I still worked every day,
Despite extreme exhaustion,
I really needed the pay.
But in the mist of all this grief,
I moved in with my dad,

He was so broken,
It made me so sad.
We were able to bond more,
And share loving memories,
Of our life with mom and my brother,
We shared many laughs about our family tree.

I was so lonely myself,
And needed a real man,
Then I heard on the radio,
Online dating with cupid.com $24.95
So to the computer I ran.
I clicked and clicked,
And a guy caught my eye,
Oh, his baby blues and awesome smile,
Just made me wanna cry.
We chatted online,
For months till we met,
And when we did,
I was 100% sure he was a good bet!
After I told him my news of cancer,
He did not run away,
He asked how he could help,
And how he could support me in any way.
I was hooked and knew,
He was the one for me,
2 years later,
We got married.
We have a great life,
And I went into remission,
I know our moms in heaven,
Had a hand in our connection.
I opened a business,
And left corporate life,
I just so enjoy,
Being his wife.

For 17 years,
I was cancer free,
Until one day I wasn’t ,
How could this be?
Another call back,
Another test,
Why now I said,
My life was the best.
But I went through the motions,
And this time was told,
You have invasive ductal carcinoma stage 3
The cancer got bold.

My breast could not be saved,
It was on the same side,
Lymph nodes had to go too,
I just wanted to die.
But I still had my hubby,
My dad, stepson, and pups,
My business and my friends and family,
I wasn’t gonna give up.
The hair fell out,
The boob gone too,
But then I had a thought,
Who really needs 2?
Chemo and more radiation,
All done while I worked all the time,
Keeping those around me happy,
But my life was still mine.
I turned 60 in April
Of 2024
I threw a huge party,
For all those who I adored.
Thanks to my doctors,
Who pumped me with drugs,
And especially to family and friends,

Who gave the best best hugs.
Today I stand before you in remission,
And my hair is growing back,
I have a foob I call Hans,
He lives in my bra and keeps up my rack!
Cancer can surely change you,
Yes, this is true,
But out of darkness,
Light does shine through!

My Caregiver Story

By Carol (Candy) Lagace

Though I've never had cancer, I have my own cancer story as a caregiver.

My mother had cancer three times—lung cancer, breast cancer and skin cancer. Our youngest son had testicular cancer twice before he was 30. In 2000, my husband Larry was diagnosed with prostate cancer, and then almost 20 years later, with kidney cancer that had spread to his lung.

Caregiving takes time, work, and patience. It's easy to look too far ahead, and it's hard seeing the one you love struggling with cancer and treatments. I can't tell anyone how to be a caregiver. I can only tell my own story in the hope it may help someone. No one should be in this alone.

Many, upon receiving a cancer diagnosis, want to put everything on hold, but my husband and I didn't do that. We still enjoy warm weather vacations every winter. Since Larry's diagnosis, we've remodeled his workshop and a full bathroom, added a tile floor in our family room, and bought new appliances, among other projects. We spend summers at our lake house with family and friends.

No one knows how life will turn out. I could get hit by a bus, and all that worrying would've been a waste of time!

When Larry was diagnosed, a good friend said, "This journey's like a quilt; you don't know how it'll turn out until it's finished."

We keep putting one foot in front of the other and try to live every day to the fullest. My father and two brothers helped with my mother's care. My son's future wife was a big support when he was sick. With a child, no matter their age, you want to take the cancer on yourself, but you can't.

When my husband was diagnosed with prostate cancer, he researched the best options, had surgery, and the outcome was great. Seven years ago, a routine cardiac calcium scan showed a spot on his lung. The scan was lifesaving, because he had no symptoms. In typical engineer fashion, he researched again and saw an excellent oncologist, Dr. David Shaffer at NYOH. He had surgery to remove the left kidney with a plum-sized tumor and the small tumor in his lung and went home the next day. At 80 years old, Larry's doing well, running an internet-based business with our grandson. Besides a few side effects from the treatments, he's in good health.

I never considered being a medical professional because, as I often said, "I'm not good with sick people." But I didn't choose this role, it chose me. We have many family members, including our children, and friends who keep our spirits up. I'm learning to ask for help when we need it.

Resilience means not giving up. When we hit a bump in our road, I think, "I can make it better, or I can make it worse." When someone isn't feeling well, there's no room in their head for anyone or anything else. That's when a little extra tolerance is important. Sometimes, it is "all about him," and that's okay. I need to do whatever I can, so I have no regrets in the future. I try to let my husband do what he can for himself—go to appointments, manage meds and schedules, and load the dishwasher (even though I'll rearrange the dishes later).

It's hard to admit when I need a break. The American Cancer Society's Hope Club provides a good social connection to other people with—or caring for someone with—cancer. Whether it's a lunch, a massage, a special event, or a painting class, being around others who understand what it's like means everything. I meet monthly with my Quilters' Book Club. These ladies are special, long-time friends who've all had challenges of their own. At home, quilting helps me push the fact that we're living with cancer in our lives from my mind for a little while. Recharging my batteries allows me to continue one more day.

Next September we'll celebrate our 60th anniversary. We have three fantastic children, fabulous in-laws, six awesome grandchildren, and many wonderful friends and extended family. Life is pretty good!

If you're dealing with cancer and are lucky enough to have a caregiver, please take time to appreciate them and thank them for all they do. I know there are many caregivers here tonight. To those of you who have been caring for someone with cancer— now or in the past—you are truly the unsung heroes of all our cancer stories.

I'll Rise Up!

By Rosanne DiMauro

I'm a 43-year-old single mom to two boys, 12 and 6, battling neuroendocrine tumor cancer (carcinoid cancer) since December 2021.

Scans in the summer of 2024 revealed stable tumors, but my newly replaced heart valves were again under attack. In July, 15 months following open-heart surgery, I had a double valve-in-valve transcatheter procedure for my tricuspid and pulmonic valves.

That October, scans indicated a 66% decrease in the tumor burden in my liver! Exciting news, but another surgery was scheduled to prevent my heart from being attacked again.

On January 14, 2025, I underwent a complex cytoreductive surgery at Mount Sinai. A mass was removed from my gallbladder, pelvis, small intestine, and mesenteric wall, my gallbladder and 15 lymph nodes were removed, and my small intestine and mesentery were resected. Five days later, I required an emergency ERCP to address a significant bile leak, and a stent was placed. I was discharged on January 22. A procedure to reverse the stent will occur in late March.

Now, nearly a month since my surgery, I continue to rise up!

I journal for myself and for my supporters on my crowdfunding platform, Carelines, through the Bone Marrow & Cancer Foundation. I'm grateful for this platform, and the funds raised have helped ease the financial burden cancer places on families.

Journal Entry - January 25, 2025
The past five days have been a rollercoaster, but today I'm finally in a stable recovery phase. I'm learning that setbacks are all part of the journey.

On Tuesday, I cried all day. My heart ached for my boys, for home, for the comfort of familiar things. I craved the taste of home-cooked food and fresh air. My personal belongings smelled only of the sterile, unfamiliar hospital. I was sluggish, in stark contrast to the energy I'd had the day before.

The pain in my abdomen had worsened since being taken off my PCA dilaudid pump, but I knew that my body had to do the work of healing. I hadn't showered since I was admitted, and my team made it happen. I'll never underestimate the boost of a shower or bath. Upgrading my diet also helped. My appetite was tiny, but it felt good to chew something and get some substance into my stomach.

On Wednesday, my mom and brother-in-law visited and, though I was still in rough shape, my medical team said they could take me home. They believed this would help my recovery. They showed me how to change and monitor the drain and keep the six-inch incision with 14 staples through my belly button and five smaller incisions on my stomach clean and covered.

The last few days in the hospital, I'd started thinking I'd never make it home. The three-hour ride was smooth, but the bumps and jolts irritated my abdomen, making me tense up and causing significant discomfort. Finally, home, I practically fell into the recliner, trembling in pain. Blood in my bowel movements triggered a wave of panic attacks. My doctor had said that if anything went wrong, we were to come straight back to her. My family prayed all night for healing.

On Thursday morning, the pain was manageable. Bleeding slowed, and I started gentle foods, moved around a bit, and focused on recovery. I cried when my boys returned from school, pulling them into a tight hug. AJ chatted from the end of the bed while Willie sat next to me, and we worked on homework together.

On Friday, I showered and then changed my drain bag and the dressing on my incision. Extreme fatigue and rapid heartbeat caused anxiety, given my history of heart issues. I alternated between the guest bedroom and the recliner. Later, I managed to walk up five stairs to the couch, where I ate while my family had dinner at the table nearby. After 13 long days, I finally slept in my own bed again. It felt incredible.

This round has been the toughest challenge I've faced. I hadn't fully grasped the complexity and invasiveness of the surgery. This wasn't just a fight, it was a full-scale war, and for the first time, I felt the kind of fear I'd never known through countless surgeries and treatments over the past three years. Fear tries to convince you that you can't endure. But faith is the antidote to fear. I dug deep to find it and once again, my faith has shown itself to be stronger than my fear.

While the challenges I face may knock me to my knees, I will always **rise up!**

There's No Cure?

By Jeff Nudi

In April 2022, I was diagnosed with Mucosal Melanoma. The doctor who gave me the diagnosis was blunt—there's no cure, it's a highly aggressive cancer, and I likely had about 12 months to live, with an unbearably painful road ahead.

Looking back, I had what was probably a very strange reaction to that news - actually, it was not much of a reaction at all. It felt more like a quiet sense of resignation. By that point, I had lived a good, full life, and had already crossed off most items on my bucket list. When I was young, I lived life like I was invincible, embracing a lifestyle that could have easily killed me before I turned 35, in fact, I've often said that I'm living in the "bonus years."

But my sense of resignation gave way to action, and I made calls to several oncologists in the South where we were spending the winter months. With appointments booked out for three months, I researched alternatives until I found a surgeon in Albany, near our summer residence. He would see me shortly after we arrived in New York in mid-May 2022. Soon after that, I underwent a PET scan that identified the details of my cancer.

The scan revealed the cancer's primary site, but also metastases in my liver and lungs, a diagnosis was later confirmed through biopsy. I met with Dr. Mohamad Younes at New York Oncology Hematology to review the results. I shared that my doctor in Georgia had told me there was no cure, and I estimated I had about 12 months to live. Dr. Younes, however, had a different perspective—he had a plan. He explained that while a cure was not possible, immunotherapy drugs could potentially slow the progression of the disease. "Although I cannot offer you a cure, I can offer you hope," he said. With that, we agreed to move forward with the treatment - my resignation now yielding to optimism.

The plan was to use two IV drugs in combination for four rounds of treatments three weeks apart, followed by a maintenance period depending upon what was happening with the cancer. Blood tests would be used to monitor side effects during treatment. The first treatment was in July, 2022, followed by two more sessions in August and September. Unfortunately, however, the side effects I had been warned about derailed the plan - blood tests revealed that the drugs were having a severely adverse effect on my liver. More treatments could lead to further damage, so continuing with the therapy was a poor option. My optimism was fading back to acceptance - we had given it a good shot, but it hadn't worked the way we planned. I started on prednisone to try to counter the effects of the immunotherapy drugs.

In October, after we stopped the treatments, I decided to take a month-long trip to Scotland that I had been planning for a few years. The purpose was to run a half-marathon, and ironically (given the condition of my liver) to sample several fine single malt scotches. Despite being on a high dosage of prednisone, I managed to complete the half-marathon, albeit at the slowest pace I had ever "run." In truth, it felt less like running and more like crawling—but I crossed the finish line nonetheless!

I had no idea that finishing the marathon was just the start of a good "run". Before I left for Scotland I had a PET scan to monitor the progression of the cancer. When I got back to Albany in November, Dr. Younes had some remarkable news for me - the PET scan showed no signs of cancer! I was told that I was in complete remission.

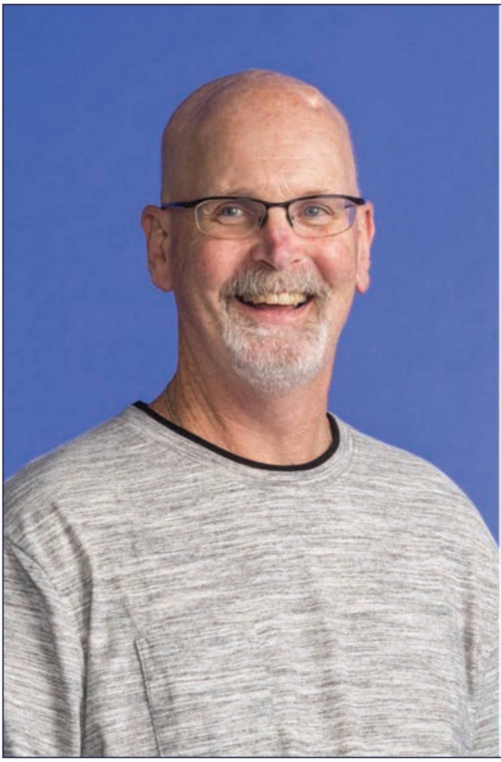
Since then, regular imaging and blood tests have been conducted to monitor my health. To repair liver damage, I underwent a regimen of high-dose prednisone. It took several months, but eventually test results showed that the liver was functioning normally. A liver specialist confirmed there was no permanent damage.

Today, I remain optimistic. My most recent PET scan, conducted in August 2024, showed no detectable signs of cancer—neither in imaging nor in blood tests. Regular testing and scans will continue every few months for the foreseeable future. While I am not cured, I am in remission.

And above all, I am hopeful.

“I'm not sure if resilience is ever achieved alone.
Experience allows us to learn from example.
But if we have someone who loves us —
I don't mean who indulges us, but who loves us
enoughto be on our side-then it's easier to
grow resilience, to grow belief in self, to grow
self-esteem. And its self-esteem that allows a
person to stand up."

MAYA ANGELOU



Monticello
LICENSED REAL ESTATE BROKER

Monticello is proud to support the NYOH Community Cancer Foundation.

Congratulations to all of this evening's storytellers!

At Monticello, our mission goes beyond real estate sales. Over the years, we've invested over a hundred thousand dollars in our community, supporting initiatives that champion the economic vibrancy of the 518. Monticello's commitment to giving back and community investment have been a driving force since our inception. Our mission is to Love, Serve, and Innovate. We are dedicated to supporting our clients and communities with compassion and humility. Here are some of the dozens of local organizations we have supported through the years.

#Monticellogivesback

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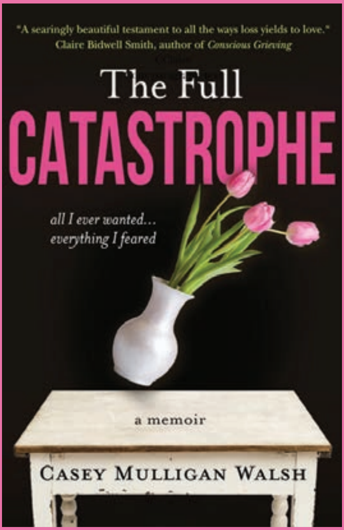
LOCAL AUTHOR

Even in the messiest, most heartbreaking moments, there's room for peace, hope, and unexpected joy—what Zorba the Greek called, "the full catastrophe."



"A searingly beautiful testament to all the ways loss yields to love." Claire Bidwell Smith, author of *Conscious Grieving*

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everything I feared
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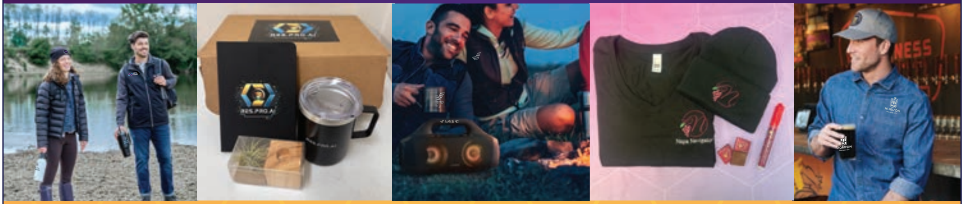
"A searingly beautiful testament to all the ways loss yields to love."
-Claire Bidwell Smith, author of
Conscious Grieving

"This book is a triumph and an inspiration."
-Richard Hoffman, author of
Half the House



About the NYOH Community Cancer Foundation

Our Mission

The mission of the NYOH Community Cancer Foundation is to alleviate financial hardship for community members diagnosed and living with cancer, allowing them to focus on treatment and improve their quality of life.

The Work of the Foundation

The NYOH Community Cancer Foundation provides financial assistance, patient education, and other resources to individuals diagnosed with cancer by:

Paying for rent and household bills or providing gift cards to purchase gas and groceries, we help cancer patients focus on their treatment instead of worrying about daily household stressors.

Providing free patient education and support programs to enrich the cancer journey for patients and caregivers. Our Foundation sponsors workshops, both virtual and in-person, covering topics like breast cancer, cancer and wellness, and therapeutic writing.

Distributing items such as blankets, port pillows, books for children about cancer, and patient care bags (with items such as socks, lotion, journals, etc.) for local cancer patients.

Who We Serve

Financial assistance and benefits are offered to all cancer patients receiving treatment or who have received treatment within 6 months and reside in the Capital District, as defined by Albany, Columbia, Fulton, Greene, Montgomery, Rensselaer, Saratoga, Schenectady, Schoharie, Warren, and Washington counties.

Our Impact

Scan the QR code to check our 2024 Impact Report.

NYOH Community Cancer Foundation


43
2020
42
9

RockYourStyle®

Save the Date

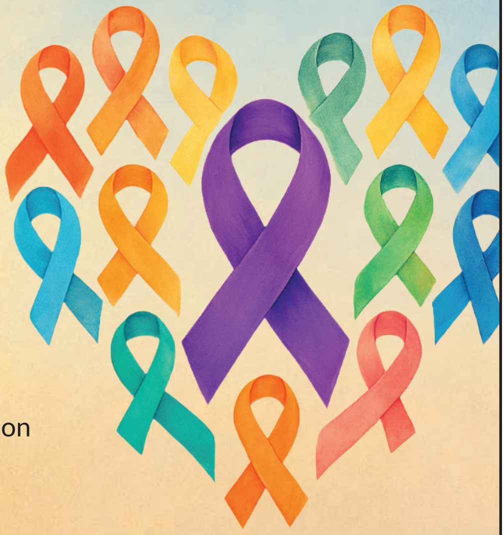
Saturday,
September 27, 2025
Empire Live

SAVE THE DATE

Survivors Day Celebration

June 8, 2025

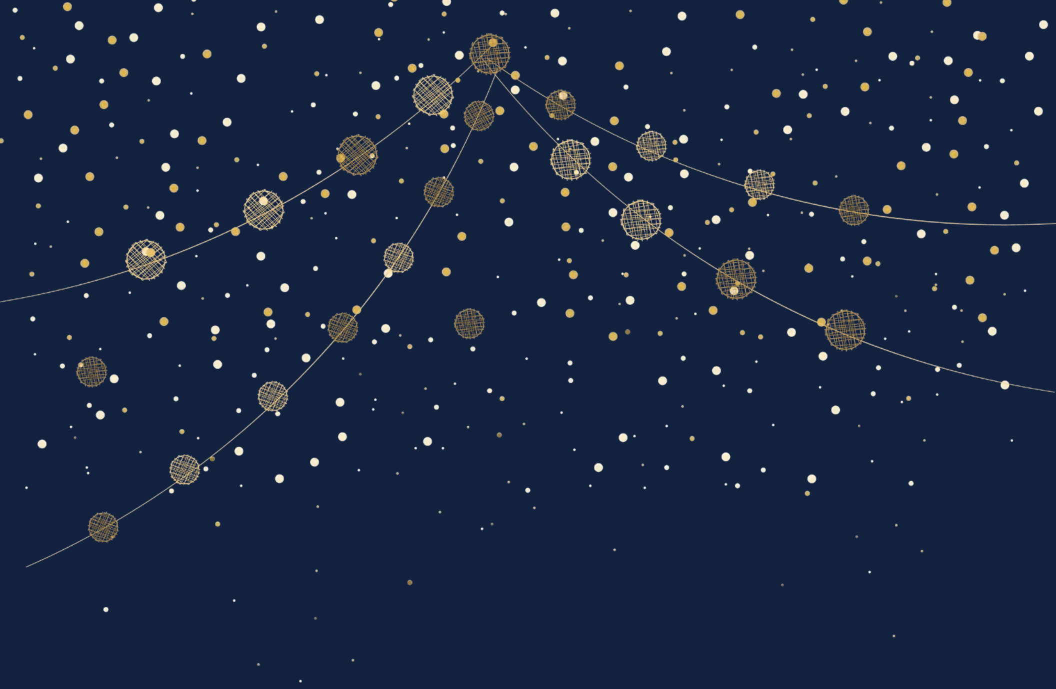
Join us for an inspiring day of celebration, connection, and renewal as the NYOH Community Cancer Foundation proudly hosts the annual Survivors Day Celebration in collaboration with New York Oncology Hematology.



For more information, visit **nyohfoundation.org/survivors-day**

In memory of Beth Byrne

NYOH Community Cancer Foundation Board of Directors
February 25, 1963-April 11, 2025



Inspired by this evening? Consider a donation to the NYOH Community Cancer Foundation.

The NYOH Community Cancer Foundation is a registered 501c3 and provides financial assistance, patient education, and other resources to individuals diagnosed with cancer. By paying for rent and household bills or providing gift cards to purchase gas and groceries, we help people living with cancer focus on their treatment, instead of worrying about daily household stressors.