Because We're so LUCKY

It's TIME that we SHARED

DEDICATED TO MARSHALL JENSEN

By Melanie Jensen
This book and all proceeds, if any, are dedicated in full to the beautiful family of Marshall Jensen.

Marshall passed away in November 2015, at the age of 31, after valiantly fighting four consecutive battles with Acute Lymphoblastic Leukemia. Not even three relapses in a row could silence his music, bring down his incredible love and positivity, or dull his faith.

He died from an infection in his heart; the cancer did NOT win.

He was and is an inspiration to all who knew him.

The support ribbon for leukemia is orange.
“Mommy…”

“My bath is too hot and too deep and too wet.
My toys are too old, and the kitty won’t get
In the water with me. It’s just not my day.
My life is so rotten I might run away.

“My room is too tiny, my clothes are too few,
You won’t let me stay up as late as I choose!
You make me play clean-up when I could play ball!
My chores are too big, my allowance too small!”
"You make me hug sister when I don’t want to,  
You make me do homework and follow the rules,  
I hate the whole world! I could go on for ages!  
I’ll never be happy until something changes!"

Mommy came over and looked at her son.  
She took his small face in her hand and begun,  
"Life can be hard," she agreed with a nod,  
"But few people have it as good as you’ve got."

“I don’t have it good!” Big Brother insisted.  
I don’t have half the toys that I want that I’ve listed.  
I wish we were richer! I hate being me!  
Every last kid on earth has it better than me!”
Sister came in, with her pink teddy bear.
Big Brother ran over, and pulled at her hair.
“Brother!” said mommy. She then got reflective.
“It's time for you children to learn some perspective.”
She made a few calls, and they got in the car.
She made them wear seatbelts, and said “it’s not far.”
Brother and Sister fought hard the whole way,
Despite mommy telling them both to behave.
At last they arrived at the infirmary.
Brother and Sister stopped fighting to see.
A big sign declared that the lot they had entered
Was parking to reach the Leukemia Center.
“What is Leukemia?” Big Brother asked.
“Come with me and see.” Weary mommy said back. They parked in the lot, and within a few minutes, A lady was signing them in for a visit.

Brother and Sister were handed a mask, and a nurse gave them sanitizer for their hands. A nice lady took them upstairs to a room, where she left after saying that she’d return soon.

“Do you know why we’re here?” Mommy looked in their eyes. “You both are so lucky, and need to know why.”
The lady came back. She was pushing a chair. On the seat was a girl in a robe with no hair.

Sister was startled and hid behind mom. Brother was stunned, but he tried to look calm. "Where is your hair?" Brother asked in a whisper. The little girl smiled and waved at his sister.
“My hair doesn’t grow anymore,” the girl said. And with a pale hand, she reached up to her head. “My body is fighting a sickness I have, But it isn’t enough, and my family is sad.

“The sickness I have is Leukemia, see. It’s when my own body tries to hurt me. I can’t make it stop, and I can’t run away. I can’t leave this building unless doctor’s say.”
“The doctors are giving me chemical shots. It’s hurting my body, but fighting the clots. I can’t pet my kitty, I can’t go to school. I can’t do almost anything other kids do.

“The medicine hurts, but I’m grateful to try. Because if I don’t, doctors say I will die. But I’m still really lucky. Other kids have it worse. I still have my family, my smile, my church.”
Big Brother was speechless. He looked at the girl. He said, “You’re the bravest kid in the whole world.”

The little girl smiled, but looked very ill.

The nice lady whispered, “It’s time for your pill.”
The little girl waved with a frail little hand, as the nice lady took her away from her fans.
The lady returned and she helped them get back to the place where they washed up and put on the masks.

“You don’t have to wear those white masks anymore. We have them to keep away germs on this floor. The chemical shots make it harder to heal, so a place where they won’t become sick is ideal.”
They left for the car, and the children were dazed.
Big Brother was wide-eyed, and Sister was fazed.
Then mommy helped put on their seat belts and straps,
And the family drove home, with no sound from the back.
They pulled in the driveway, and then went inside,
Without one complaint, disagreement, or fight.

Big Brother went into his room in a trance;
Touching the toys that he used to demand.
He sat for a time with his head in his palms,
Quietly thinking. Uncommonly calm.
Mommy came in to check up on her boy,
And was stunned at the sight—for he’d bagged all his toys.
“Now what are these bags for?” Mommy asked Brother.
Looking around seeing one, then another.
“Oh, those were my toys…” Brother started to say,
“But I’ve chosen to bag them and give them away.”
“But what,” mommy asked, “are you doing this for?”
“Because,” Brother said, “Other kids need them more.”
His mommy knelt down and she gave him a squeeze.
“I’m so proud of you.” whispered mom, very pleased.
“You've learned that the best thing a person can own is a body that's healthy, and gratitude shown.
“True happiness isn’t from having what's new. It's from being thankful to have what you do.”

Big Brother was smiling, and hugged mommy quick.
“Can we do something nice for the girl who is sick?”
“We'll draw her some cards,” mommy said with a smile,
“And send her our love and our prayers for a while.”
"We can help other kids who are lonely or sad,
By sharing these toys you put into a bag.
And then we can visit some other kids too,
To show them the love and support that's in you."

Big Brother looked up as his Sister came in.
He gave her a hug and she gave him a grin.

"We're going to help people!" Brother declared.
"Because we're so lucky, it's time that we shared."
For Marshall, Amanda, and Kez.
We love you SO much.

If you know that you’re lucky and you’re willing to share please consider making a donation of $5 to Hope for Healing, a small non-profit charity dedicated to helping make the world a better place. Some of their current projects include helping to increase availability of clean, safe drinking water for children around the world; improving computer access and availability for underfunded, struggling schools; and my personal favorite, creating a college fund for Kezman Jensen, whose story inspired the creation of this book. Kez may have to grow up without a father, but he will always know that he is loved and supported by a community of good and caring people like you.

Please make donations at hopeforhealingfoundation.com. Donations of $25 or more will receive a free hardcover edition of this book (while supplies last). Donations are tax deductible, please print out a copy of your receipt for your tax records.

Thank You.