



www.crossingthefinishline.org

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Greetings, Friends of CFL!

Happy Thanksgiving! And welcome to my first blog ever for Crossing the Finish Line. I know now why that eleventh grade typing class was so important - having to do those 35 words per minute with zero tolerance for error has prepared me well for my first blogging exercise. So here it goes....

I could write volumes about CFL and our growth, our transparency, our mission - but none of this is important when it boils down to our purpose here on earth. Now really, I'm still trying to define the meaning of purpose but for November's blog, I'm enacting a scene with BamBam from the Flintstones (I received two knocks on my head to point me in the right direction.) Ironically, both knocks came from two small children about the size of Pebbles (BamBam's friend). It's amazing that you don't have to look farther than the face of a child for the answers to many of life's questions.

Swing One came from a child that we recently sent away with her mom. Mom has a recurrence of cancer and is in the battle for her life. As part of the family's respite excursion, CFL created a memory DVD that captures photos of their trip. Mom's three year old daughter loves to replay this DVD over and over for anyone interested in watching (and sometimes even imaginary friends) and has already crafted the fine art of replay and pause! Imagine the joy that these photos must bring to this child. Creating joy for another, even joy amid pain, is part of our purpose.

So my second bam came from my own five year old daughter, Maura. Today I received the emergency call from my sister (my trusted babysitter) who watches Maura on days when I'm in the office. The only words I heard between the tears and the hyperventilating was "Mom, I want you." After doing yoga breathing exercises over the phone with her (I've only taken yoga once but thank God I remembered how to breathe), I heard her say that she loves me. I reminded her of our family hug - the night before - and how much I love her too. When I hung up and quickly snapped into blog mode, I thought again of purpose - our purpose here to love one another with compassion.

So how does all of this "purpose stuff" relate to CFL? We are a family of people who compassionately care about others - moms, dads, kids, cousins, aunts, friends, grandparents, uncles, cousins, siblings - dealing with cancer. We bring joy to so many families - we give families the environment to have "family hugs" for an entire week straight - hugs not broken by the traumas

associated with this disease.

So in my first blog here, I'm solving the purpose of our meaning of life (read our bios on the website for this inside joke - and no, it's not related to Monty Python) and am reminded by the actions and words of today's Pebbles' - let's live with purpose to bring joy and love compassionately those we meet each day.

Sincerely,
Marci



CFL sailor, Lisa Neumoyer, and her family while on their respite in Florida.

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<http://www.crossingthefinishline.org/presidentblog.asp>



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