

When you feel small with your voice dried up and crumbling in your throat,
because none of your words can be stretched far enough to cover the chasm of the diagnosis that could not be contorted to fit in to all of your hearts and vacancies.

when you feel frail, the bones in your body to riddle, bare this burden, breaking under the belief that nothing is salvageable.

When you feel afraid when you feel alone, please.

Don't hide yourself away. Look to us.

Who refuse to accept the answer that there is no cure to this. look at us who refuse to let anyone fight through this alone.

Look to us. Warrior's arms with shaved head and bake sales.

Look to us. Our hope it's big enough to hold your arm spread wide waiting to love you.

We are here to remind ourselves that we aren't so different after all, and we are never as alone as we feel.

Every year, we prove the world that our inspirations and our convictions can be turned in something tangible we prove we have the power to change lives.

We discover that our stories have a bigger impact than we ever imagined so please never stop sharing them.

Never stop believing in something bigger than yourself in the power we have when we come together.

When I look at you all I see hope.

I see survivors.

And fighters.

And Families who have lost just as much as I have.

But most of all, I see your refusal to get in and it lets me be strong.

I see every reason I had to shave my head.

I see every child, mother, friend, and lover, that we do this for.

I see every kid who gets the chance to go to camp and just be a kid again.

And I know that we will never give up.

We will refuse to let the diagnosis have the last word because when you see these kids smile you can't help but believe in miracles.