

A black and white portrait of a woman with dark, wavy hair, smiling and looking down. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, collared shirt and a pair of large, ornate earrings. The background is a plain, light color.

DEANNA FAVRE

WITH ANGELA HUNT

Don't bet against me!

beating the odds against breast cancer and in life

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Don't Bet Against Me!: Beating the Odds Against Breast Cancer and in Life

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DEDICATION

Brett ~ You inspire me. I have watched you deal with so much adversity, yet you never back down. You always face things head on. I gain a lot of strength from you just by seeing how you deal with your own adversity. You are definitely one of the strongest people I know. I feel very blessed to have you in my life. I have always been in love with you and I always will be.

Britt ~ We've gone through so much together. I will always admire you for who you became with all the obstacles you had to face. I am amazed daily by your intelligence, strength, persistence, and beauty. I am so proud of the person you have become. I am so blessed that you are in my life, and I love you very much.

Bre ~ Your smile is contagious. Your dramatic ways have brought so much laughter to our lives. You are so fun-loving—no doubt something you inherited from your dad. Your compassion for others is like none I have ever seen in a child of your age. Thanks for always taking my side. You are a blessing. I love you.

Don't bet against me!

Mom ~ You are an amazing and remarkable woman. I would not be the person I am today were it not for you. You taught me to be humble, compassionate, loving, and generous. I will always be grateful that God gave me you as my mom. You give new meaning to the words *unconditional love*. I will always be grateful for you. I love you.

Dad ~ Thanks so much for all your support over the years, and for taking such good care of our family. I appreciate the sacrifices you made for me.

Christie ~ My sister, my best friend, there were times when I could not have made it through without your support. I know what we have is real because it goes back a long, long way. I never question our bond and the love and friendship we share. Our relationship means more to me than you will ever know. Thank you for your love and support through the years. You are one of the most intelligent and beautiful women I have ever known. You've made my life worthwhile. I can't imagine a single day without you. I love you dearly.

Josh ~ You are a wonderful brother-in-law. Thanks for sacrificing so much for my family. I cannot thank you enough for taking care of Brittany and treating her as you would your own child. What a gift you are to our family. I love you.

All the Favres ~ Thanks for so many wonderful memories over the years. These are memories I will treasure for a lifetime. I've been blessed to be a part of your family.

To my brother, Casey, and to Rocky Byrd and Irvin Favre—I love and miss you all dearly.

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To all my friends in Mississippi and Wisconsin, thank you for always being there for me, and for your continued support.

And finally, to Packer fans, both in Green Bay and across the country, thank you all for your undying support. You are, and always will be, the greatest fans in the world!





FOREWORD

For a man who prides himself on courage, toughness, and determination, I found out I only *thought* I knew what those words meant. When my wife was diagnosed with cancer, she showed me their true meaning. My father had passed away suddenly just ten months before, and Deanna's brother, Casey, passed away only a week before the cancer entered our lives. Deanna has always been a very strong, caring, thoughtful, and supportive person, and I can tell you that none of those qualities were lost during or after her fight.

I learned during all this that life is precious, sometimes short, and never easy, regardless of what people think. Money and fame cannot bring happiness. They cannot bring my dad or Casey back. My wife has always been a mountain among hills, and true to form she has turned her adversity into hope for other women in similar situations. Deanna often tells me I don't realize the impact or effect I have on people. Well, the feeling is mutual. I love her, and I would not be here today without her.

Brett Favre



PROLOGUE

Ask any cancer patient and they'll tell you about the nausea. The needle sticks. And the fear.

Especially the fear.

What they won't always tell you about is the waiting—what feels like days and weeks of interrupted life. They may not tell you about the unanchored feeling that creeps up like a burglar when the routine that has given shape and purpose to your days is suspended.

I've waited in doctors' offices, on exam tables, and by the telephone. Today I'm waiting at the hospital, drawn here by the necessity of surgery. Since my arrival, I've met technicians, nurses, and interns, all of whom greet me with a quick smile and study my chart without seeming to realize that the fate of my family depends on the notations on that page.

I'm wearing only a thin cotton gown, and the air conditioning is blowing full blast, probably to keep the surgical team cool as they prepare to operate.

"We're ready." A gowned nurse smiles at me from behind her mask. Her hands grip the bars on the side of the gurney, and for an instant her eyes meet my sister's. "You can wait

in the reception area, ma'am. It's just outside, through those double doors and down the hall."

Christie squeezes my hand one more time, and I can't help clinging to the welcome warmth of her fingers. A shivering rises from someplace deep within me, and I lock my jaw to keep my teeth from chattering.

I always shiver when I'm nervous.

The nurse notices the gooseflesh on my arms. "I know it's cold," she says, a note of apology in her voice. "Sorry about that. But we'll have you under a blanket when you wake up."

Then I am rolling out of the room, speckled ceiling tiles sliding past my eyes. The nurse bumps a door with her hip; I hear the soft thud and a squeak as the doors open and we enter the operating theater.

My surgeon, Dr. Alexandria Heerdt, is waiting inside, and I'm relieved by the sight of her friendly smile. "How are you doing, Deanna?" she asks, her voice slightly muffled by her mask.

I'd like to answer, but I'm distracted by the nurse, who seems determined to jab a hole into the back of my left hand. She's trying to start an IV for the anesthetic, but few nurses have ever been able to find a vein on my left side.

"Try my right hand," I say, anxiety welling up in my throat. "For some reason the veins on my left—"

"We prefer the left," the nurse says, sticking me again. "That way we stay out of the doctor's way."

I zip my lip as the nurse sighs in exasperation. The tumor is near my right breast, so I suppose I understand, but these ineffective needle pricks are not helping me relax.

"Try the right hand," Dr. Heerdt says, her voice calm.

I close my eyes as the nurse stands and walks to the other side of the table. A moment later, I feel a prick in my right hand, and then the room grows blurry.

Gloved hands surround me. Hands open my gown and swab a cold liquid over my right breast and the skin beneath my arm. Every muscle in my body contracts in a shiver. I want to tell them I'm freezing, but my tongue won't move.

Hands lift my left arm and slip a blood-pressure cuff around my biceps. Other hands press electrocardiograph monitors to my chest and tape them in place. My fingertip feels a light pinch as hands position the clip that will measure my blood oxygen levels.

I try to look for my doctor, but my heavy eyelids have frozen shut. Somewhere in the darkness, hands have adjusted the IV that is pouring anesthetic into my body, numbing all sensation.

My skin contracts in another slow shiver. Why didn't they tell me I'd be so cold?

The surgeon will soon take her chilly scalpel and open my breast, removing the cancer that threatens my life.

Until then, I can do nothing but wait, sleep . . . and hope.



world champions

CHAPTER ONE

As Dan Aykroyd, John Goodman, and James Belushi gyrated through their halftime performance as the Blues Brothers, I grinned at my sister, breathed in the scent of hot dogs and popcorn, and resisted the urge to pinch myself. We were halfway through Super Bowl XXXI, Green Bay was leading New England 27–14, and I was *sure* we’d beat the Patriots . . . despite the fact that my husband had been sacked on the final play of the first half.

Brett and the team had worked hard to earn this trip to New Orleans. The Packers had just completed a phenomenal season, and their 13–3 record was the best in the NFC. Led by Reggie White, the “Minister of Defense,” the Packer defense that season had allowed only 210 points while the offense, led by my husband, had scored an NFL-best 456 points. Seven times they had outscored their opponent by at least three touchdowns.

I took quiet pride in the Packers’ accomplishments, because

Brett had won the NFL's Most Valuable Player award for the second straight year. During the season, he had thrown for 3,899 yards and thirty-nine touchdowns (at the time, an NFC record).

But as outstanding as his athletic victories were, I was even more proud of his personal accomplishments. In May 1996, I had stood with Brett and his coach, Mike Holmgren, as Brett told a crowd of reporters that he had developed an addiction to the painkiller Vicodin. Brett voluntarily entered the Menninger Clinic, a rehab center in Topeka, Kansas, where he remained for forty-six days. Now, eight months later, Brett looked and felt good. He and his teammates wanted to win the Super Bowl—and with all my heart, I believed they would.

As the halftime show ended and the teams ran back out onto the field, I told my brother and sister that I'd see them later. Because we weren't playing in our home stadium, we weren't sitting in a skybox—in fact, our tickets had been split, so I was sitting near the 20 yard line, with my friends Kristin and Dotsie, while my family and Brett's sat in other sections. And because New Orleans is only sixty miles from Kiln, our hometown in Mississippi, Brett had lots of other friends and family in the stadium as well.

I couldn't help but feel proud as I peered over the sea of heads and spotted Brett on the field. After going public with news of his addiction, he had lost a couple of endorsement deals, but I felt he was more of a role model now than before. He could have kept his addiction quiet and no one would have known—in fact, most people had trouble believing that an MVP who played as well as Brett did could have any kind of drug problem.

But Brett had told the world about his addiction, and then he'd done what he had to do to confront it. I knew that his

public stance took a special kind of courage, one that doesn't come naturally to me.

I've always been a behind-the-scenes sort of person, and Super Bowl week had been a challenge. We'd traveled to New Orleans a full seven days before the game, and I'd spent most of that time avoiding the official events while I sought out kid-friendly activities for our soon-to-be-eight-year-old daughter, Brittany. It's not that I'm antisocial—it's just that I'm shy; and amid all the hype, the crowds, and the media frenzy of the Super Bowl, I felt like a fish out of water.

Because the quarterback is the most visible player on a team, and I was the quarterback's wife, I had been asked to appear on the TV show *Extra*. I agreed, and then wondered what in the world had possessed me to accept the invitation. It was one of the first times I had ever been formally interviewed, and it was one of the more uncomfortable experiences of my life. Brad Goode, the interviewer, was an honest-to-goodness celebrity, and I felt like a redneck country girl who'd stumbled into a formal ball.

To make matters worse, I'd come down with a bad case of strep throat while we were in New Orleans. The team doctors had diagnosed my illness and given me antibiotics, but I was still feeling as sick as a dog when Brad showed up with his camera crew. He thought he'd be interviewing me in a suite, but when he arrived and saw that Brittany, my two friends, and I had been crammed into a tiny hotel room, he decided that we should do the interview out in the hallway—like he'd just happened to bump into Brett Favre's wife in a New Orleans hotel.

So there we were, walking and chatting in a dimly lit hallway. I was struggling to remember not to look at the camera, while smiling and talking like I had a brain in my head. That's harder than it sounds, because I was completely

intimidated by Brad Goode. He behaved like the professional interviewer he is and did his best to set me at ease. While I tried to smile and not trip over the trailing camera cords, Brad asked all the usual questions: “What’s it like being married to Brett Favre?” “How do you feel about being at the Super Bowl?”

Well, I had no idea what to say. I had no idea how I felt about anything. I was sick and nervous and scared and felt like the most witless person in America. I said something and Brad looked at me like he was waiting for me to say more, but I didn’t have a clue what he was expecting. I suppose his job is to encourage people to rattle on so they can get enough footage, and then someone can edit out the stupid stuff, but I kept thinking that if they edited out *my* stupid stuff, there’d be nothing left.

I’m sure I wasn’t the most vivacious guest that Brad Goode has ever interviewed. He’s lucky I didn’t pass out on camera.

To this day, I’ve not seen that interview, and I could die happy without ever seeing it. For someone as shy as I am, answering questions on camera isn’t easy. Brett and I are from a small town, so we’re not what you’d call glittery people. We grew up in a rural area near the Gulf Coast, and we’re far more comfortable in the country than under city lights. Brett may not feel at home in a tuxedo, but he’s always felt perfectly at ease in a football stadium. As for me, I’d go anywhere to watch him play.

I’m always a little anxious when Brett’s on the field. Professional football players don’t hold anything back, and it only takes a split second for someone to be seriously injured. I hold my breath practically the entire game, praying that my husband will make it through four quarters without another concussion or any more broken bones.

After the second-half kickoff, the Packers pushed the

Patriots to their 37 yard line, but the drive stalled and New England took over on downs. After an exchange of punts, the Patriots drove fifty-three yards in seven plays and scored, cutting our lead to 27–21 with just under three and a half minutes to go in the third quarter. But on the following kickoff, the Packers’ Desmond Howard returned the ball ninety-nine yards for a touchdown. Then Brett tossed a pass to tight end Mark Chmura for a two-point conversion, making the score 35–21, which proved to be the final margin of victory.¹

TEN THINGS

every woman should know about football

1. In football, no one gets offended when men pat each other on the rear.
2. Dancing in the end zone is optional.
3. Packer fans love it when a player jumps into the stands after a touchdown. It’s called the Lambeau Leap.
4. Helmet-butting is a sign of mutual respect.
5. When players gather in a huddle, they’re calling plays, but they’re also groaning about their aches and pains.
6. Favre rhymes with starve. Don’t worry about the order of the letters.
7. That little fanny pack the quarterback wears is really a hand warmer—especially important in Green Bay.
8. It is perfectly acceptable to wear a block of cheese on your head at a Packer game.
9. When the players look like they’re freezing to death out there on the field . . . they are.
10. Real men are not intimidated by pink Packer caps. 🍷

After Brett completed the two-point conversion, I glanced at a blue-and-silver-clad Patriots fan seated behind me and resisted the urge to gloat. Near the end of the first quarter, after Drew Bledsoe, the Pats' quarterback, had thrown a touchdown pass to give New England their only lead, this same fan had stood up and yelled, "Go back and get some Vicodin, Favre!"

I seethed as his words echoed over our section of the Superdome. Then I turned, looked the guy in the eye, and lifted my chin. "That's my husband," I told him, "and I'd appreciate it if we didn't go there today."

Startled, the man flushed and apologized, but not all fans are that civil . . . or that sober.

I'm older and wiser today, and I've learned that when you stand up and say anything to defend your team or a player, people usually don't apologize—they typically get louder and even more vicious. I was fortunate that day at the Super Bowl, because nobody else said anything nasty about Brett.

My first instinct is always to stand up and defend Brett, because he's my husband and my best friend. I think it's just human nature to do that sort of thing. But over the years I've learned that people are going to say negative things, and it's something I have to put up with—even if I don't want to grin and bear it. I've learned that those kinds of comments can't hurt me, and they don't hurt Brett. His play, his character, and his career speak for themselves, and I don't have to defend him.

But I'm not saying that rude comments can't make me uncomfortable. Two years after Super Bowl XXXI, Brittany and I were pelted with ice and cookies by 49er fans in San Francisco after someone recognized us as Brett Favre's wife and daughter. In stadiums all over the country, I've heard grown men shout childish, vulgar comments about the oppos-

ing team *and* their own team—and after that game against the 49ers, I vowed I would never again bring my children to sit in the stands at one of Brett’s games. They don’t need to be subjected to that kind of abuse and those kinds of vulgar comments.

At the San Francisco game, I put my arms around Brittany and told her to ignore the people who were harassing us—but the language was so bad, we probably should have left. I’ve been back to San Francisco since then, and I’ve had better experiences—I don’t mean to blame the city, because any stadium experience can be bad or good; it depends entirely on whether the people seated around you are decent people.

At Super Bowl XXXI, when Reggie White sacked Drew Bledsoe for a third time, with less than two minutes to go in the game, and the Packers went on to claim their victory, I wasn’t focused on the crowd around me. My husband, my childhood sweetheart, had found his niche and had scrambled to the top of the game he loved. Our daughter was healthy, beautiful, and brilliant. We had a lovely home, and Brett had conquered his addiction to Vicodin.

After the game, I shouldered my way through the crowd and made it to Brett’s side. There were so many reporters, it was almost impossible to get to him, but I managed to get close enough to give him a hug and a kiss and tell him I was proud of him. He held Brittany for a few moments while I stood and basked in the glow of his well-deserved victory.

“We’re champions today because we overcame a lot of adversity,” Brett told a group of reporters during the post-game media crush. “Winning the Super Bowl so close to home makes it extra special because I had so much family and friends in the stadium watching.”²

We were on top of the world.

Don't bet against me!

Married to Mr. MVP

The next season, Brett's sixth with the Packers, passed in a wonderful and busy blur. Brett signed a seven-year contract extension and became the first NFL player to win the MVP award three times. He and the Packers battled through the playoffs and again earned a spot in the Super Bowl, this time in San Diego.

Brett had enjoyed another great season, leading the league with thirty-five passing touchdowns. The defensive line, again led by Reggie White, was an awesome force. The Packers went into the Super Bowl as odds-on favorites, especially considering they were the defending champions and the Broncos had made the playoffs as a wild-card team.

More than ninety million fans watched the game on television, a larger audience than any previous Super Bowl. I knew Brett was pumped up about the game, and he started well, completing three of his first four passes on the opening drive, including a twenty-two-yard touchdown pass to Antonio Freeman. But the Broncos answered with a touchdown of their own, and by halftime they held a 17-14 lead.

The second half opened with a fumble on the Broncos' first play from scrimmage, giving us the ball at the Denver 26, but after a couple of penalties hampered the drive, we ended up settling for a field goal to tie the score.

Denver took the lead again with a touchdown near the end of the third quarter, and the Packers fumbled the following kickoff and lost the ball. But then Eugene Robinson intercepted a John Elway pass in the end zone, and Brett led the team on an eighty-five-yard, four-play drive that tied the score again with thirteen and a half minutes to go in the game.

The teams traded punts for most of the fourth quarter, but just before the two-minute warning, the Broncos completed a

pass that put the ball at the Packers' 8 yard line. After a holding penalty set them back ten yards, the Broncos ran the ball down to the 1 yard line with 1:47 left in the game.

Hoping to conserve time on the clock to increase the team's chances for a potential game-tying drive in the final seconds, coach Mike Holmgren told the Packers to let the Broncos score on the next play, bringing the score to 31–24.

On the Packers' final drive, Brett completed four consecutive passes, moving the ball to the Denver 31, but his next three passes were incomplete, and the ball went back to the Broncos on downs. John Elway took a knee on the final play of the game, and the Broncos had their first-ever Super Bowl victory.

We were discouraged—it's hard not to be after such a big game—but we were happy for John Elway, the Broncos' quarterback. He was nearing the end of his career and hadn't yet won a Super Bowl, and we have a lot of respect for him.

Most of the Packers went to the big postgame party, but Brett and I didn't feel the need to celebrate the loss. Instead, he and I took Brittany, my sister, Christie, and her husband, Josh, to a little restaurant where we could sit and simply enjoy being together. At one point during the meal, Brett stopped eating and looked at me. "Thank God," he said. "Thank God I have you and Brittany."

For me, football has never been the most important thing. My world has always been centered on family.

At that moment, I knew that my husband had begun to realize that family was more important than football, and that we'd be there for him when he was finished with the game. He hadn't always felt that way.

He later told a reporter, "There was a time when I thought football was the most important. Football will be over at some

Don't bet against me!

point; the family goes on. When you lose someone, or when there are setbacks, it kind of puts it in perspective. You can lose a game . . . it's a tough loss, you're down, two weeks later you forget about it. . . . But when you lose a family member or something tragic happens, that stays with you forever. You never get over it. . . . Football is important, but not as important as you once thought it was."³

For me, football has never been the most important thing. My world has always been centered on family.





*A letter from Breleigh Favre
to kids whose moms are fighting breast cancer:*

I love my mom. Sometimes she does silly things like dancing in front of company when there isn't any music on, but that's okay.

I'm a dancer too, and when I'm dancing and I look out in the audience and see my mom smiling at me, it makes me feel so good! And when I'm done, she always gives me a hug and says, "I'm so proud of you!"

Well, I'm proud of her too!

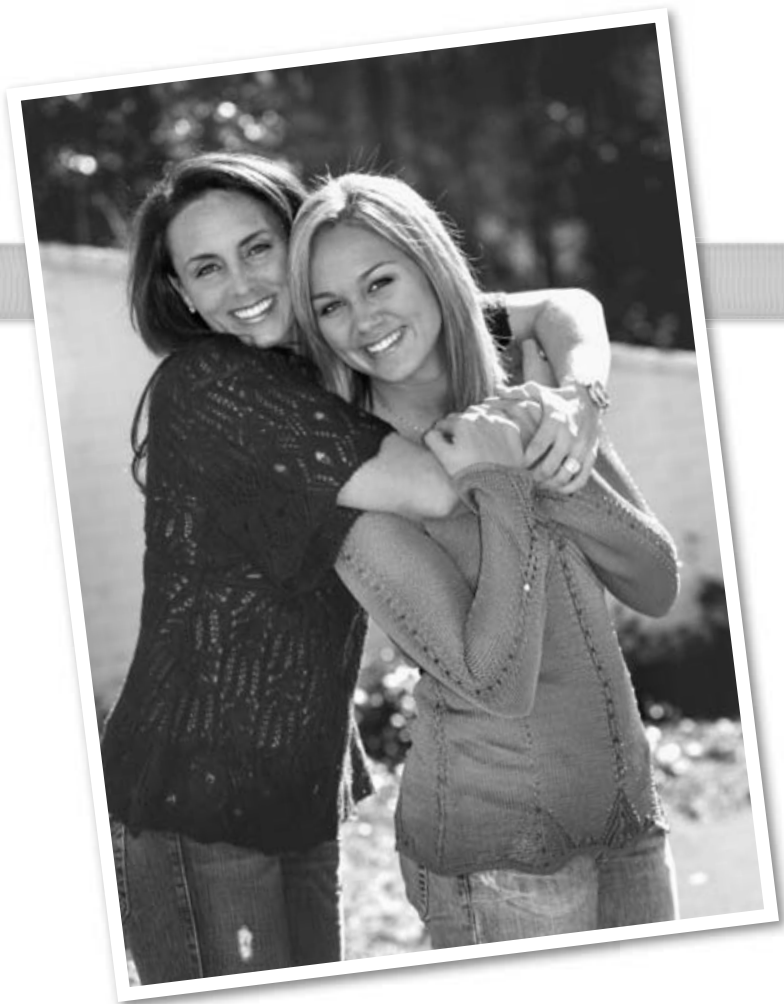
When she got sick, it was really scary. The worst part was when her hair fell out, because I love playing with her hair. But to help her feel better, my dad shaved his hair off and my sister, Brittany, and I cut our hair real short, too.

Everybody's hair has grown back now—except my dad's. He still cuts his real short!

If your mom is sick, you can help her a lot by just doing things for her. You can sit and read with her, talk with her, and if she asks you to do something—just do it, even if you don't want to. Most important, tell her that you love her and that you're proud of her.

I was scared when my mom got sick, but she was really strong and she got through it.

I hope your mom gets better, too!





AFTERWORD BY BRITTANY FAVRE

In the world of teenage daughters, we tend to push our parents as far away from our lives as possible.

Despite our love and appreciation for them, the relationship quickly turns into one we would like to keep within the privacy of our own home as best we can. Our once carefree thoughts become fixated on the constant humiliation brought to us by their outlandish behavior, dress, or appearance. We assume parents are here only to pay for things and embarrass us in front of our friends.

I have been told numerous times of my mother's beauty, both spiritual and physical, but my own selfishness hid that beauty from me. But if anything can tear down the walls of separation between mother and daughter, it would be the fear of losing her.

My mother's battle with cancer not only revealed her strength to the world—it revealed her strength to me, as well. Sadly, I lived with her for sixteen years before I really knew

her. With the threat of losing her hanging over my head, I realized that she wasn't out to ruin my life; she was actually trying to make it as enjoyable as possible. Her efforts for family time weren't meant to destroy my social life; they were efforts to make my life more fulfilling.

I am almost envious of my little sister, Breleigh, because her heart of gold holds such an innocent and pure love for our mother, attainable only by complete selflessness. That is the type of love our mom has instilled in Bre, and the same type of love I have received my entire life.

Her work speaks for itself. She has used her battle to empower women all over the country who are fighting the same disease. Instead of taking her struggle lying down, she fought her fight and is using that power to help others.

Through her struggle, I have discovered the most beautiful woman I have ever met. Even though as my mother she is still cheesy at times and sometimes a little embarrassing, she is an inspiration to me. I will always strive to attain her compassion and purity, and to live by her example.

a basic breast cancer vocabulary

GLOSSARY

Aromatase: an enzyme that helps produce estrogen. Aromatase is found in the adrenal glands, the ovaries, the brain, and adipose (fat) tissues.

Aromatase inhibitors: drugs usually given to cancer patients to lower the amount of estrogen in the body.

Aspirate: to withdraw fluid or cells from a lump, cyst, or suspected tumor.

Biopsy: a procedure that removes a tissue sample, which can then be examined under a microscope as the doctor searches for cancer cells.

Chemotherapy: the treatment of cancer by using drugs that kill rapidly dividing cells.

Complete mastectomy (includes simple, modified radical, and radical): removal of the entire breast that contains cancer.

Don't bet against me!

Cyst: a sac or cavity in the body containing fluid.

Ductal carcinoma in situ (DCIS): the condition of abnormal cells found in the lining of a breast duct. It is a non-invasive malignant tumor also called intraductal carcinoma. Because it *can* progress and become invasive, a woman should consult with her doctor about possible treatment.

Early stage breast cancer: invasive breast cancers are categorized as stage I, II, III, or IV. Stages I and II are considered “early stage” and usually refer to small tumors that have not spread.

Endometriosis: a condition in which tissue that usually lines the uterus and is shed each month grows *outside* the uterus. Endometriosis can result in painful cramps and infertility.

Estrogen: a hormone that promotes the growth of female characteristics in the body.

Estrogen receptor: a special type of protein found on some cancer cells. When estrogen attaches to it, it can cause the cancer to grow.

Estrogen receptor negative: breast cancer cells without estrogen receptors (also known as ER-).

Estrogen receptor positive: breast cancer cells with estrogen receptors. These cells depend on estrogen to grow (also known as ER+).

Fibroadenoma: a benign (non-cancerous) tumor, usually found in the breast, of mixed fibrous and glandular tissue.

Fibrocystic breast disease: noncancerous cysts in the breast.

Hormone receptor: a protein within or on the outside of a cell. If attached to a certain hormone, the receptor will cause changes within the cell.

Invasive: a malignant tumor that grows into surrounding tissues. Invasive tumors are more likely to spread to other parts of the body.

Lobular: each breast is made up of up to twenty sections called “lobes.” Each lobe is made up of smaller “lobules” where milk is made. Lobes and lobules are connected by ducts, or small tubes, that carry milk to the nipple.

Lobular carcinoma in situ (LCIS): a benign condition that consists of abnormal cells in the lining of a lobule. LCIS is not cancer, but it means a woman has an increased risk of developing breast cancer.

Lumpectomy: surgical removal of the tumor only.

Lymph nodes: swellings of the lymphatic system found throughout the body. They filter lymphatic fluid, essential for a functioning immune system, and store lymphocytes, a type of white blood cell.

Lymphedema: swelling of the arm, a side effect experienced by less than 20 percent of patients after lymph node removal. Early signs of lymphedema are a feeling of tightness in the arm, pain or aching in the arm, swelling of the arm, and loss of movement or flexibility in the arm. One of the first signs patients notice is that rings or sleeves no longer fit.

Mammogram: an X-ray of the soft tissue of the breast.

Mammotome: Brand name of a device made by Johnson & Johnson Ethicon Endo-Surgery that uses a computer-guided probe to perform a vacuum-assisted breast biopsy.

Margin: the area of normal breast tissue immediately around a malignant tumor. When a tumor is removed in a lumpectomy, the surgeon will examine the margins to see if the area

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is cancer-free. If so, the cancer has probably not spread beyond the initial tumor.

Metastasize: to spread to other parts of the body.

MIBB (Minimally Invasive Breast Biopsy): Brand name of a device made by Tyco/United States Surgical Corporation that uses a computer-guided probe to perform a vacuum-assisted breast biopsy.

Neutropenia: a common side effect of chemotherapy that occurs when too many white blood cells are destroyed and the patient's immune system is weakened so it cannot fight infection. Neutropenia can lead to other complications and delay proper treatment.

Oncology: the study and treatment of cancer.

Oncologist: one who studies and treats cancer.

Onychomadesis: the separation of a fingernail or toenail from the nail bed. Often a side effect of cancer treatments.

Partial mastectomy: removal of the part of the breast that contains cancer.

Peripherally inserted central catheter (PICC) line: a special IV line used to insert fluids into a vein.

Port: a surgically implanted device through which blood can be drawn and drugs administered without repeated needle sticks.

Private patient: a patient insured by private medical insurance.

Public patient: a patient whose medical bills will be at least partially covered by Medicare.

Radiation: the process of using X-ray radiation to kill cancer cells. The advantage of radiation is that it is focused on small areas, limiting the danger to healthy cells.

For a much more complete (and fun!) dictionary, visit www.breastcancer.org/dictionary/ and hear your favorite entertainment celebrities pronounce and define breast cancer terms.

what to read when . . .

APPENDIX A

Angela Hunt and I have pulled together some of our favorite verses to read during tough times. We hope they will inspire and comfort you, as well.

A friend is discouraged

Wise words are like deep waters; wisdom flows from the wise like a bubbling brook.

PROVERBS 18:4

The human spirit can endure a sick body, but who can bear a crushed spirit?

PROVERBS 18:14

You are worried

Give your burdens to the LORD, and he will take care of you.

He will not permit the godly to slip and fall. PSALM 55:22

Don't worry about anything; instead, pray about everything. Tell God what you need, and thank him for all he has done. Then you will experience God's peace, which exceeds

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anything we can understand. His peace will guard your hearts and minds as you live in Christ Jesus. PHILIPPIANS 4:6-7

Give all your worries and cares to God, for he cares about you. I PETER 5:7

You are suffering

Yet what we suffer now is nothing compared to the glory he will reveal to us later. . . . For we know that all creation has been groaning as in the pains of childbirth right up to the present time. And we believers also groan, even though we have the Holy Spirit within us as a foretaste of future glory, for we long for our bodies to be released from sin and suffering. We, too, wait with eager hope for the day when God will give us our full rights as his adopted children, including the new bodies he has promised us. ROMANS 8:18, 22-23

That is why we never give up. Though our bodies are dying, our spirits are being renewed every day. For our present troubles are small and won't last very long. Yet they produce for us a glory that vastly outweighs them and will last forever! So we don't look at the troubles we can see now; rather, we fix our gaze on things that cannot be seen. For the things we see now will soon be gone, but the things we cannot see will last forever. 2 CORINTHIANS 4:16-18

In everything we do, we show that we are true ministers of God. We patiently endure troubles and hardships and calamities of every kind. We have been beaten, been put in prison, faced angry mobs, worked to exhaustion, endured sleepless nights, and gone without food. We prove ourselves by our

for more information

APPENDIX B

If you or someone you love has been diagnosed with cancer, the following information might prove helpful:

Deanna Favre HOPE Foundation

<http://www.DeannaFavre4Hope.com>

Donations and requests for assistance can be sent to the foundation's attention at 1 Willow Bend Dr., Hattiesburg, MS 39402. Please include your name, address, and telephone number with your donation or request.

National Cancer Institute

(800) 422-6237, <http://cancer.gov/>

Cancer Information Service

(800) 422-6237, <http://cis.nci.nih.gov/>

National Research Center for Women and Families

(202) 223-4000

<http://www.center4research.org/womenhlth1.html#BreastCancer>

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**National “Get A Mammogram: Do It for Yourself,
Do It for Your Family” Campaign**

(800) 422-6237

<http://www.cancer.gov/cancerinfo/breasthealth>

Brochures in English, Chinese, Filipino, and Vietnamese

National Breast Cancer Coalition

(800) 622-2838

<http://www.natlbcc.org/>

**National Breast and Cervical Cancer
Early Detection Program**

(888) 842-6355

<http://www.cdc.gov/cancer/nbccedp/index.htm>

Susan G. Komen for the Cure

(972) 855-1600 (headquarters)

(800) I'M AWARE® (helpline)

<http://cms.komen.org/komen/index.htm>

CHAPTER 1: WORLD CHAMPIONS

1. “Timeline: Brett Favre,” *Sports Illustrated Scrapbook*, <http://sportsillustrated.cnn.com/football/nfl/features/favre/timeline>.
2. “Sunday Conversation: Brett Favre,” Special to ESPN.com, <http://sports.espn.go.com/nfl/news/story?id=1930185>.
3. Ibid.

CHAPTER 2: A GREAT CATCH

1. “Timeline: Brett Favre,” *Sports Illustrated Scrapbook*.

CHAPTER 4: FUMBLE AND RECOVERY

1. Brett Favre with Chris Havel, *Favre: For the Record* (New York: Doubleday, 1997), 62–65.

CHAPTER 5: SUDDEN DEATH

1. Job 1:9–12.
2. Job 1:21.
3. Packers–Raiders Recap, <http://www.packers.com/news/releases/2003/12/24/3/>.
4. Ibid.



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