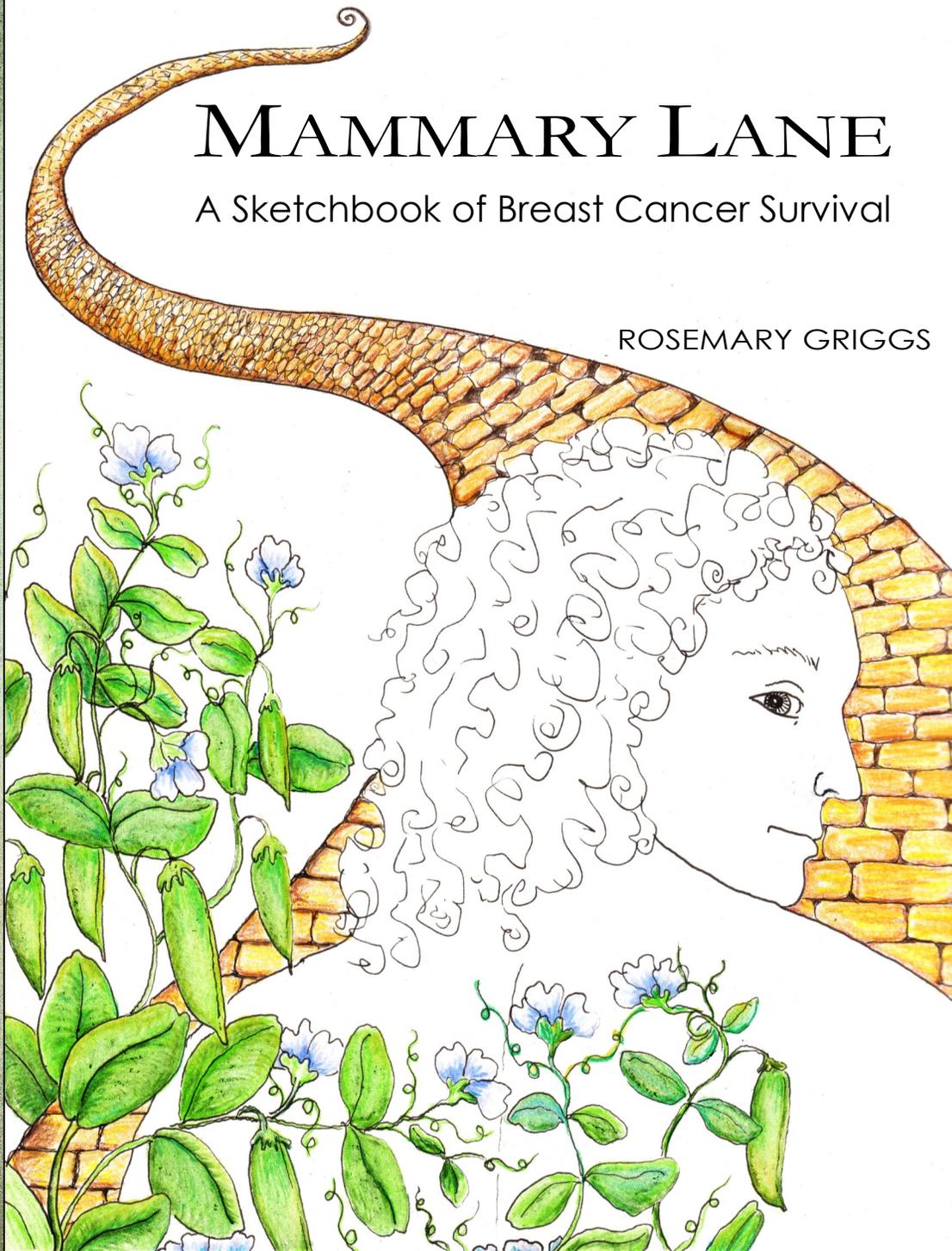
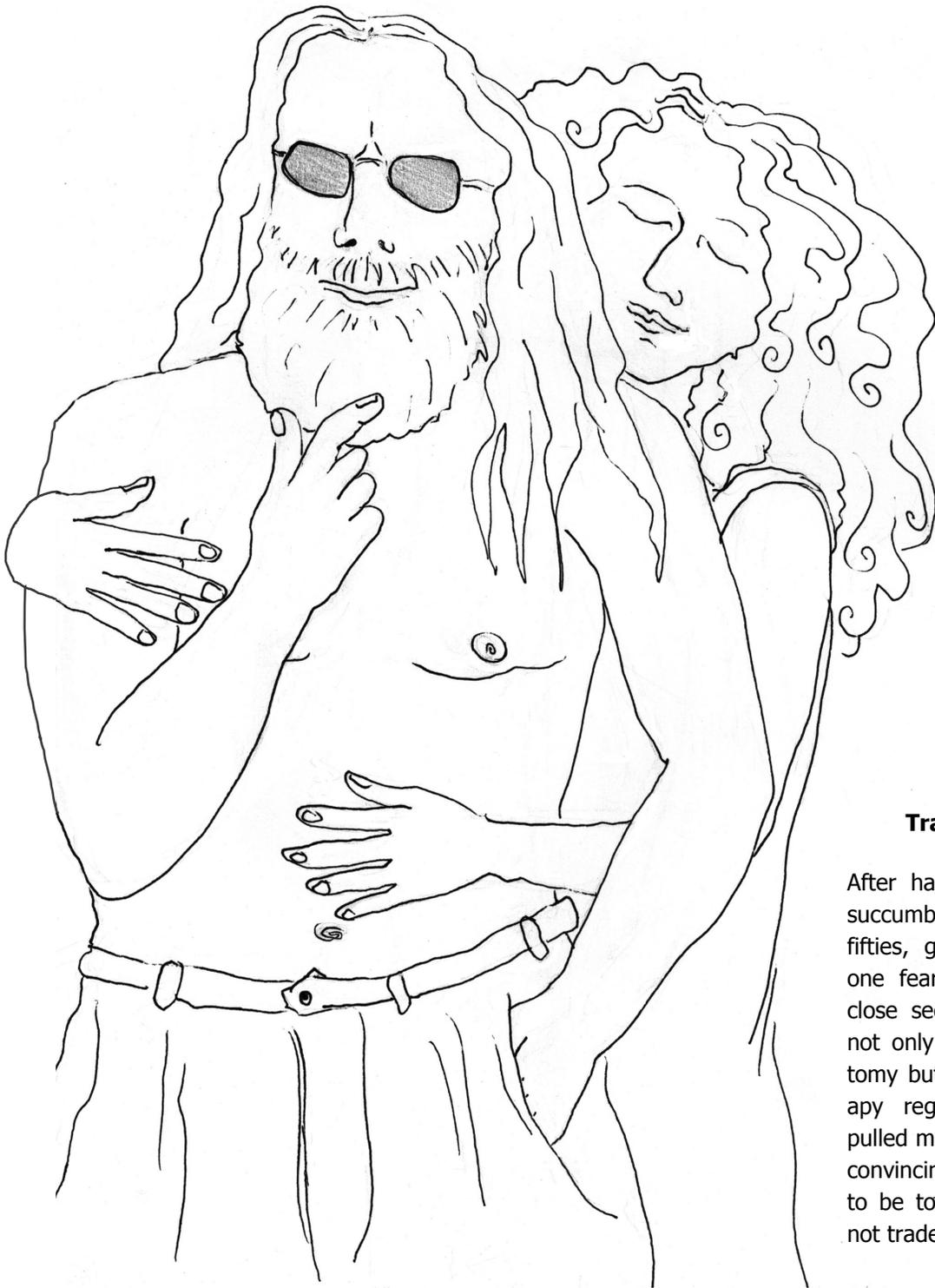


MAMMARY LANE

A Sketchbook of Breast Cancer Survival

ROSEMARY GRIGGS



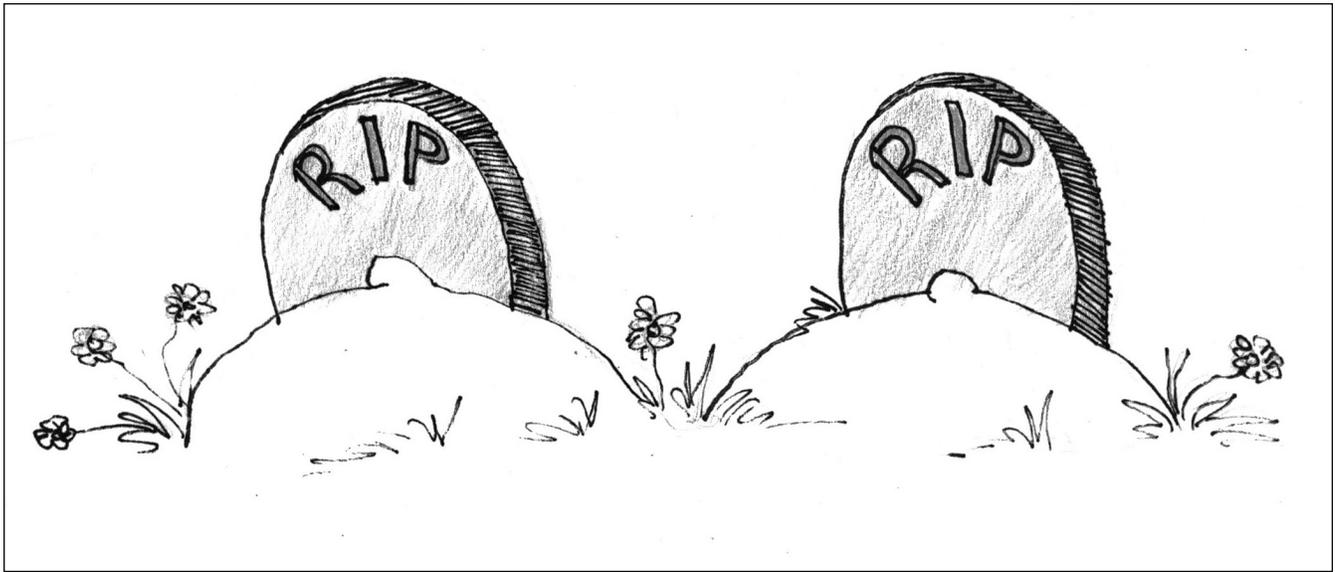


Trading One Year for Forty

After having seen my father fight and succumb to bladder cancer in his early fifties, getting cancer was my number one fear. Going through chemo ran a close second. When we realized that I not only had to have a double mastectomy but also an aggressive chemotherapy regimen, David Ray once again pulled me back from the pit of despair by convincing me that since we were going to be together for all of our days, why not trade one year for the next forty?



Waiting to Heal



Ashes to Ashes, Bust to Dust



Refurbished Nude



Pain, Suffering and Surrender

When the dark nasty showed up on her annual mammogram, Rosemary Griggs put her long career as a ceramic sculptor on hold as she faced a myriad of life-affirming and life-altering treatments. Though her spirit felt sapped, she managed to find the juice to sketch almost every day.



Mammary Lane is a collection of sketches, prose and poems that illustrate Rosemary's journey through the diagnosis, treatment and cure of breast cancer.

Often humorous, sometimes wrenching and ultimately uplifting, *Mammary Lane* is both a memoir and a journal of survival. It is a love story featuring drawings of the many caregivers, both two- and four-legged, that helped her through the emotional and physical upheavals of breast cancer treatment. It illustrates her evolving decisions on breast reconstruction and eventual deconstruction. Finally, it is a tale of seeking and finding comfort in a changed body.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

As a fourth-generation Southern artist and gardener living on a small island off of the Georgia coast, clay and garden dirt are as imbedded in my soul as in my fingernails. I had to leave my studio and gardens behind during treatment, so writing and illustrating *Mammary Lane* became a way to tend to my soul garden.

During my treatments, I was given sage counsel by many women who had walked down Mammary Lane before me. I learned tricks to keep my body and spirit humming as modern science did battle with cells gone bad.

After almost eighteen months of treatment, I was able to return to my ceramic studio and get back in the clay — but I continued to add sketches to the collection of what would eventually become *Mammary Lane*. As of the publishing of the book, I have been cancer-free for more than seven years. At last there are hours, often stretching into days, that go by without me thinking of breast cancer. I don't look the part of a cancer patient anymore, at least with my clothes on.

This journal is inspired by my loving husband, David Ray Dockery, who is featured often in the drawings. As my primary caregiver during the cancer saga, David Ray was vital to my sanity and healing. He continued to find me sexy and was eager to show it, even as he consoled, nurtured, bandaged, fed and sang to me. He told me how beautiful I was despite the drain tubes coming out of my chest and my baldness from top to bottom.

