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Cancer. It's a word that puts terror in our hearts. I have grown up with that word in my everyday vocabulary. My Grandma Jung has had breast cancer for over 25 years. My Grandpa Gallo was diagnosed with colon cancer when I was just a baby and my Grandma Gallo died of colon cancer the week of my third birthday.

I grew up listening to my mom, dad, aunts, and uncles talk about the times surrounding my Grandma Jung's many bouts with chemo, radiation, surgery, and recovery. There were stories of her running outside, bald, her wig forgotten; moving her wig around on her head, teasing her nieces and nephews; and, of course, misplacing her wig.

By the time I was in first grade, my Aunt Lori suggested that I donate my hair to *Locks of Love*. She couldn't believe how long it took to dry my hair, and couldn't imagine my mom drying it several times each week! I remembered all of the conversations about my grandma and decided I was going to do this so that a little girl would not have to go to school bald.

My mom looked up all of the information online and we scheduled my first donation for September of second grade. My mom cried, took pictures, and told me how proud she was. My dad and grandma kept shaking their heads; they too were proud. I donated a total of eleven inches!

That was just the beginning. My mom found out that a new program was set up for cancer victims exclusively and she asked me if I wanted to stick with *Locks of Love* or donate to *Pantene Beautiful Lengths*. After more research, I decided to donate to the *Pantene* program. I donated ten inches when I was in the fourth grade, participated in MND's *Pantene* program by donating eight inches in the sixth grade, and I donated another ten inches this past June.

My goal is to be able to donate my sophomore and senior years also. I know that my hair will not go to make a wig for my grandma, but it will go to someone who is going through an awful time and might bring comfort.

Often, I am my grandma's "nurse" when she needs her head rubbed or lotion rubbed on her arms, legs, or back. She still tells me that I should be a nurse since I care for her so well.

When I donate my hair or help my grandma, I feel good inside. It gives me a feeling of power, like I can do anything I set my mind to do. It gives me hope that I can make a difference in the world.