

Cancer on Two Wheels is the remarkable journey of a man's love for the Lord deepening even in the worst of times. Chris Haga takes us along with him on the spiritual ride of his life that will inspire you to cling to God every day. For those questioning God's purpose for trials in their life, this legacy of hope and faith is a must read.

—DR. ROBERT JEFFRESS
SENIOR PASTOR
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, DALLAS
BIBLE TEACHER, PATHWAY TO VICTORY

Perhaps the most compelling attribute of *Cancer on Two Wheels* is that the author allows us into some of his most personal thoughts and feelings—something very difficult for most to share. Although we will never be able to understand the depth of his experience, he nonetheless weaves his thoughts into analogies of God's love and grace like a pastor from the pulpit. Chris Haga reminds us of the promise that God continues to walk hand in hand with us and is already preparing the path for each of us long before we take those steps.

—GREGG GROVES

Chris Haga's writing is amazing. Just the right tone, always the right words, and so wonderfully insightful and inspirational.

—ROBIN MCGEE

The author amazes me by the way he expresses himself in such a talented manner and how he witnesses in the midst of his own struggles.

—MATT MIDDLETON

I have gained a new and fresh perspective of the Lord and how He works in our lives. I have been encouraged and reminded of God's love through *Cancer on Two Wheels*. The author has a way of putting his feelings and spiritual battles into written words that transcend time and cancer. Through his encouraging writings, God speaks to me. I don't have cancer, but I have other trials, and I know that God is with me through all of them. I know that He cares. Thank you for reminding me of that.

—AMY SMITH

I am moved and inspired by the author's courage, but most importantly by his witness and faith. Even during his bad days, he runs to his faith and not away from it. The light of Christ shines brightly through Chris Haga's writings.

—CURRY VOGELSANG

God has worked in my heart through reading *Cancer on Two Wheels*. He has faithfully used Chris Haga to encourage me and give me wisdom. Light in darkness. Powerful truth. Faithful witness.

—MARY HAVEY

CANCER ON TWO WHEELS

A Spiritual Journey with
Stage IV Lung Cancer

CHRIS HAGA



Carpenter's Son Publishing

Cancer on Two Wheels

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*To our sons, Chad and Shane, the best
wingmen a father could have asked for*

*To all our prayer warriors for hoisting us on your
shoulders while you were on your knees in prayer*

To God—may Your name be glorified

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FOREWORD

By DeLayne Haga

In 2010, the love of my life was diagnosed with stage IV lung cancer that had metastasized to his brain. I was stunned—*he had never smoked.*

The mass in my husband's lung almost tripled in size within three months of his diagnosis to 13 centimeters—almost half the length of a ruler—before we found a successful regimen to shrink the cancer. The doctor originally gave Chris a prognosis of six months. Instead, he lived six *years*. Because he was officially declared to have “no evidence of disease” on three separate occasions, I still refer to him as “My Miracle Man.” I witnessed God's glory multiple times.

Chris was riding his bike eighty miles a week when diagnosed. Amazingly, he was able to continue riding his bicycle for several years, even with a collapsed lung.

My husband chronicled his spiritual journey in a blog. Many suggested he turn it into a book because of his gifted, inspirational writings. They appreciated his transparency, as he didn't portray the cancer journey as a bed of roses, and others with cancer could relate to his experience. There were some great times during the battle as well as less than desirable moments. It was obvious when he was struggling and losing hope for survival—especially the third month—as you'll read in “Hope: Part 1.” He never posted parts 2–6, thinking they were too negative. I recently came across them in his journal and decided to publish them. Even in deep despair, his continued faith was

inspiring. Though his hope in the doctors and medicine faltered, Chris's love for the Lord and his trust in Him never wavered.

My husband wrote about his spiritual insights and topics that were special to him as he realized what—and who—was most important in his life. You'll read about his close relationship with our sons. He tells how his earthly father's life shaped his own. But this isn't a story about a man adoring his children or his earthly father. It's the picture of a man worshiping his heavenly Father even when he didn't feel worshipful.

Chris portrays that it is normal and even acceptable to have doubts and to question God—God expects it. Facing a trial is an opportunity to explore your beliefs and to grow your faith. My husband realized that faith without trials requires no faith at all. Is your faith built on sand that will wash away easily—or rather on solid rock that will withstand the storms in your life?

As you read, please take time to reflect on your own memories. Count your blessings. Let those you love and hold dear to your heart know it. What do you want your legacy to be?

Chris struggled and sought to understand the purpose in having lung cancer. He desperately wanted something good to come from his experience that would help others, but writing a book was never on his radar. I chose to publish his journal to honor his memory as well as to fulfill God's purpose and Chris's desire to glorify Him through his journey of faith.

This book seeks to proclaim how God worked through my husband's life and is still working beyond his death as Chris's spirit lives on. This is his legacy.

I will not die, but live, and tell of the works of the LORD.

—PSALM 118:17

DIAGNOSIS

July 31, 2010

It became official at 3:30 p.m. on July 30. I have lung cancer. Those are two words I never thought I'd hear a doctor tell me.

One question that several people have already asked is, "How did this start?" In April, I was on a bike ride and was headed back home when I got a tickle in my throat and a cough. I didn't think much of it and chalked it up to allergies. The cough steadily got worse over the next few weeks. Then in early May, I had a bad coughing episode at work. I went to the doctor, and he diagnosed it as an upper respiratory infection and put me on an antibiotic for a week. I started feeling better over the next week, but the cough stayed.

DeLayne (my wife) and I took her mom to Atlanta to see her family in mid-May. I felt good but still had the cough. After we returned to Dallas, the cough came back with a vengeance, so I visited my family doctor. He ordered a set of chest x-rays and diagnosed me with pneumonia. I was prescribed another round of antibiotics and was told to come back in ten days so he could check to see if the pneumonia was gone. At my follow-up, he said my lungs were clear, even though I still had my cough. "That's normal for pneumonia," he said.

Over the next three weeks, I continued to ride and noticed that when I rode, my airway opened up, and I could breathe much better. On the morning of July 5, I got up and went for an early-morning ride. I rode almost twenty miles and felt great. Dare I say, I felt fast. This was, without a doubt, the best I'd felt

in two months, and I thought that I was finally getting over this stuff.

Later that same morning, I went for my follow-up x-rays and doctor appointment. I almost went into shock when he came in and told me that not only did I still have pneumonia, but it was worse. He provided me a pulmonologist's name and said, "See him as soon as you can."

The month of July has been spent seeing either the pulmonologist or going to the hospital for CT scans and biopsies. The last biopsy confirmed I have non-small cell adenocarcinoma in my right lung. At this point, I'm not a good candidate for surgery because of where and how the tumor has grown. We'll now start our search for treatment options.



This photograph is of me the day I learned of my cancer diagnosis. The bike I'm on is my road bike. I started riding a few years ago after the boys started riding and racing. I thought I'd go riding with the boys. That didn't last long. The goal finally came to just trying to keep them in sight. So far, the doctors are telling me to keep riding as long as I feel like it.

The morning after getting the diagnosis, I went for a ride. I made sure to ride a little farther than usual. I figured if I could ride just a little beyond the usual distance, it would be a small triumph over the cancer. After the last month, I'll take victories where I can.

I promise to keep this as lighthearted as possible. I'll try not to preach, but God is already opening my eyes to many things, so be prepared.