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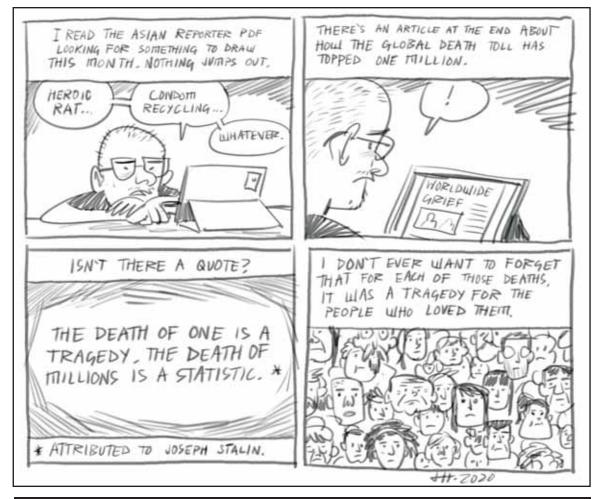
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MY TURN

■ Dnae Roberts

Mammogram scares

started having mammograms in my mid-30s

because my mom was diagnosed with breast

cancer in her 50s and later died at the age of 69

from a recurrence. In my 40s, I finally got tired of

getting called back to have another mammogram

after my routine one because the radiologist saw

something "unusual." My breasts have always had

fibrocystic lumps, so after years of second

appointments, I decided to start waiting for a

radiologist to look at my films to save another trip.

Four years ago, I underwent a needle biopsy,

which involved a needle being stuck into my breast

for a tissue sample. The radiologist who performed

the procedure caused enough internal bleeding that

the test was inconclusive and an internal

hematoma formed. A surgical biopsy followed. The

surgeon cut out the hematoma, which left a dent in

my breast. Shortly afterward, I developed a breast

infection. The biopsy results were negative, of

Last month I went in for my yearly mammogram. Because of coronavirus restrictions, I couldn't stay

to have my films looked at by a radiologist. The next

day they called me to say I needed to return for more

detail on "some dark shadow." I scheduled an

appointment for five days later. I clicked off the

phone and tried to cook lunch, but started crying.

My husband hugged me as I repeated, "I'm so tired

of this." It's hard not to feel the call is a prelude to a

The facility I'd gone to for the needle biopsy

previously had felt like a safe and caring place for a

mammogram. But now — in 2020 — the comfy

chairs are gone and patients wait in a dressing room

the size of a closet before the screening. As a woman

with a family history of breast cancer, radiation

concerns me. Every dentist, family doctor,

specialist, emergency room doctor, and mammo-

gram technician always say the "amount of

radiation is low." Yes, but it's cumulative. If I had to

lowball an estimate — four x-rays each year for the

last five decades — that's 200 x-rays. I believe it's

likely double that number. Just the mere idea of

cancer diagnosis.

course. The trauma and infection remained.

And it cuts down time spent worrying.



Anger slow-boiled within me.

For male readers, imagine if your private parts were squashed between two plastic plates like a drill press. Needless to say, the procedure isn't fun and it's often painful.

After the third mammogram in five days, I grabbed my clothes to go back for another ultrasound. When the radiologist entered to conduct it, I thought, "Why didn't she come in the first time?" Then I recognized her as the one who'd performed the needle biopsy that caused the hematoma. I tried to remind her; she didn't recognize me.

After the ultrasound, I again gathered my clothes to wait in the dressing room. Maybe 10 minutes passed before a nurse told me the radiologist wanted to see me in a "consult" room. I felt my eyes well up. So they found something? The nurse put on a smile and said, it doesn't mean that. I went into the small room to wait another five minutes. I held back tears.

When the needle biopsy radiologist came in with the nurse, both stood over me to say I was fine but they'd like to see me in six months, just to be sure. I exploded. Why didn't you say this in the first place? Now I just want to take the damn BRCA1 and BRCA2 gene tests so I can cut them off and never have to go through this again.

I still feel the anger and fear.

October is Breast Cancer Month. I believe in mammograms. I know many women who have not only survived breast cancer but are thriving. The statistics haven't changed since 2003, though, when I produced a documentary about breast cancer. According to <www.breastcancer.org>, about 1 in 8 women in America (roughly 12%) will develop invasive breast cancer over the course of their lifetime. During 2020, an estimated 276,480 new cases of invasive breast cancer are expected to be diagnosed in women in the United States. I'm still pondering returning in six months for another mammogram. Just to be sure.

radiation adds to the stress of exams.

When I went back to the clinic, they performed a second mammogram to target the area for the

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