

Still Becoming: Letting Myself Exhale 10 Years After Chemo

Breast cancer survivor Megan-Claire Chase reflects on a decade of NED (No Evidence of Disease).

April 3, 2026 By Megan-Claire Chase

February 26 was the 10-year chemoversary of that final chemo.

There was a time I wasn't sure I could trust my memory again.
Chemo brain was debilitating and cost me my career in media.

It took so much from me, like words, recall, and confidence.
So I decided to test it.

I took acting classes.
Not to prove anything to anyone else,
but to prove something to myself.
And my memory held.
My body remembered.
My voice came back.

I took voiceover classes and produced a demo.
I stepped onto movie and TV sets.
I am an extra in a Christmas movie.

Another checkmark from my bucket list.

I still belong on stage, on screen, in rooms where stories are told.
I still long to perform.
I still feel most alive under lights.
Now I'm 10 years NED.
Still single.
Still childless (human).
Sometimes, I'm afraid of aging alone.

But I am not as alone as I once thought.
I'm not invisible.

I'm dramatic and memorable.
I'm no longer waiting for permission to say I matter.
I matter now and always have.
So, I've been dating Atlanta.
Intentionally working to build local community.

Letting myself want more.

Letting myself dream more.

Letting myself rest more.

Ten years ago, I was trying to survive.
Like Michelle Obama, I am still becoming.

Ten years NED isn't an ending.
It's a breath.
And I'm finally letting myself exhale.

Until next time,

Warrior Megsie

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