

"She lost a part of her body,  
but never lost a part of her spirit."



# MY MOTHER ONE BREAST WOMAN

A Son's Scientific Faith,  
A Mother's Courage, and the Battle  
that Defied Cancer



THE DIAGNOSIS  
THAT SHOOK US



THE COURAGE  
THAT INSPIRED US



THE LOVE  
THAT HEALED US



THE HOPE  
THAT RENEWED US

A TRUE STORY OF STRENGTH, SCIENCE, AND UNCONDITIONAL LOVE

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# My Mother — The One Breast Woman

*Subtitle: A Son's Scientific Faith, A Mother's Courage, and the Battle that Defied Cancer*

A Book by Devanssh Mehta

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## Preface

Some stories are written for fame.  
Some are written for memory.

But a few rare stories are written for **gratitude**.

This book is not merely about a disease called breast cancer.  
It is about **a mother who refused to surrender**, a family that refused to collapse, and a son who refused to stop believing that science, courage, and love together can challenge even the darkest diagnosis.

For the world, breast cancer is a medical condition.  
For us, it was a **war fought inside the walls of our home**.

This is the story of a woman who lost a breast but **never lost her dignity, strength, or grace**.

This is the story of **my mother — the One Breast Woman**.

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## **\*\*Chapter 1**

The Day Life Changed\*\*

Every life has a moment that quietly divides time into two parts:  
**Before** and **After**.

For our family, that moment arrived on an ordinary afternoon.

My mother had discovered a small lump in her breast. At first, it seemed trivial—perhaps a benign swelling, perhaps nothing more than a temporary hormonal fluctuation.

But medicine teaches us an important truth:  
Small symptoms sometimes carry **large warnings**.

Tests were conducted.  
Biopsies followed.

And then came the diagnosis.

### **Breast cancer.**

The word echoed through our lives like thunder.

For a few minutes, silence occupied the room.

Cancer is not merely a disease of cells.

It is a disease that attacks the **mind, the emotions, and the hopes of a family.**

But my mother looked calm.

She asked only one question:

“Will I live?”

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## **\*\*Chapter 2**

Understanding the Enemy\*\*

As a pharmacologist, I understood that cancer is not a single illness.

It is a **biological rebellion of cells.**

My mother was diagnosed with **ER/PR positive breast cancer**, a type of tumor driven by estrogen and progesterone receptors.

Scientifically, this meant two things:

1. The tumor was influenced by hormones.
2. Hormone-targeted therapies could potentially control it.

To the medical community, these details represent treatment pathways.

But to a son, they represented something deeper:

### **A strategy for survival.**

Cancer had entered our lives.

But knowledge would become our weapon.

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## **\*\*Chapter 3**

The Silent Fear of a Mother\*\*

A mother's mind rarely thinks about herself.

Instead, she thinks about her children.

One night, my mother asked me something quietly.

“What will happen to you if I die?”

It was not fear of death that troubled her.

It was fear of leaving her family behind.

At that moment, I realized something profound:

Cancer was not fighting only her body.

It was trying to **break her spirit**.

And that was something we would never allow.

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## **\*\*Chapter 4**

The Science of Hope\*\*

Medicine has progressed enormously in the treatment of breast cancer.

Treatment options include:

- Surgery
- Chemotherapy
- Radiation therapy
- Hormonal therapy
- Targeted therapy

But behind every protocol lies a deeper truth:

**Science is hope organized into treatment.**

We began consulting oncologists, reviewing medical literature, and exploring every available option.

As a pharmacologist, I approached the situation with scientific discipline.

But as a son, my motivation was simple:

**My mother had to survive.**

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## **\*\*Chapter 5**

The Surgery Decision\*\*

One of the most difficult moments arrived when doctors recommended **mastectomy**—the removal of the affected breast.

For many women, this decision is emotionally devastating.

The breast represents femininity, identity, and self-image.

But my mother displayed extraordinary courage.

She said something that none of us expected.

“If removing one breast saves my life, then remove it.”

In that moment, she transformed from a patient into a **warrior**.

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## **\*\*Chapter 6**

The One Breast Woman\*\*

The surgery was successful.

But when my mother looked at herself after the operation, reality became visible.

One breast was gone.

For a brief moment, she looked at the mirror in silence.

Then she smiled.

She said something that still echoes in my memory:

“I may have one breast, but I still have **two hands to live, two legs to walk, and a heart that refuses to stop loving.**”

That day, the phrase “**One Breast Woman**” stopped sounding tragic.

It became a **symbol of survival**.

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## **\*\*Chapter 7**

Chemotherapy – The Storm Within\*\*

Chemotherapy is often misunderstood.

It is not merely a drug treatment.

It is a **controlled biological storm** designed to destroy cancer cells.

But the storm affects healthy cells as well.

Hair falls.

Energy disappears.

Nausea becomes frequent.

During chemotherapy, my mother lost her hair.

But she never lost her dignity.

Instead of hiding, she walked with confidence.

Because she knew something important:

Hair can grow again.

Life cannot be replaced.

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## \*\*Chapter 8

A Son's Scientific Battle\*\*

While doctors administered treatment, I conducted my own intellectual battle.

I studied:

- Hormonal receptor mechanisms
- Pharmacology of anti-estrogen therapies
- Clinical outcomes of ER/PR-positive tumors

Science gave me clarity.

But it also gave me responsibility.

I realized that knowledge is meaningful only when it is applied with compassion.

And in this battle, science and love became inseparable.