

In top bar clearly distinguishing a difference between the headline

A Letter For Women Cancer Survivors:

End

I beat cancer's ass 3 times and used the experience not only to survive, but become a stronger woman, and now I'd like to help you...

**“Discover How To Stop Living In Fear,
And Start Actually Living Again.”**

...in 90 days or less!

I imagined the day I would get the news my cancer was in remission.

Countless times.

Almost everyday.

I imagined the utter feeling of happiness that would overwhelm me when I finally heard the good news.

Then, that day came.

Sure, I was thrilled that first day.

But, the next day?

That thrill turned into worry.

I was afraid.

What if it returned?

What if I went right back to square one of where I was before.

Fighting for my life, once again.

I can only compare the feeling of the news of remission to buying something new and fancy.

You know, like:

The anticipation of getting that new BMW.

You build so much anticipation up.

Then it finally happens.

Sure, that day you drive off the lot in those leather seats you feel fantastic.

But then...

Afterwards, the next day, you think “so what now?”

In other words, it was more about the anticipation of getting a new fancy BMW...

...than actually getting the new BMW.

The same is true of cancer survivors.

Cancer was such a painful process.

Every day we anticipated that good news.

We spent so much of our lives waiting, anticipating.

Then it happens.

And in the same sense, you wonder...

“What now?”

It took me a very long time after remission to realize...

Remission is where the healing process really starts...

Most cancer survivors think treatment is where the healing process starts.

But, it couldn't be further from the truth.

Trust me:

I did at first too.

Hi, I'm Casey Head.

https://drive.google.com/file/d/1fL7a_7R84TsAWUJOFqs1Z7rVw6fJR8p3/view?usp=sharing

[Insert image to side]

Also known as the girl who kicked cancer's ass 3 times.

Let's Pause For A Second, Though.

Let me tell you my story of battling cancer before we continue:

At first when I had symptoms, I never thought it was cancer.

Just like everyone else.

I was busy with work, working 50 hours a week, living a normal but stressful life.

I knew something wasn't right.

But honestly?

I thought I had just injured myself from working out.

In November of 2013 I was experiencing back pain bad enough to go to a Chiropractor because it was causing headaches and vision issues.

Flash forward to December, I was experiencing all of this and I felt a node on my neck.

I asked my husband if he felt something similar on his neck.

Of course, the answer was no.

I thought maybe I was just getting sick.

But he suggested getting it checked out so I did.

This is where everything started.

I made an appointment in January of that year with an ENT.

Basically, all he could tell me is “that’s not right”.

I received some antibiotics, the normal stuff and took them as prescribed.

At the end of the prescription my body was in total panic mode.

I could hardly breathe, I was in pain, I had bruises everywhere.

It was horrible.

I returned back to the ENT.

Calmly, he said I should go over to the internal medicine doctor in the building next door.

At the time all I was thinking was “shit, I have work to get done”.

Anyways, so we walked over.

Walked right into the exam room despite a waiting room full of people.

<https://www.thepatientstory.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/07/Copy-of-Screen-Shot-2019-07-30-at-2.41.50-PM.png>

(Should have been the first red flag, but I was oblivious.)

I still didn’t think it meant anything.

The internist sent me to the ER, for the quickest way to get results for a blood sample, x-rayed my back, and all of that.

At the time I was thinking “okay, cool, let’s get this done, I can at least have answers and I can get back to work”.

I remember them saying “we need to give you a blood transfusion”, too.

I still didn’t think this was abnormal.

I was in denial of how sick I really was.

So they hooked up the IV, did the blood transfusion and fluids.

Then, the doctor handed my husband a paper that said more or less said we suspect this is cancer, but we can't confirm it yet.

In a panic to my husband, I asked my husband what it said.

He told me:

"It says you have children's cancer."

The doctor then told me I was being transferred to the main hospital.

All I could focus on is the word "children".

I immediately, and seriously asked if I was going to the children's hospital or adult hospital. The doctor looked at me kind of funny and simply said "adult".

I replied:

"Good, because my husband can't be within 100 feet of children."

My husband just face palmed.

It was funny to me at the time, but honestly?

I deflect how I feel with humor.

As I'm being wheeled into the hospital, I'm still making jokes.

(Keep in mind it was valentine's day.)

I vividly remember joking to two women there saying "I guess they don't make Valentines' day cards saying 'Happy Valentines' Day, you have cancer'".

But anyways, that night I was admitted.

I didn't expect to stay there long.

But, that night turned into 28 days.

My dad came into the hospital that night, and I couldn't say the word "cancer" to him.

I made my husband tell him.

I couldn't even say the word for almost a year.

Later, it was confirmed via 3 bone marrow biopsies that weekend that I did have Acute Lymphoblastic Leukemia.

Which, as a 31 year old, was really rare.

Nearly unheard of.

So rare I was pretty much a specimen in a teaching hospital for treatment.

There were always about ten people in the room for rounds every morning.

Overwhelming, to say the least.

It felt like I was on a rollercoaster I couldn't get off of.

I felt exposed, they were all young, attractive, smart people.

And here I am, smelly because I haven't showered in 3 days talking about my bowel movements... all while they run test after test on me.

It was honestly like the cast of grey's anatomy in my room every day. (young, smart, attractive humans)

But, every day I was numb & in constant pain.

I just remember thinking if these people can make me feel better, it's worth it.

Pretty much right away, I began Chemo.

When the chemo started it still didn't hit me.

When they told me I'd start losing my hair, it didn't fully hit me. I was like okay but it's just hair, no big deal, right?

When I got in the shower and I pulled out a giant clump of hair, it had finally fully hit me.

<https://www.thepatientstory.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/07/Copy-of-Screen-Shot-2019-07-30-at-2.39.48-PM.png>

I fell to my knees sobbing on a disgusting hospital bathroom shower.

My husband knocked on the door asking:

“Are you okay?”

I replied:

“No, I’m not okay. I have fucking cancer.”

It was then, I truly realized I really did have cancer.

This was my life now.

I never in a million years thought I would get cancer, let alone at 31.

But here I was.

Even then it didn’t hit me how long, and how much my life was going to change.

The entire beginning of the cancer was such a whirlwind.

Test here, test there, move here, move there.

We think you have this, but you might have that.

I didn’t have time to even think about everything yet.

It felt like I was watching a TV show with myself being the main character.

Between coming to grips with cancer, and starting Chemo, it had me bed ridden for quite a few days.

My husband and father visited every day, but on this particular day my husband was pacing outside my room.

He saw a (probably) 70 year old man flying around doing laps around the floor I was on.

He told my husband to get me out of bed, and to get me to start walking.

I’m a pretty goal oriented gal, so I took up the challenge.

The first time walking around the floor though took me literally 20 minutes.

(This was my first lesson on never giving up.)

From there on I started talking twice a day to get stronger.

I knew they wouldn't let me home unless I was strong enough to get up and down stairs on my own.

That first stay of 28 days was truly brutal uncomfortableness.

I've never felt so helpless and weak before.

I was completely lost in my own head.

Wondering... What did I do to deserve this?

Thinking of things like is this punishment for being mean when I was younger?

Is this "karma"?

I kept beating myself up for getting sick.

I was blaming myself, because there was no one else to blame.

Eventually I came to grips with it.

It fucking sucked, but the only thing I could do is keep my head down and work on getting healthy.

Eventually I got out of the hospital, but I was still put on 18 months of Chemo with 4-5 phases.

The first being done in the hospital for 28 days.

After that I was in the hospital 3-4 days a week for either visits, or treatment.

Then:

About 4 months into treatment I had a stroke and seizures.

https://drive.google.com/file/d/16zhNbxSYeWgw3dH_tRMaJstpCViiGsUi/view?usp=sharing

I was in a coma for a couple of days.

It left me temporarily paralyzed on my left side, so on top of going through treatment I was in rehab 3 hours a day, 5 days a week, learning how to walk and use my left side.

That was truly the lowest point for me in my journey.

My husband had to bathe me, he had to help me go to the bathroom.

It was incredibly humbling.

I frequently cried of embarrassment.

Though, I was heavily medicated and pretty numb.

I knew I still had to keep my head down and focus.

I had to get back to being independent like before.

There was never a day during Chemo where I didn't feel like garbage, it was just a question of how much will I feel like garbage today.

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1rGtYOS8RHeco2IAzJ6LQ9KisGVIP0Xf6/view?usp=sharing>

I forgot what it felt like to feel healthy.

I'd describe it as literally poisoning yourself in hopes you kill the cancer before the treatment kills you.

But nonetheless, I stayed focused on getting healthy, doing my best.

Eventually, I got the good news.

I was told my cancer was in remission.

I was a little bit happy, of course.

But, I didn't really feel relieved.

I was glad to be done, sure.

But to be honest?

I was overweight from the steroids, mentally not in a good place and exhausted.

I felt disgusting.

I didn't look like me.
I didn't feel like me.

I went right back to my stressed out work life because I didn't know what else to do, too.

I just kept thinking:

"How did you allow yourself to get like this?"

Even further:

I was afraid of it coming back.

It stressed me out even more.

I was like okay, now what?

I was angry that my life was ripped away.

I felt like I had just been put in time out.

My entire life was just at a standstill for months.

I had simply tried to survive for months.

Then I was just told "okay, you can live again".

I had a lot of rage to work through.

Because of all of this and going to work way too fast, I had a mental breakdown.

I came home from work, dropped my bag on the kitchen floor, fell to my knees, and started crying.

I hated my life.

I was truly miserable.

I grabbed all the pain meds I still had left (which was a lot) and
locked myself in my bathroom.

Simply stated:

I couldn't keep living this way.

My husband called my dad and his mom, both came over.

Eventually, he broke the bathroom door down and forced the pills out of my hand.

I just couldn't comprehend how I was so strong during treatment, but failing at living life again.

I felt broken, like a failure.

Afterwards, I was pretty much forcefully locked in a room.

My dad was over, and I was just facedown crying into a pillow.

I couldn't handle the mundane nuances of normal life.

I couldn't stand the constant complaining people did of shit that didn't really matter.

That night I knew something had to change or I was going to kill myself.

I started on my healing journey the very next day.

Googling:

“Cancer treatment ended, now what?”

With a grand total of zero results.

I knew I had to figure it out.

Little did I know what awaited me.

What I didn't realize at that time was what served me so well then to get through treatment was NOT serving me after.

But that wasn't the end of everything, either...

The doctor said it had a “97% cure rate” and they were confident it would work out for me...

It turned out I was the 3%.

Because it came back, again.

I subconsciously knew, but I was still devastated.

All of that work for nothing.

Completely wasted time and resources just to do it all over again.

I was putting my family through all of it again.

I even started to feel like I had the flu about a week before I wanted to admit I wasn't feeling so good, because I knew in my gut it was back.

Eventually, I got the blood work officially done again.

The results came back, it was confirmed.

I remember the moment I found out I was at work.

I went into my boss's office, and just crumbled to the ground and said it's back.

I left the office and went straight to the hospital.

We went back over the options.

Chemo wasn't an option because my body became resistant to the treatment.

My choices were either:

- 1) Immunotherapy
- 2) A clinical trial to go on.

We chose immunotherapy first because it was the less aggressive route, knowing the trial was still an option.

The Immunotherapy failed, almost sending me into a coma.

So, I put in for the clinical trial.

Only issue?

It shut down one week before I was supposed to start it.

So, we didn't really have options.

We could do nothing but wait.

I was in the hospital for 68 days before they finally let me go home right before Christmas after spending my birthday, anniversary, and thanksgiving in the hospital.

**I planned my funeral, cleaned out my closet and enjoyed
Christmas as if it was my last.**

I felt like I was in the walking dead.

The doctor insisted I write letters of compassion to Pfizer and the FDA for the approval of a new kind of immunotherapy, though.

Eventually, just in time (if not late) I was approved for the clinical trial.

I didn't really know what to expect.

I just knew the last thing didn't work well, so why not try something new?

This led me into remission a second time.

At that point, it was immediately stem cell time.

<https://www.thepatientstory.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/07/Copy-of-Screen-Shot-2019-07-30-at-2.45.12-PM.png>

Thankfully my brother had a 100% match, I just needed to get my transplant.

I was in the hospital for another 32 days, with another intense round of Chemo & 10 rounds of radiation before the transplant.

Everything was completed.

I felt like this was truly going to be the answer.

I was physically weak, of course.

So I just focused on healing, and getting stronger.

That's exactly what I did for 7 months.

<https://www.thepatientstory.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/07/Copy-of-Screen-Shot-2019-07-30-at-2.34.43-PM.png>

Things started to slowly, but surely get better.

Then...

I had my third and final battle with cancer.

During my blood work, I was told it had returned again for a third time.

It had caught me so off guard.

This time I didn't feel off, they had caught it earlier.

I figured for sure I had beat it this time.

I wasn't physically, mentally, emotionally ready at all to hear those words.

It felt like a complete sucker punch.

When the nurse and doctor left the room, I don't know how long I sobbed to my husband.

I just kept saying "I don't think I can do it again".

As I cried my husband said:

"We'll do whatever you decide."

Then I thought about my dad.

I knew he would kill me if I just gave up.

So I made a deal with myself, literally.

I said to myself:

“Okay, one more time and that’s it, but this isn’t for you, it’s for your family.”

I looked up to my husband and told him:

“Okay, one more time.”

The doctor decided to go back to immunotherapy again.

I went through four rounds of that, and it worked like a fucking charm.

I’ve been in remission ever since.

Going on 4 years now.

But...

Like I said before, remission is where the healing truly starts.

In fact, I left out a conversation I had with my dad after my first remission.

(And, I think you’d get something from it.)

He was over at my place.

I had just learned the cancer was back.

As I’m holding back tears and I turned to him and said:

“You know I might die, right?”

He just said in a matter of fact type of way:

“I know. Sometimes we don’t all make it to the end.”

I was so mad at that moment because I just wanted him to tell me it was going to be okay.

He couldn’t give me that, because he knew it wouldn’t have been true.

I remember being so mad that he couldn’t.

Now that moment is beautiful to me.

He didn't just say it was going to work out, he allowed both of us to sit with the real life situation.

Plus, it's become my favorite quote.

Because, well...

What is the end?

I beat cancer 3 different times.

But yet, I just kept thinking when is it coming back again.

What's the point of trying to live life if it is.

Most importantly:

(Which many cancer survivors wonder.)

Why did all this happen to me?

I just kept holding my breath thinking:

“Yeah, it's gone – but for how long?”

Even though it was over, I was a mess.

I had survived what had felt impossible.

I got therapy and everything.

On top of that?

Not one survivor I talked to ever talked about the fear or anxiety they had when treatment ended, so I felt broken for having it.

I felt even more alone than in treatment.

I blamed myself for allowing my family to go through it.

Simply stated:

I had survived the unsurvivable, yet I felt even worse than before having cancer.

I was the definition of survivor's guilt.

My family spent over \$100,000 just to keep me alive.

I felt lost.

I had beaten cancer, but what was I supposed to do now?

Just go back to life after all of that?

How do you do that?

I could hardly sleep.

I was always on edge ready to hear that cancer was back.

Nothing about what I was thinking or doing said “I am a survivor”.

I wasn't proud, rather embarrassed.

Feeling defeated by life.

I mean...

How do you rebuild after that?

I was completely fucking lost.

You know, trying stuff like:

- Reading self help after self help book.
- Talking to “experts”.
- Going on healing retreats.
- And beyond (you name it I probably did it)...

That was when I truly realized...

Remission isn't the end. It's the beginning.

It took me years to understand this.

It took me countless therapists.

Trying X, Y, and Z.

You'll never be "normal" like before.

You'll forever be different.

But, that's not a bad thing.

You'll be stronger than before.

Life can go back to normal, just not the old normal.

It'll be the new normal.

Yes, believe it or not...

You can be happy again.

After years of trying to be happy, I realized one main thing:

There was nobody, and I mean nobody teaching cancer survivors how to live after cancer.

The entire experience was all about surviving cancer itself.

All of the therapists I had talked to were trying, sure.

But none of them had actually experienced cancer.

And all of the other survivors I had talked to?

They were just as lost as I used to be.

So I set out on a mission.

I wanted to bring a new "normal" to cancer survivors.

That's when I created...

“The A Happier Healthier You Program”

It was a first of its kind.

A program specifically dedicated to helping women cancer survivors thrive after cancer.

A program designed to take all the pain women experienced during cancer and turn it into a positive.

A program designed to not only make women stronger, but help them find their new “normal” after cancer, and find genuine happiness again.

Don't just take my word for it...

Here's what Cheryl had to say about The Happier Healthier You Program:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yueflbdANYE>

Here's what Chantel had to say about The Happier Healthier You Program:

https://youtu.be/uUpX-vz_Q1k

Here's what Amanda had to say about the Happier Healthier You Program:

<https://youtu.be/2IbXGXKhIKs>

Here's what Melissa S. had to say about the Happier Healthier You Program:

<https://youtu.be/ZcLc2miz6N8>

Here's what Melissa W. had to say about the Happier Healthier You Program:

<https://youtu.be/kiLHIJjTx0g>

Here's what Amanda had to say about the Happier Healthier You Program:

<https://youtu.be/2IbXGXKhIKs>

Here's what Melanie had to say about the Happier Healthier You Program:

<https://youtu.be/ZcSi0qCSfyY>

Here's what Christina had to say about the Happier Healthier You Program:

<https://youtu.be/zdp9kZMWP8>

Here's what Diane had to say about the Happier Healthier You Program:

<https://youtu.be/be59SERLH-E>

Here's what Alix had to say about the Happier Healthier You Program:

<https://youtu.be/x8bHfnGrXgs>

Here's what Ashley had to say about the Happier Healthier You Program:

<https://youtu.be/z4M6fo9jMzc>

Here's what Lisa had to say about the Happier Healthier You Program:

<https://youtu.be/EK772LjJ9Ho>

Here's what Jill had to say about the Happier Healthier You Program:

<https://youtu.be/CzwbflZEvyo>

Here's what Mandy had to say about the Happier Healthier You Program:

<https://youtu.be/Gn9geAOFArI>

..and that's not even all of them, but I think you get the point!

Now's your turn:

Stop Living In Fear, And Start Actually Living Again in 90 days or less...

When I set out to create the Happier Healthier You program, I took everything I learned after remission and put it inside.

I didn't want others to struggle finding their happiness after cancer like I had to.

So, I quite literally designed the entire program from the top down taking exactly what I had learned worked best and put it inside.

Here's just *some* of what you'd learn by joining:

- Why movement is the catalyst for change, breaks down the importance of exercise and dealing with lymphedema and neuropathy (Module 1).
- The exact optimal workouts to get started, even from point zero, the weakest point post treatment (Module 1).
- The difference between coping and letting go (Module 2).
- Why you need to declutter your cancer items and put it behind you (Module 2).
- The importance of making amends with your past, and how to do so (Module 2).
- The importance of Yoga in healing the mind body connection (Module 3).
- How to use Yoga for not only healing, but improving compassion and self-love (Module 3).
- The exact Yoga techniques to follow (Module 3).
- How to embrace where you currently are in your journey (Module 4).
- Getting your brain back to 100% after chemo brain (Module 4).
- How to diagnose and fix any body imbalances that might be making you feel sluggish (Module 4).
- Rebuilding self esteem and confidence (Module 4).
- Getting back to work and normal life after cancer (Module 4).
- Learning about meditation and how to actually use it to stop negative feedback loops (Module 4).
- Detoxing from all negativity in your life and focusing on a positive future (Module 4).
- Finding out your post chemo diet (Module 5).
- The exact nutrition routine to follow (Module 5).
- A grocery store guide (Module 5).
- How to appreciate everything you've been through to become a stronger person (Module 6).
- Finding joy in your new life (Module 6).
- Figuring out healthy influences and boundaries (Module 6).
- How to reframe your mindset (Module 6).
- How to actually love yourself for everything you are (Module 7).
- Regaining confidence in your abilities and body (Module 7).
- Loving yourself when you're naked in the mirror (Yes, really, Module 7).
- Taking pride in every small victory you make (Module 7).
- Seeing light at the end of the tunnel (Module 8).
- Getting rid of survivors' guilt (Module 8).
- How to get rid of the pesky thing known as anxiety (Module 8).
- Getting your sleep schedule back in check, and your body fully optimal (Module 8).
- Finding purpose in your new life (Module 9).
- Restoring relationships with your partner, friends, family, and beyond (Module 10).
- How to get communication with your partner back in line (Module 10).
- Finally having the sex life you crave again (Module 10).
- How to stress less and live more (Module 11).
- The difference between habits and rituals (Module 11).
- The perfect morning and night routines (Module 11).

- How to confidently live your life even after the program (Module 12).
- And last but not least, living your best life (Module 13)!

...and that's just the actual materials already inside.

Each of these modules are designed to be done weekly.

That means by the end of the 12th module (90 days) you'll have discovered exactly how to create a new normal.

You'll have discovered how to be happy again after cancer.

But...

**Shedding your old skin and becoming a new happier, healthier
you isn't easy, unless...**

You have the support to help you transition in your journey.

That's one of the main things I realized in my own healing journey.

A therapist who hasn't been through what you've been through doesn't help.

But a group of strong women who know exactly what you're talking about?

That does.

That's why in The Happier Healthier You program:

We not only have a dedicated private support group.

But, we also do weekly calls.

Along with private 1:1 support calls with me.

That's just scratching the tip of the iceberg.

There's a ton more to the program, but I don't want to bore you.

By now, you're probably thinking something like...

“Okay this all sounds great, but what's the catch?”

There is no catch.

This program will genuinely, from one cancer survivor to another help you stop living life in fear, and start actually living again in 90 days or less.

But, I'm a very transparent person.

The Happier Healthier You program costs \$1,997 to join.

I can even break it up into 3 monthly payments of \$667 since the program is designed to be done over the course of 3 months.

I've dedicated my life to supporting other survivors like you.

So, the nominal amount allows me to do just that, full time.

There's also an extremely limited number of people at the program at any given time to keep the group close.

Besides, in the grand scheme of things when you consider the giant costs from the cancer industry...

That's a drop in the bucket.

I guess a better question is:

What's it worth for you to be happy again?

Anyways:

Before I ask you to hand over any money at all, I'd like to talk to you first.

If all of this sounds good, and you're ready to stop living life in fear...

If you're ready to finally take life into your own hands and finally be happy again.

Then all you have to do, is click below, and hop on a call with me:

[Click Here To Book Your Start Living Free Again Call
<https://ahappierhustle.as.me/StartLivingAgainCall>]

This isn't some high pressure sales call or anything.

I'm just genuinely going to talk to you.

I want to learn more about you, and what you've experienced.

I'm going to give you some advice, then determine if you'd be a good fit for the program.

It's that simple.

If you're not, then I'll point you in the right direction and you'll walk away from the call a lot better than before you booked it anyways.

At this point, you have two options:

The first?

Basically, do nothing.

Keep trying to figure things out.

Keep trying to find a way to be "normal" again.

It might happen, but it might take years, too.

The second?

Book a call with me.

I can save you years of struggle.

I'd much rather let you piggyback off my struggle, and save you the pain.

I already went through the post treatment process.

Why should you have to, too?

This way is much easier, and much faster than doing it on your own.

I'd love to save you the headaches.

[It doesn't have to take years to become happy after cancer again.](#)

With the right information...

The right support group...

The right fitness...

The right nutrition...

And beyond....

You can dramatically decrease the time and struggle required to become happy again after cancer.

Simply stated:

I'd love to help you.

If you want my help...

Your next step is simple.

Just click below.

Schedule your call with me ASAP.

And let's talk!

[Click Here To Book Your Start Living Free Again Call
<https://ahappierhustle.as.me/StartLivingAgainCall>]

Talk soon,
Casey Head

P.S. I know this letter had a ton of stuff in it.

If you're like me then you might have just scrolled straight to the bottom.

Long story short:

I beat cancer three times.

It forever traumatized me, and it took years for me to become happy again.

It took years for me to shed my old skin and become a better, stronger, happier me again.

I'd like to help you skip that painful process.

I created a program called “A Happier Healthier You” – designed to help women after the treatment process find themselves and become happy again after cancer.

It’s helped countless women, and now I’d like to help you.

The process all starts with a phone call, learning more about you.

Worst case scenario, you walk away in a better mental space than before you started the call.

Sounds good?

Just schedule that call below:

[Click Here To Book Your Start Living Free Again Call
<https://ahappierhustle.as.me/StartLivingAgainCall>]

