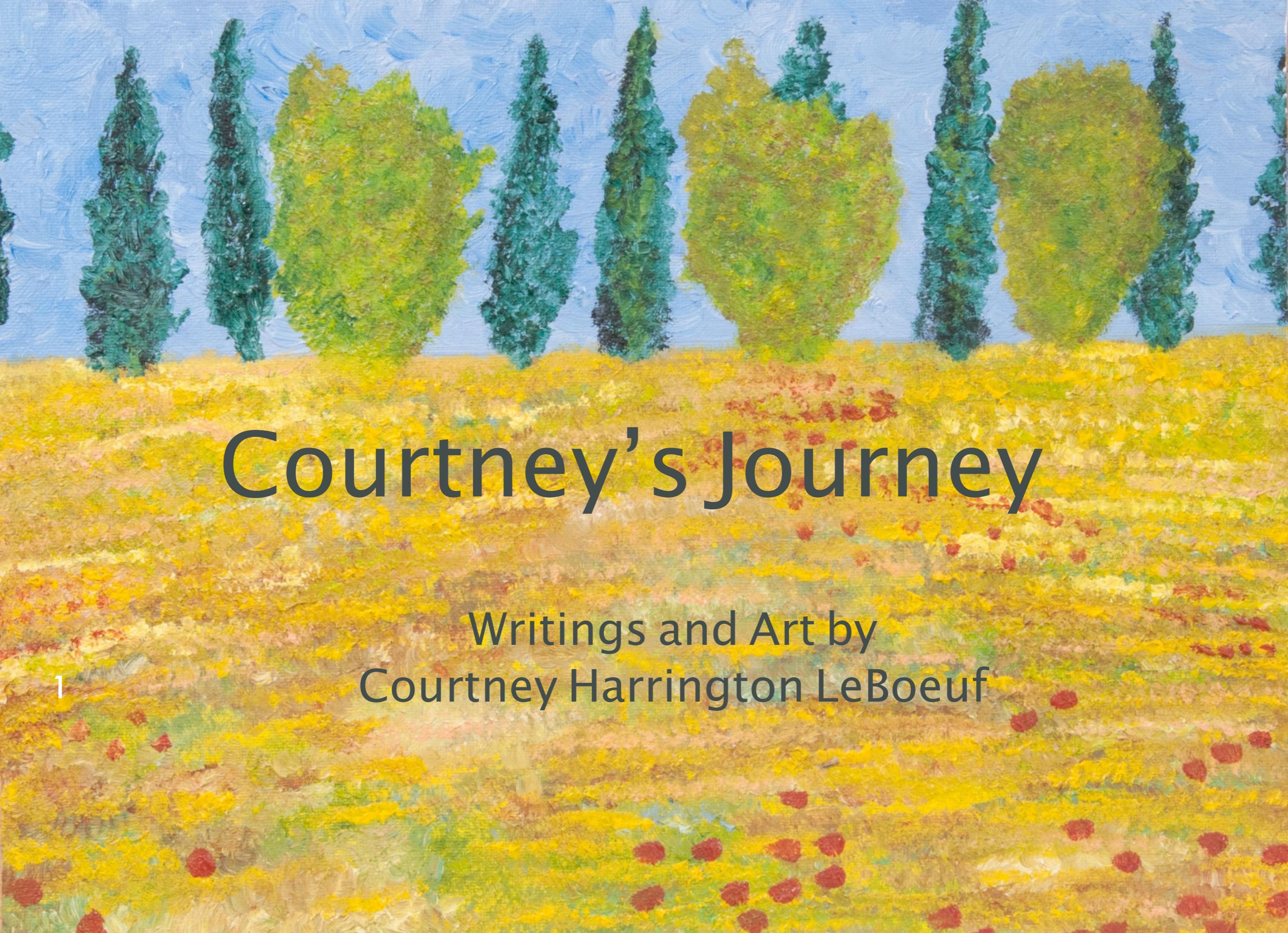
The background is a painting of a landscape. In the foreground, there is a field of yellow and red flowers, possibly poppies, with some green foliage. In the middle ground, there are several tall, slender green trees, possibly cypresses, and a few larger, rounded green trees. The sky is a clear, light blue. The overall style is impressionistic with visible brushstrokes.

Courtney's Journey

Writings and Art by
Courtney Harrington LeBoeuf

A painting of a field with yellow and red flowers and a line of trees in the background. The field is filled with small yellow and red flowers, and the trees in the background are tall and thin, with some having green foliage and others being dark green. The sky is a light blue color.

Courtney's Journey

Writings and Art by
Courtney Harrington LeBoeuf

Dear friends,

We are so happy to give you an intimate look into Courtney's life through her writings and paintings.

She was such a gift to all who knew her and to those whose lives she touched.

Courtney was not only a lawyer, but also an environmentalist who loved to share her passion for the environment and the issues surrounding the destruction of it. She loved working with children and opening their eyes to the "beauty that surrounds us every day." She truly made a difference and her words continue to inspire.

Courtney wrote with sincerity, courage and eloquence in her journal. By sharing her story, she inspired and encouraged many people to fight their own battles with cancer and live a passionate and purposeful life.

Her strength of character and refusal to give up on any individual or project throughout her short life enabled her to stand up to cancer and any obstacle that came before her. She believed in herself and others with unbelievable passion. In doing so, people gave back to her ten-fold, wrapping their arms around her, encouraging her, inspiring her to "carry-on." She never asked, "Why me?" Courtney's perspective was "Why not me?" She inspired not only people fighting their own battles with cancer, but people from every walk of life. She encouraged all to truly live life to the fullest and most importantly, be happy.

We miss her smiling face, her words of encouragement, her wit, and her unconditional love each passing day. The generosity of her family, friends, and supporters ensures that her legacy lives on through the Courtney Harrington LeBoeuf charitable fund.

Courtney's Fund educates and enriches through continuing support of The Breast Cancer Fund, Tulane University Law School Environmental Law Scholarships, the YMCA Camp Jones Gulch Outdoor Education program, and other worthwhile programs.

We hope you enjoy this inspirational book.

Jay LeBoeuf

Sharalyn and Tom Harrington

For additional copies of this book or to send us a message please visit us at www.CourtneysFund.com

My Journey with Breast Cancer by Courtney LeBoeuf

In the Fall of 2007, with my 30th Birthday fast approaching, I decided to treat myself to the birthday gift of getting in shape. As a life-long swimmer, I picked the challenge of competing in a mile and a half swim across the San Francisco Bay. After weeks of training by going to my gym nearly every day to swim laps, doing practice swims in the frigid cold waters of the Bay, lifting weights to build up muscle mass, I was ready. My goal was humble – I just wanted to finish. And finish, I did. Much to my surprise, I ended up placing second in my age group! It was an incredible feeling. I had given myself the gift I had wanted most for my 30th Birthday – to feel healthy and be in great physical shape. Little did I know that this gift would be fleeting and that the biggest race of my life was only just beginning.

A few weeks before the swim I had discovered a lump in my left breast. My OBGYN dismissed it as nothing more than dense breast tissue but sent me for a mammogram and ultrasound just to be sure. The radiologist also confirmed it was nothing – indeed, just dense tissue, he said. I was young, healthy, and had no family history of breast cancer. It was nothing. Relieved, I went about the business of enjoying life. My 30th Birthday came and went marked by no shortage of celebrations with family and friends. Life was great. My job as an environmental lawyer was really taking off, my husband of 2 years was starting his own business, we were talking about finally starting our family and buying a condo. Things couldn't have been going any better. And then things started to fall apart.

Over the next few months I began noticing strange symptoms. My once healthy body began to give out. Chest pain, back pain, side

pains, pelvic pain, leg pain, became frequent visitors. My primary care doctor dismissed it as my scoliosis acting up and gave me muscle relaxers and anti-inflammatory drugs. But I knew it was something more. I just didn't feel right.

As the months wore on, my symptoms grew worse and worse. Before long I wasn't able to do some of my favorite activities. Yoga became too painful. Swimming was unbearable. Even walking was excruciating. My body just ached and ached and grew more painfully with each day. Eventually I could no longer make the 5 minute walk from my house to the commuter train. My husband had to drive me. Enough was enough.

After switching doctors, and receiving a battery of tests, on April 17, 2008, I was diagnosed with Stage IV breast cancer. There is no Stage V. Stage IV is as bad as it gets; it means that the cancer has metastasized (i.e. spread to other parts of the body). My scans showed that I had cancer everywhere. Too many tumors to even count in my liver. Tumors in nearly all my bones – ribs, pelvis, legs, spine. My first oncologist told me that it was incurable and that I would have, at most, two years to live. We were devastated. How could this have happened? I thought I had done everything right.

The race of my life was just beginning and I knew that in order to win it, I had to have the best coach. With the help of my husband Jay and a doctor friend, we found my current oncologist, Dr. Garrett Smith. "Garrett" as he likes to be called, is not your typical oncologist. He believes in an integrative approach to healing cancer patients. Along with himself, his office consists of an acupuncturist/herbalist, a masseuse, a nutritionist, a fitness expert, and a mental health professional. Garrett is also incredibly optimistic.

On the very first day I met him, as I hobbled into his office, he began talking to me about “remission”. That was all I needed to hear. I just needed to know that it was possible to get the cancer in remission. Even if it is not “curable”, as long as I could hope for “remission”, I knew that I would be okay.

With Garrett and his team on board, I took a leave of absence from my job and we started aggressive treatment right away. Every two weeks I would go in for infusions of chemotherapy and other targeted non-chemo therapies. Sometimes I would even get acupuncture or a massage right as I was hooked up to the IV. Jay and I met with the nutritionist and made dramatic changes to our diets. We started reading everything we could on breast cancer treatment and research. We began meditating. And we prayed. We prayed a lot.

But perhaps the most important thing we did was enlist the help of family and friends. When you are diagnosed with cancer, everyone you know comes forward with offers to help. I was too overwhelmed with the diagnosis to know how to handle the outpouring of love but Jay knew exactly what to do. He delegated. Soon Team Courtney was a well-oiled machine of support. Meals began arriving daily, a cleaning crew was at our house every two weeks, spa gift certificates began arriving, fresh flowers were a constant on our living room table, brownies, cookies, candy filled our cupboards, our backyard was treated to a makeover by some industrious friends, my wardrobe received a casual clothes make over thanks to a group of style-minded girlfriends. And the cards and prayers just poured in. One of my friends even managed to get the Pope to personally bless a rosary for me during his trip to New York City last summer. There really was no end to what our friends and family were willing to do to help. Perhaps the most touching gift of all was the prayer group

that my parents and their friends organized. Every Friday, for nine weeks, the group would meet to pray for my recovery.

And then something remarkable happened. By August, my tumor markers were normal. They were normal in September too. October – still normal. November – normal. My scans in November and December confirmed that I was indeed cancer-free. It had worked – the drugs, the prayers, the love and support had all come together to accomplish the impossible. Although I was told that what I had was not curable, my body was completely cancer-free. Remission. We were ecstatic!

I wish I could say that this is where my battle with cancer ended. But unfortunately, I learned this January that although I am still cancer-free in body, the cancer has spread to my brain. The chemo drugs that I was on to get me into remission do not cross the blood brain barrier and were not able to treat any cancer cells that may have crossed into the brain.

So the race continues. And again we fight. I have been placed on a new drug to treat the brain tumors and we will know in the next few days whether the drug is working and whether or not I will need radiation. But I am hopefully and optimistic – I have come so far in such a short period of time and my body has not let me down. It has responded so well to the drugs and I am confident that this time will be no different. So now we wait. We wait and we pray and we hope and we race. We race for a cure. We race for survival. We race for our lives. And this time, I’m not going to come in second place!



It brings me such comfort to think about myself in this context- as being not myself but being a part of all who came before me. It helps me feel connected and centered. I am the culmination of the generations of ancestors who came before me; all with their own struggles and celebrations. There were many before me and there will be many after me.



I am, and I have always been, optimistic for the future. God is smiling on us. We will be alright.
And, like we always do, we soldier on.



It turns out that, while we cannot control the things that happen to us, we can control what we decide to do about them. Sit back and let your life happen to you. Or seize it by the horns and hold on for the ride.



All in all, life is good
and each day presents
something wonderful.

When I think I want to just lie down
and let life happen to me, I am
reminded how much joy can be found
in just moving forward and not
dwelling in the dark places.





It is about keeping your head above water for as long as you can. The storm will pass. It's got to. Either that or we will just need to build a bigger boat.

So for now, I just work on building my boat and enjoying the vast expanse of water ahead of me. Much will be revealed on this journey and it doesn't have to be all bad. The sun will rise and set every day and it can and will be spectacular.



There is something about staring out to sea and gazing at a two thousand year old tree that really help put things into perspective. They remind me that, in the scope of the universe, we are so very small. We are just passing through this Earth - visitors only for a short time - all of us.



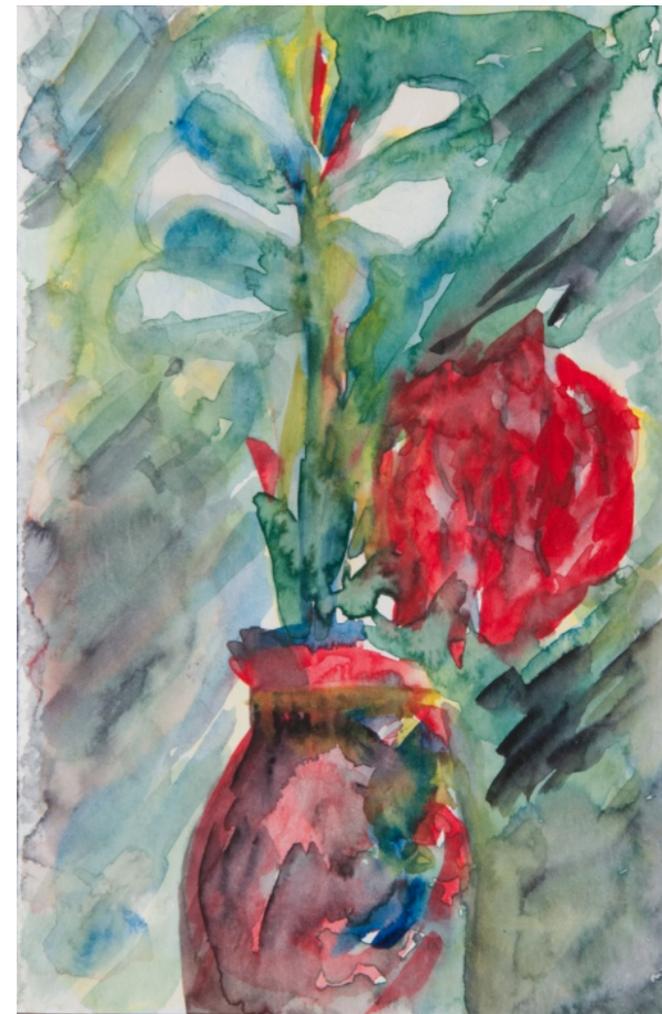
This is what we do- we fight, we pray, and we live just as fully as we can. Because, as Abraham Lincoln once said, 'It's not the years in your life that count. It's the life in your years.' Amen to that Abe.



We are excited to do what we do best- explore, adventure, and move forward with life, one step at a time.

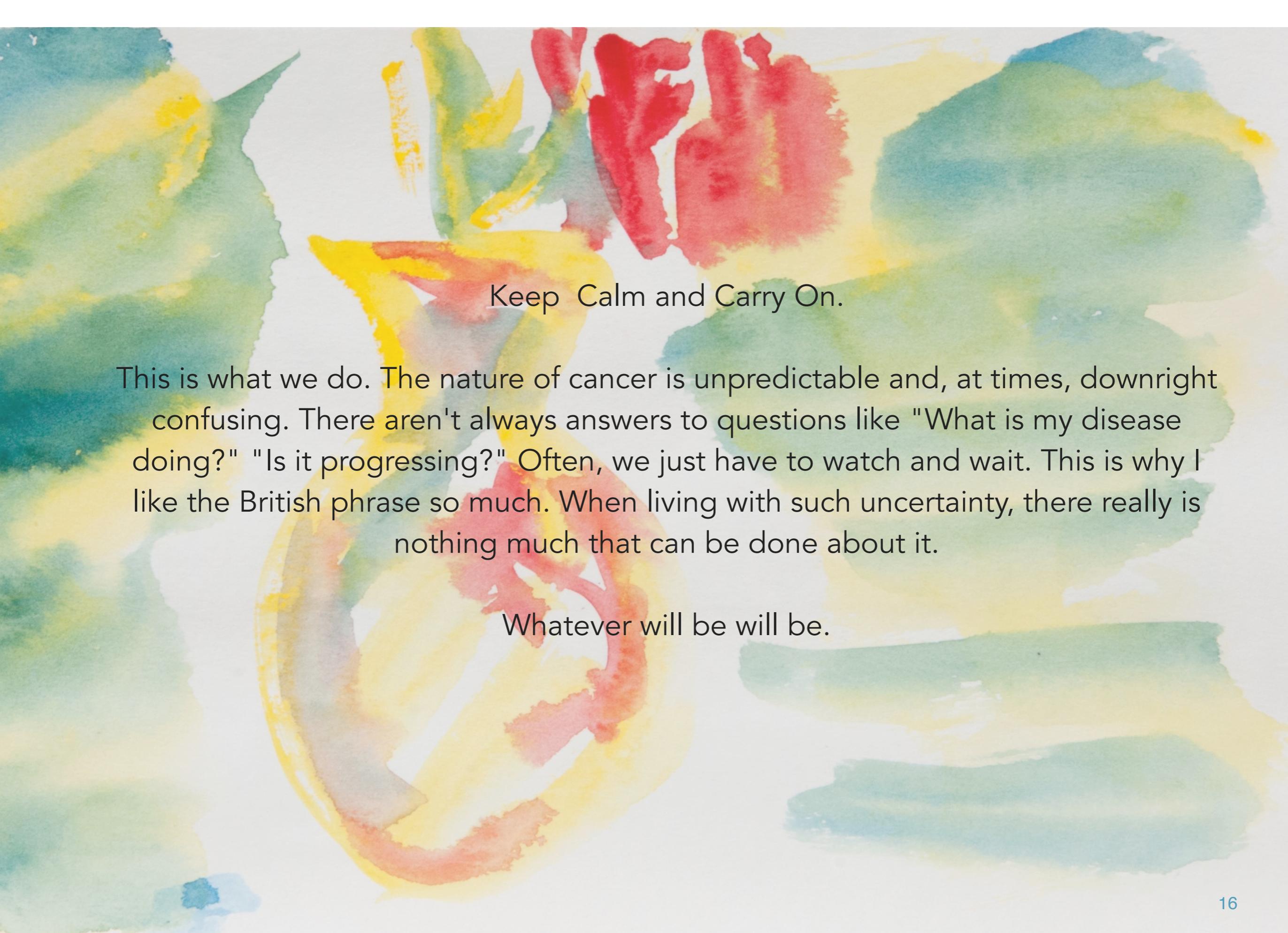


Yes, the universe was conspiring to send me signals tonight. Signals that life is all around, waiting to be experienced and enjoyed. We need to open our eyes to the beauty that surrounds us everyday.



"You've got to get up every morning with a smile on your face, and show the world all the love in your heart."

~ Carol King



Keep Calm and Carry On.

This is what we do. The nature of cancer is unpredictable and, at times, downright confusing. There aren't always answers to questions like "What is my disease doing?" "Is it progressing?" Often, we just have to watch and wait. This is why I like the British phrase so much. When living with such uncertainty, there really is nothing much that can be done about it.

Whatever will be will be.

“You were made to soar, to crash to earth, then to rise and soar again.”

- Alfred Wainwright

The crowd gathered toward the ship’s exit, one by one, throwing themselves overboard, feet first. Beads of sweat rolled down my face in anticipation. My turn was next. I stood on the ledge, peering down into the water below – frigid, turbulent, dark; yet calling my name and inviting me in all the same. It had been a long time. The sea called out : “welcome back, old friend.”

In an instant, I was submerged. Not wanting others above to descend upon me, I quickly propelled myself forward. My mind struggled to understand what to do next but my body remembered; it always knows, even before I do. My legs began to kick with a fierceness I did not recognize. My arms began to propel my body forward with a momentum slowly building. My heart raced at once with fear, with excitement, and with relief. “Yes, you can.”

Moments passed. My heart rate stabilized. My muscles relaxed. My focus returned. Just behind me, the Rock stood stalwart and uncompromising. Inescapable? Not today.

Throwing my spirit out to the shore, I swam towards it, one stroke at a time. My mind and body settled into a rhythm – working in unison to bring me to my landing place – one and a half miles ahead. Kick, stroke, breathe. Kick, stroke, breathe. Kick, stroke, breathe. On the horizon, the familiar landmarks seemed to smile and nod, inviting me forward – Coit Tower, the Transamerica Pyramid, the Ghirardelli sign. Soon, the Marina, Fort Mason and the Palace of Fine Arts. Finally, to the beach and the roaring crowd.

Suddenly my feet touched ground. I wobbled, dizzy from the continuous rocking motion of the waves and the strong pull of the tide. Struggling to maintain my balance, I began to make out their faces – all smiling, all cheering.

There was Jay – beaming in his “Team Courtney” t-shirt. Yelling my name, encouraging me toward the finish just yards ahead. My mother – exuberantly jumping, cheering, clapping. My father – that familiar smile, eyes welled up with tears, that look - “I am so proud of you, my baby girl.” And I crossed the finish line knowing I had done it.

Standing on the shore, sand between my feet, planted solidly on land once more, the medal was placed over my head – “Alcatraz Challenge Finisher.”

And the Phoenix rises.

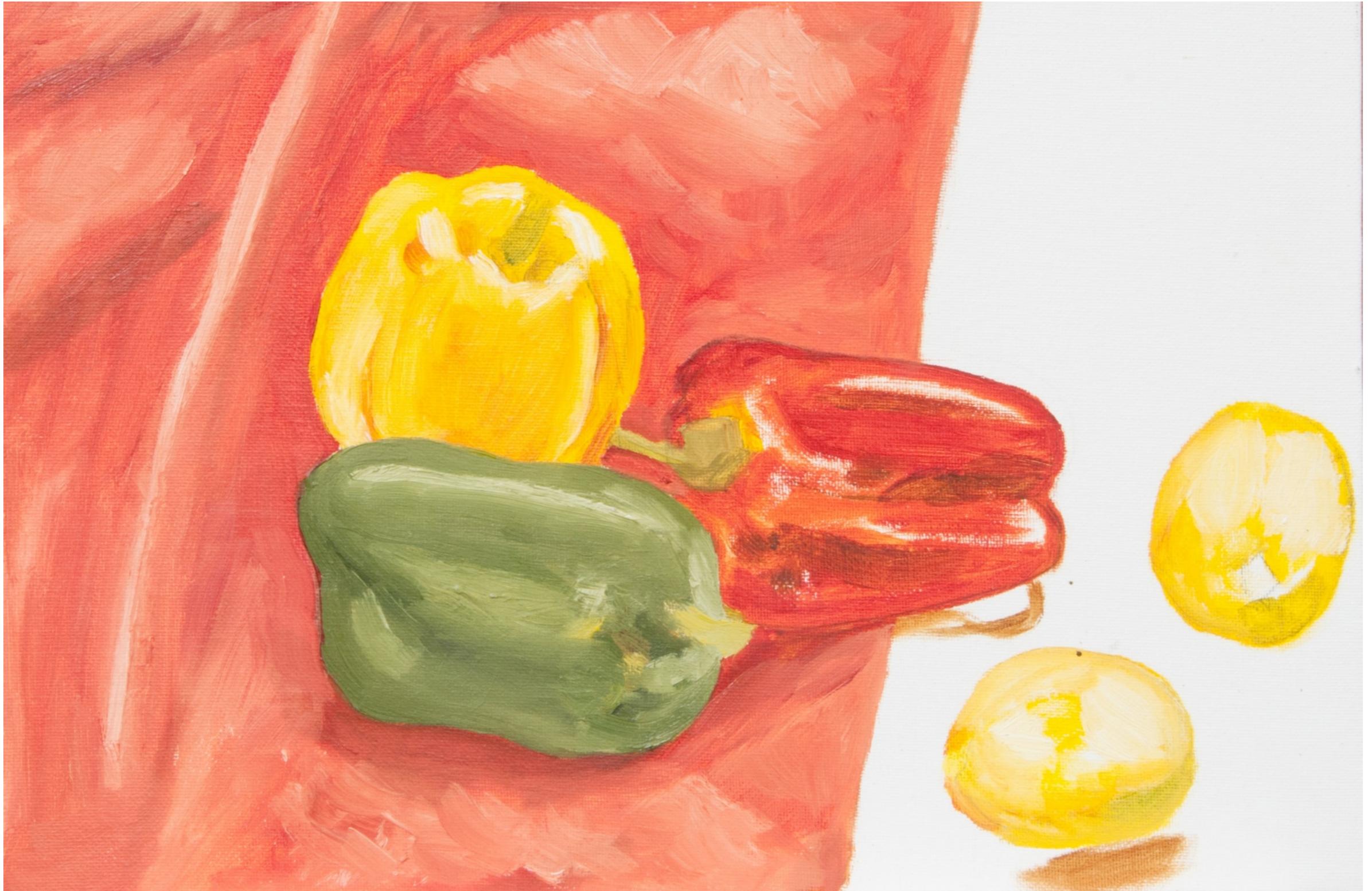




Life is a precious gift and the time we have here on Earth is of an unpredictable length for us all.
And so, I vow to remember something about each day.



And time is all we really have.
I wish you much time - time to see the flowers and time to enjoy the company of good friends.

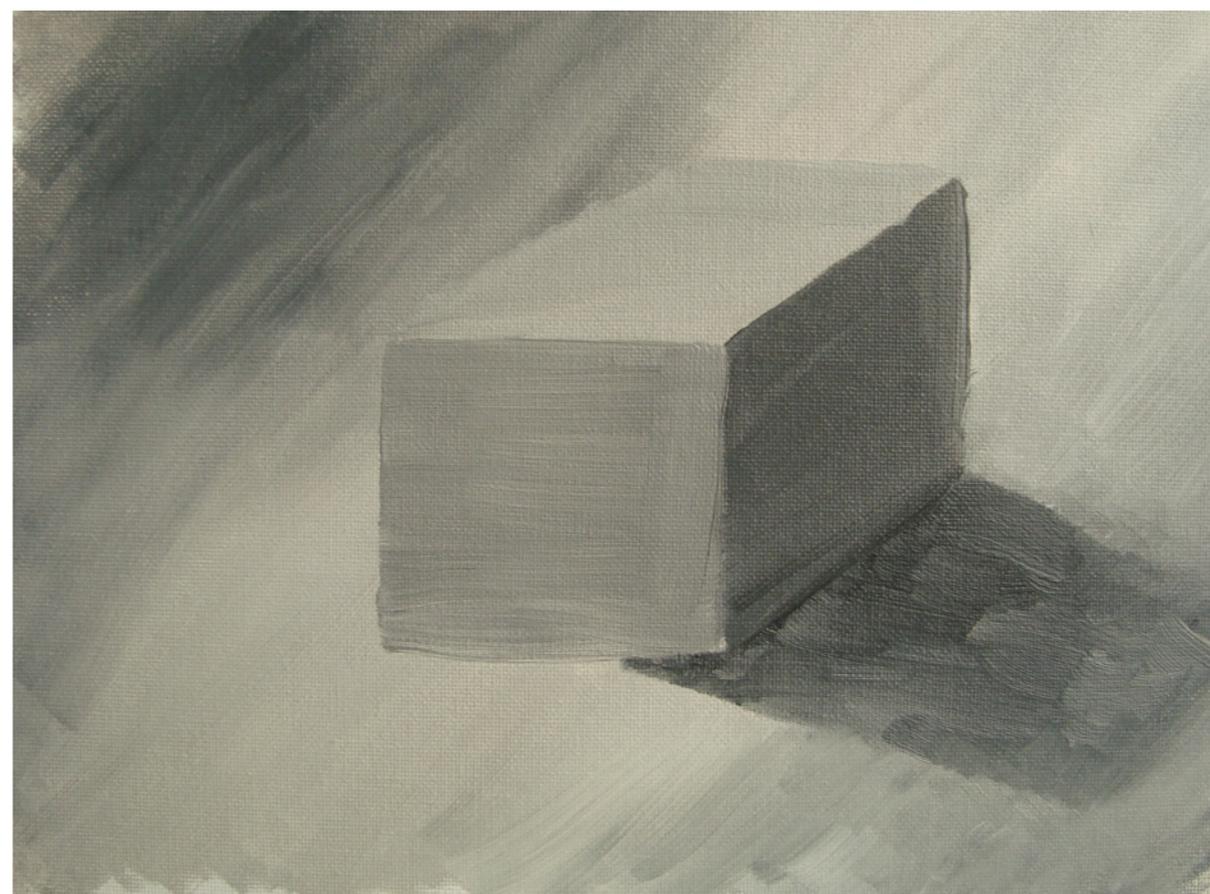


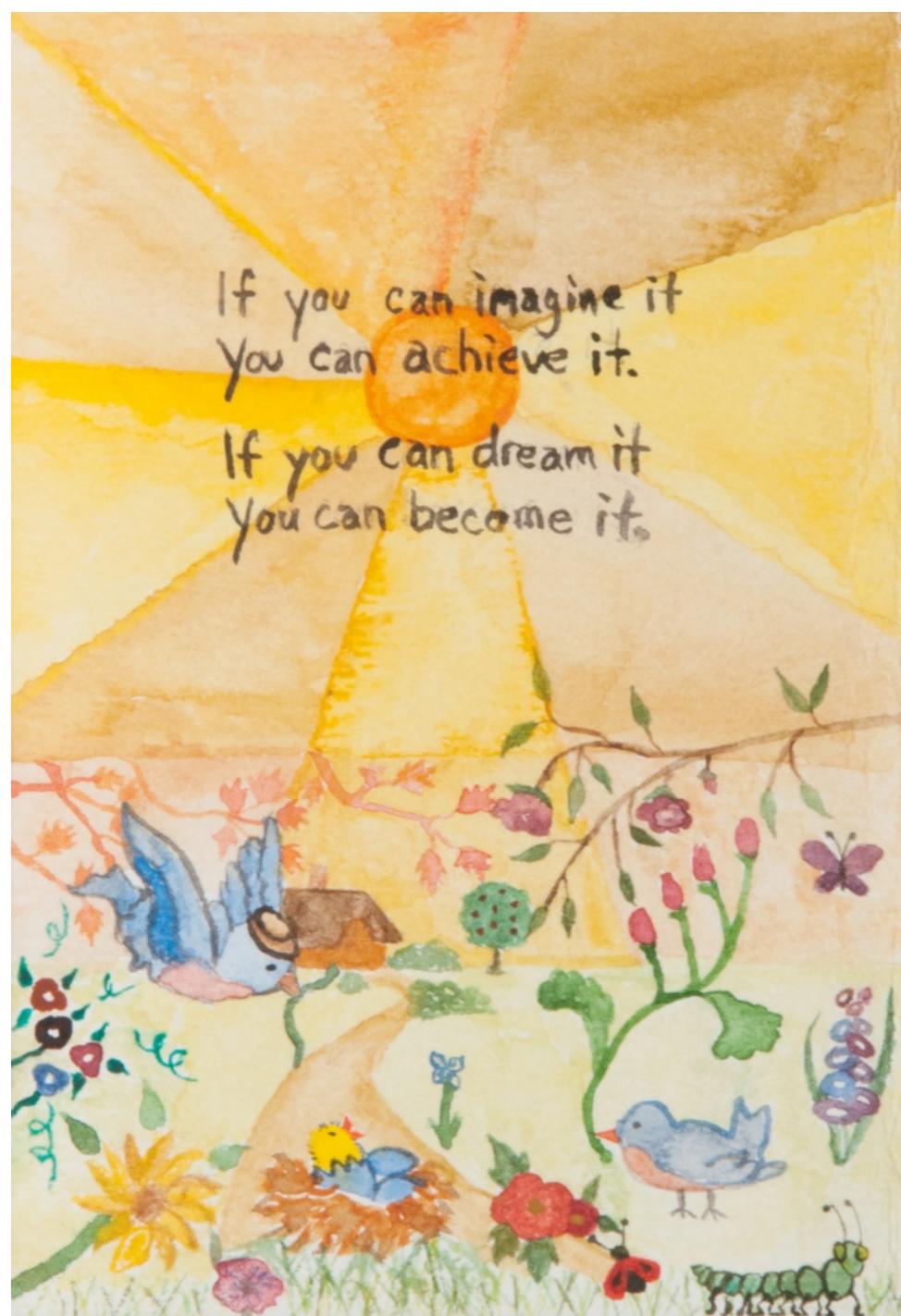
Family. This is what it's all about folks. Love them. Let them know you love them.
And spend as much time together making wonderful memories as you can.



This is the only way. Perseverance.
If we just keep moving forward,
we will not fail.

I am, and I have always been, optimistic for the
future. God is smiling on us. We will be alright.
And, like we always do,
we soldier on.





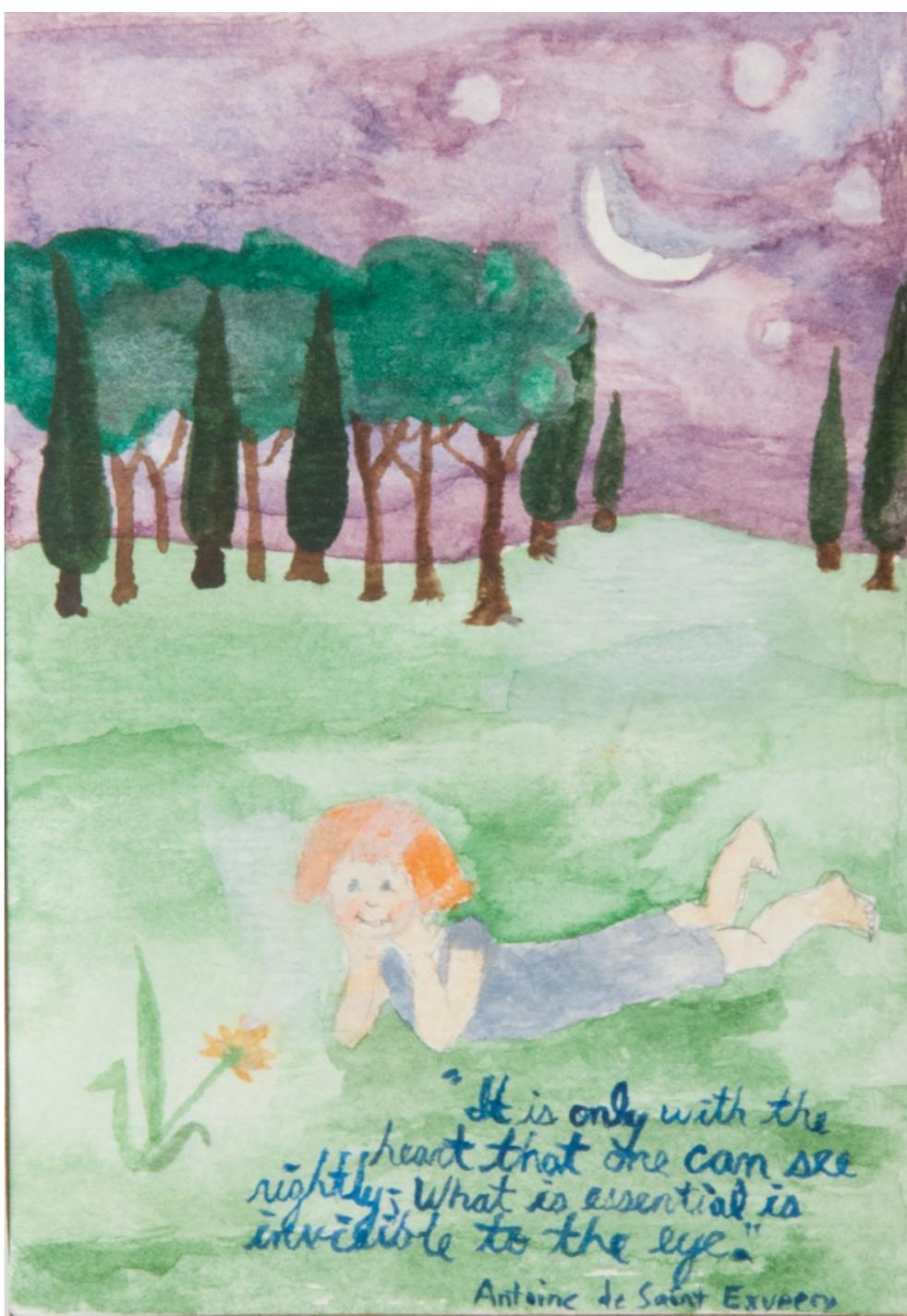
If you can imagine it
You can achieve it.

If you can dream it
You can become it.



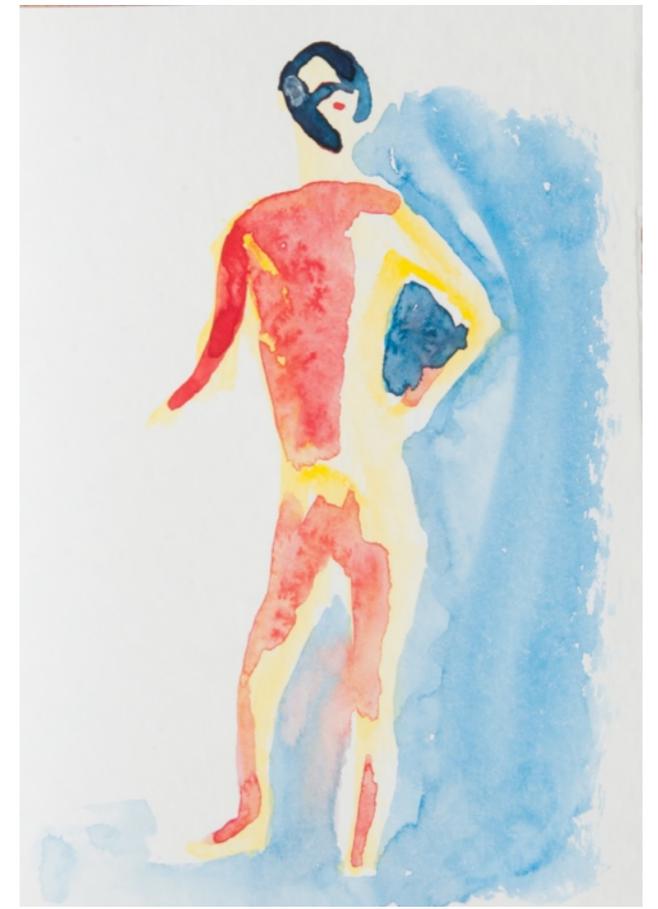
" Things seem to perish, then,
but they do not;
Nature builds one from another,
and lets no thing be born
unless another helps by
dying... "

~ Lucretius



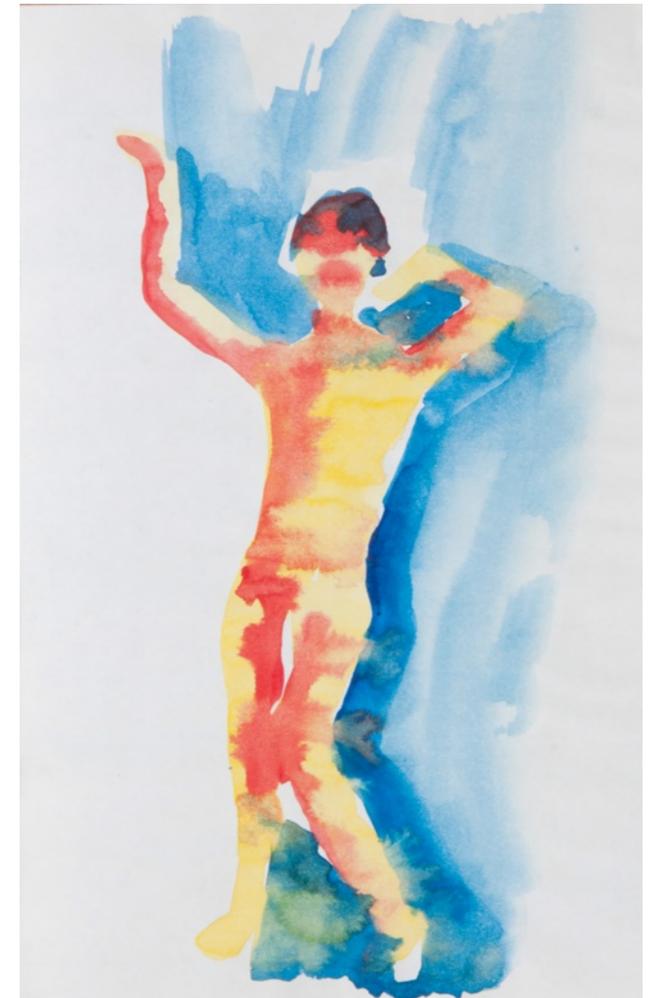
"In wilderness I sense the miracle of life, and behind it our scientific accomplishments fade to trivia."

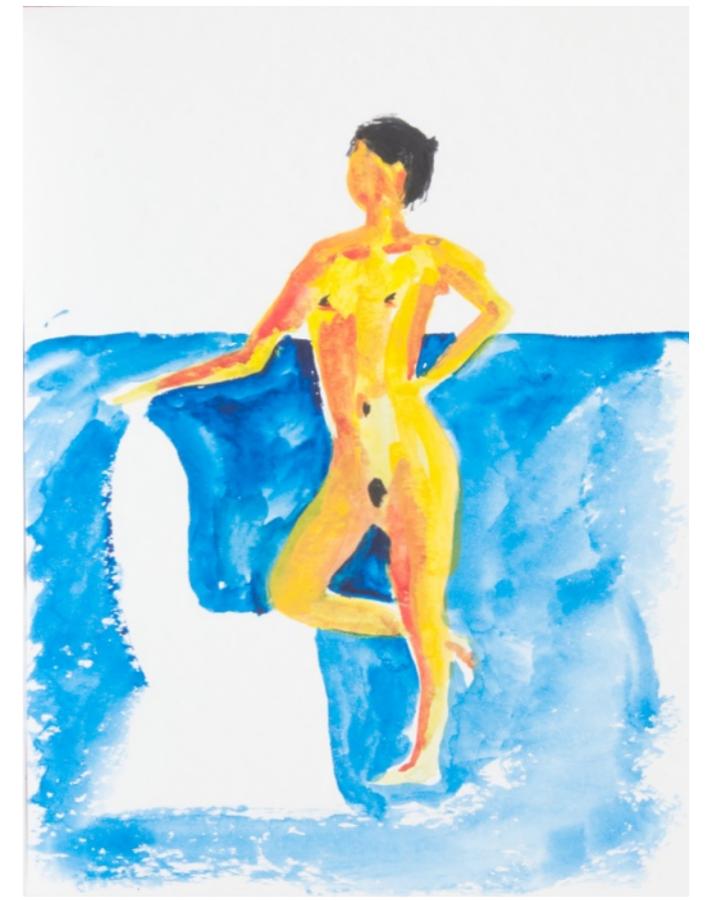
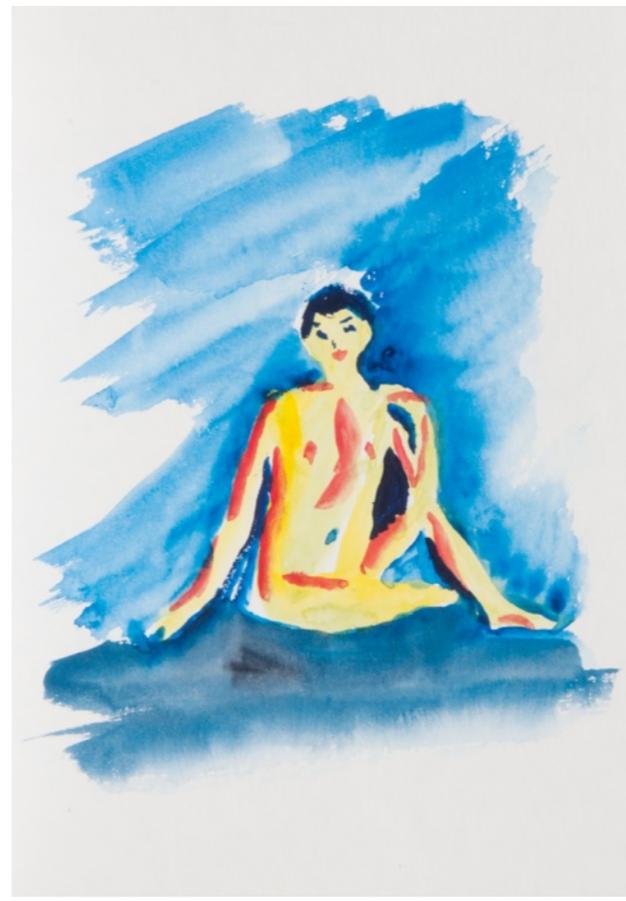
~ Charles A. Lindbergh



Although cancer may have taken many things away from me – my hair, my health, and at times, my energy - there are so many things that it will never take away. Cancer will never take away my amazing support network of friends and family. Cancer will never take away my dreams. Cancer won't ever take away the deep love, respect and admiration I have for my husband, family and friends.

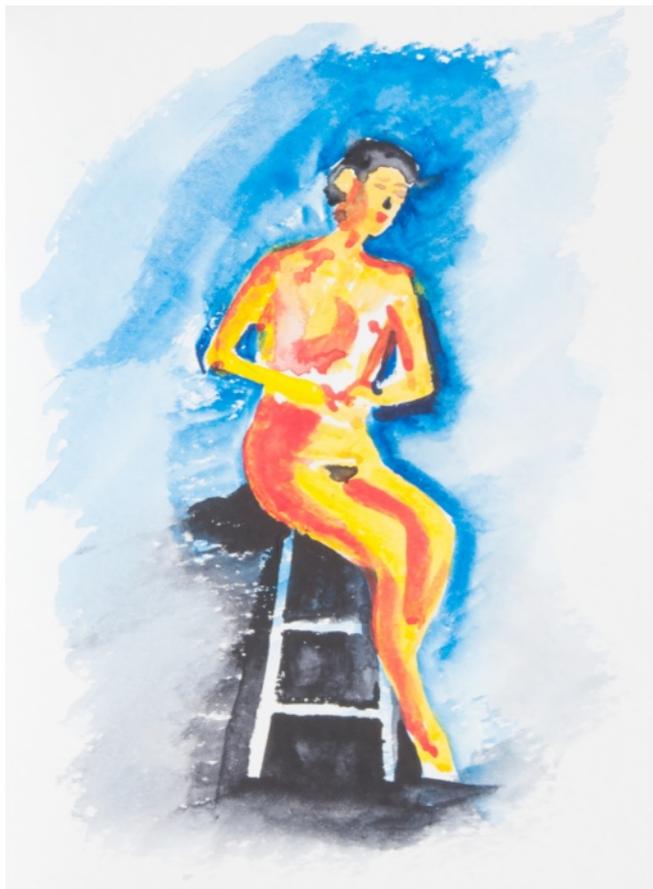
And it will never EVER take away my courage or my hope.

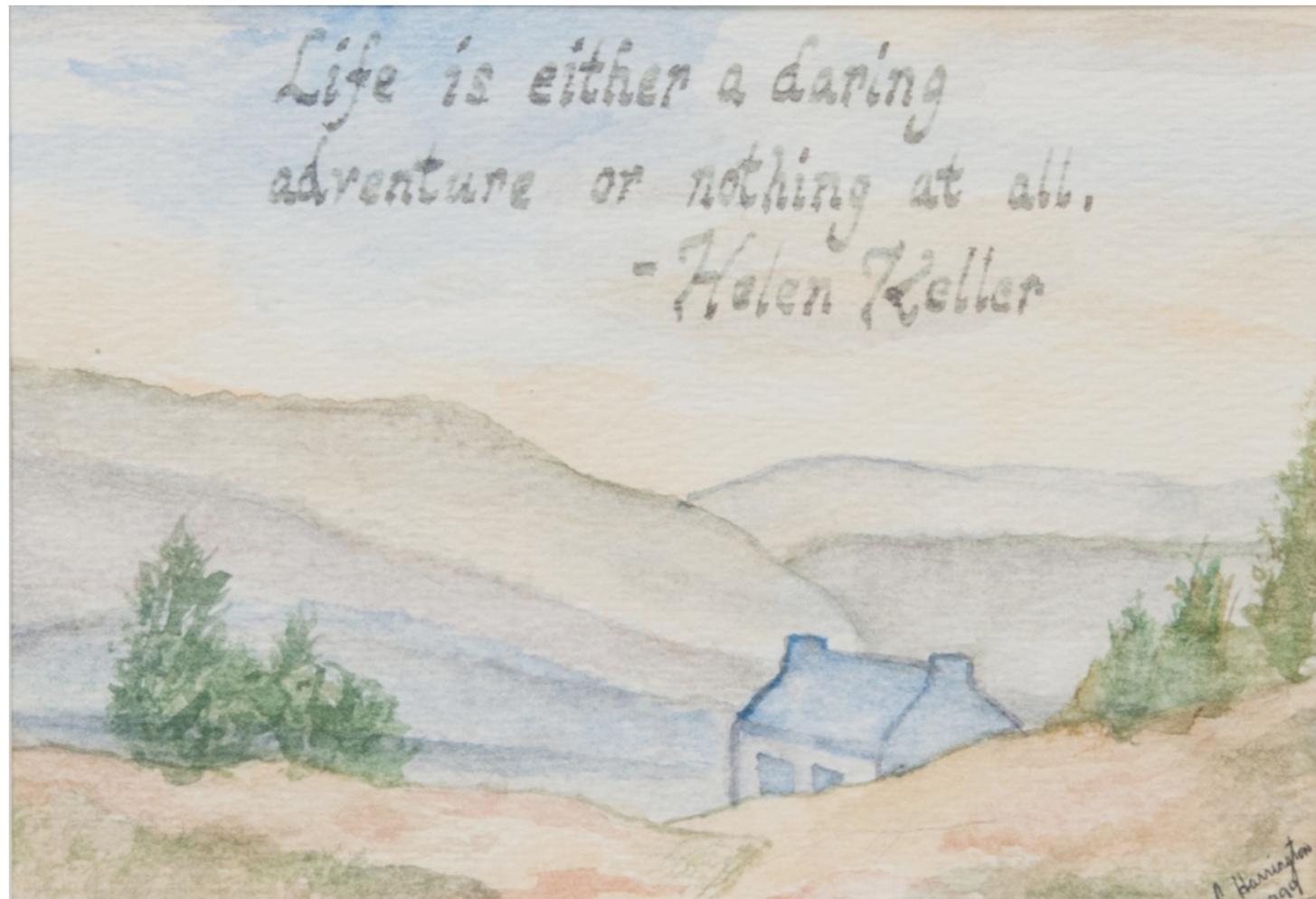




Melissa Ethridge once called her breast cancer a "gift."

While I wouldn't go so far as to call it a "gift", I will say that many gifts have come into my life as a result. For example, my clock now ticks just slightly louder than most. Does this mean that my clock will stop ticking a little earlier? Most certainly not. It just means that I am now, more than ever, profoundly aware of its existence. The clock ticks for us all. And, if you're lucky, you realize it. If you're REALLY lucky, you realize it everyday. And if you are lucky enough to be reminded of it everyday, you will be more fully present in your life than you have ever been before. Laughter will be greater. Colors will be brighter. And love will be bolder. And you will make sure, everyday, that the people in your life who matter most will know exactly where they stand with you.







Where there is no dream,
the people perish.

- Proverbs 29:18





I've been enjoying my life and memory-collecting. These memories, I am learning, are a part of my daily happiness. And I hope to be making memories for years to come. May you be given the opportunity to do the same.



Yes, indeed, life is filled with many rainbows. And for this, I am grateful.
When we concentrate on the here and now, life is much more manageable, enjoyable and peaceful.



My indomitable will remains intact
and stronger than ever.



I believe we are going to see good things.
Yes, I believe.



Since Courtney's diagnosis four years ago in April 2008, we truly lived each day to its fullest. In just the past four years, here are some of the highlights of our world travels and adventures -- while battling this disease:

Courtney was no stranger to travel and adventure - having visiting 6 of the 7 continents - but realizing that time is life's precious asset, we hiked the Scottish Highlands, rode camels at the Great Pyramids of Giza, peered into King Tut's tomb, surfed on the waves of Maui's shore, strolled the Mall in Washington D.C. admiring the imposing monuments and museums, enjoyed the view from the Space Needle watching the ships travel up Puget Sound, while plotting our trip to Mt. Ranier (check!), attending the Olympics in Vancouver, SCUBA diving the reefs of Cozumel and strolling the ancient Mayan ruins of Tulum. We rolled the dice in Las Vegas - three times - including renewing our 5 year wedding vows with Elvis and celebrating with 40 friends on the open patio of the Bellagio.

We had mystical experiences swimming freely with dolphins, in the Arabian Sea off the coast of Oman, and again off the South Island of New Zealand. While receiving chemotherapy, Courtney successfully completed the Escape from Alcatraz challenge (swimming the treacherous waters from Alcatraz island to the San Francisco shoreline) and also swam as part of a team in the Wildflower Triathlon. We backpacked New Zealand, California's Lost Coast, Big Sur, Point Reyes, and logged countless miles in the Marin Headlands and down in Half Moon Bay.

The Oakland A's honored Courtney as their Honorary Bat Girl. We inspected the crack in the Liberty Bell, polished off a cheesesteak while in the neighborhood, shortly before heading to some theatre in Boston, riding a gondola in Providence, and watching snow fall on the mansions of Newport.

We kayaked Monterey Bay, Abel Tasman National Park in New Zealand, and in our special Silver Lake, California. We sailed feluccas in Dubai, sailed up the Nile, tried punting on the river Cam in Cambridge, reefed sails in San Francisco Bay, remembered the Alamo in San Antonio (twice), attending many (MANY!) wonderful weddings, weekend getaways and wine tastings in Napa and Sonoma. Lake Tahoe played to our 22-person Bay Area Winter Olympics, as well as being a favorite summer and winter outdoor playground. Somehow we tried haggis in Glasgow. Courtney danced as Jay performed with his college band on a grassy lawn in Ithaca. We felt the spray of waterfalls in Tennessee, New York, Hawaii, New Zealand, and California. We "tore it up" on Bourbon Street. We soared high above the Thames from inside a giant pod on the London Eye, breathed in the high desert air outside Santa Fe, and watched the elephant seals play in Point Reyes. We enjoyed 5-star evenings in NYC - only 18 hours after Courtney had been discharged from an ER in NYC for having a seizure - and then joining friends at Le Bernardin.

This only scratches the surface - and only touched on how a remarkable person chose to accept their past 4 years. There's so much more to the brief 34 year life of Courtney Marie (Harrington) LeBoeuf, and the CaringBridge guestbook and posts attest to that.

Courtney, we love you, we miss you, and we will keep your spirit alive via your memories and Courtney's Fund.



“May God continue to bless you all in this life and inspire all of us to give to the ones we love and take care of each other. As you have all been here for me, I will endeavor to always be there for you.”



- Courtney LeBoeuf
August 3, 2011