

"Melanoma is a demon thief. It has robbed my husband Scott and me of our newlywed years. We were married in a surprise wedding (yes, I didn't know, he planned the entire thing, including the dress!) six years ago on New Year's Eve. Three of those years have been spent praying, battling, and struggling to stay alive. Stage IV melanoma is not what you expect to hear from your doctor: EVER, and after only three years of marriage.

You can imagine how fast your life flashes before your eyes. Three cyber knife procedures to the brain, Yervoy, Zelboraf, Tafenlar, Mekinist, a cardiac window, an ablation, a thoracotomy, a pacemaker and six weeks in JFK. We are STILL here, thanks to Dr. Abe Schwarzberg and his team. You have kept us alive. No one fights alone.

My Captain Scott was born with the sea in his blood. Raised on the shore of Long Island, in the days when sunblock meant baby oil and iodine, Scott spent his teen- years clamming and fishing, swimming, and sunning. That was probably the beginning of the demon melanoma's sneak attack.

A life-long career in the boating industry as a boat "motor head", a navigator and broker, put him at risk every day. But in the late seventies, eighties and nineties - who knew about melanoma?

Years later, after moving to Florida, Scott finally had a bothersome mole looked at. And of course it was the unimaginable melanoma. Stage IV. Fear, dread, shock, terror, and newly married. What a wedding present.

Scott and Sandra Masters

At the time of this printing, Scott Masters is in the hospital awaiting brain surgery.