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Good morning everyone.

My name is Katy Anderson, I'm a wife, mother of three, and a cancer survivor.

I'm here today to help you understand the devastation of cancer, and the miracle of innovative drugs like Rituxan.

My story began in March 2002 when I was pregnant with my second child.

As with my first pregnancy with my daughter Hayes who is now 5, my second pregnancy was moving along well. My husband, Bryan, and I were excited about a baby boy on the way.

But our happiness and excitement began to subside when I developed terrible pain in my chest and difficulty breathing. At the time, I was 7 months pregnant. And, like many women, the feeling of discomfort sent me to my doctor's office.

After a battery of tests and a wait that seemed to take forever, my physician delivered the shocking and sad news to Bryan and me – I was diagnosed with Stage II non-Hodgkin's lymphoma.

I will never forget that moment. I remember looking at my doctor's face ---- thinking: I'm only 31 years old. I am not ready to die. In fact, I had an incredible fear of dying; of leaving my 15 month old girl behind. Losing my unborn child. Leaving my husband behind. Leaving my whole world behind. Could this be real?

Unless you, a family member or close friend has gone through such an experience, you probably cannot imagine the deep emotions you feel. Fear, anger, disbelief all enter your mind. I had a large tumor my chest and lymph nodes—and I was pregnant!

After talking with numerous doctors at very prestigious hospitals and institutes, I was faced with a very difficult decision: 1) I could begin chemotherapy immediately, while pregnant, with drugs that had been on the market for 20 years and would give me a 40-60% chance of living, or 2) I could wait one month and give birth to my son 2 months early and begin chemotherapy with a promising regimen of drugs, one of which was Rituxan, giving me a 90% chance of living. 40% or 90% — there wasn't a question.

I took the route that would save me and my child. My son, Cole, was born April 25, 2002 at 32 weeks (approximately two months premature) and unable to breath without a respirator.

Four days after Cole's birth, I left Georgetown Hospital's labor and delivery unit and went directly to the National Institutes of Health to begin an 18-week course of chemotherapy in a clinical trial.

My regimen of chemotherapy included much of the standard medicines, but critical to my treatment was Rituxan, which worked with my immune system to beat the cancer. Today, the clinical trial still has a 90 percent success rate with lymphoma patients. Needless to say, without Rituxan, a drug that was developed by a small California company that received SBIR funding, I do not know here today.

Ten months ago I gave birth to my third child, Julia. Most women who undergo such difficult regimens of chemotherapy are unable to conceive children. Bryan and I consider the birth of Julia nothing short of a miracle.

This past September, I celebrated my third year in remission. If I remain in remission for five years, I will be considered cured.

I'm not a politician, research scientist or physician. I'm a mother and cancer survivor who supports research that leads to life-saving drugs like Rituxan.

Thank you for your attention.