DRUG CONFERENCE SPEECH

FOR

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Hello everyone! I want to thank Genentech for inviting me to be here today to have a chance to speak with all of you. Each one of you has the tangible potential to save someone’s life, and that is why I’m here today. You saved mine, and I’d like to share my story with you. Basically, up until June of last year, I thought my story was really a non-story- I took really good care of myself and still do. I eat properly, I exercise, get regular checkups, mammograms, colonoscopies, the whole nine yards, **AND**, no one in my immediately family has had any history of breast cancer…. until… I woke up one morning and something didn’t look quite right.

One morning in June of 2012, I noticed redness and inflammation on my breast, so I went to the doctor. I was curious more than concerned at that point. After all, I had had a mammogram five months earlier and the result was normal. Imagine you, or your mother or your daughter, sister or best friend sitting in the chair in the doctor’s office, hearing what I heard the next week. I was told I have HER2 positive metastatic breast cancer Stage IV –**NOT** Stage I, II or III mind you; **STAGE IV**. (**You can say**) “**Go directly to Stage IV. Do not pass go. Do not collect $200.00**” … **WHAT**??? How could this be? How could I have won this nightmare of a lottery? Stage IV inflammatory breast cancer, undetectable on a mammogram, invisible on a blood test, nothing to know of until, as in my case, the redness and swelling appears. Talk about a “sitting duck!!” I couldn’t believe what I was hearing and as one would naturally do, I tried denial, but fortunately or unfortunately, I am too sensible for that. My life literally flashed before my eyes. I saw my husband’s face…. my three beautiful kids…. my friends my family, my nice beautiful, **simple**, **normal,** **hectic,** **HEALTHY** life zip right past me. To paraphrase an extremely popular viral video on YouTube (**and say this really loud**) “**I AIN’T GOT TIME FOR THAT**!!! “ Unfortunately, cancer doesn’t give a damn what one does or does not have time for. As we both prepared for battle, I knew I needed a second opinion, and I also knew that I needed to go to the best. It is vital for each one of us to be **our own best advocate**- to take an active role in **any** conversation about our well being, and I always live by the adage, “If you’re going to do something, go for the best!” Although I knew I had good and caring medical attention in Pennsylvania, namely Bryn Mawr Hematology-Oncology, having lived in New York for many years, I knew I needed a second opinion from someone at Sloan Kettering, and was introduced to Dr. Mark Robson. Well, I have to say, I’m generally a positive person, and if there’s one thing I’ve learned throughout every phase of this experience, it’s that it’s essential to be authentic to oneself and the situation at hand while looking for positivity in every moment-or at least as much as possible. Dr. Robson told me that as luck would have it, Perjeta had been approved in early June and given my case history; I was an ideal candidate for it. …**REALLY.** I later discovered, after having done a little research**, THAT VERY DAY**, that I was diagnosed, June 8, 2012, was the very first day the drug Perjeta, recently FDA approved, was available on the market. This entire experience has been a “carnival” of mixed emotions-while thrilled for Dr. Robson’s suggestion, I was surprised that the Bryn Mawr team hadn’t suggested Perjeta-more about this later. While devastated with the news I had received, I knew I would stare that cancer down and fight the best fight I could. What choice do I have? I also remember thinking that day, as ironic as this may sound, how **lucky** I was to be in the right place at the right time, meeting with a doctor who did his homework and had the real up to the minute scoop on the newest and most suitable drug regimen for my symptoms and history. And that folks, is what I like to call, “**G-d’s little wink**!”

For those of you who are interested in the details of my regimen, and I would imagine that would and should be all of you, here is what my treatment has been so far: I was treated immediately by my Philadelphia team with Herceptin, Taxotere and Cytoxan, and had three rounds of chemo there. In August, I received my referral to Dr. Robson at Sloan, who switched me to my new cocktail of Perjeta, hercepton and taxotere. I have received fifteen rounds of drug infusions, three weeks apart, and my most recent chemo session was two weeks ago. I have Pet scans done every three months and they keep getting better and better. Although I was first advised that the cancer had been metastatic to my bones, I have been told that the most recent PET scan shows no signs of the disease. I am currently being weaned off Taxotere and I’ll be taking Herceptin and Perjeta once every three weeks. To me, cancer is chronic, like arthritis or high blood pressure. Many people are on a myriad of drug therapies every day and will be for the rest of their long, active lives. I believe the same to be true in my case.

…So welcome to my “New Normal.” I am on a regular drug regimen. Big Deal. You **bet** it is!!! Without the dedication and determination of representatives like each one of you, I might not have been introduced to Perjeta. Even though it may seem to you that the scope of people that would benefit from this drug might be small in relationship to the number of breast cancer cases in total, this drug makes a difference and your skills and determination to reach out to every corner of the medical community on its behalf make a tremendous difference in the grand scheme of conquering this disease. With every discovery, trial and successful application at the patient level, new possibilities and avenues emerge for even more sophisticated and effective therapies. Let’s face it. My particular condition has **not** won “Miss Popularity” at the annual Cancer Pageant!! (**Wait for the laugh**), but with Perjeta in the picture, I am able to live my life and do the things I do and not miss a beat.

The “New Normal” has brought with it a staggering array of new experiences, emotions, friends and anecdotes. Yes, I lost my hair, and yes it will grow back, but in the meantime, I have collected more wigs than Zsa Zsa Gabor, and my collection has a new twist. Each wig is named by my kids. Group participation!! (**Show pics of your kids and then go into the wig pics**) We have contests and discussions about who’s coming out to accompany me. Who can ever forget that bike ride in Miami? I was **FARRAH** that day-very glamorous with a retro twist! (**Name your kids**) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ love the **PINK** wig that I wore to the Pink concert-I thought that made PERFECT sense-don’t you? \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. On any given day, I might be **CHER** at a restaurant-no autographs-PLEASE!! Or **VICTORIA** on a play date…. now you know my **secret!**!! (**Wait for the laugh**) (**If you want to crack a joke, you can say**) I got cancer and my husband gained a harem!! (**Wait for the laugh**) I have to say; the star of my household is our dog, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, and talk about a “Glamourpup!!” On occasion, she gets into the collection and transforms from a dignified Cavalier King Charles Spaniel to a canine worthy of a cameo on The Real Housewives of…Anywhere!!

I’ve also met some really great people at chemotherapy. The patients are inspiring and the support team lights up the room and makes an otherwise mundane necessity tolerable, and dare I say, “enjoyable?” I will never forget the time I shared some research with my chemo team in Pennsylvania. I had heard that lemon peels contain something called D-limonene that has anti-cancer properties. It’s true!! You can read more on Cancercare.org!! I mentioned this to the staff, and wouldn’t you know? The very nice Italian male nurse-with the irresistibly great sense of humor and personality surprised me for my next session. He brought in a batch of home made limoncello. YUM!!! The experience has been immortalized in this photo (**show the photo**). Which would you choose? Chemo or Cello??? With the right dose of limoncello, **who the heck cares!?!?** I think they kind of work hand in hand!!! (**Wait for the laugh**).

My family and friends have been such an inspiration to me as well, and all of this has been made even more special because I feel so alive. And I feel this good because I know this drug is working for me. Naturally, over the course of treatment, I have had my moments of discomfort and frustration, but compared to stories I have heard, my symptoms are less significant and extremely manageable. I’m tired? I take a nap. My system has just been dosed with chemo and is less resistant? I stay in the house and avoid people with the sniffles or fever-I bet you do too. Knowing that I have been given a real opportunity to live a normal and productive life inspires me to skip the small stuff. Remember-“**I AIN’T GOT TIME FOR THAT**!!”

Once again, I have to say, Thank Goodness for Genentech and this drug. Metastatic breast cancer doesn’t affect a lot of women, and I know it’s probably not advantageous for companies to invest in research, development, marketing, placement, and a thousand other things, but you’ve chosen to place your eggs in the basket that is keeping me alive, and for that I am grateful.

So here I am, and I suppose in some way, I am your “Poster Child” for Perjeta. Not a bad gig, if you ask me!!! It got me here, where I can meet all of you and share my story. Many years ago, I worked in advertising in New York, and I know the power of marketing, media and outreach. I know that we live in a very connected age, and fortunately it’s also a time when astounding discoveries are made in all sectors of life in very quick succession. The difference between success and failure in any kind of product placement is as simple or complex as the way in which the product is placed and promoted. We live in a vast and varied country and there are many small communities between New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Los Angeles. Cancer can present itself **anywhere**. No one doesn’t make “the possible list.” From my vantage point, **everyone** deserves to have the opportunity to survive. And that’s where **YOU** come in. I hope I’ve enlightened you and given you some food for thought about what a regular person with my unique symptoms goes through. I was so blessed that someone, somewhere, was watching out for me the day that G-d winked and introduced me to Perjeta. Please remember that. I know sometimes we all get mired in the numbers and charts and paperwork that conspire to fill most of our workdays, but there are **real people** out here and you are serving them. Your jobs really DO save lives, and here I am standing before you as LIVING testimony to your work.

Thank you all once again for welcoming me here. And remember. My husband thanks you. My kids thank you. My friends and neighbors thank you. My “chemo posse” thanks you. And all of the oncologists and doctors you enlighten and practices that have breast cancer patients whose only goal is survival thank you. **Really**.