The vignette opens on the title “Happy Memories. A Former Smoker’s Story,” and cuts to a shot of Christine in her home, speaking to the camera.

CHRISTINE: My doctor let me pick the date to have the surgery. I chose—

We see an image of Christine in a hospital bed.

CHRISTINE: two days after my son’s birthday. And I decided that—

The camera cuts back to Christine speaking to the camera.

CHRISTINE: my children are going to have memories. Happy memories.

We see an image of Christine with her son, and a picture of her daughter.

We went out and did all kinds of things. They didn’t see me sitting around crying—

The camera cuts back to Christine speaking to the camera.

CHRISTINE: feeling sorry for myself. That wasn’t in my DNA. Not at all. We had a huge party. I mean, it went from like from noon-time to like 11 o’clock. Never ending. People in and out, all day long. I wanted them surrounded by people that cared about them. And that was why I wanted to have that party. So those people knew how serious it was. And that my kids would need help if I wasn’t there. I wrote letters to my children. Page after page. Hand written letters of things they might need in life. I still have them. I put them away. And um, it was a hard, hard time.

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