Cry Baby

April 15, 2014 By Nicole Lemelle

The soul would have no rainbow had the eyes no tears. ~John Vance Cheney

The last couple of days have been painstakingly rough. Even though I had my depression medicine changed, I still find myself crying all the time. Which is embarrassing. I hate crying in front of my husband.

The funny thing is, nothing has really changed. I haven't lost any new functionality. But still the crying remains.

One time between sobs, I tried desperately to explain to my husband what was wrong but I had no answers. It's not only frustrating for me but for him too. This worries me because I believe there's only so much of this he is going to take. (Probably not true but that's how I think sometimes.)

Shortly after I tried to explain how I felt, I excused myself to the ladies room. Minutes later, I reemerged with the answer.

My cycle was on!

I was so excited because I realized I wasn't crazy, just emotional due to hormones. Sometimes I forget that I am an ovulating 39-year-old woman. And yes, it is typical for me to have such a sporadic emotional ride. The doctor has even offered to give me medication for it. Maybe I should take her up on the offer.

Problem solved, until a week later and I had yet another crying spell.

Oh no!

I guess crying comes with the (MS) territory.

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