Crying For A Cure

January 5, 2016 By Nicole Lemelle

“You only cry for help if you believe there is help to cry for.” ~ Wentworth Miller

The New Year has begun! Good news right? You would think so. But around these parts, things didn’t turn out so well. MS always has a way of changing my plans.

New Year’s Eve went great. I spent it safe and sound at home. The next day, after shopping and going to the movies, it happened. I started crying. It was so surprising. Well not totally, because crying is not new for me. But this spell came out of the blue. There was nothing bad going on. My husband didn’t know what to do. Or just didn’t understand what was happening. And I was no help, because I couldn’t even explain it.

It could have been worse. He could have been upset because I ruined our day. But he wasn’t. I guess it really matters who you have in your corner. He handled the situation very smoothly by calmly talking to me while I relentlessly apologized through my tears. I don’t know if the apology helped, but what else could I do?

I wish I could pin point what set me off. Maybe it was from seeing that television commercial where the lady with MS is living a fabulous life. She’s acting like having multiple sclerosis is no big deal and if you take that medicine everything will be ok. Watching that commercial really hurts, because odds are I will never be able to live like that.

Or maybe it was the time of year that made me cry. On New Years we all like to look back at the previous twelve months and reflect on the progress we have made. Unfortunately, my biggest progression has been my MS. So, for me, looking back reminds me of all the abilities I have lost.

It’s weird, but MS has this strange hold over me. I get stuck in my thoughts and I can’t figure out how to leave. Sometimes it gets so bad I just don’t know what to do. So I cry.

I just never thought it would get this hard. But here it is. The fatigue alone from every day living is overwhelming. If only I could unsee what I have seen. I have witnessed MS trying to destroy the lives of my friends and myself. And that makes me sad. It stirs up feelings that tend to overpower me. So when I start grieving for no reason, I think it’s really my heart crying for a cure.

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