Just Listen

September 3, 2013 By Nicole Lemelle

"Bad things do happen; how I respond to them defines my character and the quality of my life. I can choose to sit in perpetual sadness, immobilized by the gravity of my loss, or I can choose to rise from the pain and treasure the most precious gift I have--life itself." ~Walter Anderson

I pride myself in continuing to live my life with multiple sclerosis or despite it. Please understand it's only with the help of my family and friends that I'm able to do this. I realize not everyone has help like this so I am so very grateful that I do.

Recently, I've decided to help out more around the house by checking the mail. Since we live in a condo building, this is something I can totally do independently. So I picked Wednesdays and Saturdays to venture off and retrieve the mail. Why do it those days? I have no clue.

In my mind, by doing this I will be contributing to the household. A small feat, but huge to me. I feel the need to do more. For years productivity equated to worth to me. Unfortunately, that way of reasoning doesn't mesh with MS.

I mentioned before that I'm having increasing difficulty with my hands. A close friend of mine called the other day. We went to high school together nearly 20 years ago. She knows me through and through. So, when I explained to her how much trouble I was having opening the mail, she took action and sent me an electronic letter opener.

I was raised to believe that I'm so much more than my failing abilities. Sometimes it's so hard to live that way when the world tells you exactly the opposite. I knew I was having problems with my hands but I still didn't think it would get so bad that I couldn't open a letter.

I waddled a while in "perpetual sadness". But thanks to my friend for figuratively dropping in and scooping me out my depressive state. She simply listened to me.

Sometimes that's all we can ask for.

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