Leftovers

May 7, 2018 By Nicole Lemelle

“You should never view your challenges as a disadvantage. Overcoming adversity is actually one of your biggest advantages.” ~ Michelle Obama

A permanent limb got me feeling inadequate. Times like this, I should take it slow. But I can’t stop moving. Stillness brings a scary focus to my circumstance. So I keep busy.

I know nothing is set in stone. However, my MRI prophecy still weighs on me. At last check, I had too many lesions to count. The spots show my reality. Even when I hide in the shadows of denial, symptoms always shine a light on my condition. No matter how hard I try to ignore the elephant in the room, at some point, everything gets smashed. Tingling, blurry views and forgotten appointments clog my head with uncertainty. And worst of all, when I experience new symptoms, the fear of disease advancement washes over me. Each flare up, no matter how small, makes me so scared.

That’s because, the scars from my last attack are still fresh in my mind. My hands still shiver when I think about going back to that moment. The echo of my voice silently screaming for help, still rings in my ears.

I was completely bedridden. I had no control. Deceived by my body. Swindled by Judas, trading away my health for 30 pieces of silver.

It took me to a strange place. Where time didn’t matter. My feelings didn’t matter. Nothing I wanted mattered.

And when I thought it was over. When I believed it wasn’t coming back. When I had nothing else to give. It struck again. Taking more. Eating everything in sight. Memories. Cognition. Energy.

Filling up until all I had left was what the MonSter’s plate couldn’t hold.

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And unfortunately, those snippets of abilities are what I must use to rebuild my life. Re-establishing my existence with foot drag, extreme fatigue and a cloudy mind.

People with MS inhale air others are scared to take. And sometimes we become frozen in fear. Starting off the day in the back of the line and spending the rest of our time trying to keep up with the crowd. Listening to everyone telling us to never give up hope.

But I’m growing tired of living off of hope. Always looking for help. Craving to win the lottery. Longing for a cure. I’ve done it so much, sometimes I get lost in my dreams for a better existence. It’s all I think about. And before you know it, I’m no longer living. I’m just wishing my life away. Daydreaming about what could be, instead of thriving in the here and now.

But today I want to stand in my truth. Because I realize, beauty lives where truth resides. And no matter how loud the world can be, once all the noise fades away, we still have to sustain ourselves regardless. Even if all we have to exist on are leftovers.

(Written three weeks after two ER visits, four days in the ICU and two weeks in the hospital)

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