Like A Child

March 31, 2015 By Nicole Lemelle

"You may not control all the events that happen to you, but you can decide not to be reduced by them." ~ Maya Angelou

As a child, I couldn't wait to be all grown up. I hated how adults unapologetically and constantly made decisions for me. I wanted to make my own choices. What I failed to realize is that being a decision maker also makes you responsible for the outcomes associated.

I learned that lesson during my teenage years by making bad choices, but as I matured I made better choices and my mistakes decreased. Now when I decide to do something, nine times out of ten, I recognize when it is a bad choice. If I elect to eat three cupcakes instead of one or if I stay up late watching a movie despite having an early morning appointment, I accept my bad choice. I also prepare myself to pay the consequences for that choice.

If only all of my decisions were so trivial everything would be all right! I run into problems when I have to make important decisions. Making the wrong choice in these situations can lead to treacherous outcomes. That scares me.

Since being diagnosed, I have been on various MS medications. Regardless of counsel from my doctors the decisions to switch, start, and stop certain drugs have been ultimately up to me.

Recently I was faced with the decision to begin taking a new treatment and I chose to opt in. I don't know about you but I am always looking for that miracle cure. I was hoping to see some inkling of improvement but that really has not happened. Every time I get fatigued or when I can barely get out of bed, I question my decision. I know this is not rational thinking but I can't help it. I am worrying that maybe I made the wrong choice and should have stayed on my previous medication.

I hate this MS brain of mine. It is causing me to second guess my every move. Of late, brain fog seems to be increasingly blurring my cognitive reasoning abilities. Because of my decreased aptitude, when I make life-changing decisions my husband is always with me. We talk and weigh our options but thankfully in the end the final determination is mine. When he disagrees with me I fight him tooth and nail.

One time in order to win my argument I even proclaimed, "It's my life and this is what I want to do". He ultimately gave in to that one, but I am not sure how long he will allow it if I continually

make bad choices. I don’t know if changing my medication was a bad choice but right now it sure feels that way. That scares me, too.

Making my own choices is my last bit of independence and I’m not ready to relinquish that privilege. When my decisions are overruled I feel belittled and sometimes embarrassed if done in public. My opinion is being reduced to one of an adolescent. I do recognize that I may have to defer more of my decisions to family as my decision-making abilities decrease. I just wish there was a way I could do this without feeling like a child again.

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