Like Standing in Quicksand

Moving slower. Sleeping more.

November 30, 2021 By Nicole Lemelle

“Bad news isn’t wine. It doesn’t improve with age.” ~ Colin Powell

Nothing was ever explained. I had no time to choose. It just happened. My life had been quiet. Silent. I wasn’t bothering anybody.

One day I was in school. Safely walking to class. The next day, I was standing in quicksand.

The doctor said, “I think your problem may be neurological.”

How could that be? No MRI. He didn’t even do a full exam. Besides, he was an optometrist. I came in for an eye test. How could he come to that conclusion?

I was afraid he was right. Because something was definitely wrong. I’ve been feeling strange for weeks. Restless nights. Choking on my nightmares. Crying myself awake.

Wishing someone would help me. Hoping someone would pray for me. Dreaming someone would save me.

Moving slower. Sleeping more. Increasingly irritable.

So much that I had to ask my family for forgiveness. I’ve been short-tempered. I got frustrated with them. But it’s not their fault. They just can’t fathom what I’m going through.

Blurry vision. Extreme fatigue. Visible limp. The symptoms told no lie. I still wouldn’t believe. I couldn’t believe. And I needed to know why. So, I found a neurologist.

It was one in the afternoon. Two minutes after my appointment. I was sitting on an exam table three feet above the floor.

The room was cold. I was upset. And I had no idea what to expect.

The hall was buzzing with voices. I think the doctor is on the way. Or maybe he is ignoring me because he knows I can’t handle the truth.

I could hear people coming towards the room. One step. Two steps. Three steps. The door opened.

Three MD degrees hung on the wall. Two medical students were frantically writing down our conversation. And I was looking for one answer.

But the doctor gave me various statements that seemed more like talking points at a debate.

Good grief, it was like listening to adults talk to Charlie Brown. Nothing but cookie cutter replies and mush mouth answers.

After a few minutes, I interrupted him and asked, “Can you tell me what’s wrong with me?”

But his second opinion was the same as the first doctor’s words.

“I’m 99% sure you have multiple sclerosis.”

At that moment, I sank in quicksand.

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