MS and Relationships

May 7, 2013 By Nicole Lemelle

I'm sure we've all felt this way in one way or another. You don't have to have a chronic disease to feel this way. I want to be all that can be for those whom I love around me. Due to one excuse or another I find that I am not.

I just realized, I'm not the big sister I want to be. I may be falling short. I've been so wrapped up in what's going on with me.

You know I rely heavily on my husband, Tommy. If you follow this blog you also know that my parents are more involved in my life than I'd like to admit. But I don't often talk about my dearly beloved little sister. She's six or seven years younger depending on the time of year. She's taller than me and she has an adorable 10 year-old son. Actually, she was taller than me long before I was in a wheelchair. She's opinionated and feisty. Even family members tend to think she's the oldest. She always owns the room with her bigger than life personality. I admire that.

I worry that I'm not giving my "little" sister the attention that she deserves. People I trust have rightfully called me selfish in the past. I have to consider that I've let my illness cover up the rest of me; including my fragile relationships. My sister and I have the same ups and downs as most siblings; I may just scrutinize ours a bit more.

I have a lot of work to do in living with MS and letting people in at the same time. I know that who I am inside, multiple sclerosis cannot touch... unless I let it. I know that she loves me too, despite MS. As a matter of fact, I'm sure that my disability matters more to me than her.

So, as I sit here anxiously awaiting her short visit from out of state, I cross my fingers and hope that all goes well.

I can't wait to see her!

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