Nailed It

June 23, 2015 By Nicole Lemelle

"And please do not think that I am suffering. I am not suffering. I am struggling. Struggling to be part of things, to stay connected to who I was once." ~ Julianne Moore (Still Alice, 2014 Movie)

When I was younger, I used to go with my friends to get my nails done. We would get manicures and sometimes pedicures too. I was vibrant, healthy and living a whimsical life.

Over the last couple of years, I haven't been as observant with my nails as in the past. As a matter of fact, lately they have been growing in all sorts of directions. I knew things were out of hand when my husband pointed it out to me. I mean, how often does a man notice your fingernails? So at his suggestion, I went for a much needed manicure. I haven't had one in a long while. There's so much I have to deal with on a daily bases that the appearance of my nails isn't very high on my to-do list.

So one sunny afternoon, we went to a local nail salon. Once inside, the nail technician escorted my husband, who was pushing me in my wheelchair, and myself to a table. The two of them helped transfer me to a normal chair. Yes, a normal chair! Then they safely stored my wheelchair in the back of the shop.

While sitting at the counter, trying to pick out a nail polish color, I kept getting distracted by my wheelchair in the corner. I was so excited I nearly started screaming out of joy because I was just like everyone else. Everyone who walked in only saw a lady getting her nails done. They didn't see me in a wheelchair. I didn't have to explain what MS is. No one felt sorry for me. No awkward glances from adults. No blatant stares from children. Nope! I was just another girl getting a manicure. And I loved it!

I've lost so much to this disease. Sometimes hanging on to the simplest things can make me happy.

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