Nature of MS

November 12, 2013 By Nicole Lemelle

I've been so involved with my struggle with this disease that I neglected to realize how it might be impacting my family or how my increasing disability may be emotionally influencing them.

I feel that this especially applies to my father.

Each new phase of this disease slaps him almost as hard as it whacks me.

It must be hard for my parents having to watch from the sidelines. To see their child, no matter how old, go through a difficult challenge. My parents live about an hour away from me. I wonder sometimes if I tell them too much. I do occasionally review with them the things I intend on writing about. I do this because I don't want anything to come as a surprise to them.

They witnessed firsthand my difficulty feeding myself. They see my husband helping me in the restroom. During weekend visits to my parents' home, my mom often physically helps me get into the bed. She even sleeps close to my bedroom at night, in case I may need something. She tends to do what needs to be done in all situations.

I have to assure my dad a little bit more.

I realized this when I found out he asked my mom, "Is Nicole dying?"

My mother calmly responded with the truth, "She's not dying. She's just getting worse".

I forget how I must look to other people who do not know the nature of multiple sclerosis.

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