Paper Crown

My crown of dignity

June 21, 2021 By Nicole Lemelle

“I just find myself happy with the simple things. Appreciating the blessings God gave me.” ~ DMX

Standing tall. Eyes wide with hope. Moving fast. Trying to live life. Running so hard. But constantly falling down.

At least two times a year my world stops spinning. And when I hit the ground everything halts. It all comes crashing down. Whatever I’m carrying in my hands and pockets fall to the floor. A discontinued existence.

But each time a disaster happens, I slowly pick myself up. Gather my belongings and begin running again. Seemingly bouncing back. But there is always something I leave behind. A little eyesight. Some strength in my right hand. A memory of a conversation I had last week.

I never know what ability I might lose. I really don’t have much influence over the circumstance. So, I try to control what I can. The main goal is to make sure I pick up my crown. Despite how confused I get or how weak I am I strive to keep my joy. I’m the girl running to my next life experience. With missing parts. Holding a paper crown to my head.

It’s made of paper and its fragile. I must protect it from all the little fires started by sudden baseline changes, exacerbations and random daily mishaps.

The crown helps me remember I’m the Queen. The Empress. The Ruler of my realm. It’s a crown of dignity. Self-esteem. Pride. And no matter what I do. No matter how many times I stumble. If I’m too tired to get out of bed. If my voice is too low to speak. I will never drop my crown and leave it behind. Because my paper crown is my happiness.

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