Rainy Days

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As a child I was told that when it rained, it meant that God was crying. And his tears would wash away all of our pain and troubles. And still today, so many times when I pray, I pray for rain.

I also pray for a cure. I ask God to “fix” me. The sad part is I don’t pray for anyone else. Just myself. I know it sounds selfish but that’s what I do. I have become so consumed with getting better that the disease has made me selfish. Sometimes I neglect everyone around me, including the one’s I love the most, and that makes me sad.

My pursuit of normalcy also seems to have me waiting for someone to rescue me. Waiting patiently for Big Pharma to find a cure. Hanging on to broken promises of healing remedies and simple fixes. I hear them all the time. They’re all over the Internet and they come in my emails. These pills will repair your damaged myelin. You need to change your diet. Unblock your veins. Get more sun.

What’s a girl to do?

Who do I believe?

It all seems like a crapshoot and only the lucky survive.

Well, I want to be one of those lucky survivors. I love life no matter how hard it can be. I may complain and feel sad sometimes but that doesn’t mean I want to stop living.

But I must admit that I’m scared everyday. I wake up scared. I go to sleep scared. Everything just seems to be getting more difficult. Sometimes I wonder if this pain will ever let me go. I know I still have a life to live so I must carry on. And no matter how hard it gets on the surface, deep down I always know that I don’t want to give up. I just can’t give up. I can’t give up because I know I am being watched. I know I serve a special purpose.

And every time it rains, I look for that purpose.

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