The Other Side of Madness

April 15, 2019 By Nicole Lemelle

“Friends can help each other. A true friend is someone who lets you have total freedom to be yourself.” ~ Jim Morrison

Just like most people with physical challenges, I seem to always be adapting. Last year, I started having trouble using my hands. My fine motor skills had declined.

Since then, most days I can’t comb my hair. I told my hairdresser and she recommended I get low maintenance braids. I took her suggestion. And although it cost more money, it is so much easier for me to manage.

It took me a while to piece together an interim solution for my diminished hand dexterity. And I struggled with the reality of losing such a basic skill.

Every thought, after facing that truth, was controlled by the fear of disease advancement. I began listing in my head the things, people and abilities I’ve lost over the years. And all that heartache generated tears upon tears while pushing me to the edge of sadness. By the time I was finished with my inventory of pain, I felt broken and depressed. It was like going through the loss of those relationships all over again.

My sweetness for life was slowly being replaced with bitterness and resentment. The oppressive attitude created by my anxiety began to take over my psyche. It seemed like I was killing myself with my own thoughts.

Luckily, that wasn’t the first time I had to deal with those types of emotions. So I instantly knew what to do to make myself feel better. I needed to talk to individuals who understood. The ones who fail at common everyday task but somehow are able to focus their minds on positive achievements. I wanted conversations with folks who would accept me despite my flaws. Those people who knew my story by heart because we’ve lived the same moments.

I needed help from the MS community.

It’s hard to not dwell on the past. It’s even harder to move forward while living with a chronic disease. Sometimes the love from others is the only thing that keeps me held together. And fortunately in the midst of my sadness, I didn’t completely fall apart. I didn’t come undone. I was inspired by everyone who is going through distress but still find the strength to persist and thrive.

Guided by my friends, I found the help I needed. And after a few days of communication and encouragement, I finally made it to the other side of sadness.

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