Silence The Moment

July 18, 2016 By Nicole Lemelle

"I love sleep. My life has the tendency to fall apart when I'm awake, you know?" ~ Ernest Hemingway

As I pray tonight, I'm not sure what to say. All I know is, things haven't been going my way. It's like I'm living my life in slow motion. Starting each day in the back of the line. Spending my time struggling to get ahead. And when I try to run and catch up with the rest of the world, I fall face first to the ground. Tripping on my fears as all my inadequacies constantly flow through my head.

I don't know when this started happening but somehow I've created a determined pessimistic attitude. It's not always there. It comes and goes. But when it appears, it seems to take over my world. Bombarding me with uncertainty. It's like Satan serenading me with negative thoughts. Keeping sadness around me. His tongue so sharp, when I try to ignore it, I get caught on its edges. Cutting into my flesh. Striking me every time I try to escape. Telling me how horrible the rest of my life will be, until I'm saturated with doubt.

MS isn't something I can eat away, wish away, or medicate away. So I have to think of coping mechanisms and find some kind of escape. Therefore I reach for support from the inside. But the bad thoughts make it hard to live my life in real time. These destructive concepts can be so loud they drown out all positive ideas. That's when I close my eyes and I silence the moment, so I can find a remedy.

When my judgment becomes cloudy, I take a break. When I'm weak, I ask for help. When I'm in pain, I look for hope. And the biggest thing I do is dream. In my dreams anything can happen. And that experience is the most liberating feeling ever.

These alternatives, to my negative thoughts, aren't perfect solutions. But sometimes it's all I have. And with so many distractions happening around me, answers can be hard to find. I just try to remember; when relief speaks in whispers you have to be quiet to hear it.

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