Small Victories

October 8, 2013 By Nicole Lemelle

Some mornings I wake up and I just can't do it. I don't want to battle MS anymore. But somehow I muster up the strength to fight the good fight and begin my day.

I have tremors in my hands, which makes using them exceedingly difficult. At times I'm unable to hold a fork or spoon and transferring myself in and out of my power chair is becoming more challenging due to my lack of strength and mobility in my arms and legs. Most nights I feel like someone borrowed my legs and ran a marathon.

Lately my body aches wake me up before the rest of me wants to be awake. Then I spend the rest of the day exhausted and wanting to just climb back into bed.

I can remember when I was so active. I did so many things. What happened to me? Why has MS consumed so much of my life?

It is so frustrating to have such a hard time even taking a few steps without using a walker or the wall. I feel like a wax dummy fighting a fire that is MS.

The other day after taking a nap I woke up and steadied myself to go to the restroom but my legs didn't follow. I quickly fell straight to the floor. I gathered myself and began to crawl to my wheelchair. It took me about five minutes to situate myself in my chair and make it to the restroom. But I did it and I was so happy.

Believe it or not, nowadays I consider that a victory because no one saw me crawling on the floor and I was able to hold my business until I made it to the restroom.

I guess when life hands you hard times any positive moment, no matter how small, is welcomed. Even the small victories can be huge.

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