Spilled Milk

November 19, 2013 By Nicole Lemelle

To cry over spilled milk is to remain upset about a past loss or dwell pointlessly on past misfortunes. When milk has been spilled, it is gone and cannot be used. I have to remind myself that there is no reason to keep complaining because, just like the spilled milk, my life may never go back to the way it use to be.

For that reason, I've decided to move forward and stick with my new routine and drug regimen. It seems to fit me. But in order to reach that comfort level I had to let go of things I used to do. Release the responsibilities I used to fulfill, so I could usher in the person I want to become. Granted, it has taken me years to get here. I think the force that changed me was gratitude.

Instead of concentrating on the struggles, I've become vested in overcoming the struggles. When I lost the ability to type I got dictation software. Slowly, I'm coming to terms with this latest new normal. I'm learning to set realistic goals. Something I rarely do. I've fallen many times because of lofty intentions that poorly reflect my reality.

Acceptance for me is like a revolving door. I have to enter it again and again. It's not about what I used to do before multiple sclerosis; it's about what I do now despite it.

"I do that because it releases the power that your life circumstances have over you. When things don't go your way, you don't become paralyzed by negative emotions such as anger, fear, resentment, or regret." -Cloris Kylelie Stock

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