The Funk

March 17, 2015 By Nicole Lemelle

"Sad things happen. They do. But we don't need to live sad forever." ~ Mattie Stepanek

Have you ever been mad but really can't figure out why? I can't explain or understand the reason, but for the last couple of weeks I have been upset at the world. I am in what some people might call a "funk." This is where no matter what you do or what good happens you can't seem to be happy. In my case, if I won the lottery right now I would be mad over paying the obligatory taxes!

This space is not new to me, but I always have a difficult time handling it. Unfortunately, it causes me to watch life pass me by. The worst part is I have been slapping my new-found frustrations in the faces of those around me-i.e., my husband. I receive his hints on ways to conserve energy as insults. I take his suggestions of traveling when the sun is down as belittlement. My responses to his ideas are often aloof and abrupt. Sometimes I don't recognize what I am doing until it is too late and we are both mad. The "funk" makes me want to sit at home and do nothing. The last thing on my mind is going out in public and mingling.

But despite how I treat him, my husband still tries his best to keep me involved and interested in the world around me. In order to push through the" funk", I have been halfheartedly agreeing to venture outside of my four walls hoping that an outing will snap me out of it. So far it has not helped. Going out actually seems to be making it worse. Being among a bunch of able-bodied people bothers me. Jealousy? You bet!

When I see individuals walking around in the mall or jogging at the park I wish I could join them. I become envious and bitter just by seeing people enjoying themselves. I can't do what they are doing because of my body's heat intolerance, lack of balance and my biggest nemesis, fatigue. My resentment makes me blind to having fun. This reality ruins the purpose of the entire outing. Again, I seem to play a mere observer.

I try to focus on the things I am able to do, but that trick can only take me so far before I begin to reminisce about days of old. The measures I used in the past to stop the "funk" aren't as effective anymore. My attempts at outside excursions have fallen short and thinking happy thoughts seem more like a clichÃ□Â□Ã‚Â© than a remedy.

To be honest, I think this particular "funk" is because I'm quickly getting weaker. Every time I sit on my scooter I feel as if it's sucking the strength right out of me. Everything is hard. My "new normals" are coming faster than I can accommodate; faster than I bargained for.

In the end, all I did was let loose a healthy little cry. Seems like every now and then that’s all I can do.

Original article appeared on -The National MS Society Blog

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