Me Versus Me

August 21, 2017 By Nicole Lemelle

“There’s a God force inside of you that gives you a will to live.” ~ Dick Gregory

I had a good day yesterday. I’m hoping that translates into a great day today. But it’s been a rough start. I’m having trouble getting out of bed. My alarm went off an hour ago and I’ve hit the snooze button five times. I have a scheduled appointment that starts in 30 minutes. But I’m too tired to even call and cancel. You would think 10 hours of sleep would be enough but apparently it wasn’t.

I’m sad to say, this is nothing new. Lately, I seem to cancel more appointments than I actually attend.

A few years ago, I was an early riser. Up at dawn. I loved the sunrise hitting my face. But now, the second my eyes open, I’m inexplicably tired. Fatigue and leg spasms control my mornings. I wake so exhausted I swear my heart must cry at night while I’m asleep. And when I finally get out of bed, I spend all day playing this stupid game where I get nothing done.

Sometimes I feel like having MS is a stain on my life. I try not to look at it that way but the same scenario keeps repeating itself.

My bad memories linger and I begin to dwell on every sad occurrence. Then all my fractured dreams come alive in my head. Growing stronger and feeding off my anxieties. Weighing on my shoulders. Intensifying when my vision becomes blurry. Building strength as soon as the tingling starts rolling down my spine. And finally taking over when the fatigue slaps all the strength from my body.

So here I am again, in bed at 10:30 AM. About to miss the same 11:00 AM appointment for the second time this month. I’m at a place where my “normal” morning routine isn’t normal at all. It’s so much more. It’s me wrestling unhealthy thoughts. Struggling against leg spasms. Brawling with fatigue. And that’s all before I even brush my teeth.

But regardless of everything that is happening to me mentally and physically, I still have to function. I still have to live. I still have to figure out a way to make it through.

It’s a me versus me battle. Either I win or I lose. And if I lose, I may never leave my house again. But with help from the Universe, I believe I will win. I must win. And it starts by getting out of this bed.

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