Wonder Woman

October 29, 2013 By Nicole Lemelle

This week I am completely energized to keep moving forward.

Last week after a personal ferocious crying storm, brought on by this journey with multiple sclerosis, I eventually made my way to my laptop and…wrote about it. It was my way of trying to move beyond the hurt, getting pass the suffocating isolation and unimaginable fatigue.

Tommy, my husband, on the other hand, uncharacteristically suggested an increase in my anti-depressant. After visiting both my psychiatrist and social worker they agreed upon adding another medication to the impressive list I already drag around. So I'm now supposedly transiently taking not only Lexapro but also Cymbalta. I know I have to give it a few days, but so far things are going fine. No scary side effects and no crying either!

It doesn't stop there. I have to do my part too. I have to engage in life by participating in as much as I can. Exactly the kind of things you run from when depressed. When I was busy crying I was focused on the things I could no longer do. I just wanted to hide in bed and shut every one out. This is what I got instead.

Long time friends from both high school and college dropped by. We talked about old times and new ones too. Another friend even gave Tommy a break by bringing me to a doctor's appointment. She was new to my scooter, but graciously learned how to assemble and break it down to fit in her car. She stayed the afternoon; we ran errands and ate dinner at a local restaurant. Tommy even called me thirty minutes into our excursion to make sure I was okay. How cute! In fact for once I was able to bring dinner home for him.

The point is I opened the door and allowed friends to see me for who I am now, regardless of what I could do the last time they saw me.

Little did I know my latest friend is an actual photographer. She showed up and we had a real photo shoot for Halloween. She even brought over the lights and costume too!

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