

In plain sight 5/20/2017

It is graduation season, lots of gatherings, lots of friends and me. It is hard to say thank you to the many people who tell me 'you look so good...' I live in a different place. Every day I am tired, tired of the constant pain, tired of my 'dead leg,' tired of tired (I average about 3.5 hours a sleep a night,' tired of being short, tired of knowing it will get worse towards the end of the day, tired of 'chronic.'

I believe everyone has good intentions, and I try to make my problems not everyone's, but it is hard. As I reflect, this season is especially hard, it is a celebration of forward, new college, new careers, new hurdles, I miss new. I spent my weekend a slightly different way.

I pondered:

- If my upcoming fishing trip would be my last one,
- Realizing my journey (even that seems inappropriate,) is terminal, and I have no idea when it will end,
 - Worrying if my children will be able to live their dreams.
 - I would like to stay until the end, 'of anything.'

I never thought I was handicapped, just challenged, now I have several canes, walking poles and walkers. I have begun to investigate Segway's, wheelchairs and disabled friendly housing. Multiple Sclerosis has made me realize that my future, and by extension, my families, future is limited.

I have become unlikeable, and I do not what to do. I used to say 'I'd like to play golf again.' I have changed my expectation to, 'I'd like to walk again.' My life has become one large frustration, probably of my own doing.