

Our Community



I belong to a community that no one wanted to join. We are banded together by life changing information, mounds of uncertainty, paralyzing fear and sometimes words we can't even pronounce. We mostly live invisible, fading away as the lives of our loved ones are moving on. Some of us get loud and make all the necessary noise, while others reclaim their smallest most vulnerable voice. Yet and still, we remain branded by the grief of the loss of yesterday, the dreams of tomorrow and our desired future.

Resilience, in whatever quantity and form, helps us make over our lives to make room for our assigned mountain. There was no preparation for this assignment, and it appears as though these sorta things just happen. While we sit in the whys, the procedures, the medicines, visits and life adjustments, we slowly realize that this is our new reality and our new community.

For some of us, this community is ours for only a season, while others seem to have a life-long tie. We are tattooed with shared experiences that only we can relate to. We become warriors, survivors and fighters, all while trying to maintain all the other hats. There are no bad days; only "I've given you my best" days because we simply can only give our everchanging best while focusing on making the best of the newfound revelation that this is our destiny.

As a MS Warrior, I acknowledge the fight of other warriors in the battle, whether they're fighting MS or another disease. I truly understand that living with and fighting this illness lasts longer than 24 hours.

Warrior to Warrior, may this battle only be a season. Be encouraged, empowered and blessed.