

UNCATEGORIZED

“Why me?” Syndrome

February 10, 2017 saneinchronicpain

Right now you're in bed, like you have been all day, maybe all week, and you're reading this post. From that alone I can tell that you are sick, it could be a one off, but my best guess is that you're chronically ill. So you're in bed, exhausting Netflix's options, and you're left thinking “why me?” Why did god, why did the universe choose me to bare this? That's a dangerous question when you're chronically ill. It can lead you down a dark hole of depression that would scare most humans. And yet we spoonies ask the question anyway. Then we go looking for answers. But lucky for you guys I've already done the looking. Bad news is – there is no tangible answer. I hate more than anyone to have to turn to the universe and eternity for answers but left with no choice I began to think, and think, and think, until I was screaming at the universe with reckless abandon praying for an answer to this seemingly easy question. And here I am, losing hope on ever finding a real answer when it hit me like a ton of bricks: because I can handle it. Wow. That's pretty damn easy when you think about it, yet it took me so long to come to that conclusion.

People often say to me “oh I don't know how you do it!” I used to laugh, say I'm sure they'd be dealing just as I am, and go about my day. But when it comes down to it they aren't dealing with it. They say god won't give us more than we can handle, so by that we can deduce that guess what, we're the only ones that can handle it. Suzy down the street cant handle the late nights on the bathroom floor and the vision too blurry to drive to your own doctor's appointment. Carlos can't handle the never-ending string of disappointing doctors and procedures. Amy can't handle the way one must navigate relationships when chronically ill. But you and I, we handle it all. We're built for this. That's what you take comfort in, knowing that the universe handed you this, and didn't give it to someone that truly cannot handle it. You're handling a burden that you were bred for. You are strong enough to make it through this. Even on the days you feel like imploding, you can get through this. You're built for it.

-M