

Oct 8, 2019

Summary of my day.

I get up around 6 to 7 every morning. Get in the wheelchair which sits at foot of the bed. Backout the bedroom and head to bathroom. Squeeze wheelchair thru the door just enough to get on toilet. Head to kitchen table for the morning ritual: Coffee, internet, a shot of forteo in my hips or stomach to supposedly make my bones stronger. I then take the rest of my morning pills, which are a lot.

I shower, dress, do some stuff around the house and get ready to head out. Steve rolls me in the wheelchair down the ramp to whichever vehicle I'm driving. I proceed. The Y is normally my 1st stop. I have a lot of really great friends at the Y. When they see my vehicle pull up, the Y wheelchair is brought out to me. Red carpet treatment for sure. I always try and have little treats for them. I enjoy the Y. It is a major role in my life. People make me feel good there. It feels like home. When I'm ready to leave, I roll on back to my vehicle and somebody takes the Y wheelchair back inside.

I always have stops to make. I know which places have wheelchairs. Mine is light wt and I can get it in and out of vehicle if I need to. Most of the time, I'll use my Walker to get me inside to the wheelchair. At Walmart Conover and Lowe's Foods in Hickory, the buggy boys or baggers will bring me an electric cart out. I always give them a treat.

Make all my stops and head home to my wonderful husband.

So, here's what I want you to know! In my life I have had these: scarlet fever, pneumonia, mumps, chickenpox, measles, tonsils removed, broken left wrist, broken right leg twice, both hips replaced, right knee replaced, my right rotator cuff has a giant hole in it which is very painful, eye surgery to correct vision to 20/20, torn meniscus, kidney stones twice, vertigo twice, all 4 wisdom teeth removed, braces on teeth, brow lift, breast enhanced, liposuction, neuropathy in my feet and legs, arthritis in both hands, loss of balance.

From the time I get up each day until I lay down at night, my day is a complete and total struggle. The wheelchair runs into things or wont fit in public bathrooms. I walk very slow and carefully when using the Walker. I get stared at. I cant reach items on top shelves. My hands get so stiff when they are cold that I cant zip my jacket, close a button, put my debit card in the slot and pull it out. Steve has to open all caps for me because my hands no longer have the strength to pull them. I can no longer do the things that I most enjoy. No pity for me please. We all have issues. I just pray no one else ever has to go thru all of this.