

THE LEGS

At times of misbehaviour I disown my legs and call them THE LEGS, not worthy of being mine at all. I make plans for them, they don't comply. They have their own plan; rest, sit, lie, walk a little, as long as they get rest and are rewarded with a hot water bottle afterwards. Stand, but only within their time span otherwise they give out excruciating pain signals. No wonder I don't want them. Have put new legs on my shopping lists. Nearly bought a 'spare pair' during Halloween .

I know the problem is the fatigue, together with the wasting of muscle tone associated with M.E.

Last night I started a training plan. Left the house and found myself amidst a load of kids . Some said hello, others look with 'interest' at Bessy - my rolator, some looked away, some giggled. Nothing was going to stop me. I was on a mission. My home help's small daughter accompanied me on my short walk . It is so much nicer not to walk alone. When distracted, I cover a greater distance. The quality of the walk is not any better, but it is certainly more fun as the focus shifted from merely exercise and dealing with pain to taking part in normal life.

Though I still have great difficulty imagining that one day I can get out of the house and walk into the village , just like that. I tell myself immediately that I can, and stop thinking nonsense. I can see myself on an Electric bike one day, no problem, but not walking. At the same time I have plenty of dreams, walk on the beach, dance, fly that kite, walk through the woods , travel to friends, swim , be active.....

How do I deal with these very strong contradictions? Is it so alien for me to actually be active again after 4 years of being housebound? Am I so used to my life at present that any difference is almost unthinkable? This scares me, as I so badly want to get on with my life and be part of the 'real' world , be 'normal'. Have I been 'institutionalised' by this illness ? Do I have to learn to live without this illness as much as I had to learn to live with it? More than likely.

How would I feel , if suddenly this afternoon, I could get up and walk to the strand, go for a swim, walk home and make dinner. It might frighten the life out of me, maybe I would feel elated and couldn't believe my luck. I really don't know. I will tell you when I find out!

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