

Glimpse into our driving forces

I have a post, about dealing with insomnia, ready to put up on my blog, but right now, as I lie on the couch feeling very unwell, and needing to distract myself from my body, I find myself writing another.

I am worried that I am not reacting well to the latest medication addition. I really hope not. It is hard to tell sometimes, whether I am just having a particularly bad week in the life of being in this body, or whether the symptoms are caused by something else! So it will be off to get blood tests done soon, to see if anything can be identified.

Days like these make me think about what gets us going. What pulls our eyelids open, enables us to swing our aching legs around to the side of the bed, and put one slow foot in front of another?

For me, it is definitely my family at the moment. I could quite easily hide under the mounds of warm blankets and wallow in the grossness my body is feeling. However, I enjoy talking to my parents, and am trying to make the most of the time that I am living with them while I am unwell. They look after me so well, and we try to do nice things together when my body will allow. I also am aware that if I let myself mope and hide, it makes them feel worried and sad, and I do not want to be the cause of that.

Some times, my getting going is slightly more enforced than others! My Mum will come in and open the curtains, despite loud and miserable protests coming from underneath the blankets! She will pester until I go outside and sit in the sun. Some days I realise that I haven't even walked downstairs, let alone outside! I keep in my little bubble of couch, bed, computer desk, kitchen, and bathroom. If Mum wasn't helping me along, some days I probably wouldn't make it

that far! Sometimes I resent it, but it always makes something better. Today, I feel horrible, but she took me for a little walk in the warm and sunny park, and even though I felt ridiculously nauseous and achy the whole time, when we got back to the car, I felt about 3% better, and that is 3% better which I would not have felt without her love!

Days that I have friends coming to visit also help me get going. I do have some very special people in my life, and for that, I am very grateful and lucky. Sometimes I think to myself that my friends probably think I am making this whole health thing up; it is amazing how much better the pleasure of being with friends can make your whole body feel!

There are several people that I miss dreadfully, and some days this really does not help me deal with my situation, but other days, the thought of possibly speaking to them or getting a message from them makes me intrigued in the day.

It seems silly, but some days, just the idea of a bowl of my favourite breakfast (quinoa, chia seeds, rice milk and raspberry sauce) with a mug of tea, excites me enough to begin the day! – Obviously, I currently lead a fairly simple life!!

The desire to get better and fix my body is also a driving force for me. I know that ignoring the world all day will not help my health, despite how right it might feel at the time! Every little bit counts, so I know that I need to keep moving, keep eating, keep taking my medications, keep smiling, and one day, my body will improve.

My current lifestyle is teaching me that the small things can really be the big things, as corny as that might sound. Knowing that you are loved is by no means a small thing, but the supportive little acts that come from a loved one, or even an acquaintance, can really make the discomfort a little more bearable. A happy, simple note or message from a friend, a person willing to spend time with you on the couch, someone bringing in a bowl of breaky and a mug of tea to your bed, a good book, or some sunshine spilling in through the window; it

all helps!

I think that we all have those moments at some point in our lives where we wonder what is the point. It is unrealistic to expect otherwise. But sometimes, when we are at our lowest, grimly hanging onto optimism is all we have, and giving in and hiding ourselves away would only hurt others, and ourselves. If we keep plodding along, find those little things that push us along, I am sure that one day we will find the reward.

What gets you moving? I don't mean you get up because otherwise the alarm that you tortuously placed on the other side of the bedroom won't get turned off. Or the kids are fighting each other and begging for breakfast. I mean, what is that special thing that makes you feel like the effort will be worth it?

We all need to stop once in a while in this crazy, hectic world we live in, and take stock of what makes us tick, and be grateful to those things. I hope that you do not ever have to be in a situation of sickness to notice these acts, moments, and driving forces. Tomorrow morning, before you open your eyes on the world, acknowledge those things that enable you to welcome the day.

A person is silhouetted against a bright sunset, performing a backbend with their arms raised high. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a strong lens flare. Several birds are flying in the sky above the person. The background is a dark, flat landscape.

And still, after all this
time, the Sun has
never said to the Earth
"You owe me".
Look what happens
with love like that.
It lights up the sky.

Rumi