

Stand Up!

Rene Descartes wrote, "I think therefore I am", that's what it's all about! We can't be a loser unless we think we are a loser and we can't be a winner unless we think we are a winner.

I carried a thought for 3 or 4 decades and I became that thought. The thought is an actual story, actually a story that I have claimed as mine. This story belongs to me. I needed to tell it, and I was proud of it, I told it often, then I realized that I was becoming my story so I decided to stop telling it, but without my story I was no one. So though it was destroying me, I had to tell it. My story is a true story. I told it as if it belonged to me because it did, I owned it. My belief was "I am my story. My story made listeners keep eye contact with me. I didn't know that until I stopped owning it, it would drag me deep into despair. Until I give it away it will continue to own me. It will continue to destroy me." So here it is. I'm getting rid of it now. It belongs to whoever wants to read it.

The summer between my jr. and sr. years of high school I was a beauty queen. The first black girl in the town to be such. My 15 minutes of fame, in reality approximately 90 days. Great and wonderful to me because I thought it was! Really it was special! But when I woke up on the 1st day of senior year is when the story really started. It didn't happen before I got up, it happened when I got up, my legs dissolved and my body descended freely by the force of gravity. The ambulance showed up and took me to Leonard Morse Hospital, they saved my life and kept me alive, sent me to the hospital in Wellesley, Ma. where they performed a CAT Scan and found that I had a cerebral hemorrhage. Then I was taken by ambulance to Tufts University Hospital in Boston. I suppose that during this time between onset and discovery of the issue, which was about 3 weeks, brain cells were dying. But I didn't die. So Tufts University Hospital in Boston operated me then Leonard Morse Hospital taught me how to walk and talk again and then I had to take it from there. This was in a time when they didn't know what they know now.

Today I have so much love in me I can barely contain it. But, equally, I have a great deal of animosity inside me that I MUST contain. Resentment toward hostile activity is abnormally straining my affections. I want to love and to be loved but a down and degrading energy has crippled me. Just like when the atmosphere dissolved my legs and gravity pulled me down.