

Trying To Hold On For Dear Life Called Faith....

She was kind. She was thoughtful. She sat down with a smile on her face, introducing herself and looking me in the eye. Giving me respect for my situation and acknowledging the emotional pain I was in. She ran through every detail with me. Talking me through everything that was happening with my body and clearing up things that went wrong with my previous doctor and the misdiagnosis I got with diabetes 2. I sat in that room feeling relieved. Having hope that I didn't completely screw up. To do better than the ones that came before me. This was my chance to do right and make healthy choices before I got it. For those thirty seconds, I forgot the real pain that's been sitting within me; for thirty seconds, I felt real hope, the emotional pain I, for some reason, can't let go of, and the faith that comes and goes like a river that ebbs and flows. The emotional pain that keeps me up at night. The faith that is hard not to question.

As I sit in this room, it all comes flooding back, and the doctor starts to talk to me about what I would call the pre-game plan. This plan seems like it could work, but I must be patient with my mind and body. Patience is key when having PCOS. "Keep taking the medication, keep your diet on track, keep up with your strength training, keep up with your water intake, and let's see if any progress can be made, and of course, keep trying naturally."

Constantly hearing the phrases: "Don't give up faith," "Have hope," and "You can still get your rainbow baby." I can't help but be angry when I hear those phrases, not because I don't have hope and faith but because sometimes I wonder if I have too much of it...

The one thing I can leave you with is that you aren't alone in this, and I hope that you'll give yourself some credit for how strong you are. The battle you are facing and that lonely, guilty feeling you get every time you hear someone is starting a family or someone's plan is working—it's okay to be sad about it and still be happy for them. It doesn't make you a bad person; it makes you human.

With love,

Lina Grace