

The status of my condition hadn't changed since I was admitted to the hospital. The only body parts I could move were my eyes and mouth. I just stared at the ceiling and floor, day and night. I would have to endure the discomforts if my nose, eyes, ears, or scalp itched. When I cried, tears would run down the side of my face and lodge in my ears. I tried not to cry too much. I couldn't sit up in bed. Instead of just praying and asking God for deliverance from my afflictions, I began questioning God, asking why this catastrophe had happened to me. I am a Christian and believed that Jesus died on the cross for my sins. I don't consider myself as the best person nor do I consider being the worst in this world. Suicidal thoughts were entering my mind. I couldn't hold a gun or knife with my hands, so the only way left was to refuse to eat. I wouldn't eat or take medication. As time passed, one Sunday night, the downpour of rain had erupted into a huge flood, besieging every nook and cranny of my mind. Jason and the children came to see me every Saturday and Sunday. He would call the hospital every night to see how I was doing. I couldn't answer the telephone; the nurses came in every night, about nine o'clock, to inform me that he had called and said hello. His calls were like clockwork. This particular Sunday was like any other Sunday. Jason and I talked, and he said he would call me when he got home. During the night, I called the nurse and informed her that people were bothering me. I became hysterical. She called Jason to see if he could calm me down. I talked to him and told him the same thing. I asked him to come and take me out of the hospital. He said he would be there the next morning. I have no recollection of this or other events that unfolded for weeks. The nurses' account of this time, after I came out of the depression, was that I was a very, very sick person. I would not eat or talk to anyone but my family. Another nurse asked me if I remembered what had happened to me. I told her that I didn't remember too much. She said, "It's for the best that you don't remember." I recalled Joanne, the head nurse, coming into my room often, talking and trying to lift my spirits. I never replied. I just looked at the ceiling. Joanne was constantly coming by to talk to me, without getting a response. Then one day, she came to tell me that I was going to be moved to the fifth floor and she was going to put me to work. These words were the catalyst that started propelling me out of my depression. They finally moved me. I was basically the same for about a week or so, but all of a sudden, I miraculously said, "I want something to eat!" The nurses in the room replied, "Dorothy, you're talking." They started hugging and kissing me. From that very moment, I had no more thoughts of suicide, and God gave me the ability to smile in spite of all my physical and mental challenges. Gradually, I started pulling out of my depression. The once raindrops of depression that had turned into a flood on my mind were being replaced by rays of sunlight. I have accepted being paralyzed, but the pain I am still experiencing is less accepting. I tried all kinds of over-the-counter medication for pain, without success. I was reluctant to take prescription drugs for fear of becoming addicted. I smile and try to make the best of a challenging situation. I started taking the pain medication without any lasting results. The first three days rendered about a 50 percent reduction for my shoulder pain. Afterward, there was no reduction. I would stop taking them and start again within a month or two. The results were the same. Only Jason and the Lord knew that I have been in pain since my accident. My mother and father went to their graves not knowing what I have been battling these past twenty-one years. Even Mrs. McDowell, my caregiver for two years, didn't know that I was in pain. She would always say to me, "I know you are bad of

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