

As I lie here in bed again today, I wonder when the next time I will feel like cooking for my family might be. I know we are not eating healthy but have little I can do about it. My husband is approaching the age of which no male member of his family has survived past. He is 66. What will I do without him? The emotional pain of losing your partner of over 36 years is obvious, but I will also lose my caretaker. I will have no one to go to the grocery for me. I will have no one to drive me to the myriad of doctors appointments as I fight yet another infection. No one to stand when I cannot. This has to stop. My son has the same illness and he has two toddler sons. How can he do it? I see the pain on his face when his 3 year old want him to play ball and it's another day in bed for daddy. Thank God he has a good partner and wife. But what if that were to be nonexistent? How do we live? I repeat, this has to stop.

I don't know how much longer my body will be able to fend off the daily attacks from within. This illness is insidious in it's stealth behaviors. Ninja like, it lies hidden from most physicians who know little to look for or what to do to ease the suffering. I cannot tell you how many times I have heard "I have never seen that" when faced sudden drops in body temperature or blood pressure. Even down to glaucoma in one eye, my body responds like the computer with the bug in the mother board. How long will you let us suffer before something is done? It's time. Time to do what is needed to hunt down our nemesis and see that he is stopped. Stopped from sucking the vibrant life from young children. Stopped from taking the joy of parenthood from young adults. Stopped from killing. How can I beg you? How can I make you understand? Would a suicide note make my point? Do you need my dead body to understand how much we suffer? I can accommodate you if that's what it takes to stop the agony of millions.

Karen Burroughs