

## Testimony

### Karen Burroughs

I am out of words and limp without energy left. I have asked for help for 17 years and now no longer ask. It is with my remaining energy and mental resources that I ask one last time for my own government to help me and all those who suffer like my son and myself. Our "normal" lives are a shadow of what yours is. We cannot awaken, shower and put our clothes on for work. There is no work any longer. For most there is not even a shower as we can't stand long enough to bath. No make up for those women like myself. We are hidden away in our bedrooms often with only our televisions to keep us company. Certainly a family member will ask if they might help but that question can only be asked for so long, so many times. I don't want to be a burden to them nor do I want to be just some fear for what they might face. I lost my friends over the first year or so. I don't blame them. They didn't know if I was contagious or perhaps my deterioration from a healthy, strong person was just too depressing. I was a body builder, an athlete. I ate right, exercised and took care of myself. How or why could this happen to me? And now 17 years later that question is still unanswered. "Who will help me" still rings as my pleas to God or **anyone** break the quiet night. Will you? Will you help my child? Will you help the millions of us stored in our beds so you don't have to think about us? Or will you chose to shove us aside, again?

It's time we put our morals where they belong, into action. Please help those afflicted with this horrible life stealing illness. Please send funding to ME/CFS now. I don't have that much time left for a cure but my son might... if you act now. What else can a mother do but plead with you? I have already given you a lifetime to act.

Karen Burroughs

"Until we stop harming all other living beings, we are still savages."

Thomas Edison