

Acceptance

From passing time to generating new pathways



After my automobile accident, I was laid up for a long time healing from some serious physical injuries along with my brain injury. During this time, I used to spend hours looking out the window staring at this one tree in my backyard. I would marvel at its beauty and strength. To pass time, I began counting its leaves as they fell to the ground. When it shed all its leaves, I saw branches branching off in all directions. Today, when I look at a bare tree, I no longer see these branches. Rather, I envision my brain trying to generate new pathways.

I need to accept this death of my "old self"



Whose grave is this? Surely it's not mine. This is not my fate, is it? I need to make the best of this situation, but how? It's all suddenly complicated with questions and issues I never thought would be mine to contemplate. This was not my doing, nor my choice! I'm trying to be gracious. I need to accept this death of my "old self".

Now let's put this in perspective



This picture is a metaphor for Chris with her lights out (which happens more frequently than she'd like to admit—my neurotransmitters inexplicably stop transmitting) & the back right side of her brain is so damaged that 5% of her brain cells are dead. Now let's put this in perspective. Einstein also had dead brain cells, yet he was able to do more than work at a cash register.

New depth of acceptance



New depth of acceptance. In my 17th year of recovery, I am no longer shamed by lack of hair and scar. It represents a new freedom, pride in what I have overcome.