

When you hear the words "You have been diagnosed with epilepsy" it's never the easiest pill to swallow. As an epileptic you know you have a difficult life, and you are different from every other person. Although it may seem as just seizures, medicine, hospital runs, multiple medications changes that may never fully cure you...it's much more than that. As we always focus on the epileptic, or our messed up brain, some people never step back and have to see what the family of an epileptic have to go through, and it's much more than you would think.

I have the most supportive, and loving family a girl could ask for. And how do I repay them? Giving them heart attacks when I drop down to the floor in a full Grand Mal seizure. Crying to them saying my head hurts, I have double visions, I am mixing up words and slurring my speech. Even just dropping a shampoo bottle in the shower calls for everyone to scream at the top of their lungs "ARE YOU OK?!" and getting rushed in on the shower isn't always the greatest feeling. I am definitely keeping them on eggshells I'll say.

On a serious note, it's hard and not just for me, but for my family. We didn't ask for this, we don't deserve to scare them, have them watch and just stare as their son/daughter who is seizing, foaming at the mouth, falling and hurting themselves, staring out into space and not being able to wake them out of it. All they want to do is help, and they can't. All they can do is watch this beating our bodies take which can last up to minutes. How would you like to be a parent who can't do anything but watch and feel like time is going in slow motion and just wished to end what they had to witness.

It may seem unfair, what if they could stop it before it comes, what if they knew where I was before I was going to have one. Would I be in the car driving, swimming in the ocean, hiking or laying in bed? We never know when or where the time of our next seizure will come, and I wish I never had to put my family through this.

When I wake up all I see are the comforting mom, dad, and brothers. But what they don't realize what I see is how scared they are. They do their best to try to make it seem like I am ok and I will be fine, and I will be, this is my life that God has given me, but it's also my family's life. I put them through so much stress, and pain that I would never wish this upon anyone. The fear in my brothers eyes when they see their sister on the ground in full convulsion, my parents slowly petting my head to wake me up and comfort me reassuring that they are here and I just had a seizure. It's not fair, and I wish they could have a less dramatic daughter but hey this is what you get:)

Although this may be a little bit of a downer blog, but you haven't let me finish....being an epileptic has given me the best damn family a girl can have. When I have a seizure and my dad puts me in the center of the bed and makes a fort of pillows around the sides so I wouldn't fall off, mom treats me with some feel good snacks, and my brothers wading on me hand and foot trying to cheer me up isn't so bad. Its love. I love them, and they love me. Even with epilepsy being a part of who I am, I know they wouldn't want me any other way, because without epilepsy in my life, I wouldn't be where I am today.