

WOMAN: Can I do something?

CHORUS: Obstinacy.....clap, clap, clap...

*(The woman is finally taken away as her head hangs
in despair. Fade out.)*

I continued to listen very carefully to this song because it was in desperate need of a coda to close the musical composition, I thought. I guess I was actually praying, because I eventually realized that with that deep listening, like prayer, came a shimmer of peace. It was as if my spirit had been touched and was in the act of waking up from a deep sleep, much like a baby does. I felt a gentle breeze drift throughout my being, and I suspected that this state of calm and quiet was a profound component of the prescription for healing the mind and the body and, hopefully, the MS. I now know that by allowing the spirit, our fountain of life, to manifest itself and flow freely, one gains results that are exuberant and lush and is transported to a level of consciousness that is filled with comfort and support where illness is absent.

Living with MS, according to the medical perception, can be a constant and frustrating balancing act. Besides the effort of keeping your body moving in a seemingly sober posture, the tension created when concentrating on preventing the medical scales (containing suggestions for medication, special diets, and the inveterate killer piece of advice to reduce the stress in your life) from tipping only adds to feelings of failure. Adoption of this kind of recipe for life is definitely antecedent to the famous Italian “acido” (acidity). Some doctors say that they have learned that a “stable personality” is a very “valuable adjunct” to *overcoming* MS. I believe that this is true because no one wants to feel insane. But I have since found that mindbody