

Life... Disability - Writing a summary for the attorney

Situation:

I am applying for disability. One of the tasks that I have to do is to write a summary for my attorney. Each time I sit down at the computer and work on the chronological events, I find myself remembering the injustices during the course of the years... All the hospitalizations, the different diagnoses, all the meds that I've been on... all those unstable years. It happened again this morning when I was typing.

Symptoms:

When I get upset, my stomach does flip-flops. Then I'm afraid to eat, because I'm afraid that what goes down, won't stay down. My mind was racing with all the details, and it was beginning to get hard to remember what happened when. When I noticed that, I got afraid that I was losing my mind. I was confused about how much I should reveal.

Solution:

Since it was getting close to noon, I decided that no matter how I felt, I would take a break and make something light to eat. Commanding my muscles and moving away from the computer was step one. As I was in the kitchen, I started thinking more clearly.

I was trying to write a "perfect" report, when all I was asked to do was to provide a summary. It was the attorney's job to polish it up and put it into a brief form. So I lowered my standards, all I had to record were the facts.

It's average to have uncomfortable thoughts about uncomfortable times. Rather than dwell there, I could move on to writing about the next circumstance, then the next, and the next. I realized that if I did it that way, it would take a lot less time.

Comfort is a want, I don't need to be even 95% comfortable in order to function. An even though this is quite uncomfortable for me, once I get it all down on paper, I'll be finished. Then I don't have to drag up the past anymore. That made me feel better. I saw an end in sight.

In the past:

I would have typed a bit and thought a lot. Actually, I could spend ten minutes typing and 50 minutes reviewing and working myself up over all kinds of past events. I might have procrastinated for weeks and weeks. I didn't want to face the discomfort, and really didn't know if I was strong enough to do it.

The more I procrastinated, the worse I'd feel about myself. It would be proof that I couldn't handle my life by myself.

I'm not really satisfied with where I am today. I want my life to be better. What I know now, that I didn't know before, is that working at these individual times of not feeling good, I have more control over how I feel than ever before in my life. By using my self-help tools, my symptoms aren't as strong, and they don't last as long as they used to.

