

## **I CHOOSE HAPPINESS**

People who hear what has happened to me inevitably ask how I'm doing now.

They want to know if I'm still getting better; do I harbor any resentment; do I ever question, "Why me?"; do I think about how my life would have been different had I not suffered a stroke. Here's how I respond.

I don't look back; I only look forward. I don't know if I'm still getting better, but I'll never stop trying as long as I'm alive. Yes, I have bad days, what I call stroke days, when nothing on my body seems to work, and all I want to do is crawl up in a ball on the couch, but I don't have the time nor the inclination to resent or bemoan what's happened to me. In fact, in many ways, and I mean this in all sincerity, it has made me a better person. Sure, I think about the career I once had and a full-functioning body, and the other baby I so wanted. But you know what: I have a new career now; and one of these days I'm going to rollerblade; and if I don't have two children, at least I have one, and he's a wonderful handful at that.

So I always emphasize that life is good, that I have so much more than many could ever hope for. I have an adoring, doting husband and loving child, devoted parents, and eight brothers and their spouses who are always there for me. I have the best friends in the world, people I can count on to do anything for me. I am at the center of the laughter and happiness all around me. I am much blessed.