

Not everyone will make the same mistake I did. I skied into an area that was posted as dangerous. A week later I woke up in hospital with a permanent injury to my spinal cord. I would never be able to walk, let alone ski. I was in constant pain. As far as I was concerned my life was over. I would need a wheelchair for the rest of my life. I would forever be dependent on others; no driving my car, no job, no dating, and no sex. Who would want to be with a cripple? I know I wouldn't. I had visitors for awhile, but eventually they stopped coming. My attitude and condition was probably too much for them. I felt completely helpless, hopeless, and despondent. One day a guy with a grey beard wheeled in to see me. He crashed right into my bed and let out a cheery, "Whoops!" That was my introduction to Matt. He lost his legs in a car crash. He knew what I was thinking before I knew it myself. But he listened to my self-pity and endless complaining. And he always asked me, at the end of my diatribe, "What do you want to do about it?" Often he would share with me what he did about it—the struggles, the frustrations, the disappointments. He told me about his job in a computer warehouse, about his play-making ability on a wheels basketball team, and he told me about the intimacy and sex he had with his girlfriend. But mostly he listened and challenged me to get on with my life. I'm playing on the same basketball team now, and I even outscored him.



N.W.

©Peer Resources

Navigation Tools for the Heart, Mind, and Soul®

1.800.567.3700