

BEATING
MULTIPLE
SCLEROSIS

Empowering Stories of Self-Healing and Thriving

AGOTA NAWROTH
& PAIGE NEWSOME

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To my loved ones,

This book reveals the transformative path of my MS journey and daily dedication required for a healthy life. I'm taking care of myself, so you don't have to.

To the multiple sclerosis community,

May our stories empower and inspire, fostering understanding, compassion, and progress. Together, let's navigate the challenges of this journey, knowing that we are never alone.

With love and deepest admiration,
Agota Nawroth

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I would like to express my deepest gratitude and appreciation to everyone who has contributed to the creation and completion of this book.

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I would like to extend my heartfelt gratitude to all the remarkable individuals who graciously shared their heartbreaking stories for this book. Your bravery in opening up about your journeys will undoubtedly resonate with others who find solace and strength in knowing they are not alone. I am honored to have had the opportunity to give voice to your stories and express my deepest appreciation for your invaluable contribution.

Lastly, I extend my gratitude to my followers, readers, and supporters. Your enthusiasm, feedback, and reviews inspire me to continue sharing my story and the knowledge I've acquired along the way with the world, raising awareness about diseases that can be prevented.

To all those mentioned above and the countless others who have contributed in various ways, your presence in my life has made this book a reality. Thank you for being a part of this remarkable journey.

With heartfelt appreciation,
Agota Nawroth

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Many individuals are searching for a diagnosis while struggling with various symptoms. For those of us already diagnosed, having answers can be a relief but also adds a lifelong burden. At times, this weight can feel overwhelming. I wish a book like this had been available when I was first diagnosed four years ago. It would have made a world of difference. Back then, I wouldn't have felt so alone and lost. I wouldn't have had to search through numerous books to connect the dots. My goal with this book is to provide you answers and give you practical guidance to regain control and steer your life back on track.

The stories in this book showcase the remarkable potential within us as human beings. We can heal our minds and bodies, making full recoveries from autoimmune diseases when we cultivate the right mindset and well-being practices. I haven't encountered anyone who thrives with a pessimistic outlook. Our minds are incredibly powerful. It's crucial to remember that the path to healing often begins there. While change can be a challenge, it's a necessary step for those seeking a healthier life.

So, who is this book for? It's not exclusively for people with MS. This book is filled with ideas to improve the lives of anyone, diagnosed or not, who is facing symptoms. Each chapter is a glimpse into someone's life, flourishing despite the diagnosis. My hope is that you'll discover a story or two that resonate with you. Please share this book, help us spread the message, and raise awareness about this complex condition. It doesn't have to lead to life in a wheelchair.

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Final Note

“Wellness is the complete integration of body, mind, and spirit – the realization that everything we do, think, feel, and believe has an effect on our state of well-being.”

– *Greg Anderson*

DISCLAIMER

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Story by

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Diagnosed in 2007

Currently 52 years old

Lives in Sedro Woolley, Washington State, United States

Segway Into My New Life - Available on Amazon

Instagram: @bbhwithms and @campsunshine420

www.BBHwithMS.com

Although it was over sixteen years ago, and my damaged brain struggles at moments to function through the lingering fog caused by the pharmaceuticals and the disease's progression; even though I have years with few to no memories, I remember the day I was diagnosed like it was just last week. Granted, it helps that I wrote a book about it. But truthfully, it's hard to forget a life-changing moment like that. It becomes imbedded in your mind, playing on a constant loop: you have MS, you have MS, you have MS....

You fucking have MS.

Your life is instantly split in two: the “before diagnosis” and the after.

Shit gets redefined. Instantly, priorities shift. Your one driving hope is to stave off the progression of the disease...or slow it down. At least, that's how it was for me.

I was thirty-seven years old. Up until this moment in my life, the biggest medical procedures I'd been involved in was shooting children out of my vagina, and I'd done that with as little medicine as possible. I avoided pain pills after being struck by a vehicle as a pedestrian, waived offers for sleeping aids after going through a bank robbery, and shooed away even Tylenol after the aforementioned births because I really didn't like taking medicine. Something in the back of my mind told me to avoid it.

And yet, in the span of just a few short months, I went from defining myself as a "young, fit mother of three who had strong hippy tendencies" to "a patient dependent on chemicals and drugs to get through my life."

And I remained that way for ten years.

Having been born and raised in New Haven, Connecticut, home of the prestigious Yale University, and its acclaimed medical school, I was taught to trust doctors—to respect their expertise and knowledge in the field of health, the human body, and the ways to care for and heal it.

So, when I needed hope for my future after being faced with a major medical road hurdle, when I needed to know that I could continue to be the mom I wanted to be—out and about with my little people—and not confined to a life at home, I turned to doctors for answers. I looked to the people I thought were the experts on my condition, and I was led to believe my hope for that future lay within the world of pharmaceuticals.

I remember sitting on the couch the night after my diagnosis, watching a video my doctor had provided me with at my appointment earlier in the day. It was an advertisement for one of the drugs he thought I should consider starting. As I watched the actors on the screen smile and laugh, I made the decision. There, at that exact moment, on the battered, burnt orange leather couch, stained with the messes that come with a life of little kids and dogs. Watching that dumb promotional video, I decided that I would use pharmaceuticals to fight the monster that was living within my body. I would sign up for a lifetime of needles and pills, appointments and infusions, if it meant I could still be the mom I had always dreamed of being.

It worked for the people in the video, so hopefully, it could work for me.

It seemed foreign to me, the idea of being someone that was on medication. A sick person, reliant on pills or infusions to live.

To cope.

To survive.

Being a patient was not my best role. I hadn't been good at it during childbirth, and I wasn't sure how it was going to go over now. However, my thought process was that it may not be a cure, but the video people seemed happy and active. Someone was even skiing, so this must be the way to go.

Truthfully, there had been a bit of research done prior to this visit with the couch and the drug video. After my brain and thoracic magnetic resonance imaging (MRIs), while waiting for the results of my spinal tap from the Mayo Clinic, I had begun to suspect it was multiple sclerosis, and I investigated it.

I'd seen articles and blog posts as I'd delved into the world of the internet on the kids' computer while making dinner over the past few weeks. My parents called to say their neighbor in Martha's Vineyard was the former CFO of a major pharma company that was producing a drug that looked very promising in research and studies...

A woman from the local chapter of the National MS Society called to introduce herself and invite me to participate in the fundraising events they were planning—sponsored by pharmaceutical companies whose names were becoming familiar.

When people in my life heard about my possible diagnosis, they would send emails with articles from the *Boston Globe* or *The New York Times*. They sent anything promising and always about a new drug or research for a drug.

Pharmaceuticals kept popping up, over and over. What I kept hearing was that being on pharmaceuticals, or more specifically getting on pharmaceuticals as soon as possible, seemed to be everyone's number one way to fight the disease.

I was told the longer I waited, the worse it could get.

I didn't want to get worse.

I wanted to get better.

So, I didn't wait because I didn't want to fail my kids.

In hindsight, the decision I made seems moronically simple and lacking any true research. But at the time, I was juggling three kids under the age of ten, my marriage was a sham, and my condition seemed to be getting worse. Crazy shit was happening to my body, and I needed it to stop.

I'd peed myself at the playground earlier in the day—just after being given the diagnosis and picking the kids up from school. I was standing there talking, and then there was urine running down my legs...

I was in front of a group of other parents.

Thank goodness for forgiving woodchips and short, breezy sundresses worn in late fall.

My point being, I had just been told I was going to live with this disease for the rest of my life. I wanted to believe that the doctors would guide me in the right direction.

I needed to believe it.

For a decade, I was a diligent patient. I had MRIs, spinal taps, and follow up appointments.

I did the drugs.

I started by stabbing a needle in my thigh once a week. When that failed to cease the incessant lesions and the disease's progression, I drove myself to an infusion center every twenty-eight days for someone else to put the drugs in my body. As my mental and physical health waned, managing my disease and its ever-increasing side effects became a full-time occupation, despite my already packed schedule as a single working mom.

I threw myself into being a patient, and I was encouraged by everyone. They said I was strong for going through the procedures, brave for taking the medications, for sticking myself with a long-ass needle once a week. These words helped spur me on. They gave me strength to push forward, even though I encountered many setbacks.

I was made to believe that by taking them, even when they made me feel like shit, by enduring the infusions, even if they lead to bad reactions and god-awful side effects—I was fighting the best fight I could fight.

That’s what I was led to believe. Those were my dark years.

In the end, I tried four different disease modifying therapies (DMTs) over the course of ten years. None of them agreed with me, and some did significant long-term damage. In addition to the medication I took to try and alter the course of my disease, there were drugs for all the other symptoms: the pain and the numbness; the spasticity and the agonizing muscle spasms. Drugs to help me sleep, and medications to lessen the ever-present fatigue.

By 2016, I was on a handful of prescriptions, and there had been discussion of implanting a pain pump in my hip. I was on methadone for the pain. Gabapentin for the spasms and spasticity. Ambien to help me sleep. Ampyra to help me walk. Amitriptyline, and then nortriptyline, for the depression.

And alcohol. Always alcohol.

Drinking became a really important tool in my wheelhouse.

Throughout the years of living with my disease and pharmaceuticals, I self-medicated with alcohol. When the pills didn’t work, when the pain became too overwhelming and completely unmanageable, alcohol helped. I knew it was bad for me. I knew it was harming my body, but the pain was just too much, and the relief it provided was too tempting...

On top of all of that, I decided to return to smoking cigarettes. I was angry at my body for getting sick. I felt that overall, I had lived a relatively healthy life, and I was livid that things were failing me so early on.

I told myself I deserved them, and my disconnected mind and body said it was okay.

Needless to say, I didn’t become one of the people in the video. I wasn’t active, and I wasn’t happy. One decade in, and I was a complete mess. Every fear I had of what my life with the disease would look like had come to fruition. I was seventy-five pounds overweight, divorced, unemployed, and unable to walk the dog around the block. And my memory had gone to shit.

I once prided myself on my ability to remember things—multiple things—for long periods of time. But the new version of me, the “me” that was saturated in pharmaceuticals, couldn’t remember jack shit.

My life had become pathetic...

I lived on our couch, watching endless hours of television.

I hated myself.

I hated what my life had become.

I hated myself for allowing it to get that bad.

I hated myself for hating myself.

I had no motivation to do anything that would better my situation. The brain/body connection was severed. Contrary to how I had lived my previous thirty-six years, I became a victim, looking for someone else to fix my problems, rather than taking care of myself.

As I said, dark years.

Six years ago, I made the decision to come off all the pharmaceuticals and try naturally managing my disease and my health. I decided to stop all prescription medications to see if I could live life without them. The results have been absolutely life changing. I’m down to my fighting weight, I walk three plus miles a day, help with chores around our five-acre property, go for hikes when we can fit it in, and I remember things far better than my aging old man.

I have hope for my future, both physically and mentally, and there are no pharmaceuticals involved.

After years of giving shit up, I am currently on the kick of adding things back into my life.

I’m lifting weights. Walking. Hiking. Running. Granted, it’s an ugly run, and I definitely peed my pants in the process, but I’m used to that these days. What’s really important is—I ran!

And I’m driving!

This one is kind of huge! After not driving for over five years due to vision and focus issues, I’ve taken to the roads again, and it’s going well.

I haven't hit anything or anyone. I've also gotten into a routine of doing some of the household errand running all by myself. Gaining back some level of independence is a big deal.

Next on my list, try skiing. I'm not particularly driven to become a full-blown skier again, like I am with driving, but I want to give it a shot to see if I can still manage a trip or two down the slopes. Just to say I can.

After spending ten years giving things up, saying goodbye to activities and experiences that I loved, I'm up for the challenge of figuring out how to do things again, despite my limitations. I am so grateful for all that past "me" did to get me here. I made getting healthy my full-time job, and I've got to say, I kind of feel like a promotion might be in order.

I spent eighteen months slowly tapering off all the prescriptions. One by one, I would slowly reduce my consumption levels until I was off all of it.

I then spent a few months living "raw"—not using any form of medicine (natural or unnatural) to clean out my system and get a sense of just how bad things were. The alarming discovery was the pain was the same, screaming and crashing through my body, just like it had been for as long as I can remember.

Truthfully, I had expected it to be worse. I buckled down, preparing myself mentally for what I thought was going to be unimaginable levels of pain. Given how bad it was while on all the drugs, I feared that coming off the prescriptions would leave me at an even more intolerable level (if that was possible), and a raging alcoholic. But it seems the medications that had once helped were no longer doing anything to assist me. Instead, they were harming me.

And so began my journey to what I now call "naturally managing my shit", and my kids call "my weed phase". I had the nurse practitioner at my doctor's office prescribe me a Medical Marijuana Card (referred to as an MMJ card), and I began doing research online. I discovered *Leafly.com* and began learning about things like strains and terpenes. I found a few bloggers who wrote about using cannabis as medicine, and I tried figuring out what exactly I was supposed to ask for at the local dispensary. I didn't know much about cannabis (or CBD) and walking in uninformed seemed like a recipe for disaster.

Anxiety that stems from living with an invisible disease, along with brain fog, makes any form of shopping extremely uncomfortable for me. Being

in a strange place, not knowing what I want, and the looming fear of potentially getting stoned off my ass and having our five kids make fun of me for all of eternity, scared the living crap out of me. So, I dragged my feet. I put it off... Eventually, after weeks of agony, I packed myself into my Subaru wagon, drove to a pot shop, and made my first purchase of marijuana as my medicine.

Having grown up in the eighties with a brother who was “into the weed”, I had been around it. I’d even puffed and inhaled on occasion (bathroom of a fraternity house in the 90s), but it wasn’t something I enjoyed. After that incident at the frat house and a mean visit with paranoia that same night, it was honestly something I avoided. So, this was a huge step for me.

I began visiting dispensaries on a regular basis. I looked for people that had knowledge about cannabis being used for medicinal purposes. I called to speak with people at weed shops all over the country. I found people on the internet. I met people at cannabis conventions. I hung out with people who consumed weed, and I connected with people who grew it. Anyone knowledgeable and game for talking about medical marijuana became my new best friend.

As I began to understand my consumption levels (I consume a lot due to an enzyme deficiency, but that’s a topic for an entire book—specifically a “healthy edibles” cookbook I am currently working on) and I learned of questionable practices when it came to organically grown weed, I realized growing my own would be necessary.

I flew to Colorado to attend a “grow expo”, an event all about growing cannabis. Shortly after my return home, we were gifted with our first clone (a plant derived from cutting a piece off an existing plant), and our journey to growing my own medicine began.

I was off the pharma, and I had weed. But beyond the whole “I’m going to try pot” thing, I didn’t have a clear direction. I didn’t have a plan to get my health back on track, other than always trying to listen to myself and my instincts. I didn’t have evidence that what I was doing would work, but I knew I had to try something different. I knew that I could not continue living the way I was living.

My years on pharma had not been kind, leaving many things to be fixed. I feared that fixing the damage caused by the pharmaceuticals and helping manage my chronic illness with all its craziness, would be asking

too much of nature. But I had nowhere else to turn and nothing left to lose.

So, nature it was.

Once I had the drugs out of my system and had procured the weed, I slowly began chipping away at my health.

I started with exercise.

I started walking.

Rain or shine, hot or cold, I committed myself to walking every day. I would consume my cannabis, and I would walk. It started with one block. Every day, my goal was to walk farther than I had walked the day before—even if it was just one more driveway.

The elimination of pharmaceuticals, plus the addition of walking and weed in my life, wasn't an instant fix. I had major issues to tackle. I was still drinking alcohol, and sadly, I would arrive home from my walk and promptly light up a cigarette after smoking a joint. I hadn't yet amended my diet, hadn't learned about CBD, grounding, Epsom salt baths, or my beloved pot powder. At that point, I don't even think I had pulled my foam roller out or begun yoga, but I was moving again, and that was something.

And that little something, along with the small connection between my brain and body that the cannabis created, lit a spark in me. It made me feel like I could actually do this: get better and get my life back on track. That little spark and the weed reminded me of who I was beneath the toxins and chemicals. It made me want to retrieve that version of myself, dust her off, and get her back in shape.

Around this time, I took on a whole new attitude about my health, and my physical and mental well-being. My direction became clear once I began viewing myself and my health as an old, classic car I was restoring. As a young girl, I fell in love with a 1965 convertible mustang that an older boy in my hometown had purchased and was working to restore. It was a rusty mess and a slow process, hindered by his lack of money (caddying at the golf club could only earn a sixteen-year-old kid so much) and time (caddying was time-consuming). On top of his obligations with school and sports, time for working on the car was limited. But slowly, over the course of about two years, with a lot of love, a ton of elbow grease, and an unfaltering commitment to the

project, that beat-up old car slowly became beautiful again. By the time graduation rolled around, she was purring like a kitten and shining like a bright star.

I realized that is what I had to do with my body and my brain—how I was going to fix things and manage my health going forward. Give them the love and attention they need to become bright and shiny.

I wanted to purr again.

Once I had that analogy firmly planted in my mind, my path became super clear. Only do things that will help in the restoration process. Never do things that will hinder my progress. I cleaned up my eating and began the long process of trying to heal my gut. My years of living on pharmaceuticals had wreaked havoc on my digestive system, and my gut biome suffered greatly. Unlike my previous efforts and endeavors, I did not look to others for advice, suggestions, or solutions. I didn't jump on anyone else's diet or protocol. Instead, I turned inward. I made friends with that little voice in my head, the one that so often makes suggestions, and I encouraged it to speak up.

I tried things. I paid attention to how my body felt, and I listened. I made decisions for my health based on my own feedback and experiences. For the first time since being diagnosed, I did what I thought was right for my body. Every change I made, every shift, every adjustment was made based on how I felt, how my body reacted, and how my brain responded. I stepped up my exercise by adding strength training and weights back into my life. I began working on my balance and strengthening my core to counter my numb legs and incessant vertigo.

I quit smoking cigarettes, I haven't had a sip of alcohol in three years, I avoid refined sugar, and I don't eat anything processed. With the "restoring an old car" analogy forever on a loop, I find it impossible to put these things in my body. If I ever slip and think it would be a good idea to eat something crappy or to have a drink, I think about my purring mustang. I would never put rocks, pebbles, or dirt in the gas tank and think that it wouldn't have negative repercussions on the way the car runs. So why would I put shit in my body and think that it will function properly?

When I look at it like that, it seems simple—logical.

Everything I do is an attempt to better myself and my health. What it came down to was I stopped bullshitting myself about my condition and

the current state of things. I stopped telling myself it wasn't that bad, and I allowed myself to see it for how bad it really was.

And it was bad. I had gotten to a point where enjoyment of life wasn't possible. The pain and the mental disconnect were so severe that the path to healing was almost completely obscured. I forgot how to care for myself. I forgot to care about myself. And somewhere along the line, I had decided it was okay to do myself more harm.

I am eternally grateful for this new chapter of my life, and I am thankful for the relief I have found. As I mentioned, we now live on a five-acre piece of property, which has been the ideal setting for my healing. Being here, stashed away from the world during the months and years of the pandemic, spending time alone with myself, day in and day out, has allowed me to heal on levels that I didn't know were possible.

I still have my disease, and I still live with chronic pain, plus all the sensory and vision issues I had when I was on the pharmaceuticals, but everything is far more manageable now. I have genuine hope that they will continue to lessen over time. I've come to realize that if I continue on my journey of using mother nature and her powers to fix things, there really is no limit to how much I can heal.

As hippy dippy as it sounds, I have fully bought into the idea that naturally managing my health is a far better way to go. I've begun putting together my "healing team"—a group of professional people with likeminded views on how to manage one's health, who know me, know my story, and know my goals. So far, I have an amazing naturopathic doctor (Dr. Ed rocks), a phenomenal dentist (fun fact, pharma can cause massive tooth decay), a chiropractor, and a massage therapist who performs pure magic with her hands and smells delicious. I'm still looking for an acupuncturist and may find a few other fields of healing that I need to incorporate into the roster, but having flown solo for the past six years, it is nice having people in my corner again.

I haven't had an MRI since breaking-up with my neurologist in 2015, so I don't have "scientific evidence" that I am better, but I can assure you, I am. I'm better than I ever hoped I could be. I'm still working the kinks out of my routines and diet. As things heal and other issues arise, I make adjustments. From years of chronic constipation to a run-in with severe anemia (common with autoimmune diseases, and I've always been anemic) to my current visit with small intestinal bacterial overgrowth (SIBO), I shift foods and occasionally supplements, to help my body run as well as it can.

I'm slowly working more significant cardio back into my life (hello, hiking!) to increase my heart's strength and help my lungs begin to heal. Now that I have eliminated combusting cannabis almost entirely by using my infused oils, healthy edibles (weed gummy worms and cannabis-infused granola are my favorite) and pot powder (ground up decarboxylated weed I put in my morning smoothie), I figure it's time to give my lungs a bit of love.

Beyond not doing my lungs anymore harm, each of these methods allows me to use more of the plant, which is called full spectrum. It provides me with incredible pain relief and a level of mental clarity that I thought was gone from my life. It means I use all of the plant, wasting less of what we work so hard to grow.

The plan is to add some serious elevation to our future. As we hike, I will breathe in as deeply as I can to clean out all of the toxins. I'm healing shit left and right over here.

Basically, my Mustang looks bright and shiny. She's ready to purr.

When I started out on this journey, I didn't know whether managing my disease without pharmaceuticals was possible. I didn't know if I could manage my shit without pills and needles. But now that I do know, I can't help but share.

Because I wish I had known.

Honestly, if someone had told me back then that instead of heading to the infusion center to heal myself, I should head out for a hike, I don't know that I would have believed them.

If someone had said, "Clean up your diet, quit drinking, get a divorce, and get out in nature, then you will feel significantly better", I don't know if I would have listened. I know the ones around me (my family and friends) wouldn't have bought into the whole "naturally managing a disease" thing either.

Despite my lifelong aversion to medication, I waived because this seemed different. Everyone was in support of pharmaceuticals, and I was led to believe that I needed them to survive. I sure as fuck wanted to survive. So really—what other choice did I have? Looking back at it in this light, it seems almost obvious that I would have gone down the path I did. But I still wish I had known.

My husband and I are in the process of opening a cannabis retreat and educational center, where others can come to learn about using plants as medicine and how to grow plants of their own. The goal for Camp Sunshine is to have cannabis-friendly events and classes (small, weed-friendly musical concerts, weed-infused yoga sessions, cooking with cannabis, or a beginner's class on growing weed). The plan is to have campsites, and eventually small cabins, on our property where visitors can come chill, heal, and learn in a quiet, safe place.

I am currently working on my cookbook, my husband I have begun a podcast (Weeding Through Life - available on Spotify) and I hope to resurrect regular contributions to the blog (bbhwithms.com) again soon. If you would like to know more about my diagnosis and my years on pharmaceuticals, I encourage you to read *Segway into My New Life: A Book About a Diagnosis*, available on Amazon. It's a raw look at what it was like, being the mom to three young children (ages five, seven, and nine) and being told I would have this new label for the rest of my life. In keeping with my general outlook on life, I approached this new hurdle with humor and optimism. From deciding what kind of underwear is appropriate for a spinal tap to learning how to shoot-up an orange—I spill the tea on what it was like to be diagnosed with MS. From the sheer terror of the unknown, to the tears of loneliness and the small triumphs of learning how to navigate life with my new found disabilities—you are along for the ride as I set out to redefine my life.

As for my more recent activities, I have voraciously documented my journey over the past six years on Instagram ([@bbhwithms](https://www.instagram.com/bbhwithms)), much to my children's chagrin. From my very first visit to the pot shop, to buying Camp Sunshine and having our first ever events here at the property, to our own wedding in 2018—it's on "the gram". I encourage you to check it out.

There is also my blog, bbhwithms.com, which I began in 2013. It's a lifestyle blog (how I live life with my MS), and it has a ton of multiple sclerosis information within its walls. It has some gems like "My Naked 911 Call" and "Wearing Diapers in My Skinny Ass Jeans", and even a post about making a booty call after my marriage had dissolved. But, mixed in with the humor, dabbled amongst the many opportunities to laugh with me, are valuable life lessons on how to live with ease despite this crazy disease.

I took a healing hiatus and haven't written in a few years, but I have a goal of writing weekly again. Truthfully, I am hoping that writing this chapter for this wonderful book about naturally managing ones' multiple

sclerosis will be the spark that I need to follow through with that goal. Between our continued journey to make Camp Sunshine all that I have dreamed about, growing lots of weed and hemp, my husband trying out retirement, and the constant antics that just seem to arise in our lives, I have plenty of words and life experiences to share.

Being diagnosed with an incurable disease has turned out to be one of the best things that has happened to me. It allowed me to clean up my act, purge the bullshit from my life, and live a genuinely happy life, despite my disease. My children (now twenty-five, twenty-three, and twenty-one) are amazing human beings—strong, smart, and funny, but most importantly, kind. They've learned empathy. I learned I'm strong. I learned to be creative in my pursuit of doing things despite my limitations and to let humor guide me through life. I have found an unwavering faith in myself and my path.

I am back in control, I know can get through anything, and it feels fucking fantastic.

FINAL NOTE

"Before you heal someone, ask him if he is willing to give up the things that made him sick." -Hippocrates

As we reach the end of this book, I hope these stories have not only inspired you but also encouraged you to take a moment to reflect on your own life. The purpose of this book has been to shine a light on aspects that deserve recognition and change. It's not just about MS or autoimmune diseases; it's a call to awareness, an invitation to slow down and reevaluate our lives.

Our ancestors had wisdom we can learn from, and with today's technology and knowledge, we can create a healthier, more harmonious world, instead of heading down a destructive path. It's as simple as pausing to take a deep breath, enjoying the smell of flowers, and appreciating the beauty that surrounds us.

We hope you've found this book to be a valuable guide. In closing, remember that while healing isn't guaranteed, it's always within reach. The life you choose to lead is firmly in your hands. Join us on **www.BeatingMultipleSclerosis.com** to explore all the limitless possibilities together.