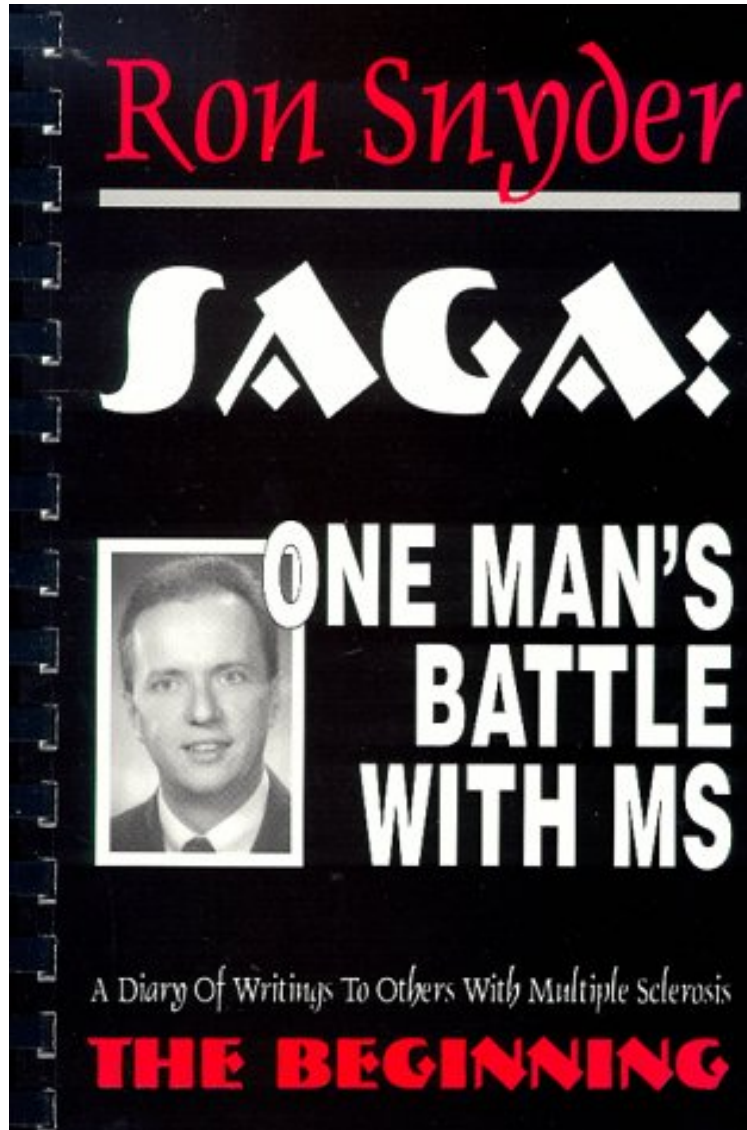


(Read free ebook) SAGA: One Man's Battle With MS

SAGA: One Man's Battle With MS

Ron Snyder

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Ron Snyder : SAGA: One Man's Battle With MS before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised SAGA: One Man's Battle With MS:

"Saga: One Man's Battle With MS" was four years of computer writings in a multiple sclerosis forum on the CompuServe Computer Service by Ron Snyder, beginning with his diagnosis of the chronic/progressive illness. Readers are able to travel day by day with the author as he experiences the illness and seeks to accept it on a day-at-a-

time basis.

When I first arrived in the MS Section (of CompuServe's Disabilities Forum), Ron was here to warmly greet me. I did not know how to send a message nor did I know what reaction I would receive to my presence, questions or thoughts. Ron's friendly and accepting attitude helped me feel comfortable and welcome. A chronic progressive form of Multiple Sclerosis intruded upon Ron's life and touched all the members of his family. Through his messages, Ron has left a blueprint of how he has managed to cope with his feelings, his family, his finances, his frustrations and his future. The battle Ron faces has only just begun. I have found inspiration in his continuing determination to make it though each day. Perhaps you will be able to relate to instances in Ron's messages that will allow you to know that you are not alone in your anger, fears, and concerns created by a disease that carries with it NO absolutes. In the (pages of SAGA) Ron has eloquently shared how he has worked through many crises, events and trials in his adjustment to living with Multiple Sclerosis. -- Merle Spector, Section Leader

About the Author Ron Snyder was an award-winning newspaper publisher/editor from the early 70s and later created and operated a graphic design/advertising agency from 1982 until he became disabled by multiple sclerosis in 1991. At that time of his diagnosis with the illness he was a certified district lay preacher, president of a regional advertising club, owner-operator of two businesses, and much more. He has accepted his limitations and continues on a daily basis to help others like himself.

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Donna took me for Walk #2 this evening and I lade on the couch like a dead man for several hours. I stopped on the roadway to shoot a couple baskets with the boys. I was hilarious. I couldn't do a jump shot. I tried several times. I'd bend to jump, but couldn't get my feet off the concrete. I still think I can jump, but it was the fear of the landing that kept me on the ground...I think. I'm not ready for broken bones, scratches or any more wounds to my ego. :-)

I made two or three tiny jumps in our living room last night after talking to Donna about my desire to shoot a REAL basket with Joey. The first one excited me. "I knew you could do it," Donna said with a smile. As we neared the end of the road into our subdivision from church today we spotted Joey shooting baskets street side. (He'd rode his bicycle to church since the weather is so beautiful here today.) Donna stopped to tell him to come home and clean his room before playing today. I told her to wait a minute. I got out of the van and had Joey hold my cane. I made a tiny little jump and sunk the basketball into the net. Yeah!!! It was great! I did it again. Then I moved back a few more feet. The ball rolled around the rim and over the side. Joey told me I was near "the three point mark" he and his buddies had scratched onto the road. I backed up to the line and shot again. I hit the rim, haha. Joey walked me back over to the van and I got in for the ride home. I'm pooped, but feeling VICTORIOUS. Haha. I also left the scooter in the van during church today. I walked in with Donna's hand and my cane. The little old ladies all smiled and told me how wonderful it was to see me walking. (They don't understand that the scooter allows me to conserve energy, but that's okay.) I'm just about ready for a nap now after my goofing around, but a rest after lunch might be enough for now. We'll see. Haha. If I try Sarah's "jump rope" I'll be sure to let you all know assuming I could survive it. Haha. (Seriously, that's too much for me.) Okay, now I'm ready to retire from stressed basketball, too. Whew. Ron Snyder, Smiling and having a blast. (It might be the steroids or the Ritalin. I'd rather think it was you folks and God.)

Sun, Mar 6, 1994, 3:07:14 PM I understand your comments on fatigue. I've been living with it for the past two years. The scooter and power chair are the only things I've found to help me, other than plenty of rest. Ritalin -- an early morn dose -- has been helping me keep my eyes open through the day lately. I stayed up way too late last night and grumped when the alarm clock was ringing this morn. "I'm not going to Sunday School this morning," I told Donna. "I need the sleep." I had a real crummy feeling. I thought I could sleep it off. I remembered to take my Ritalin tablet. Within ten minutes I was up and showering. Off we went to Sunday School. I had a blast. I am tired now, but still awake. I plan to lay down in front of the tv soon. Ron Snyder P.S.: I kid the fellows in my church class that I often find I have no periods in my sentences when taking Ritalin. Yak, yak, yak. One told me I should do sermons now. :-)

I told him I'd probably fall over at the pulpit and still keep talking. If you try any of that stuff (Ritalin, or other similar tablets) be cautious. Your congregation might think they're in for an all night revival. Wed, Mar 16, 1994, 3:47:21 PM WELCOME TO THE SECTION WITH ALL OF US MSers, FAMILY MEMBERS AND FRIENDS. Okay, that's enough yelling for me. It wears me out too fast. I've been diagnosed about two years this month. Already I am chronic progressive, so my life has changed quite dramatically. I still get out for a good meal on occasions, aggravate my wonderful wife, Donna, and our children, Joey and Sarah. (They're both out jumping on Sarah's new trampoline this afternoon. I might try it this weekend. Haha. (Do you remember seeing Rodney Dangerfield do a Triple Lindey -- or something like that -- in one of his movies a couple years ago? I'm ready for that off the trampoline. Haha.) I'm an old (43) retired ad man. I allowed my business to be merged with another in Jan. 93 and I'm close to finishing negotiations with my partner to buy our 50 percent out. His buyout at this point consists of paying me most of what he owes me from the original merger and getting our home released from two commercial loans. Donna and I are resigned to releasing ownership of the remaining 50 percent of the stock to get away from him and the deal. :-)

I used to chalk up sour business experiences as more "education." I feel at a point now where I want no more of that kind of "education." If I were my old self I think I'd want to go kick his butt. Haha. Actually, I'd be out trying to hustle up so much new business he wouldn't have time to think for months. I can sense that I'm starting to think bitter about that part of my life

today. I'll say a prayer from him and changed my rambling to a different subject. :-) MS is not a kind disease for the dozens of wonderful people I've met in the past two years. We all have our own burdens. Mine is not unpleasant at all when I surrender it to God. Some days I want to TAKE CHARGE. That's most always a mistake for me. (In fact it IS always a mistake when I attempt to do that nowadays. My diagnosis came after I awoke one morning with full body numbness (except for a tiny strip across my eyebrows). How did yours come about?