Being Kind to Me

March 22, 2018 By Lisa Vento Nielsen

In keeping with my promise to myself, I have been focusing more on self-care and on being kind to myself. What does it mean to be kind to myself? It means I am not beating myself up anymore about things I cannot control or do much about in terms of finances, stamina and just whatever else can come up.

I do want to do so much and I still plan on doing it but in pieces and much less showy. I also am still very active on my Instagram, despite initially thinking I would not be. Insta is really kind of my lifeline, my connection to others who have walked my walk and who can understand how I feel.

I have been slightly more social of late, too with some parties and events I have attended. That is all great but as we all know, sleep is impacted by the aftereffects and current effects of treatments/medications so I have been more tired and also trying to manage out my time effectively. I want to enjoy more with my kids and focus on all of my blessings — the fact that as far as I know I am NED and that last year at this time, I was just wishing I could survive chemotherapy and be considered “normal” again.

Now, though, is the wisdom that I cannot be “normal” again — though I see myself as still being “me” I am not the me I would have been had my plot twist of cancer not hit me right in the middle of chapter 39 of my book of life. Instead, though, I am starting to love this new me, this creature who knows what to do though I forget often enough that I need to remind me to be nicer to myself, to know what I need to let go of to say fuck it all when my bank account goes red to not fear tomorrow or to think about how to handle tomorrow but instead to enjoy and think about today.

Unfortunately, no one knows what tomorrow will bring but when your yesterdays are full of chemo, surgeries and learning this new vocabulary of cancer, you kind of learn that today is the shit.

So today and yesterday, my kids are home (thanks nor’easter #4 in 4 weeks!) and instead of obsessively planning out my next steps and what I want to do, I have been watching movies, cleaning & laundry (it never ends, the cleaning and laundry involved with being a mom/woman/etc.) and just enjoying my little people and my family, too.

Wednesday night, I got to fulfill a little dream by being able to walk on a runway for my kids’ school. I thought I would be one of many moms walking but I was the only mom who walked. Lately, with my new makeup skills and the use of a makeup artist, i have been feeling glam and fab — but not too big for my britches than to also post photos of me looking ridiculous and spikey!

In between Wednesday night's festivities, I have been home and reading and resting with the kids (or when they are at school, just on my own). That is my solace, my escape — I read and it is like watching movies in my head. I have wanted to write but I have been loathe to get my laptop and start going at it … today was the first day I had the urge to write.

Last year at this time, I still had 40 days left of chemotherapy treatments… I refuse to get down about anything, though it is a challenge to keep myself focused on the positive… Check out my pics & the video of me on the catwalk and let me know what you think! I had always wanted to model something and this dress was perfect for me and my one boob-situation — you cannot even tell! Some of the women there were telling me how brave I was to model and I was like, "sister, I had a boob cut off, this doesn't take much bravery!" … This is what I do in the time between…

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