# Lemon Martini With a Twist of Letting Go

I've always detested the saying 'Turn lemons into lemonade.' I don't like lemonade. Turning lemons into a lemon martini fits me better.

August 22, 2021 By Megan-Claire Chase

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I've always detested the saying, "turn lemons into lemonade." I don't like lemonade. A friend from the high school days came up with turning lemons into a lemon martini because that fits me better. I wholeheartedly agree.

I know it has been a few months since I last posted something original. Some good things have happened during this hiatus. Heck, I'll even say some great things have happened! Unfortunately, some truly sad and upsetting things have happened too.

Is it possible to get through a month without trauma, sadness, rage, disappointment and frustration? I'm continuously thrown into the depths of despair because I expect too much of people and get hurt when they don't show up the way I thought they would. The more I talk openly about race, the more I see the true colors of so-called friends who I never dreamed would have a racist bone in their body. I have officially lost the ability to trust and be vulnerable with people. When I say people, I am referring to white people because I only have four black true friends.

Of course, I know not every white friend will let me down, but I can literally feel my cloak of armor wrapping me tighter to fend off the possibility of hurtful words. To this day, I am most surprised by the racism within the cancer community. I naively thought the cancer space would be free from that kind of bullshit but sadly it's not.

The more I keep trying to be my authentic self, the more alone and isolated I feel. I often feel like the only single person on this planet.

I no longer feel like a warrior.

I no longer feel strong.

I no longer feel hopeful.

This world continues to be so cruel and oppressive. I'm desperately trying to let go of past and current hurts and let offensive and racist words roll off my protective cloak. The harsh truth is

there will never be relief while in this skin because racism will never end. It seeps into everything.

Until next time,

Megsie

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