Nut-Meg Rises Again

All this to say, that even in a serious depressive state, my nuttiness always tends to poke through.

January 12, 2020 By Megan-Claire Chase

Just when I'm teetering on the brink of a nervous breakdown, something hilarious happens that snaps me back. I had originally written a woeful post but deleted it after yesterday's hilarity. Let me set the scene of what happened and why I'm in better spirits.

I've been under more stress than usual since the last few days of 2019 and the beginning of 2020 due to my health and an unexpected death in my family. My body tends to do something crazy to rebel against stress. As usual, it's always something spectacularly visual. This time a blood vessel popped in my left eye. Oh, my eye! My eye!

Seriously though, the fact it doesn't hurt is the only reason I'm not going totally bonkers or even crying. I was and still am rather pissed, but my body no longer handles stress well.

It is highly noticeable and looks quite hideous. I've already had people at work asking what happened and a cashier at a store ask too. For once, I'm avoiding looking at my face. I couldn't wear big sunglasses today because it was extremely overcast and raining.

So, my hair appointment had to be rescheduled because this particular natural hair dye I must use, due to being allergic to certain ingredients, did not arrive in time. Well, since I'm looking crazy, I was perfectly calm and said to call me once it has arrived and I'll reschedule. My feathers weren't ruffled. I love Tiramisu Salon and have been going to them for almost 13 years.

Since I was out, I decided to get my mail. I usually check my mail once a week because I hate having to get out of the car often due to pain. I had a lovely surprise when I checked my mailbox.

It was this gorgeous French beret. I thought a friend had sent it since I have so many amazing, thoughtful and generous friends who love to send surprises. I had posted on my personal FB page about it, asking who sent it so I could thank them.

I was checking my wish list on Amazon to see if I could find a clue as to who sent me this stunning hat. Well, I totally forgot I ordered the hat off Amazon with Christmas money weeks ago!!! So, I surprised MYSELF!!! I literally have zero memory ever ordering it. So, it's times like this where residual chemo brain comes in handy.

Should I send myself a thank you note?

All this to say, that even in a serious depressive state, my nuttiness always tends to poke through. I'm relieved I can still crack myself up even when the darkness tries to suffocate me. I was given the nickname Nut-Meg when I was 14 years old. Proud to say the nickname still fits.

Even through major stress, chronic pain, a popped blood vessel and grieving over my uncle, I can still find humor and channel my inner Bette Davis. I'm relieved the essence of me is something that breast cancer and this post-cancer insanity can never diminish.

Until next time,

Warrior Megsie

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