Rage Runneth Over

Though I've had many truly amazing and exciting things happen this year, there's still the stress of living in a divided country.

December 7, 2020 By Megan-Claire Chase

I have really neglected my blog which upsets me because it is one of my major coping mechanisms to keep pushing forward in this insane world. Writing is a way to gauge my mental health. That aside from a busy work schedule due to my full-time job, multiple freelance jobs, and volunteering for multiple events last month, I did not make the time to write out my thoughts.

I am sure I am not the only one who sometimes packs their schedules so much that it leaves no time for self-care. I know I intentionally did not make the time to write.

I did not want to feel.

I did not want to think.

I did not to acknowledge anything.

Today is the first time in a while where I am not obligated to attend a Zoom or run errands. I honestly do not want to write out the flood of thoughts that have been whirling in my head for the past few months. Writing it down will make it real.

The darkness.

The sadness.

The hurt.

The rage.

I am currently taking a six-week journaling class through a young adult cancer group to help process and release some of these thoughts and feelings. In this class, we are given a prompt and journal whatever feelings arise, then write feedback to what we wrote, and then share with the class. I took it last year and loved it. However, this year is different. Though I've had many truly amazing and exciting things happen this year (see my About page),the stress of living in a divided country where I've had racist encounters and racists comments directed toward me in places I thought were safe has thrown me into the sunken place—if you watched the Jordan Peel movie Get

Out, you'll understand that reference.

So, I wrote just a snippet about the rage that is boiling over within me and read it out loud to the class. There was the uncomfortable silence one gets when talking about race to a sea of white faces. The journaling therapist asked for everyone to hold some space for me and give words of support. Though I get what she was trying to do, it only made me more upset because no one was being authentic, except for the one guy in there who I talk to on a regular basis.

To this day, I remember posting my blog piece from last year called Cancer and Race in one of the lobular breast cancer groups. A white woman responded, "Race has no place in the cancer space." I have never forgotten how her ignorant comment gut punched me. Then I think about talking with other people in other cancer organizations and one of the first things typically said is, "We work with black organizations that we can connect you with." Why does my color make you so nervous and uncomfortable?

I am never seen as just a writer, speaker, cancer survivor, chronic illness haver, or patient advocate. Add the word Black in front of each one and that is how people see me first. Always.

If I want to be part of Black only groups or organizations, I know where to go. It is beyond insulting when a white person tries to segregate me, especially within the cancer space. Stop trying push square MEG into a round hole. It cannot be done. Ever.

Why can't anyone see ME?

Until next time,

Warrior Megsie

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