Reflections from my heart



I love what this person meant to me. I don’t need to chase him or her, wait for them or erase them. If life brings us back together, I’ll deal with that when it happens.

I didn’t choose this disability.
I didn’t choose the pain, or the things I can no longer do for myself.

What hurts even more is hearing people complain about helping me, especially when I’m right there and can hear them.

I miss the independence I used to have. I wish I could wave a magic wand and take away the pain, the disability, and the attitudes that come with needing help.

Needing help doesn’t make me less capable, less worthy, or less human.
I’m doing the best I can with a life I never asked for.

You suffer more from the story you repeat in your mind than from the event itself. Let it go and become free.

It’s okay to grieve the things you used to be able to do. But your worth isn’t measured by what your body could do then—it’s in how you keep showing up now. Be gentle with yourself, celebrate the small wins, and remember: different doesn’t mean less.

Sometimes you have to give your mind somewhere else to go. Focus on a song, a show, a good memory, a conversation, or simply your breathing. The pain may still be there, but you don't have to let it take up every thought. One moment at a time. One distraction at a time. You're getting through it.

I made it through physical therapy even though I was in pain, and I'm choosing to count that as a win. It may seem small to someone else, but I know how hard it was for me. Today, I showed up, pushed through, and gave myself credit for trying. One step at a time, I'm moving forward.

To all of those who have passed away:

I wish I could be where you are,
but for now, I'll stay here.
I'll let myself miss you
without letting the missing take me.

I can cry. I can be angry.
I can wish things were different.
And still, I can take one more breath,
one more step, one more day.

Loving you doesn't mean
I have to leave this life to find you.
For now,
I carry you with me.

Sometimes it feels like people don’t truly care about those of us living with disabilities. They don’t understand what it’s like until they’re in our shoes. And honestly, it gets exhausting having to constantly speak up just to be heard. We deserve to be listened to, respected, and included—not pushed aside because our needs are inconvenient.

You may not feel like you're at your strongest right now—and that's okay. 🤍

Remember, you've already made it through so much. Even on the days when you feel tired, overwhelmed, or unsure, you are still moving forward.

Be gentle with yourself. You don't have to be strong every moment to be strong overall.

One day, you'll look back and realize just how much this chapter changed you. You'll come out on the other side stronger, wiser, and more resilient than you ever imagined.

Keep going. You're doing better than you think. 🌱

Sometimes I wish I had a magic wand to make the pain disappear. 🪄

Needing more help in a wheelchair is hard to get used to. I miss the independence I once had, and some days are just really frustrating.

But I'm learning that needing help doesn't make me weak. I'm still me—I'm just learning to navigate life differently. ❤️

Self Advocacy:

My voice, my choice, my life, my rights, my empowerment.

Some days feel heavier than others, but that doesn't mean you're not making progress. 🌱

You don't have to have everything figured out today. Take life one moment, one breath, one small step at a time. Even when you can't see how far you've come, you're still growing.

Keep believing in yourself. Better days don't always arrive loudly—sometimes they begin quietly, with simply choosing to keep going. 💛✨

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She’s laughing, chatting, full of light,
Bubbly and bright, everything feels right.
Then suddenly, without a warning,
The tears come crashing, night replacing morning.

She hurts, she cries, then finds her way,
And somehow smiles again the next day.
But the cycle comes, again and again—
A battle invisible to most, but real within.

Bipolar and depression aren’t just words we say,
They’re real battles someone may face every day.
So when her sunshine turns into rain,
Offer compassion—not judgment or blame.

People with disabilities are often underestimated simply because we communicate, move, or do things differently. Please don't assume that because someone needs a caregiver or receives assistance, they are incapable of speaking for themselves or making their own decisions. We have thoughts, opinions, feelings, goals, and voices of our own.

Talk to us—not around us. Ask us—not just the person helping us. Include us in conversations and decisions that involve our lives. Needing support does not mean we need someone to speak over us. We are people first, and we deserve to be heard, respected, and given the opportunity to speak for ourselves.

Sometimes I question whether moving was the right decision because I have less help now, especially with only one caregiver supporting three roommates. It can be challenging, and I'm still adjusting to having to be more independent in certain areas. At the same time, I'm trying to focus on the positive side of the move. It has given me an opportunity to grow, learn new ways of doing things, and become more confident in myself. I know it isn't perfect, but I'm taking it one day at a time and trying to make the best of where I am while also recognizing that my needs for support are important.

A new week. A new chapter. A fresh opportunity to begin again. ✨

I'm leaving behind what I can't change and stepping into what's ahead with an open heart. I may not know exactly where this chapter will take me, but I know I'm ready for something new.

Here's to choosing joy, getting out of my comfort zone, making memories, and reminding myself that there is still so much life left to live. 💛

New week. New chapter. New possibilities. 🌻

I went to a water park today, which is something I wouldn't normally do, especially being in a power wheelchair. But getting out of the house, trying something different, and enjoying myself is so good for my mental health.

My voice matters. I don’t need to shrink myself to make others comfortable. I can speak up, set boundaries, and stand firm in what I deserve. I don’t need permission to advocate for myself. I trust myself, I know my worth, and I will not let intimidation silence me.

I’ve always been someone who gets both nervous and excited when life changes. Part of me wants to hold on to what feels familiar, while another part is curious about what’s waiting on the other side. I’m learning that it’s okay to feel both at once—to be scared, excited, and hopeful all together. Maybe that’s what growing really looks like. ❤️

I’m proud to be a mental health advocate—using my voice to break the stigma, encourage honest conversations, and remind people that asking for help is a sign of strength, not weakness. 💙

I knew Dolly Parton was a legendary singer, songwriter, and storyteller—but I didn’t realize she also wrote children’s books. ❤️ What a beautiful reminder that Dolly’s gift for storytelling reaches far beyond music. She truly had a way of putting a little more magic into the world.

I love that Dew Carey says "Take care of your mental health. Love you" at the end of the Price is Right.

A reminder that you never truly know what someone is carrying behind a smile. Check in on the people you love. Listen without judgment. Be kind. And if you're struggling, please know that you don't have to face it alone.

Your life matters. Your story matters. You matter. 💛

I don’t like how people recommend something before trying it themselves. They should try whatever they are recommending first before recommending it.

It’s important to be an advocate for yourself and for others, but it’s just as important to have someone who advocates for you.

Sometimes, being your own voice can be exhausting. We all need someone who will listen, stand beside us, speak up when we need support, and remind us that our voice matters.

Advocacy isn’t just about speaking up for others. It’s also about making sure no one feels like they have to face everything alone. 💙

🌿 When an intrusive thought pops up...

Sometimes the harder we try to make an intrusive thought stop, the louder it seems to get. Instead of fighting it, try this:

✨ Pause. Take a slow breath.
✨ Name it. "This is an intrusive thought. It's just a thought, not a fact."
✨ Let it pass. You don't have to figure it out or respond to it. Imagine it like a cloud floating through the sky. ☁️
✨ Redirect. Focus on what's happening around you—something you can see, hear, or feel.

And remind yourself:

"I hear you, but I'm not engaging with you."

You don't have to believe every thought your mind gives you. You can acknowledge it, let it pass, and choose where you put your attention. 💛

I'm better at being honest and being realistic. I am a little positive. I have to trust I'm on the right path and stop being hard on myself. When I'm struggling I write to feel better and also helping others at the same time makes me feel good.

Having a disability doesn't mean my voice matters any less. Sometimes I feel like people listen only when it's convenient for them, rather than truly hearing what I'm trying to say. But honestly, everyone deserves to be listened to—not just when it's easy, but because their thoughts, feelings, and experiences matter.

Listen to people. Hear them. Respect them. Disability should never be a reason to overlook someone's voice.

Some days feel like a roller coaster—up, down, and everything in between. Anxiety and depression can make it hard to trust that things will ever feel steady again. But feelings change, even when they feel permanent. Be gentle with yourself, take it one moment at a time, and remember: a difficult season is not the whole story. There is still hope ahead, even on the days you can’t see it yet.

Do what makes you happy.
Life is too short not to.

Healing the Heart

Little by little,
the ache grows light.
What once felt broken
learns to hold the light.

Time doesn’t erase—
it teaches us to mend,
until the heart feels whole
and begins to love again.

Being in a wheelchair has changed so much for me. Losing the ability to do things I once did independently and needing more help from caregivers can be incredibly hard. Some days are frustrating, but I’m also deeply grateful for the people who show up, help me, and remind me that accepting help doesn’t make me weak.

♿ Accessibility isn’t just about having a ramp. It’s about having the freedom to live.

As someone who uses a power wheelchair, I know how something as simple as a blocked ramp, narrow doorway, or inaccessible bathroom can turn an ordinary day into a struggle.

I’m not asking for special treatment.
I’m asking for the same opportunity to live, participate, and belong. ❤️

Accessibility is dignity.
Accessibility is independence.
Accessibility is freedom.

#AccessibilityMatters
#DisabilityAwareness
#InclusionMatters
#AccessibilityForAll

🚨 READ THIS BEFORE YOU KEEP SCROLLING.

You are not lazy.

You are not "too sensitive."

You are not falling behind.

You might just be mentally exhausted from carrying things nobody else can see.

Stop expecting yourself to function at 100% when your mind is running on empty.

Rest without guilt.
Say no without explaining.
Take a step back when you need to.
Ask for help when it gets too heavy.

Taking care of your mental health isn't weakness. It's maintenance. 🧠🤍

Save this for the day you forget.
And send it to someone who needs the reminder.

Outgrowing People

Nobody talks about the grief that comes with outgrowing people.

Sometimes nobody did anything wrong. You just changed. Your boundaries changed. Your priorities changed. You started wanting different things.

You can miss someone and still know they're no longer meant to be in your life.

Not every ending needs a villain.

Sometimes growing means grieving people you thought would grow with you.

It's okay to love someone, appreciate what they meant to you, and still choose to move forward without them.

We are lucky to be alive
even if we are going through
a hard, challenging time

Let it go and let things be.

Focus on now, not what once was.

Affirmation

I am worthy of peace, love, and good things. I trust myself, I honor my journey, and I believe that everything I need will come to me at the right time. I release what I cannot control and choose to move forward with confidence, grace, and hope. I am becoming the person I am meant to be, one day at a time. And so are you.

I’m happy electric bikes are going to have facial recognition to crack down on young people riding them. My nephew’s friend was killed by riding one and he was only 13 years old.

I’m incredibly fortunate to have had a 15-year friendship with someone who meant so much to me before he passed.

Life is short, and we never know how much time we have. Tell the people you love that you love them. Appreciate them, cherish them, and don’t wait for tomorrow to say what’s in your heart.

Tomorrow is never promised.

There’s always one time for
something to happen.
Never a dull moment.

There is a lot of social media anxiety over how many views, likes and followers you have. As long as you have helped and reached at least one person the post on social media has done its job. It's not about popularity, it's about shining your light and helping people.

It’s hard to keep putting on a brave face when I’m in pain, especially when I feel like people don’t want to be around me or see me when I’m struggling. It’s even harder when I feel pressured to get better and go back to the person I used to be. I’m trying my best, but healing isn’t something I can just rush.

We recharge our phones more
than we recharge our bodies.

I didn’t realize dementia could affect people at a younger age. It’s heartbreaking to learn that early-onset dementia can happen before the age of 65. It’s a reminder that memory loss and cognitive changes aren’t always just a part of getting older, and that awareness and support really matter.

When it comes to the people and pets I've lost, I find comfort in knowing that even though they're no longer physically here, they're always with me—in my heart, in my memories, and in all the little pieces of life they left behind.

Maybe someone stays on your mind because, somewhere deep down, your heart knows there's still something unfinished. Not every lingering thought is a coincidence. Sometimes, it's the feeling that the story hasn't reached its final chapter yet.

I don’t like when people say, “I wouldn’t have done that,” as if they know exactly what they would do in my situation. You’re not me, you don’t know what I was dealing with, and you didn’t have to make the choice I did. It’s easy to judge from the outside when you’re not the one living it.

How is someone who uses a wheelchair supposed to get a mammogram when even hospital staff can't safely help them?

Accessible healthcare means more than ramps and accessible parking. People who have disabilities need equipment, trained staff, and facilities that can actually accommodate us safely.

Preventive care is healthcare. People who have disabilities deserve access to it, too—without having to fight for it.

Sometimes mental health struggles don’t look like sadness.

Sometimes they look like being tired all the time, canceling plans, overthinking everything, or becoming quiet because explaining how you feel feels impossible.

You can look completely fine and still be fighting battles nobody knows about.

And that’s something people don’t talk about enough.

You Don’t Have to Be Okay Every Day

Sometimes taking care of your mental health doesn’t look like being positive, productive, or having everything figured out.

Sometimes it looks like getting out of bed when you really don’t want to.

Sometimes it’s canceling plans because you need quiet.

Sometimes it’s crying, resting, taking a shower, going for a drive, or simply making it through the day.

And sometimes you don’t even know exactly what’s wrong. You just know that you’re tired.

That’s okay.

You don’t have to justify your feelings for them to be real. You don’t have to compare your struggles to someone else’s. And you don’t have to pretend you’re okay just because someone else thinks you should be.

Shine your light and spread love and joy.

My Best Friend

I miss waking up in the morning to my dog giving me kisses, that little reminder that someone was always there, ready to start the day with me. Those moments may have seemed ordinary at the time, but now I realize just how special they were.

She wasn't just my dog. She was my best friend. She was always there for me without judgment, without expectations, and without any of the B.S. people sometimes bring into your life. She had a way of knowing when I needed comfort, when I needed a laugh, or when I simply needed her beside me.

She might tease me in her own little way, but she never pretended to be something she wasn't. She was honest, loyal, and completely herself—and somehow, that made me feel like I could always be completely myself too.

I miss her kisses. I miss her presence. I miss those quiet mornings when having her there made everything feel a little more okay.
I always knew she was my best friend and I was lucky to be hers.

intrusive thoughts can be really unsettling, especially when your brain throws out something disturbing or completely against what you actually want.

The goal usually isn't to force the thought away. Trying to suppress it can make it come back louder. Instead:

* Label it: "That's an intrusive thought, not a plan or intention."
* Don't argue with it. You don't need to prove the thought is false or figure out what it "means."
* Let it sit there. Try: "I don't have to solve this right now."
* Bring attention back to what you're doing — your breathing, a conversation, a task, what's around you.
* Avoid reassurance/checking rituals if you notice yourself repeatedly asking "What if?" or checking whether you're a bad person. Those can reinforce the cycle.
* Take care of your nervous system: sleep, regular meals, movement, and reducing excessive caffeine can make intrusive thoughts less intense.

Did you know? Not every cat loves fish! Domestic cats evolved primarily from desert-dwelling ancestors, so fish wasn't a natural staple of their diet.

Cats communicate with humans differently than with other cats. Adult cats rarely meow at each other—but they often meow at people to communicate.

Kindness always comes back to you.

🚨 I have a question...

If you could go back and change ONE thing in your life, what would it be? I would change that I don't worry.

No explanations. Just one thing.
👀👇

Michael Jackson was often surrounded by animals, and I think there was something deeper behind that connection. Animals didn't care about fame, money, appearances, or what the world thought of him. They simply accepted him for who he was. Maybe that's why he felt so comfortable around them.

I can understand that feeling. Sometimes I feel like dogs understand me better than people do. They don't need me to find the right words or explain what I'm feeling. Somehow, they just know. They can sense when you're sad, when you need comfort, when you're happy, or when you simply need someone beside you.

There's a kind of peace in being around an animal. No judgment. No pretending. No complicated expectations. Just loyalty, affection, and a quiet understanding.

Maybe that's why some of us feel more understood by animals than by people. They remind us that sometimes being truly seen doesn't require words at all.

Michael Jackson changed music, dance, and pop culture on a global scale. Robin Williams had an improvisational energy and emotional range that was almost impossible to imitate. There can be new stars, but there won't be another Michael Jackson or another Robin Williams. ❤️

After watching Michael, I didn't realize how much his father's abuse shaped his childhood.

He forced Michael and his brothers to sing and rehearse, and when Michael spoke up, he was punished and abused.

Behind the incredible talent was a little boy who deserved to feel safe, loved, and heard.

It really made me see Michael's story differently. 💔

After watching Michael, one of the things that really stayed with me was learning more about what Michael and his brothers experienced growing up. It's easy to look at their incredible talent and success and forget that, behind it, they were still children being pushed extremely hard by their father.

Their father forced the boys to sing and rehearse, and when Michael spoke up or challenged him, he was met with abuse rather than understanding. That really changes the way you look at Michael's childhood. What may have appeared from the outside to be discipline and dedication came at a tremendous emotional cost.

It's heartbreaking to think that music, which eventually became such a huge part of Michael's life, was also tied to fear and pressure when he was a child. He was incredibly gifted, but he should have been allowed to simply be a kid —to make mistakes, speak up, and feel safe with his family.

Watching that part of his story made me see Michael differently. Behind the performer and the legend was a young boy who endured things no child should have had to endure. His success doesn't erase what happened to him, and understanding that history adds another layer to the person behind the music.

The movie Michael can be an inspiration to become independent and start your own life. The story shows how important it is to step outside of your comfort zone and discover who you really are. Sometimes, we become comfortable with the life we already have and are afraid of change, even when we know that we want something more.

Watching Michael can remind us that life is about making our own choices and taking chances. Becoming independent means learning to trust yourself, make decisions, and create a life that makes you happy. It can be scary to leave behind what is familiar, but growth often comes from doing things that challenge us.

The movie also shows that life is short and that we should appreciate the people and experiences that matter to us. It can inspire someone to stop waiting for the “perfect” moment and start living the life they want. For me, Michael represents the idea that becoming independent is not just about being on your own—it is about discovering yourself, findin

A Moonwalk Through the Night

I'll be there when the night gets cold,
Searching for the Man in the Mirror,
Trying to Heal the World
With a heart that refuses to disappear.

Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough,
Keep dancing through the Dangerous hours,
Even when you feel Bad,
Remember — you still have power.

Under the Rock with You,
Let the rhythm take you higher,
Remember the Time
When your dreams were on fire.

And if the world asks,
"Who Is It?"
Just smile and say,
This Is It.

Because You Are Not Alone—
Through every shadow, every scar,
Keep reaching for the Black or White sky,
And follow your Will You Be There heart
Until you find your Heaven Can Wait.

So Beat It down the lonely road,

Michael

Under moonlit skies, the music starts,
A silver glove, a thousand hearts.
He steps beneath the shining light,
And turns the dark into the night.

A voice that soared, a dance so free,
A legend moving gracefully.
Through every beat and every smile,
Michael made the world stop for a while.

From lonely roads to crowded stages,
His story lives across the ages.
Though time may pass and lights grow dim,
The songs still echo—belonging to him.

So let the rhythm softly play,
And remember Michael's brightest day.
A star may leave our earthly view,
But legends shine forever through.

Be free to create from the movie
“Michael.”

I learned when going back to the gym after 5 months that I should have not stopped stretching even though I was in so much pain from degenerative disc disease. Don’t stop stretching.

You may never see eye to eye with everyone, and that's okay. You don't need everyone to understand you. As long as you know what is true in your heart and stay true to yourself, that is all that truly matters. ❤️

I have a physical disability. It's sad when I have to speak up for people who have intellectual disabilities because people won't listen to them. But people will listen to me.

I have seen a lot of videos on social media where people dump their cat or dog on the side of the road and other people rescue them. That's wonderful they get rescued but it's awful people dump them. I just don't understand why people do that.

Believe in yourself. Yes, you can.

How do you enjoy the present moment when the present moment isn't the greatest? Just know it will pass and won't last forever?

Today is a good day. Everyday is a gift. Remember to think positively.

You are kind, smart and important. You deserve love and respect. Don't give up and don't say you can't do it unless you try. You will get through whatever you're going through.


Be yourself

Sometimes the hardest seasons shape us into the strongest versions of ourselves. Keep going, keep believing, and trust that brighter days are still ahead.