

Balance

A recurring theme in my life is the search for balance. Right now, that feels far away.

It started when I was diagnosed with MPN. At work, I lacked energy and felt exhausted. I called in sick. I saw reintegration as my search for a new balance, with MPN. After that, life would go on again, I thought. Stupid!

Then I discovered that this balance is not a set thing. It shifts, it depends on many factors. The situation at home with husband and children, developments in the family, like now with my father's health, everything around friends, work, and so on. The time of year also plays a role - some times I have more energy than others. Besides which, I am also getting older and medical diagnoses for other conditions are slowly piling up.

There is no one balance. Yet I seem to be searching for the right balance again, I'm still waiting to find it.

More and more, I realize that I am always pushing the boundaries and sometimes going over them. For me, that makes me feel alive. If I sit quietly behind the geraniums with a crochet piece, I am not pushing my limits. Maybe that's when I experience that balance I'm so looking for. I can still crochet when I'm 80. At the moment it does not fit who I am.

So the intention (again) is not to look for that one balance. I adjust based on how I feel, in the moment. For now, it means pulling on the emergency brake at times to regain calm and a sense of control over my body and life. My ideal balance is not a constant, but something that fluctuates with how I feel. It is something I need and want to pay attention to from time to time so as not to exhaust myself too much.

'No guts, no glory,' I often say. Life remains an adventure.

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