

Debbie's Story

by Debbie Jackson

The Poet from Kansas



**“Be my friend, take my hand, and come with me away,
leave your troubles, dream a dream, just for this one day.
Come join me on my cloud and have yourself a seat,
lift your feet, spread your wings, and join in my retreat.
My cloud is big, so just relax, and see what you can see,
look all around, feel the happiness, embracing you and me.”**

An excerpt from Debbie's poem Born to Fly

About two years ago, I found out that I had fibromyalgia (FMS), a very unfamiliar, quiet sort of affliction. I had extreme migraine headaches along with all the other muscle hurts. I was very fortunate that my doctor diagnosed me right away. He put me on a couple of medications for muscle pain and the migraines, along with a prescription for pain pills. The pain pills were easy to take to get on top of most of the pain. Plus, during this time, my mother had heart problems and needed surgery. Around the same time, my husband had kidney stones which required nine surgeries during 1999. My 12 year old son, Casey, decided to add to my load with emergency appendicitis. Just when I thought the worst had happened, my dad—whom I adore and love immensely—had a heart attack in my arms! He was the picture of perfect health so it came as a total surprise.

Everyone is in great, wonderful health now. Thank God! However, I totally ignored my health during all these hospital runs (and keeping track of who was where and when), and just popped the pills to subside the pain. I bet you can guess what happened—I was taking too many. I finally made an appointment to see a rheumatologist in August. At the time I didn't care for him much because he told me “no more pain pills or Celebrex.” That was the worst news I could get then but now I can say it was the best. I made it through all the crud that goes with withdrawal plus pain that is more than awful. In April, I started writing poetry because a friend pushed me to until I finally gave in and tried. I didn't know how or where any of my words came from other than they are from my heart and my feelings. I've been told from others that they are good. I don't agree but who am I to say, when I don't understand it myself!

During all of this, I increased my spiritual beliefs also, becoming very much involved with the Baptist Church in town since the first of the year. The pastor, his wife and sons, are very good friends to us and our 12 year old. I also have a friend, Lana, whom I have met and become close to that is also a Baptist. We all belong to antique-restored car clubs. That was how we originally met. She was reading Prayer of Jabez and I had just finished it myself. Well, that's a whole other story. As you can probably see, I love to talk! Since then, we have become extremely close. We don't live in the same town but we talk often. Incidentally, Lana has FMS so we share a lot.

Had it not been for my strength in God, I know I would not have made it through the last few years. Now for the GREAT news! I only take two medications. I also take vitamins which I read about in *Health Points*, one being a B complex. I take NO pain pills or even Tylenol®. I feel absolutely wonderful!

I thought maybe there might be someone who could benefit from my poems or something. I hope someday to see one of them in *Health Points*. I guess something is telling me to contact Margy, the editor, with them. I have never fully admitted all I've been through until now and you know what? It feels good to say it is finally all behind me. I can do anything! *David's Story* was so touching and I have read it many times. I guess the positive side is what everyone wants to hear – how you can control the pain and not let the pain control you. Thank you for listening to me – or should I say reading me!

Debbie Jackson has had several changes since her story appeared in 2002. She still calls Kansas home with her husband of three years, Sarju. Her son Casey is grown and married with a new baby on the way, and serving in Iraq. Debbie now enjoys working as a para-educator at the Middle School. She continues to write poetry. Read Debbie's update in Still Flying Free, More Debbie's Story.



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Still Flying Free

More Debbie's Story



by Debbie Jackson

With TyH's 20th anniversary coming up and the talk about “how time flies by”, it’s hard for me to believe it’s been 13 years since I found out I had fibromyalgia (FMS). **When I look at where I was then and where I’m at today, and how far I’ve come, it’s a huge miracle to me.** I can remember the day the doctor told me his diagnosis and how hopeless and fearful I felt.

There wasn't a lot about FMS at the time and suffering was to be more endured than cured. After trial and error or “pills to pop” and eventually finding my way to the right supplements to take at TyH, I'm stronger, happier, and healthier today. Fibro-Care™ is my “best buddy” and we're in for the long haul, but that's okay! I'm thankful he's around to be my buddy!



Even though I'm a bit older, I feel better today than I ever did. I know stress really contributes to the dark, vicious pain of FMS. Trying to lead stress free lives is so hard to do, especially in this fast, crazy world we live in today but that is one key to a big door that must be unlocked. I've learned that you have to let a lot of things go and not hold on so tight, that you let that stress and pain become your focus.

A few years back, TyH published my story and I think sometimes writing your story is “the beginning”. It's the beginning to healing. I once read that the road to healing winds through pain, anguish, and many tears; tears you'll have when you have pain. Pain is one of those things that is hard to overcome but you can ease it. Be open to try what is available, read and learn how you can help yourself. Most of all, trust. Trust those that have been through what you're going through. Let them be your friend and help you.



After reading “More David's Story” in the May-August 2013 issue of *Health Points*, I feel more gratitude towards him for his story. Through his story and Margy's dedication to him, they have a company with supplements that can help in many areas of pain relief, pain management and energy boosters. What a difference they can make in many lives! What a difference they made in my life!

I think you have to look at the good things in your life and not get stuck on the bad. Shake them off and go on. Be thankful for what you have. Look forward and not backward. Just know that feeling good is something everybody wants.

And you can feel good, if you're really determined to! Do what you need to do and accept what others can do for you. Use the strength you've been blessed with and be determined to not give up... or give in. Just be sure to give.

Through faith, trust and prayer, you can be made well. Live each day with happiness and a healthy attitude. Even if you feel yucky and not-so-perky, try to reach out. Whether it's for a shoulder or to offer a helping hand, just reach out. Action is better than non-action.

As I once said in one of my poems, spread your wings... and fly free!

TyH, congratulations on your 20 years of helping others and congratulations on your success! I'm happy to have the chance to bring hope into other people's lives that might be reading my story.



Debbie Jackson continues to live in Kansas with her husband Sarju and work as a paraprofessional. She also has two more grandchildren in addition to Summer: Calden and Sage. Her first love remains English and her passion, poetry. See also Debbie's Story, The Poet from Kansas.

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