

My Acceptance

By Sharon Buchan

When asked to write one's own Eulogy so many questions ran through my mind. What were my accomplishments?

After talking with friends, they suggested I write about blindness. I was 33 years old when I heard the Doctor say I am sorry to tell you that you are going blind, but you will never be totally blind. At the same time, I could feel myself accepting this and digesting this diagnosis I also felt overwhelming fear.

I asked myself a hundred questions. How would I be able to take care of my children? Drive them to appointments? Read a recipe? Fix a meal? Then came the thought of not seeing a sunset. Or a delicate Humming bird with his long beak dipping into a Colorado Columbine.

And what about seeing my daughter walk down the aisle on her wedding day? Or seeing my husband wink at me from across the room?

I remember feeling determined to handle this challenge with all the courage and grace that I could muster up. I would not be a victim or burden. I would learn to be as independent as possible. I found solace in educating myself, in talking to social workers who ever would listen to me.

I went to the Sensory Impairment Center in Anchorage Alaska. There I learned Braille, Computer Skills and Mobility. Perhaps the most important thing I learned was not to be ashamed of being blind. And that with education, opportunity and a positive can-do attitude I could do a great deal more than I thought I could and even perhaps did more because of my blindness.

I became the president of a Organization for the Blind and felt I was really able to help others. Often flying from Alaska to Washington D.C, talking with Senators in January when congress was in session.

While still serving as president of the blind I was able to return to my first love counseling. I worked with Adolescence and Felons .. We then retired to Orcas Island. I learned and love sailing. Started a Gourmet Cooking Club. I also had my own pottery studio and sold much of my work at a Gallery on the Island. As one of my friends once told me when I asked him if I should pray for a miracle or pray for acceptance, "Pray for a miracle and perhaps the miracle will be your acceptance. ". I still struggle with knowing when to ask for help.

Oh wait... If you are reading this I am not on this plane, and I am not struggling anymore because in fact I am quite dead.