

## **Facebook    Refelections**

A status message from Andrew Newbury's FaceBook page on 29<sup>th</sup> November 2013

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Today marks the eighth week I've had my third ZX-10R G4. The time sometimes feels like its gone very, very quickly, at other times it's freeze frame, frozen. From a very slow start barely able to get my feet up on the pegs wobbling away from PS in Elizabeth Street to today where I'm down to ~3mm of chicken strip and rather happy about that - I'm "back". I feel better for it, I think. Hard to explain, it's complex. Over the Cup Day long weekend I quipped that it's not ideal for my foot, but it is for my head. It's been a long, strange journey and it's still not over. I'm not there yet. But I'm working on it. Both physically and mentally I'm improving. It's been hard to accept that I may not get to 100%. We think in terms of loss, the medicos think in terms of gain, what we've gained but for us it's what we've lost. Tim Emons and I have talked about this. Talking really helps, sharing the experience, talking it through. Writing seems to help too, jumbled and incoherent as it's been and probably still is. Being a member of MSR has really helped too. The visits from club members, the time they've spent, a sense of understanding of the journey that others just don't get. I guess you had to be there. Tassie had been a wonderland, the event was horrific, worse for those who were there I suspect, I have zero recollection of any of it. All I have are the photos and they look bad enough.

I think I liked wiggling my toes. I have a waking dream that I'm standing on silky soft warm sand, squeezing it through my toes, feeling the slippery powdery smoothness, feeling the warmth. I dream that I'm running, running like the wind, pounding against the ground. Flying. I don't think I can really tell you what it's like in here, can any of us? But I try. Sometimes I succeed. Sometimes I let you see glimpses, sometimes they leak out.