

My Trip Back To Me.....How I Reclaimed My Joy, Health, and Emotional Well-Being
-Jennifer Bell

CHAPTER 3

While I was going through my issues with fibroid symptoms for two years, I never cried about it or told many people about what I was going through. Most people who know me, know I'm a doer, I am always trying to figure something out or make things happen. I felt frustrated more than anything and spent most of my time reading and experimenting with nutritional adjustments instead of feeling pity for myself. My experience was difficult and challenging, but I am grateful for what I learned about myself, physically, emotional, and spiritually.

My recovery from the UFE procedure went well. I was relieved to have no more bleeding and made it a point to slow down for the next two weeks. I began training again with John Lewis from Energy Fitness in Atlanta. I went to his pool workout once a week as a low impact way to regain my strength. Gradually, I became stronger and faster than I had been in years! Flat stomach, back! Butt, back!

While I was relieved that I was healing physically, it was time to deal with how my emotional stress attributed to the intensity and possible growth of my fibroids. I understand that there may never be absolute proof of the correlation between mental stress or emotional imbalance and the cause or growth of fibroids. However; I still took this experience and the concerns of my doctor as a wake up call. I did not consider myself as an unhappy person, but I knew that I had not always served myself well with how I handled certain life circumstances. I also knew that my life was not meant to be lived in struggle or unrest. I wanted to be at peace with my past and learn how to better handle my challenges. I started taking mental notes of what was going on in my life before and during my first development of fibroids.

Out of respect for the privacy of others, I would like to tell my story without divulging names. As I thought about my life, I went back to when my first really traumatic experience took place. I was living in Miami in the mid 90's; enjoying my career, my involvement in church ministry, and having a good time with friends and Miami Beach life! What I realize now is that my relationships became challenging after the unexpected death of a loved one in 1998. He was someone with whom I had been involved with in Atlanta for a number of years. We were together for a short period of time, then only friends once we became involved with other people.

At the end of the year 1997, we had recently become single again and had reconnected over the Christmas holidays. He had planned to visit me in Miami at the end of January. I remember listening to a voice message he left one day saying he was watching a Miami Heat game and was thinking about me. I wondered why he had not called my direct phone instead of using the voice mail number. I did not call him back. A week later I received a call that he was killed in a car accident. I had never before felt the pain that I felt upon hearing the news. Not only was I incredibly distraught, I was angry at myself for not returning his call. I had an overwhelming feeling of guilt and sadness.

During this time, I was working and had to focus on choreographing and running a dance team. I managed to get through the next few days as best as possible, but it was

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difficult because no one in Miami really knew my history with this man, so I tried my best to just get through each day as stoically as possible.

After attending the funeral, I had some peace. It took a few weeks of crying constantly when alone and finally journaling my story about him for me to feel more comfort. I thought I was better and was finally all cried out. Outwardly though, for the next year, I never stayed home. When I was not working, I was out. This was easy in Miami, so I found a club or somewhere to hang out everyday. I realize now I had an “F it” attitude, to be honest. I was still going to church, dancing with the ministry, getting things done with work, but was emotionally disconnected. I had no intention of being involved in any serious relationships; no one mattered that much to me at this time. Looking back I now noticed that all the men I dealt with after my friend’s passing, were unavailable either emotionally or legally. Though I was not aware at the time, I now know that I was attracted to and attracted men who could not leave me because I didn’t really have them in the first place. I remained unaware of this until years later.

To be continued.....

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