

Here's a little story I'd like to share with you all.

I recently went through surgery that left me with scars from stitches and staples on my body. I am a very self-conscious person to begin with so these scars made a huge impact on my self-esteem. I felt abnormal, indifferent, incomplete, deformed and unattractive. Since the healing process, I've been dealing with emotions and feelings I've never felt before. Thinking I'm the only one who suffers with this disease, I felt utterly alone and that no one could understand what I'm going through. My boyfriend would often sit with me and try his hardest to help me deal with what I'm going through as I'd sit up crying for hours in the middle of the night. Although, I felt he could never understand, he stays loyal to me and continues to be my support system as does my immediate family. This disease I have is a very rare and uncommon one. Only about 1 in every 100,000 people suffer from this illness. Now that's a unique disease. IHH sufferers often feel isolated and unusual about who they are and how they fit in this world. I'm one of those very few sufferers. For a long time, I wondered what it was I did to deserve this?!?! For a long time I couldn't understand, why me? Yesterday, my girls and I went to the dentist and I explained to the dental receptionist what I was diagnosed with. I asked them if they've ever heard of it. To my surprise, they did!! One of the young ladies working there had the exact same illness as me!! Omg (Oh my God), I was so ecstatic. Finally, someone who knows what I'm going through. My heart just dropped as I learned that she is suffering from IHH and she's also in her second trimester so surgery is not an option for her. That poor girl and the agony and suffering she must be going through, just broke my heart. As we sat and talked, I formed a bond with her. We only spoke for a few minutes but I felt as if I am NOT alone. There are others like me out there!!! We talked about the pain and she asked about my procedure and the recovery. I could tell she felt just as relieved as I did knowing that neither one of us is alone anymore. She shed some tears as I explained the process and told her about the scars I was left with. Those few moments I spent with her, made me feel normal again. I felt as if I could talk with her for hours. I felt comfortable and confident just by meeting and knowing someone else out there was just like me!! Those few moments I talked with her changed my whole perspective around. I no longer see these ugly scars on my body, I see war wounds. I am fighting a battle that I have faced head on and I am currently winning. I realized that I don't need to suffer in silence no more because I did nothing to deserve this, it's just a rare disease that does not discriminate against anyone. I am normal. I am loved and I am stronger than I give myself credit for. I will take my war wounds and be proud of who I am and how far I've come in life. My mom is my rock. She prayed long and hard for me to get well. She taught me to fight. She will never give up on me and this helps me to want to live, to fight, to survive. I am a warrior. I am a fighter. I am a survivor. And I am not alone!! [#IHHsurvivor](#) [#IHHwarrior](#)

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