Dear Gillian,

I am writing to tell you about the way I was told I have MS.

It took a while for me to finally get a diagnosis. To cut a long story short I woke up one morning August 2011 with pins and needles and burning sensations in both my feet. The next day I was numb from the waist down, which took a while to dissipate. After three visits to the doctor over a few months, I was finally referred to a neurologist. This took weeks for an appointment. After this I waited even longer for an MRI scan and then another few weeks before I had an appointment for the results.

This appointment was in April 2012. A young neurologist pretty much poked me, prodded me, showed me my scans and said, 'You have MS, but it doesn't mean you'll end up in a wheelchair.'

I was in shock when I was told but probably more relieved. I had been climbing the walls not knowing what was wrong and had made myself ill with stress and anxiety (that’s googling symptoms for ya). Also, deep down I kind of knew it was MS. My grandad had the disease and it hit one of my cousins on the same side of the family.

My diagnosis actually turned out to be a blessing in disguise. I've improved my diet, taken up meditation, yoga and qi gong. I still cycle to work everyday; I work as a care/support worker in Edinburgh. I still climb the Munros in Scotland. I was up more Munros in 2013 than ever before. I've been lucky, as I don't suffer from that many symptoms apart from the occasional tremors, muscle spasms and back pain. With a positive attitude I am determined to keep it that way.

Regards,

Kevin Russell