

THE BIRTH OF FLOWERS 4 MS...

It was a nice summer day in July, 2007.

A nice warm and beautiful day!

Just like most mornings, I went outside to check the flowers in my garden and I started following a very pretty butterfly that was flying around from flower to flower.

Many times I carry the camera with me to take pictures of my flowers because I don't want to miss any new detail of them so, when I saw the first butterfly, I decided to start following her and I enjoyed looking at her while she moved from flower to flower...

Suddenly, I saw it lightly landing on one of the coneflowers that brighten one of the many islands of my garden. I moved very lightly myself, I prepared the camera and I took a shot...I was very happy with the result but, most of all, I was happy to have the opportunity to see the same butterfly every single day for weeks. She became my friend and I looked forward to my daily meetings with her.

We both didn't know that our meeting and this picture was going to become very important...

This picture became the symbol of the project of Flowers 4 MS.



It all started with this butterfly...July 16, 2007

It was August 29th of 2008.

I just had a pretty bad relapse. I had lost control over the left side of my body for the second time in only two years. I had just relived everything that happened to me the summer before, not long after taking the picture of the butterfly that became the symbol of Flowers 4 MS.

I just had 8 days of steroids and 5 days of Plasmapheresis and I was barely walking again. For more than a month, I was only able to look at the flowers in my garden while sitting in the car on the way to and from the hospital. This was the first time that I felt strong enough to make the steps necessary to get to some of my plants.

Suddenly, I saw a butterfly getting closer to the purple butterfly bush that I have in front of my house, near the white picket fence. I saw her and I forgot everything.

I forgot about what I had just gone through, I had forgotten about the days spent in the hospital and I smiled. I simply smiled. I asked my husband to run and get my camera. The butterfly never moved. She was just enjoying the pretty purple flowers and she waited for me to take her picture. I was in awe. Once again, a beautiful butterfly had the magical power to make me forget all the painful memories of another stop on my MS journey.

This butterfly became one of the cards of my Butterfly Collection in the winter of 2008/09. She will always remind me that we should never stop looking at all the small things that can bring us to smile even in the scariest, hardest and most painful moments...



August 29, 2008

Sometimes, I read stories about butterflies. Sometimes, I make my own stories and sometimes I change the story that I heard or read somewhere and I make it perfect just for myself...

I create or change the story to mention the life of a very simple and memorable butterfly...

A butterfly that brings me so much joy when she comes to my garden...then she goes away and I know that her life will soon be over but that moment...the moment that she gave me, the joy that she brought to me is so intense, so deep, so unforgettable that I say to myself that life doesn't have to be long to be special...

It doesn't have to be long, but it has to be precious and filled with simple moments like that...simple, but beautiful and unforgettable moments...and if I could bring such simple joy to others as that butterfly does to me, even with the pain that I am feeling, I would think that my life was well worth it!



April, 2007 - Italy

This chalk board was at the entrance of a restaurant in the region of Friuli, Italy, where I am from.

It says: "A butterfly doesn't count years but instants...and the brief time she has is enough for her."

I agree with this saying because I would prefer to have a short, but meaningful life than have a long and empty one.

I believed in this since I was a little girl and I continue to believe it now more than ever!