

# Life as a 20-Something

## Here Comes the Bride!

By Ilana Jacqueline



**THIS IS WHAT** my wedding day is supposed to look like: I'm wearing the perfect dress, I'm gliding down the aisle, and the only thing on my mind is getting to the other end to say my vows.

practice walking in, and I'm gratefully nodding at my maid of honor as she remembers to rip the hospital ID bracelet off of my wrist just before I'm pushed into the ceremony.

Planning to produce or even simply

lugging a swaying, hanging bag of 0.9% sodium chloride behind me?

Will I have the energy to dance my first dance? Or hold that smile for every picture when the vertigo is making me see six photographers and five more bridesmaids than I'd picked out dresses for?

It would be very easy to call off the whole thing and have a quiet, inexpensive and more flexible event. (Just the three adjectives that I wanted to describe my big day.)

And it is a "big day." But, in reality: My illness complicates every day. And whether I'm switching to online classes, holding the parties at my house, delegating chores or using a wheelchair — I've made friendships, relationships, school, jobs and holidays all work around the complications. So, why would I ever let being a bride slow me down now?

I'm here. I'm living. And, if the big day comes and I'm walking down the aisle with an IV trailing behind me, we're going to dress it up in flowers and put some vapor rub in the bouquet. It's all just part of the plan. ■

*Here comes the bride,  
Immunoglobulin levels aside,  
She's ready for the wedding,  
As long as sick guests stay outside!*

This is what my wedding day is probably going to look like: I'm frantically waving over the makeup artists to help me powder my nose after sneezing six times in a row. I'm wobbling, fatigued in high heels I didn't

attend a major event with an unpredictable illness is problematic. What if the big day comes and I'm stuck in the hospital? The clothing purchased, the deposits paid — who's to say I won't be walking down the aisle

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