Stacy Davis

FHS 1500

4/4/2013

Chapter 11-13a Assignment:

The Social Clock

This is a very interesting question, and actually a topic I address frequently on my disability blog. I grew up as a devout Mormon girl, and in that culture the “norm” is to be married shortly after high school, with children shortly after that. I planned to graduate with my bachelor’s degree by age 23. I expected to continue in my career and be working in executive management by age 30.

When I was about 19 my plans started to crumble, and the train I was on derailed. I spent 6 months in the hospital treating an eating disorder, broke up with my missionary boyfriend, and (eventually) decided to part ways with the church. The first bubble to burst was marriage. Losing my high school sweetheart put a big kink in those plans! Leaving the church also made things difficult, because without the LDS culture giving me a checklist of what to look for in a spouse, I was completely clueless as to what I was attracted to in a mate.

I also found out at that same time, while I was in the hospital, that I would never be able to be pregnant. So the next bubble to pop was the plan to have children.

I forgot about my wife and mother dreams for a while, and focused all of my attention on my career instead. I was climbing the ladder and winning awards, and running one of the largest Alzheimer’s care centers by the time I was 25. I was a “career woman” and a “workaholic” from head to toe!

When I met my future husband at age 24, I was aloof and uncommitted. I told him that work was my number one priority, and that he would have to work around that schedule. He allowed me to pursue my dreams, and part of why we fell in love, is that he allowed me to dream and build my success, without holding me back at all.

After I reached the pinnacle of my professional life, I was in a serious car accident, which has led to a series of debilitating and disabling conditions. I lost my job, and felt like my social clock was shattered.

I am very grateful I had my husband during that time, or things may have gotten so bleak that I was lost completely…

Instead, I learned to reset my clock.

I got married at 26, which turned out to be the perfect age. My husband and I have taken my health into consideration, and have plans to conceive via a surrogate around age 35.

I have built a new career life- I run a very successful advocacy blog and a surprisingly lucrative little online art and jewelry shop.

Now I have future dreams of writing and working in the political world.

My social clock now takes into consideration the fact that my condition is progressive, and that doctors believe the brain damage could continue until it is completely paralyzing. My husband and I are researching wheelchair strollers and accessible computers and adapted art tools. We are building my life around my disability, and forcing the social clock to follow.

Sometimes I feel a baby-hungry pit in my stomach, but mostly I am grateful for my supportive spouse, and the life that I have left.