

RUNNING FOR LYME DISEASE



MY STORY



Welcome to what I will hope to be a new beginning on all fronts, starting with a cure for Lyme disease.

My name is Matthew Benjamin Murray; I was born on May 8th, 1978 in Warwick, Rhode Island to Eileen Agnus Finnegan and Timothy Francis Murray.

Over the last 32 plus years I have been blessed with two amazing parents and siblings, as well as some great friends. After graduating from James Madison University in the spring of 2000, my world began to change, first there was 9-11 and that horrific day on so many accounts from my father going unaccounted for until late that evening to my friends who lost loved ones.

Soon after, my mother or Momma as I call her became ill or let's just say not herself. For a while I pretended it was no big deal, everyone goes through hard times, but I would be proven wrong.

As my Momma went in for back surgery, memories came streaming back from my little sister Sarah's incredible fight with back surgery (snowboarding accident) and how I had missed a lot of it due to going to school in Virginia. Well, soon after the surgery things did not get better for my Momma, and after some divine guidance my parents went to Kansas to find out what was really wrong.

The long of the short, she was diagnosed with Lyme disease, as well as poisoning from metal and mercury. To say I was beside myself would be an understatement, my Momma was one of the strongest people I knew – I mean her Grandmother (my great grandmother) lived to 107 – straight off the boat from what was then Czech.

How could this be?

Now my Momma is not the same, no more keeping up her elaborate gardens around our property in New Hampshire or cooking meals a gourmet chef in Paris would envy. I try to explain to people close to me that are meeting her for the first time how fantastic she used to be, which only makes me even more sad.

Who wants to talk about a living person, never mind their mother in the past tense?

MY STORY



Most recently my personal life has taken a big u-turn, and although I could easily say that's the way life is I have decided to take my life on this earth more seriously. Starting with a new found focus on my health and conditioning because even now more than ever I need to; I have realized I am still completely capable of many things physically, just not a 90 mph two seam fastball.

You see after I decided not to pursue my baseball and tennis careers, and instead choose to party and make excuses for exercise, my own health began to wane. Realizing it was time to man up, literally, I decided to take up running. Don't ask me why, I am terrible, more of a sprinter my whole life – you know the type that would turn a double into a triple without even looking up to check the leftfielder, just challenging his arm from the warning track.

Anyway, my new goal is to run the NYC Marathon to support my Momma and shine a light on other areas I care deeply about. On this website you will learn about my Momma and her fight with Lyme disease, as well as several people close to me that have inspired and supported me in this new challenge.

So, I ask that you please support me and the countless others asking for donations in the fight against Lyme disease.

- Matthew Benjamin Murray

MY MOTHER'S STORY



My story is not unlike many with this disease. That is probably the saddest part of the story. For those of us who did not see the tick that bit us or develop the bull's eye rash, the road to a correct diagnosis is long, winding and with many intersections.

Looking back, I believe I was infected with Lyme Disease during the summer of 2000. I remember gardening at our beach house in Maine and being bit by what I believed to be a bee. My neck swelled where bitten but I did not develop a bull's eye rash. Later I came down with what seemed like a bad case of the flu. Not being one to complain, I weathered that time with lots of tea and good books.

Slowly over the next four years my body started to fall apart. Headaches, severe neck pain, insomnia, joint pain, TMJ, burning mouth syndrome, lower back pain that debilitated me from most normal functioning, profuse sweating, fevers, eye pain with vision problems, tremors, difficulty walking, forgetfulness, even to the point when I couldn't remember my route home from running errands. I couldn't concentrate. Whatever I read would be forgotten soon afterwards. I struggled with finding the correct words or said the wrong ones. I even forgot my children's names.

Two more years went by with many different illnesses and even back surgery, which led me to a conference with my husband in Kansas with my latest test results. One doctor spoke about Lyme and other tick diseases, another spoke on toxic metal poisoning and the main doctor spoke on Fibromyalgia. They all mentioned that there was some correlation between these three illnesses along with degenerative disc disease. WOW! We sat there in shock. I showed my lab test results to the doctors' during breaks and they said I was one of the many they have seen with all diagnoses.

I said the saddest part of the story is my not knowing I was infected. The next saddest part is the controversy surrounding treatment. The bacteria that causes Lyme disease is a spirochete. That means it is a worm like bacteria that burrows into tissue, bones, organs, muscle, blood, everywhere. It morphs itself into several forms and even will lie dormant, to strike with abandon when least expected. Bacteria's are killed with antibiotics.

MY MOTHER'S STORY



I started my journey visiting specialists. I saw an otolaryngologist, a neurologist, a breast surgeon, dentists for consults to remove amalgam fillings (which I had removed at great expense), the partner of the doctor who discovered and named Lyme disease and another Lyme specialist. I had a week long appointment to be seen at the Mayo Clinic, which I canceled because of feeling too poorly to travel and fear of wasting more time and money with no treatment.

After six months with a Lyme specialist I returned to my primary care doctor. He had been treating patients with Lyme and other tick borne diseases, but generally they were not as ill as I was. After one year of more antibiotics, 5 months of which were self given through a PIC line, I was referred to another Lyme specialist, only this time I would be traveling more than 400 miles to be seen.

I have been with the last doctor now since February 2008. There have been weeks of misery and weeks when I was functioning as high as 80% of what I believe to be my best.

We believe I have successfully killed off Babesia, but what else is hanging on is running havoc within me. I am at a point where any cyst killing antibiotics cause such extreme symptom flares I am unable to continue taking them. I have taken Bicillin injections for more than a year and am taking a break from that now, as well. (27 gauge needle with drug the consistency of Elmer's glue injected in hip twice a week is no walk in the park.) I take many prescriptions and supplements every day. I take medication or supplements before each meal, with each meal, as needed and at bedtime. Organizing a week's worth of medications can take me nearly an hour. Lab work is monthly and eye exams are twice a year. Phone consults most months and office visits about 4 times per year are now routine. The financial cost is astronomical; many thousands a year, even with insurance coverage for some lab work and prescriptions. For some unknown my latest toxic metal testing showed a huge increase in mercury. I am careful what I eat, mostly organic and take chelating medication every 3 days.

MY MOTHER'S STORY

Until this spring I believed I would beat this illness. Now I am learning to live with it. I hear of people newly diagnosed almost every week. Their stories are often similar to mine, though some have their entire families infected. People are struggling to be heard and treated. The costs are bankrupting many. Loss of income and divorce is common. Insurance companies often don't want to cover long term treatment. The Centers for Disease Control and the Infectious Diseases Society are at odds with the doctor's on the front lines treating patients and conducting research. Lyme disease is everywhere. Every state in this country and every country in the world is seeing this epidemic. Testing is inaccurate and at times up to 50 % incorrect. What disease would that be acceptable to you? Cancer or HIV? Would you want a result of 'maybe' you have it? How would you feel if you couldn't find a knowledgeable doctor near you willing to take the risk of being reprimanded or worse, for treating you? Could you afford seeing a doctor like I do, who doesn't accept insurance coverage, to protect him from lawsuits and allowing himself to treat the patients that travel from all over the country, even the world to be seen? Why do we have a vaccine for our dogs and veterinarians pick up the symptoms in animals? My pet's vet has diagnosed the owners of animals with Lyme!

This disease is not going away. It increases at alarming rates every year. Soon you or someone you love will be diagnosed. Become informed. Dress and protect yourself when outdoors. Remove any ticks safely and store in a plastic bag. Have the tick tested. Demand 6 weeks of antibiotics immediately after a suspected bite- do no wait to test positive. Then it is too late to easily treat and kill these spirochete bacteria.

- Eileen Murray

* Read the full story at 4MOMMA.COM/MOMMA.HTML



4MOMMA.COM

4MOMMA.COM is a website I built dedicated to raising awareness and donations for lyme disease with my running the NYC Marathon.

All donations of my running the NYC Marathon will go to International Lyme And Associated Diseases Society and their efforts to bring an end to lyme disease, while spreading the much needed awareness message around the globe.

Check out 4MOMMA.COM to learn more about lyme disease as well as the people and brands supporting and inspiring me in this goal of running the NYC Marathon on November 7th.





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THANK YOU



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