

Dear Mary Anne,

It was four days after my sixteenth birthday when I first talked to Mary Anne, and I had no hope. I had first done beepers, then diapers, but I became so ashamed, I stopped those. I tried pads. I tried alarms in the middle of the night to wake me up. I took my Ditropan and DDAVP and Imipramine every night. I had seen three urologists, and no one helped me. A few weeks before, my pediatrician had referred me to a different doctor who said I would just "grow out of it," and that was devastating. I was spiraling out of control. I was only considering my community college because I was too ashamed to look somewhere with shared dorms. I was considering not even going to college.

I used to hide my sheets. I used to cry myself to sleep, and cry when I woke up, knowing what I would find. I was so scared anyone would find out and everyone would make fun of me. I used to believe no one would understand. I used to believe I would be sixty and still wetting. I used to believe no one would love me once they found out. Anyone with enuresis feels this.

So when I first talked to Mary Anne, I'm sure you all reading this can imagine how skeptical I was. However, after the first dry night, all skepticism was lost. I was free! I felt so burdened by my wetting, it felt like a weight was lifted off my shoulders and I could finally breathe!

Today, May 13th, 2010, I graduate from the Enuresis Treatment Program. I'm considering college in Canada. I'm doing things I never thought I could do, all because of the Enuresis Treatment Center. I've only ever heard your voice, Mary Anne, but you've helped me so much more than any doctor I've seen.

So, thank you Mary Anne, for freeing me from the wetting. This has changed my life in unforeseen ways, and I feel so indebted to you for saving me from my own self hatred and self shame.

Thank you and I wish you all the best,

Meghan, 16 year-old-girl