



HELP REBECCA HEAL AFTER HER ACCIDENT AND GET BACK TO THE WORK SHE LOVE

I never imagined I'd be sitting here writing something like this, let alone asking for help. One month ago, my life changed in a matter of seconds when I was involved in a motorcycle accident that left me with a broken left wrist. Those of you who know me personally understand this is my dominant hand. Since then, so much of the life I knew, both as a mom and as a Licensed Massage Therapist, has been put on hold.

August was supposed to be a special month for me and my 6-year-old son, Bo. I was calling it our "mommy and son month," and I had been looking forward to spending that time together. We had plans to go camping, swimming, and fishing—just enjoying the final days of summer and making memories together after he had been away visiting his dad. Instead, August turned into doctors appointments, pain, uncertainty, and learning how to navigate everyday life with one hand that doesn't have the dexterity to make anything easy or simple.

August 4th was the last day of my summer work schedule. I ended up with an unexpected lunch break and, shortly before leaving, I had spoken with my regional manager about what she needed from me so I could apply for the Back of House Lead Therapist position—an advancement opportunity I was genuinely excited to pursue.

About 30 minutes later, everything changed.

I was riding my motorcycle in Salt Lake City, stopped to grab a breakfast burrito and as I was preparing to return to work a vehicle came the wrong way up the one-way exit of the drive-through and hit me. The driver left before I was able to get their information or even see their face—They never even got out of their vehicle. I suffered a broken left wrist, which unfortunately is my dominant hand, and this injury has affected nearly every part of my daily

life.

Right now, I have a cast that extends from my thumb to my upper arm past my elbow. In about two weeks, I will undergo additional testing to determine what happens next. I've been told there is approximately a 50% chance I will need surgery, which would involve having a pin inserted into my wrist. If I'm fortunate enough not to need surgery, I'll still have to be placed into another cast, a shorter one, and that will remain on for approximately another six weeks. Once I'm no longer in a cast, I'll need Occupational Therapy treatments to help me regain dexterity, reverse any muscle atrophy and see what long-term effects this may have. Either way, surgery or not, I know I still have a significant amount of healing ahead of me.

For me, an injury to my hand doesn't just make everyday activities difficult.

My hands are my livelihood.

I've been a Licensed Massage Therapist in Utah since 2014; I began my journey as a healer when I became Broadview University's youngest student at age 16. I currently work at Massage Envy, and I truly love what I do. I love my clients, my coworkers at the front desk, fellow LMTs and my clinic managers—all of whom have been incredibly kind and supportive since my accident.

Massage therapy has never been just a paycheck to me. I genuinely care about each client that I get to work with on my table. It is incredibly rewarding being trusted to take care of my clients' tissues and help them eliminate or better manage their pain and overall discomfort. Right now, knowing the people I care for are hurting and I physically cannot use my hands to help them has been one of the hardest parts of all of this.

I hate asking for help.

I've always been the person other people can depend on. I take care of business. I figure things out. I have always pushed through and found a way. Having to admit right now I simply **can't** do many of the things I normally do has been incredibly difficult and humbling.

I have two associate degrees, I've spent years building my career, and I've built a life where I'm used to being capable and independent. Right now, I can't work. I can't use my dominant hand the way I need to. There are basic everyday things I can't safely do on my own—including showering and washing my hair without help. My son is even learning how to help me braid my hair or put it into a simple side pony.

Losing that independence, even temporarily, has been one of the hardest parts of this entire experience.

Not being able to work my normal schedule also means not having the income I normally depend on to support myself and take care of my little man. At the same time, medical expenses and everyday bills continue to come in. I don't yet know whether surgery will be necessary or exactly how long it will take before my wrist is strong enough for me to safely return to massage therapy.

Asking for financial help is incredibly uncomfortable for me. But I'm realizing that sometimes "figuring it out" also means being willing to accept help when you genuinely need it.

Right now, I do.

The funds raised through this HelpVy campaign will help with my medical expenses and everyday living expenses while my wrist heals and I work toward getting back to my clients and the career I love.

More than anything, I just want to heal. I want this cast off. I want the strength and use of my hand back. I want to get back to my clients and the work I love, and I want to make up for some of those special moments with Bo that this accident took away from us.

If you're able to donate, no matter the amount, Bo and I would be incredibly grateful. If you're unable to donate, sharing my story with your friends, family, and community would also mean so much to us.

Thank you for taking the time to read my story, for caring, and for helping me get back on my feet and, hopefully soon, **back to healing others with BOTH my hands.**

Rebecca-Elizabeth Jackson ☐☐

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