



Dear TED,

You've been my unwanted houseguest for 30 years, and now you've got to go!

We both know you've constantly interrupted my life and for a long time made me unrecognizable to myself. The truth is, I just don't want to do this anymore.

For decades you've made my eyes a problem – either bulging, or dry and sore, or never quite able to close when I slept. And despite all my gold medals, you made sure I could hardly make out the hurdles I was jumping over.

You made me believe my eye symptoms were a part of my Graves' disease, so I just put up with them... but now I know, they were separate and were all you, TED.

Do you remember that day at the park, when a little boy pointed at me and said, "Mom, what's wrong with her? She looks like a monster..." That's when I stopped leaving the house, covered up all my mirrors and just wanted to black out the world, because I didn't know what was wrong with me. But now I know it wasn't me, it was you.

For years I struggled to find a full night's sleep and was afraid to tell my husband the reason I won't drive at night is because the lights from oncoming cars really bother me. I still can't leave the house without my eye drops and have lost count of how many times I've told people "no, I don't have allergies."

Had I known about you all those years ago, I would have gone straight to a TED Specialist sooner. Now I have the care I need and I won't take my eyes off of you. I'm getting my eye health back on track and reclaiming the real Gail Devers I've been looking for.

I realize now you were just another hurdle I had to figure out how to get over. And now I just want to help others get through the finish line faster.

— G xo