



SAMPLE LETTER – PERSONAL PLEA

(Note: You may copy and paste the sample letter onto your system to revise it with your own personal details)

Dear friends:

Why do I ride in the Multiple Sclerosis Bike Ride, that's an intriguing question!

The world is filled with so much pain; so many illnesses and incurable diseases that disable or kill far sooner than the old age we all expect to see. I'm so fortunate to be a healthy person, but still just a spec in the universe, a vapor in a huge ocean, a single human in a world of six billion other humans, what possibly can I do to make the world better or the world of so many others with multiple sclerosis or the dozens of other incurable diseases that create challenges like I've never known? Diseases that steal nerves or muscles, the ability to communicate or walk or function like a normal person. Why am I not crippled with MS? How is it determined there are those who can raise money to find a cure while someone else carries the burden of needing a cure?

It may be all about me when I registered. I was looking for a challenging bike ride – nothing else! I had to raise a minimum \$250.00 to participate, I began to ask relatives, neighbors and friends to make a donation to the National Multiple Sclerosis Society on my behalf to help find a cure. I was so overwhelmed at the response and the interest I received and the stories told to me by those knowing someone with MS, I began to work harder and raised my goal. Soon the generosity of my supporters overshadowed my selfish interest and shifted to the well being of those diagnosed.

Along the way I ran into an old friend. I'd forgotten that his daughter has MS. I don't see her often but when I do I always thought she looked so healthy. Now a middle-age mom, my friend reminded me that his daughter keeps her healthy look with powerful medications. Drugs that over time will stop working because she will build up an immunity requiring her to move to a new and much stronger drug. Drugs so strong they could actually kill her if not taken cautiously. But these drugs are her only hope until a cure is found. The only way she can find the strength she needs to care for herself and her family. I cannot imagine worrying every day that one-day soon there will no longer be a drug that will help me. I know that's on her mind.

Within the next few weeks, several more acquaintances with MS came to mind. My efforts were personalized and there was now a face on the disease that made my efforts more purposeful.

In the end, I am no longer a spec, or a vapor of water or anything else so meaningless. I am for at least a few days a giant cycling with a lot of other giants who collectively have a deep seeded interest in finding a cure for the thousands living with MS. So when I cross the finish line filled with pride, I'll believe, at least for a moment, that I've filled a giant's shoes with the generous help of so many companionate friends.

Sincerely,

(Your Name)