



MEDICAID MATTERS to Me

Medicaid Gave Chelsea a Chance to Heal

At the beginning of 2025, there was a point when I felt like everything in my life was on fire—like the world around me had completely collapsed. Medicaid didn't just give me healthcare. It gave me a lifeline. It gave me a chance to heal when I had nothing left to hold onto.

And here's the thing: health care shouldn't be a prize for the "worthy." Healthcare is a basic human right. I'm lucky I have family who loves me, friends who hold me up, and a roof over my head. But even with all that, I still needed help. I can't even imagine how it feels for the millions of people who don't have those things.



Chelsea

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It gave me a chance to heal when I had nothing left to hold onto.**

I don't care who you are—even if I don't like you—I still believe you deserve access to health care, to stability, to hope.

Medicaid didn't just impact my life—it saved it. And no one—I repeat, no one—should have to fight to be seen as a person “worthy” of survival. Health care isn't a luxury. It's a basic human right. Period. I survived because someone gave a damn. Everyone deserves at least that.



**Through storytelling we reduce stigma
and build connections.**

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