

## Re: What About This Info–Two?

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*Source:* <http://sci.tech–archive.net/Archive/sci.med.diseases.hepatitis/2007–03/msg00017.html>

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- *From:* "Waterspider" <nospam@xxxxxxx>
  - *Date:* Mon, 12 Mar 2007 23:01:33 –0700
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"Paul" <dontspamme@xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx> wrote in message [news:qtvav2tshmhj56j4kdb46of0n8698qn777@xxxxxxxxxxx](mailto:news:qtvav2tshmhj56j4kdb46of0n8698qn777@xxxxxxxxxxx)

On Sun, 11 Mar 2007 18:03:24 –0700, "Waterspider" <nospam@xxxxxxx>, in message ID <12v99n7pqbnipb0@xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx>, in the newsgroup sci.med.diseases.hepatitis wrote:

In the first couple of months after my diagnosis, I spent way too much money on milkthistle, vitamin combos, enzymes, herbal teas and some really bad books with no science behind them, and way too much time meditating on making my body heal. But, luckily I'm a geek, a researcher by trade, so I soon learned that there was no other option than the Big Guns. I had cirrhosis and my symptoms were preventing me from functioning anywhere near like a normal human being. I was scared shitless because I knew the treatment was horrible, and I knew it was the only chance I had at not being dead in 3–5 years (doctor's prognosis if I kept fucking around with the alternative crap). The only way I could gather the courage to undertake it was to remind myself that, if it turned out to be that bad, if I couldn't handle it, then I would simply not bother taking any more pills, not bother with the next shot. I really had nothing to lose.

Yeah. I bought a few weird things and tried to read myself better too WS. I was in the unfortunate position of having seen someone die on tx – probably one of those rare people whose immune system attacked their liver. Unfortunate I may have been but not as unfortunate as he – especially as his liver was pretty healthy for a hepper until his immune system went into overdrive on it. I suppose I had better reasons than most for looking for an alternative. I got lucky. My research brought me here. At stage 2 grade 3, I may well have still been a decade away from

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cirrhosis and perhaps 20 years from liver failure. However, I doubt the last few years would have had any quality to them.

Since my (successful) tx in '04, I have witnessed another friend die – more directly due to hep–c this time. We treated at the same time. Mine worked. His didn't.

So that's two deaths I've witnessed in recent years. The first one I was there when the ventilator was switched off. The second one died half an hour after I left the hospital. I would like to have been there at the moment of his death but there was no way of knowing if he had another day or two left in him. I don't feel right about not sticking around but I don't have a crystal ball.

The yellowing, the bloating and the mental confusion as the toxins start to affect the brain. Both good people who I shared many a laugh with.

You know what I would like to do to these rip off snake oil selling bastards don't you? I'd like to cut their fucking livers out and give them to someone who needs them.

Snake oil salespeople are as close to murderers as you can get. They can be so convincing with their slimey lies and can cause vulnerable people to delay essential, possibly life saving treatment.

You know, I spent quite a few years with hep–c ruling a large part of my life – either mine or other peoples. I'm wondering if the time has come to move on as the whole thing has been pretty distressing at times. I feel like I'm stuck in a time warp mourning friends whose lives have gone and not yet fully able to enjoy my own life.

Feel like I'm at a crossroads (I think you call them 4 way stops over there) and unsure which road to head down.

Paul, we've shared some similar experiences. I know what it's like to do the hep c deathwatch at the hospital bedside. I know what it's like to lose friends to liver failure. Sometimes it makes me feel lucky (because I'm still here, I'm healthy) and sometimes it breaks my heart. Like you, that hep c connection is a strong part of my life and I'm unable or unwilling to walk away from it. I am not a religious person, which I think you already know, but I seem compelled to spend time doing what I can to help anyone newly diagnosed, coping with the disease, undergoing treatment, perhaps trying to carry on after failed treatment. This all goes back to when I was newly diagnosed, a basket–case and a physical wreck, and a couple of good folks, strangers, came out of the woodwork to offer support, advice and help in all kinds of ways. Some were in my community, some were friends of friends in other towns, some were on these newsgroups. It still blows me away that they helped me so much, and I think I'll always be here for anyone who wants to listen to what I have to say. Payback. Goes around, comes around. I do enjoy life again, being healthy and without the anxiety of simply having the disease, but I feel good about being able to give something back. Still, it sucks when someone dies, when someone fails treatment, when someone is so thick–headed and scared that they won't even try treatment. But at least I know that I'm doing something, maybe not much,

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but at least I'm not walking away from it all. In other words, if we're as alike as I suspect, you're stuck! Might as well resign yourself to the fact that you're a person willing to share whatever wisdom gained throughout this long strange trip. Whaddya got to lose?