00X

October 2, 2014 By Rick Nash

The whole hospital stay brought all kinds of news, and processing it took quite some time.

My bilirubin shooting up to 18 out of nowhere was bizarre. There had to be a cause, did something go wrong during treatment? Did I acquire some new liver problem? The answer was clear, but I really didn't want to hear it.

I'd failed three treatments, I intended on emblazoning a IV on my arm in ink for my 30th birthday. I'd never gotten a zero before, let alone zeroed to the end of treatment. It felt like for a moment, I touched the sky.

The HCV Quant/Viral Load blood work had been done and the reality that the IV(SVR) I'd hoped for, fell to pieces. I failed four treatments.

I informed my family and a few people, it wasn't something I was ready to talk at length about, but it was something they needed to know.

It turns out the climax I had been hoping for, became a plot twist. When my GI called to tell me my bili count of 28, we spoke briefly about the prospect of future treatment. a new one is to be released in October, and we're looking into whether it's feasible or not.

But future aside, I had my present to deal with. This kind of news is something you need to wear. Something you can't bottle inside, or it will fester. I transferred my rage into focusing on bettering myself, being in peak physical condition once again prior to the next treatment is my goal. Because I want to make sure that my body won't give this virus an inch in wiggle room.

With my girlfriend's help I cleaned my car to clear my mind. It was a step in the right direction. It

was something I could impact and see my own growth and success. To remind myself that failure is more than losing. Failure has always given me a plank to stand on while I figure out my balance. Because in order to have failed, I tried, and to have tried, I braved the possibilities. It took courage to start this, not because of the success, but because of the failure. The possibility of failure is what makes something great . I've learned that doing something where the direct impact is measurable, visible, and helpful to others helps returns me to a calm state of being.

I also realized that nothing motivates me like failure does. As I cannot speak to what I would do if cured, I can speak to what I must do now that I've failed. With my new count of 1.9 million, I look forward to the future. While it is not how I would like things to be, I must and will become more than I am. In doing so, I stand a chance against this virus, psychologically and emotionally, which often is half of this battle.

While failure may be a theme, this movie of my life just got a lot more intense.

And I don't know about you, but I'm sitting on the edge of my seat waiting for the next news from the doc.

© 2026 Smart + Strong All Rights Reserved.
http://beta.docker.hepmag.com/blog/00x