Day 50 - A Million Miles Between Clear and Cured

April 2, 2013 By Gemma Peppe

Yesterday afternoon most of my family were gathered in my parent's living room. Louie was surrounded by his cousins, uncles, aunts and grandparents. An email came through on his phone. He handed it to me. The email contained Louie's results together with a message from his nurse which said *I am glad you are cured of hepatitis C.*

There are a million miles between the words *clear* and *cured*. And I wasn't prepared for the wave of emotion that the word *cured* would trigger. I don't think I ever dared believe deep down that this could happen and my reaction was primal.

It was profoundly apt that he should receive this news while he was with all the people who love him most. Amongst the missing significant people were my older brother, his wife and my newest sister in law.

My younger brother was there. He came to all our early appointments. He was there when Louie was diagnosed. He was there on day one of Louie's first round of treatment. And he was there on the last day when we had to tell him it hadn't worked.
It was a day of symmetry, synchronicity and elation; one of those days when you marvel at how beautiful life can be.

The pic is Louie aged around 9/10 months pushing a baby walker. He has cheek bones now you know!

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