Death by Hepatitis C

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Our dead are never dead to us, until we have forgotten them. ~ George Eliot

When someone we know dies from hepatitis C, it sends a shiver of cold reality through the hepatitis C community. I don't need to know someone well to grieve their death, a characteristic I think the majority of us who have hepatitis C share. All I need to know is that someone died from hepatitis C. I don't know if he or she suffered, but if her death was like the ones I've seen before, it was gruesome.

Hepatitis C death does two things to me. First, it sends me into a spiral--a fast downward spiral of helplessness. Then a loud NOOOOOOOOOO springs forth, ushering in a second response, telling me to get up and get going. **Every day, 41 people die in the U.S. from hepatitis C.** I am not going to be one of them, and if I can help it, you are not going to be either.

We have to bring that number down to zero. I am up for this fight. Can I count you in?

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