Hepatitis C: Home again, home again ...

May 25, 2015 By Grace Campbell

"*Should I tear my heart out now,*
Everything I feel returns to you somehow"
-Sufjan Stevens, The Only Thing

There are two parts to this post. One part is the awesome time I had in Sydney. The other is my most recent blood test results that are monitoring my progress as I undertake treatment for hepatitis C.

Let's get the real reason for this blog out of the way first. The blood test results:
Week 8 results are continuing to show improvement in the key liver marker areas, but of course provide me with ridiculous amounts of eyebrow raising in others. Those "what the ...?" moments.

Stuff for Liver Lovers - Week 8 is the most recent:

ALT: 23. Week 6 results were 22, before that Week 4 was 30 and Week 2 was 42
AST: 27. Week 6 was 33, Week 4 was 36, Week 2 was 46
GGT: 30. Week 6 was 43, Week 4 was 54, Week 2 was 73
Let's not forget the starting points for those bad boys: ALT 137, AST 185, GGT 100

Other important numbers:
Hg: 112. Week 6 was 117, Week 4 was 116, Week 2 was 113. Started treatment at 143
(Doesn't feel like 112. I feel a hundred times better than I did when it was 113.)
Platelets: 90. Week 6 was 89, Week 4 was 98, Week 2 was 107. Started treatment at 74
Bilirubin: 37. Week 6 was 50, Week 4 was 76, Week 2 was 152. Started treatment at 40

The same ups and downs with Creat. and e-GFR (possible slight dehydration? I had been feeling a bit headachey which at the moment is a sure sign of not enough water consumption), but Albumin coming up which is great.

I'm awaiting my VL results.

So that's a solid chunk of hepatitis C related information. I feel like I've earnt my keep with that part of the post!

On to the fun!

The other reason I went to Sydney was to see Sufjan Stevens and the Vivid Festival with my daughter.

I caught the movie Woman in Gold before she arrived. It told a terrible story with a happy ending, I felt was pretty standard fare. Nothing pushing the envelope there, just a good story, well told. When my daughter arrived we went out to a Nepalese restaurant that had enormous servings of beautiful food, then went down to Martin Place and the Quay to see Vivid lights.

The next day we went to our of our favourite little Surry Hills cafes for breakfast. We saw another movie, A Royal Night Out (see above criticism except more so). We also did lots (and lots and lots) of walking round Sydney. Lunch was samosas and some salad.

Back to the hotel for an hour in time to head to the harbour and the Sydney Opera House to see Sufjan Stevens. Amazing. Simply amazing. It felt like he opened his heart with all its joy and sadness and left it on the stage while we collectively mourned the losses of his mother and his childhood.

In the most quiet of songs - just a guitar and his breathy quiet whisper, you could hear his voice break along with his heart. It brought many of us to tears, including him.

And bless him, he finished with an encore of my faves: Concerning the UFO sighting near Highland, Illinois; Casimir Pulaski Day; The Predatory Wasp of the Palisades is Out to Get us and Chicago.

Another wander round the Vivid lights at Circular Quay to debrief and exhale, to talk and enjoy the sights.

Then we caught the train back to Central and wandered down to Chinatown for a very very late dinner. And back to the hotel.

I walked 12 kilometres yesterday.

Today saw the hospital visit, another delicious late breakfast then my daughter left on the train and I bought some books before I headed home on the plane. What a weekend.

I’m so pleased I had it.

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