Hepatitis C: All by myself, I love being … all by myself

May 11, 2015 By Grace Campbell

It's been lovely having my parents come visit, but I've had it reinforced that I recharge my batteries best by cocooning. I like to burrow myself away, not have to worry about the effort of interaction, engagement and polite conversation. Oh, and making people cups of tea. So it's safe to say I am not the best hostess in the world.

During my treatment for Hepatitis C I have taken to treasuring my down time, holding it close and feeling its heft. I value it. I appreciate it, more than at any time in the past. I think that's because I need it more now than ever.

And in rather a curmudgeonly fashion, I can resent losing it. Not giving up time with my family of course, although I admit Sunday consisted of a whole lot of nothing. But the unnecessary calls on my time. The meetings that necessitate a change in my carefully thought out and planned routine. The demands of people. Questions. Requests. Phone calls that require me returning them.

I've always known I'm the sort of person who recharges their batteries in solitude, but I've worked hard at being sociable. I'm not depressed, I'm not sad, I'm not lonely. I just like time to myself. Some people use the energy of others to recharge, others need solitude to do it.

As with so many other things, I am indulging in my enjoyment of down time while my hep c treatment is taking place. It's another gift I am giving myself. Along with adequate days off work, a very laissez faire attitude towards the ironing and long walks with the dog.

I repeat my mantra: this is my time. I will not get this particular opportunity again. Once this time has passed, it won't come back.

In other news, do you know what else has passed? Week 7 has passed, that's what! Look out Week 8 - you and I are going to wrap ourselves in a mohair rug in front of the fire and read books.

Party animals.

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