Hepatitis C: Walking on Sunshine

October 3, 2015 By Grace Campbell

Spring. The time when flowers burst from their buds, when tree leaves burst and unfurl in the warm mornings. When everything, no matter what it may be, comes out to play, to bask in the warmth and soak up the sun. Where things are hopeful.

I'm particularly enjoying spring at the moment because for me too it seems like a season of hope.

I'm enjoying working in the garden, and by working I mean occasionally digging and then sitting back and watching the birds, or the butterflies, or the bees as they go about their business.

My birdbath is the scene of much activity right now. Birds are dropping in for their weekend wash and they are splashing so much water around I have to refill it every day. So far today I've seen sparrows, wrens, pee wees, magpies, parrots and blackbirds.

My morning walks are a source of pleasure. I enjoy watching the dog as she finds new and exciting things to smell and investigate. I take a photo pretty much every day I'm walking and post it on Instagram. I love looking back at the changes the seasons bring.

Even stripping out enough winter coat from the horse to put together and make *another* horse is moderately enjoyable, if you don't mind being coated with a fine layer of horse hair that sticks to your lip balm and gets inside your clothing.

It's always hard to know, but I feel like my energy levels are coming back. They are certainly above what they were on treatment. I feel better. I'm sleeping better. My mind is clearer. I can remember things without needing lists. I'm not always hungry.

For a long time I felt like a puzzle whose parts were just slightly misaligned. Everything fitted, but nothing fitted comfortably. It finally feels like all my parts are starting to align and slide back to where they should be.

Of course, all this comes with a rider. I'm not as energetic as I was 30 years ago. I am 56. I have the scars, injuries and afflictions that come with having lived for 56 years. My right knee is dodgy. Or is it my left? One of them, anyway. If I run too much it screams at me. For that matter, so do my boobs. My right shoulder often aches. 4 broken collarbones and a broken arm will do that to you. My eyesight isn't what it used to be. I creak when I get up off the floor. I groan when I get down on it.

But no matter what, spring is in the air, the garden is blooming, the birds are enjoying the birdbath and I’m enjoying this opportunity to experience it without hepatitis C. At least I hope it’s without it. Eight weeks left to find out for sure!

Now I better go plant those chrysanthemum seedlings.

© 2026 Smart + Strong All Rights Reserved.
http://beta.docker.hepmag.com/blog/hepatitis-c-walking