Hepatitis C: Weekend Warriors

May 2, 2015 By Grace Campbell

“Monday I’ve got Friday on my mind”
- The Easybeats

I love getting to the weekend. Generally it means I’ve put in a long week at work, worked many hours more than scheduled, and I’m ready for a movie, walks with the dog, housework, clothes washing and watching whatever the heck I want on Netflix at night.

Or it might be that I’m travelling 100km to go to an equestrian competition where I’m judging, or organising a three day show with hundreds of horses and riders.

I’m generally so busy throughout the week that I really appreciate my weekends. I’m often busy on weekends too, but I appreciate them.

This whole having-days-off-during-the-week deal is a little odd. I’m trying to come to terms with the fact that I don’t have to cram 5 hours of housework into an hour and a half on the weekend. Or hang the clothes on the line to dry at night because I’m so busy in the morning. Or fly out of work at the last minute because I have a doctor’s appointment.

In fact I don’t have to do anything I really don’t want to except look after my health.

I have two days during the week to get all those odds and sods done at home, or appointments if possible.

Or I can just watch Netflix.

I have the entire weekend to catch up on the gardening, or cook something special.

Or I can just watch Netflix.

For the first time ever in my life, I have spare time - a sizable portion of it! I don’t need to feel guilty about frittering it away, because that’s what I’m meant to be doing.

I do feel guilty of course, but I’m getting better at not feeling that way. My friends and family know and understand.

In fact, I’m getting away with blue murder here. I hope they don’t catch on!

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