The roller coaster of treatment

April 10, 2015 By Grace Campbell

“Life is like a roller coaster. You can choose to scream or throw your hands in the air”

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(Trust me, the brass band reference will become clear. This was a second line we caught last time I was in NOLA)

I think one of the most exhausting parts of treatment is the inevitable roller coaster of emotion. There are those days when you see yourself dancing around like the leader of a brass band. You’re feeling good, results are great, the world is a beautiful place.

And then there are the other days. The dark days. The frightening days. The days when your carefully constructed world view starts to crumble and you wonder if you have the strength for the battle, or if your body will tolerate it.

I’ve had one of those weeks.

My 2 week tests were mostly good. I’ve already posted about them already, but to recap there was a huge drop in my ALT and AST levels, everything was going in the direction it should … But my albumin and bilirubin levels were not cooperating. Persnickety things.

I tend to get a little panicky when things go wrong, having had to discontinue treatment once before. So to say I was a little anxious would be like saying Wayne Gretsky was an okay hockey player.

I used all my strategies. I tried giving myself a stern talking-to. I tried whacking myself upside the haid. I tried thinking happy thoughts. Then I remembered my go-to strategy. Pretend nothing is happening. Ah, sweet oblivion, welcome back and where have you been! (Hey, I never said I was going to offer good advice).

And today of course my blood test results come back with my bilirubin dropped to 103 and my albumin levels right back where they started.

So I’m back at the front of that big brass band.

While leads me to wonder: would it mean as much to me if it wasn’t a life or death situation? Does it feel like a roller coaster because it is SO important? Do we need the lows to truly appreciate the highs?

Or am I a neurotic over-analyser as so many of my friends say? Of course they try to sugar-coat it but

know when they’re whispering “ODC” behind my back. It’s a good thing they know my flaws, it allows them to keep me centred.

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