Coming Home after My Liver Transplant

June 3, 2015 By Karen Hoyt

Karen Hoyt is a blogger who has a story about hepatitis C, cirrhosis, end-stage liver disease, liver cancer, and liver transplantation. This excerpt first appeared on Karen's I Help C blog, May 8, 2015.

This blog and subsequent ones will undoubtably be a hot mess. Given the batch of meds, steroids, and the anesthesia hangover - I promise nothing in regard to editing or coherency. Nothing except the truth about life post transplant.

The first few weeks coming home after my liver transplant was highly unpredictable.... and that is the understatement of the year. Given the galloping speed with which I always proceed through my daily life, it quickly became evident that I needed to establish some order.

Except I was powerless. I was also in constant pain, downing 30 pills a day, high strung on steroids, and so happy that I couldn't quit saying Thank You to everyone for everything. I also frequently raised my shirt and gazed with sheer adoration at my scar and the precious gift my donor had given me. Laughter and tears and Joy Joy Joy was my emotional state. But my physical state was in need of a lot of attention. I was not in any shape to handle that. The transplant team knew this and made sure that the caregiver support was in place while I was in the process of being listed.

Yes, I was a hot mess. Oh, but I do have a knack for planning ahead. See, I had been feverishly working on setting up my post transplant plan for months. I took into consideration where to live, what I would need, who would care for me, how I would get around, what the menu would be, how to pay for such stuffs. My transplant team, family, and friends all helped a lot, but the legwork was mine. So my little plan all fell into place just like clockwork. Thank God, because my brain on steroids went a little koo koo.

To read the rest of Karen's blog "Coming Home after My Liver Transplant," click here.

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