Post Transplant Nervous Breakdown

September 29, 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, September 3, 2015.

You've wondered where I've been, so here's the truth. I'm working on a post transplant nervous breakdown. It kind of started a few weeks ago. I was seated at my fave outdoor restaurant (to avoid germs) typing away from my notes. It was a blog titled "I Can Do Anything". I've always said that, and I've always tried. Really tried. Hard. Always. Anyway, here I was looking at my own thoughts through a microscope when I realized that I can't do everything. POW! Sucker punched, right there on the patio.
I flat out quit answering my phone. If the text or call wasn't from my husband or my daughter, I ignored it. I even shooed away my friend who was coming to clean my floors.
After about 3 weeks of isolation, I let a few people in on my unraveling. I saw my doctor and my transplant surgeon. Then I called a therapist and asked for the next available cancellation. Meanwhile I refilled my ink pen numerous times while also filling up my journal. I joined the YMCA. I quit washing my hair .. it was falling out anyway. I walked, ate watermelon, and cried some more.
I went back to work on that blog, but it morphed into different title: "I Am on Disability but I'm Not Disabled". (from a rant I had with Linda Lou and Dee) Then it weaved into another title "Gratitude and Joy Combat Stress". (love my Joe and Julie) My thoughts were all over the place. Still are. Rather than make this about how messed up things got. I decided to write a blog about how right it feels to just acknowledge my feelings.
We think of feelings as another bad word that starts with "F" when they are really just emotions. Feelings are part of the way we connect with ourselves and with others. When we bury them in an attempt to be brave or strong, it can backfire. You can't just bury one emotion. Do you know what happens when you bury fear or sadness? You bury love and peace at the same time. That's because emotions come in a big bundle. So I began to feel…. Ahhhh
You know I journal everything. I began to write every feeling that is attached to every thought. The floodgates opened. With it came a sense of relief that I haven't felt in a long time - and my personal truth.
With an open heart, I admitted what was hardest: I can't do everything. Duh. So - here's some advice for those of you who are in need of a nervous breakdown, like me. (I highly recommend it after a life change) It's fairly harmless and doesn't last forever…
To read the rest of Karen's blog, "Post Transplant Nervous Breakdown," click here.

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