

## More of the Story...Part 2

Written by  
Monday, 17 April 2006 16:00

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Recently, I have been having some pain in my abdomen and the hysterectomy scar was beginning to indent on the left side. Like any good woman, I ignored it.....until just over a week ago when it knocked so loudly on my gut, I had no choice but to pay attention to it. Emergency surgery was scheduled for 6:00 Monday morning....my favourite time of day.....for a swim in the pool!! All went well, I had a pretty new scar in the same area of the old one and I was a quarter pound or so of gnarly scar tissue lighter. That should have been the end of the story but as is often my case, it was not.

Several years ago (10 or 11) a wonder drug came on the market with little research and wonderful promises, to safely eradicate that nasty yellow toenail fungus many of us have the displeasure of getting. Yours truly started taking it faithfully as directed with the promise of pretty toenails in about three months after ingesting this wonder drug for several weeks. Unbeknownst to me, this miracle cure was tripling the size of my poor innocent liver and doing some additional damage to my equally unsuspecting gall bladder. After six weeks my completely absent taste buds and the rapid weight loss was finally connected to the Lamisil that was poisoning my organs. It took almost five months for my taste to return and my liver still sustains some damage (thank Gawd I stopped drinking 9 years ago!) along with my gall bladder (or so we found out this week).

By Friday, I had been getting progressively worse and against the doctor's instructions after a restless, painful night, I decided I needed to remove the oozing bandage only to find a huge "hole" above my once beautiful scar, big enough to lose a golf ball in. Immediately, after calling the doctor I was whisked into surgery again AND the best part is that NOW I have the tummy tuck I wanted when I was a 30 year old! It seems the damaged gall bladder couldn't metabolize the normally problem free anesthetic used during my latest surgery.

Between the excess, rotting skin, nasty liver and angry looking gall bladder, it was easier to remove the offending pieces I could do without and tighten up my belly. I am sore... very sore, and I have to stay in a crouched position for 10 days to two weeks depending on how well I heal. Saint Rick, he truly is an earth angel, is taking very good care of me, so I am being very pampered, I play video games, watch TV, sleep and eat. Rick thinks it's great because as long as I am stationary, I can't make a mess!

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Never one to go anywhere without my camera, even in my totally buzzed out after surgery state, I managed to take this picture of the lovely traffic we had to maneuver through on our way back. Never was I so happy to see the windmills!!