

# Back Home again.

The surgeon and the Lung specialist advised me, in the beginning to avoid a lot of visits and start slowly building up up some energy. I had lost 20 pounds of weight. Homecare provided us with a wheelchair and a rollator. After 1 week, I had to visit the Surgeon for wound control. Everything is alright and I don't have to come back. My leg caused me a lot of pain. The Fysiotherapist visited me twice a week. The doctor prescribe heavier painkillers, even morphine. I had no appetite and for that reason I had all kind of side effects, so I stopped immediately with that "shit". Very slow I went uphill. I recieved more than 300 postcards and 250 emails, flowers a.s.o. We went for a walk with the wheelchair. I realised, I still had a life. It was wonderful. Because of the oxygen support, cooking was still forbidden, so my friend, my daughter friend and all the others started cooking again. The few visits costed me still a lot of energy.

## **Monday April 14 2003**

Today I had an appointment with dr Bresser the Lung specialist. On arrival he said: "just dump the oxygen equipment" He asked me some questions and I had some and after approximately 10 minutes he measured the oxygen percentage in my blood. It was without the oxygen support 97%. It was unbelievable. He was very satisfied and told me to start walking and cycling to increase my condition. But the most important thing he told at that time was "oxygent support is no longer necessary". Back home the flag was hoisted. Later on that week we returned the wheelchair and the rollator. Two weeks later the firm "Farmadomo" picked up their oxygen equipment. I thought: "now I am cured and I don't need any assistance anymore". Well after trying it one week, I called my friend and asked her to assist me again. She and all the others came again. I still had some sessions with the Psychologist, a fantastic man, he showed me how to get over it. In the meantime my "revalidation" route slowly increased and when walking along the harbour, I could not understand what happened in the past. It was like a dream. It was amazing for me to live a rather normal life again.

## **Monday June 16 2003.**

Another day in the Amsterdam hospital (AMC). Check-ups. In the morning an echo of my heart and later on some more medical check-ups. In between, Els, the social worker, from the Lung department, suggested to visit the Intensive Care. It might help in getting over my traumatic experiences. A nurse showed me the IC and the place where my bed stood. I became very emotional. In the afternoon a CT-scan and a Perfusion-scan were made. All the results were good. In the conversation with dr Bresser, I told him that my condition increased as well as the power in my legs. He said: "from my point of view you are cured" The most important thing is, "the pressure in you heart is on an acceptable level and it doesn't matter, whether you run of walk up the stairs. Just listen to your body."

## **Wednesday, July 16 2003**

Today is our 32nd wedding aniversary and we went to the beach. Lovely with my feet in the water. Unbelievable to do this again. It took only one hour but in the afternoon I was total loss.

## **Monday October 6 2003**

Today a visit to dr. Bresser. No check-ups , just a visit for questions and answers. I had a letter from my physiotherapist concerning my leg (Hernia). An appointment with a Neurologist will be arranged. Thursday November 20 2003 Today a visit to the Neurologist. After an examination of one hour he concluded that probably and old Hernia

(or a new one) increased a bit. Due to my circumstances, surgery was no option. Just accepting and live with it. After what happened to me, it is no problem.

### **Christmas 2003**

This one was much more pleasant than last year. We celebrated Christmas eve with our son again, but now I went upstairs by myself.

### **Tuesday February 17 2004**

Today it is one day after the surgery and I have to visit the hospital in Amsterdam (AMC) for yearly check-ups.

We will see what the results are.