

Epilogue.

It is now, in 2012, over 9 years since I had surgery, but I remember it like it was yesterday.

In the morning I have the most energy.

Not only annoying jobs (eg household) costs me energy, also the nice things (eg going out for diner, theater, etc.).

Also my age (now 63) is counting, but when I hear the other stories of PTE-companions, I am very lucky.

No oxygen support, no walking device etc ... I am cycling almost every day on a regular bike.

The annoying thing is, when feeling something in my body, the panic strikes immediately. That kind of fear never leaves.

Listening to my body is still not my best side.

Again, finally, I feel extremely good!