

# The Beginning.

I was a sportswomen, but during a bike tour in May 2001, I had problems with my condition. Difficulty in breathing, so I dismounted, recovered and tried again. I simply did not understand. I finished the tour, but it was a problem!!

June 2001 our dream became reality. A motortrip through the USA. It was a package holiday along the westcoast of America. California, Arizona, Nevada and a small piece of Utah. In the Grand Canyon I had the same conditional problem and my husband said: "You are out of form."

In October 2001 flexibility is over. I reported sick. Diagnosis: "Burn Out", "Overworked", "Depressive", "Stress" and more of these modern diseases. Sitting still was no option. I had to move and I went to a psychologist. The result of a test was: "chronic hyperventilation". I also tried "Acupuncture" and "Autogenous therapy". From October, it slowly went downhill.

In June 2002 we went on holiday to Turkey. In fact, I was not very interested, but my husband needed a holiday, because he pushed himself to the limit. Too crazy for words, but I took a trial lesson diving. I thought I almost suffocated.

Back home the company doctor said: "working won't kill you", so I started working my normal hours. In October 2002 I had pain in my chest during climbing the stairs. I called the doctor, he came and he called for an ambulance. They thought I had a heart attack. Later on a scan with nuclear liquid specified that my lungs were only functioning for 50%.

They gave me a diluent and oxygen support. At last they had found something. It was quite a relief for me. There was really something wrong. In Beverwijk hospital the lung specialist could not help me, so I was refered to the AMC-hospital in Amsterdam. The lung specialist advised me consulting a clinical psychologist, because there also was much pain in my heart and so I did..

Back home I've got oxygen equipment. With the assistance of my husband, my children, my daughter's friend, my family and my girlfriend Cocky we made it. It was a hard time. We celebrated Christmas Eve with our son. He lives on the third floor.

He carried me upstairs. We also celebrated Christmas with our daughter and her friend. It looked like emigration, with all the oxygen equipment. I was very afraid to die, because due to the bad lungs my heart was damaged.

On January 7th 2003 we had our first visit to the AMC hospital in Amsterdam.