



I'm 50 and That's Nifty

Today I am 50. I'd be remiss if I didn't share the great news here. And here's why!

July 16, 2025 By [Shawn Decker](#)

Today I am officially 50.

If you're reading this and know anything about me- hello! I haven't been posting much because, well, writing is much harder these days than it use to be. A very large portion of my 20s and 30s were spent sharing my life with HIV. In one way or another. I'm so thankful for the opportunities I've had in the pages of POZ, speaking alongside Gwenn and the random strokes of luck where something I did reached someone.

Because in my own life, those little rays of hope and inspiration are what helped me get to age 20. The year that saved my life, when I surprised myself by actually wanting to talk about hemophilia and HIV, emphasis on the latter until my 40s, really.

Anyhoo, my journey in "living out loud" started online in 1996. The same year I connected with POZ Magazine, which led to so many educational opportunities. In short, my life changed dramatically at age 20 because I was finally ready to open up about HIV. Honestly, that saved my life, I'd never have started HIV medications if I didn't speak out when I did.

In a nod to that younger self, and as a 50-year old about to start his first treatment-in-pill-form for anxiety, I'm sharing what's actually going on today. In my life. A life I am so thankful for and happy to improve in any way I can, which these days requires so many appointments despite the fact that my overall health is pretty good.

All things considered.

What I love most about my 40s is how it helped me not downplay my medical past. Or present. Honestly, I didn't fear death from my early teens until my 40s. When I'd built a life with Gwenn

that I was afraid of losing. These days, that fear is disappearing, replaced by the reality that there is now real work on my part to be healthy.

The mental. The physical.

Okay, I'm getting close to scrapping this thing. So that means it's best I'm start wrapping this thing. The black and white picture is me at CVS on the last day of my 40s, picking up my hemophilia medication. Marking one year sticking myself, once a week, to treat hemophilia prophylactically.

The sipping from my own cup picture is today: 50. I'm so damn thankful to be here, and loving my life in the present: pills, appointments and all.

As always, thanks for reading. And be kind to yourself!

Because you deserve it.

Positively Yours,
Shawn

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