



# A Boy, A Doctor, A Virus

April 27, 2007 By [Shawn Decker](#)

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I love my doctor. And a few weeks ago we had the opportunity to speak to a group of doctors on a sunny, Friday afternoon.

Dr. Greg, a great guy whom I share many laughs with during my quarterly doctor's appointments, did a brief powerpoint presentation. Not quite as impressive as Al Gore's Inconvenient Truth, but good enough to keep the audience of twenty on our side. As he was winding down to introduce me, he was talking about the different kinds of HIV meds, and one drug in particular whose name has slipped me.

"This drug has caused some problems," he said. But Dr. Greg wasn't talking about terrible side effects or resistance issues. "It's often sold illegally as a recreational club drug."

Soon thereafter, I asked the tough question with mock indignation, "... why haven't you told me about this drug before?" The doctors, thankfully, let out a hearty laugh, and though it was a bit awkward to speak without Gwenn by my side, Dr. Greg proved to be a comforting stand-in.

My HIV drugs, as uneventful as they are, seem to be doing the job. And the week on/week off strategy is working well. Last week, I went in to see Dr. Greg and get some blood drawn for labs, with the understanding that cholesterol is still the achille's heel of my blood tests. As I was watching the plasma race to fill those little tubes, I wished I'd been riding my new exercise bike a bit more in the lead up to that moment.

I emailed Dr. Greg two days ago, and predicted what my results would be. My guess was: T Cell Count: 459 (23%) Viral Load: Undetectable Cholesterol: 231

**The actual results: T Cell Count: 450 (27%) Viral Load: Undetectable Cholesterol: 237**

I guess I know my body. Which means I should start riding that bike more.

Positively Yours,  
Shawn

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