True Babies

September 12, 2008 By Shawn Decker

Went in to see Dr. Greg today, and my t-cell count was 483 (26%), which is pretty much the same as it has been for the last year or so: good news.

Going in to draw the labs a couple of days before was kind of a waste of time, since the viral load test hadn't come back yet. I am curious about the results, because the blood was taken at the tail end of my week off cycle. (For newbies, I take my HIV meds on a 7/7 cycle- one week on followed by one week off, and have done so since 2002.)

On the TiVo tip, I finally watched the new HBO series, True Blood, and I wasn't too impressed. I'll watch the second episode just to give the series a fair shake, but unlike Six Feet Under I wasn't drawn in by any of the characters, nor their interactions with one another. It didn't help that the only vampire was a total wuss, either...

Perhaps True Blood lacked impact because it had the misfortune of being a follow-up act to an amazing event that involved real blood: the birth of a child.

On Wendesday night our neighbor and friend, Lauren, welcomed a healthy and happy 8 pound girl named Evelyn into the world. Here she is with her Mommy and Gwenn. Since Lauren lives a few paces from us, Gwenn and I had the duty of taking her to the hospital when it was time. Gwenn drove Lauren and I led the way in my car, using the hazzard lights sparingly. Of course, it was rush hour traffic when we got the call, but we all made it safely to the hospital, and everything went as smoothly as possible once we got there.

Tomorrow they get to come home, and I'll have a new little baby neighbor. She will probably recognize my voice from all the times we've had coffee with her mother in the last few months!

Babies are a running theme these days. Just last week, I got to see my new little baby niece, Helayna. I shaved off my mini-beard before the family dinner because it really freaked her out when she was a newborn, but now, at 6 months old, I held my niece and fed her water with a straw a few drops at a time. My brother laughed and said, "She drinks like a gerbil."

By the way, Lauren is an *incredible* musician. Here's her cover of My Chemical Romance's "Helena", couldn't think of a more appropriate spot to plug a friend's talents:

This blog and all the recent activity really begs the question: *Do I ever want one of my own?*

No- gerbils give nothing back emotionally and living in a waterless fish tank can't be fun for them either. As far as babies go, I'm not as hardlined as I once was on that topic. Maybe a few years down the road Gwenn and I will be ready for the most insane adventure this life can throw at you, which is to throw this insane adventure at someone else and hope to guide them through it to the best of your abilities.

Or maybe we won't. I'm perfectly content knowing that, as long as I am here, I have an incredible partner to share this journey with. And whether or not that ever includes a third little wheel is something that only time will tell.

Positively Yours,

Shawn

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