



Undetectable & 9/11

September 11, 2006 By [Shawn Decker](#)

The best result I could ask for came in today with my labs... an undetectable viral load! That means, for the time being, I'm good to go as far as staying with the Week On/Week Off meds plan.

I have to say, I thought there would be *something* happening with the viral load. But no, the meds are still kicking the virus's ass the same way they did before, only now I'm giving the meds less of an opportunity to kick *my* ass as well.

Of course, I'll keep updating on here, but I don't even go back in for labs until December, which is nice. And I wouldn't be an American if I didn't mention today's anniversary of 9/11. I was fortunate enough that I didn't lose anyone in the attacks but, like everyone else, I will never forget where I was when everything went down that day.

Gwenn and I had a talk scheduled for that evening. Fortunately, we didn't have plane tickets, it was just a simple four-hour drive away. We had our suitcases packed, and just as we were about to leave Gwenn's mom called, "Where are you guys???"

We turned on the TV. I'm not sure if they second tower had been hit, but everything was still being reported as a potential error. I was in a haze, even when the twin towers fell. I'd never witnessed anything like that before in real time.

Gwenn and I didn't leave the house for three days, watching all the updates as they came on. Everything else seemed pretty inconsequential at the time, and it was.

Our talk was cancelled, of course, and for some reason I thought it prudent to call the bed & breakfast place that we were planning to stay at after our campus gig that night. The guy who owned the b&b was surprisingly indignant. "Well, no one else has cancelled for this evening!" Nobody else probably remembered to call.

A couple of weeks later, the b&b bill appeared on our bank statement. "What a dick." I thought.

To get some information on the place to contest the bill, I went to the B&B web site, and there the owner was, smiling in front of his business. Though there was one slight change: he was now proudly posing in front of an American flag. "What a dick," I said once again, understanding that he probably didn't lose anyone in the attacks, either.

