World AIDS Week 2009: One Week Ago...

December 7, 2009 By Shawn Decker

The blog has been dormant, but for the past week things have been pretty hectic. And since I'm going to be lounging around the next four or five days recovering, I figured it would be fun to do what I didn't have the time or energy to do one week ago... which is: blog about what happened.

So, join me as we travel back to few days leading up to World AIDS Day 2009.

Friday, November 27- Sunday, November 29:
Every year, Gwenn and I travel on the Sunday after Thanksgiving, embarking on a week's worth of events to educate about HIV, and what it means to be in a sero-diverse relationship. This year presented an interesting little challenge aside from the usual crowded airport/highway scene: I was going to be traveling sick, but not contagiously so. It was an annoying cough I'd developed right before Thanksgiving, my energy was sapped, but aside from that, I wasn't too concerned about my overall well-being. Gwenn, however, is always looking out for me, and sees right through my false bravado.

Thankfully.

On Friday night, Gwenn made me a "Hot Toddy", a classic concoction that is supposed to help out with the kind of cough I had. The drink- which included hot tea, whiskey, honey and fresh lemon juice- tasted terrible, but I was desperate to feel better and get some rest. Even with the Toddy, I slept for only three hours. The next day I had another problem when my nose started bleeding. It wasn't a terrible bleed, by any means, and I thought of the nose as a nuisance- just my lifelong Achille's Heel coming back for some attention before World AIDS Day and all the HIV talk.

I drank Amicar- another vile concoction used to boost my body's ability to clot properly-, and took a hit of the nasal clotting medication, Stimate. Bummed that I didn't feel good enough to go out for a Decker's Daily, but happy that Gwenn made up for all the bad tasting stuff I'd ingested by bringing me home an iced mocha... that's me posing for my daily picture, with my blood-clotting companions and a little cold compress called "The Nose Buddy".

That night, once again, I slept for just a few hours.

Sunday afternoon I exhausted. Then annoyed when I had another pesky nosebleed. *Great.* Once more,

it stopped relatively easy, but I let Gwenn drive while I kicked back, tissue in hand and ready to deal with my nose as I sucked on a Hall's couch drop. The only thing we had to deal with was the traffic on the interstate- a death trap of it's own, riddled with disgruntled, exhausted family members trying desperately to get home. We made it to the airport in one piece, and our flight to Jacksonville went off without a hitch. By midnight, we were in our hotel room- the site of the HIV/AIDS Awards luncheon where we'd be speaking the next day at noon... with a hearty ten hours to sleep, I took some Nyquil and laid down.

I slept for 30 minutes.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Shawn on:  Shawn's book Decker's Daily Coffee



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