

One Day

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Not all my days are the same, but Thursday is the day I do my volunteer work for [PLWHA](#) [1] Person (or People) Living with HIV/AIDS. NSW, something I look forward to each week. Going into the office makes me feel good, it gives me purpose and motivation, and allows me to enter an environment that I always find welcoming, friendly and rewarding.

So I stumble out of bed, find an uneasy and often painful balance on two feet that have been badly damaged by neuropathy and make my way into the kitchen. I go to the fridge, take out a small glass vial that I have placed there the evening before and begin to arrange my first 'treatment' of the day – a jab of T-20 that will be sure to take the sleep out of my eyes!

Today though, I'm finding it hard to find a spot that isn't swollen or sore from the collective damage that has been done to my stomach and thighs as the result of all my previous jabs. So I decide to use the advice of my doctor, recently given me, and find some flesh on my upper [arm](#) [2] Any of the treatment groups in a randomised trial. Most randomised trials have two "arms," but some have three "arms," or even more. that I can pinch together while I place a clothes peg on it to allow the needle access into my body.

The pinching of the peg hurts me almost as much as the needle does, and even though I have dabbed the chosen site well with numbing lignocaine I still feel a sharp sting as it enters me. "Too impatient," I mutter to myself, "should have waited longer for the anaesthetic to kick in." I prepare the next dose ready for refrigeration until this evening.

In the PLWHA office in Oxford Street, I am able to help out by answering the telephone, filling envelopes or doing any of the other little jobs the staff may have for me. Being a member of the board, I also find this is a good way of keeping in touch with the day-to-day functioning of the organisation.

Time passes rapidly and soon I head off for my weekly appointment with my GP. Over 20 years I have built up a very good rapport with my doctor and the surgery receptionists – it's more like visiting friends than visiting the doctor.

I arrive home around 3.30 and am greeted happily by my furry friend, Snuffy, who woos me into the calmness and relative tranquillity of my nest with her purrs and funny little squeaks and squeals.

After resting for an hour or more I have my second T-20 jab. Not wanting to repeat the awkwardness of the peg incident I finally find a spot on my thigh that does not feel too tender and administer the shot. Even though the lignocaine again eases the pain, I curse, but then I remember just how effective this present combination has so far proved to be and with that thought my discomfort passes away.

Contributions to this column from readers are welcomed. Tell us in 400 words about one day of your life as a person living with HIV/AIDS. Published contributions are eligible to receive a payment. [Contact the editor](#) [3] for further information.

- [enfuvirtide \(T-20\)](#)
- [involvement of positive people](#)
- [personal stories](#)

Links:

[1] <http://www.napwa.org.au/glossary/term/119>

[2] <http://www.napwa.org.au/glossary/term/470>

[3] <http://www.napwa.org.au/cmo>

