

Who am I??????????????

There is a need to share this, because this is what I think everyday of my life since my fateful surgery for vaginal meshes and a TVT in March 2008, followed by partial mesh removal in Dec 2008 and middle section of TVT removed in August 2009.

Who am I? - this sad unhappy person that swings between highs and lows that goes quiet and withdrawn at times and over compensates at other times trying to pretend I am still here just like I used to be. I am not though sadly and I will never ever be that person again. I wish I had appreciated that person more that I used to be, I wish I had rejoiced that she was healthy, without pain, and beautiful, I wish I had known that she would soon be leaving never to return and I would be left with a shell of a human body.

I woke up from surgery and they had given me someone else's body to live in, a body that was useless, unable to stop feeling pain even for just a while, a body that needed to wear a nappy day and night to prevent wetting myself, a body that on occasions poos it's self and leaves me in mess, a body that can no longer experience a normal happy sex life because this body has been left with excruciating vaginal pain, extensive scar tissue and a vagina that is now at least 2 inches too short and cannot accommodate my husbands penis, a body that is tired, worn out continually ill due to low immunity.

Who am I? this person that suffers with rashes on my face that are sore , this person who has sore abdominal and pelvic sinuses that have occurred as a result of the remaining festering meshes in my pelvis trying to rid my body of them, with this oversized swollen abdomen that never goes down. Who am I?

Who am I? This wife who doesn't even feel feminine anymore, let alone attractive to her husband. The person who hurts when they sit for long periods and hurts when they stand for long periods too.

Who am I? this mother who has spent the last 4yrs of her children's life in and out of hospital trying to find the answer in surgery to this nightmare, the person that can no longer do long days out walking, bowling, swimming or any of those things that I once took for granted. I wish I had known, perhaps I would of made the most of it and taken them out all the time. So they would remember the happy, fit, energetic mother they once had instead of this tired, in pain, ill person that has invaded their home and their life.

I dream sometimes and in those dreams I am the wife, mother, woman I once used to be. In those dreams I am the person who never let a surgeon near me , a person who done my research before the surgery instead of after it, a person who doesn't live with the dread of what will become of me as my symptoms increase as they do by the week and months. The person who never heard of vaginal meshes and TVT's and just lives an ordinary, happy life.

When I wake I realise it was only a dream and here I am again in that body that doesn't belong. The body that if I could out run it I would be running in any direction away from it but there is no point because wherever I go its there with me and that's WHO I AM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!