

That's Hysterical! Now Get Out!

SEASON 1 | EPISODE 7

One Day, My Universe Will Not Revolve All Around My Uterus

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I've built an entire life around this uterus and this uterine condition. Maybe that's why I'm having such a hard time conceptualizing not having that, not just physical burden on myself, but mental burden on myself. I was so worried about being a burden on other people. I didn't realize what a burden I've been on myself. Holy shit. On this episode of That's Hysterical, now get out. I am on day two-ish of quite possibly my last period. I hope I'm saying that and I'm not editing it later. My surgery has been canceled or something. See, these are all the thoughts that come in to my head as soon as I start trying to process everything that's going on right now is, oh, here's another thought. What if it goes wrong? What if you're saying 18 days until surgery? But it's not 18 days, really. In reality, it's going to be, there's so much unknown right now, and I guess that's a good place to start this episode. There's so much unknown right now, but I can say if this is my last period, let's live in this world where this is my last period for a little while, all right, for the length of this episode, if this is my last period and this is the last day to-ish, where I am sitting in my car, I want to get out and I want to experience this gorgeous fall day, but I am tied to my heating pad because I just spent the morning a few hours pushing my mom's wheelchair around, getting her to an appointment and getting her back.

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It is hell on my body and I say nothing. I take Aleve, I take Ibuprofen, I take CPD, and I hope for the best, not all at once. This is over the course of a day. Sorry, I'm just dealing with a cramp right now. You know what it is? It's like being in early to mid-stages of childbirth right now, and the cramps are contractions. That's the intensity of them. Except it's not like contractions where they're going to be over and come back on a rhythm or even faster. There's not a baby on the other side of it that I'm excited to see. No, I can't get through these. Well, I can. I've done it. I am doing it currently. But it's not like when I was having my first child and I didn't have any pain medication because they didn't know I was in labor. I was in the hospital screaming, and they thought it was my reaction to the servadil. They thought I was being dramatic. They were like, Well, she's going to have a few cramps, but this is just a lot. Then finally, when I said, Somebody come look at me, the doctor finally came.

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I was 10 centimeters. I looked at him and I said, Can I have my epidural? He said, I'm sorry, it's too late. I looked at my then-husband, my was-band, and he still remembers to this day just this look of sadness I gave him. I'm sure it must have been heartbreaking, but I got through it. I gave birth to my wonderful child almost 13-ish years ago without any pain meds. As soon as I talked about that story, this cramp is like, Well, this is probably like when I was four centimeters. With my second born, I got the epidural when I was, I think, four or five centimeters or so. No, maybe this was three-centimeter pain. It's dissipating now.

See, I distracted myself. There's the mindfulness. I'm trying to get to more and more mindfulness about the pain. There's going to be recovery pain. Part of my mindfulness, I think, is celebrating the fact that this may be my last day two-ish of my period where it feels really bad and I was able to get through some really tough shit with it. It's funny, the last few days I've been talking so much about death cleaning, and I can tell that it's taking a toll on my arms for sure.

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And then on top of this extra bleeding, I think, I don't know if my period started. Well, I know my period started for sure, but I don't know what day it is because after the biopsy a few days ago, I don't know, can a biopsy send you into an early period? I have no idea. It was about four days after that I started this bleeding. But see, usually day two is really heavy bleeding, a lot heavier pain. That said, today, this morning, my pain was really bad. I'm saying this from a heating pad where I'm finally comfortable after hours of discomfort, being like, Okay, I'm finally comfortable. Let me talk about my pain. And now that I'm trying to feel it, I don't even know if this makes sense. I'm in the moment. I'm like, Oh, it's not so bad. And this I'm realizing is how I let it go on for so long. But yeah, it's a little unfathomable, is the word that pops into my head when I think about what if there are going to be mornings when I wake up not feeling this terrible discomfort of, Oh, of course, it's the day of my period.

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Of course, this 15-pound bowling ball is going to be in between my hips all day, and I'm not going to be able to move it. I can dampen some of the pain if I'm home and I don't have to go anywhere and do anything. I can add some THC to the mix and get that wonderful body and mind high to get my brain away from it. But I couldn't this morning, so it's been really difficult. Now that I'm back on my heating pad, oh, no wonder I live with this thing. It turns the pain that feels like a seven, eight into a doable three, four. Maybe that's why I was trying to compare it to childbirth because I'm thinking about centimeters and just how much pain it felt like going through each of the stages, not even realizing I was going through the stages the first time around and then getting to about four or five the second time around. I was like, Nope, let's game, Genie, the rest of this shit. Epidural me up, baby. If you can't tell, I live with a bunch of video gamers. What's funny is I didn't realize this.

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When you take a look back at your life, you'll notice patterns, I guarantee you. My pattern is I feel great around video gamers. They make me feel good because I can parallel play like, Hey, I don't want to play video games with you, but is it cool if I derp on my phone and you play video games and sometimes we chat? Great. That sounds great. When I was growing up, my grandmother, she played video games. When Nintendo came out, they thought they were getting it for me. They thought maybe we'll just have one at Nana's house. Then Nana picked it up and Nana started playing. Then every time Nana went grocery shopping, I would come back to Nana's house and there'd be a few more used video games from the video game and video rental store from the grocery store that was inside the grocery store. It was one

of those things we had all these discount games because my Nana couldn't get enough. I had a friend in high school who was really into video games. I loved watching him play because it was gorgeous to watch the animations. Sometimes I would get into the storylines.

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But at the same time, it was cool to go over his house after school because he would get into his video games. I just want to hang out and have somebody there, and then I do my homework. It was the perfect ADHD, self-medication of socialization and parallel play. This coming from the armchair psychologist, so take that for what it's worth. Then I'm married a gamer and now my son is a gamer. Whenever I talk in terms of levels, it makes sense. Right now, I feel like with adenomyosis and this hysterectomy, I'm at level, I don't know. I don't know. I'm up there. I'm definitely at a more advanced level than beginner. I'm not first learning about it. I'm not getting scared about it. I guess that if I had to think about it in terms of criteria to check off in order to get an organ taken out of my body. I feel like I've gone on enough sidequests with my uterus where I can appreciate that this might be the last period. Hooray. I guess that, plus the fact that I basically finished my big physical thing I had to do this morning, and I can finally relax with my heating pad and some pain relievers.

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I can celebrate that I went through some hopefully one of the last really painful periods, if not the last period. It's so hard to believe. That's why I'm having trouble. I keep coming back to what am I talking about? Because I'm trying to get through this idea that this might be the last period, that this surgery that I'm so scared about that I've been putting off for so long that I keep feeling like I need to talk to somebody about. I think it's just so many emotions to deal with all at once. A few people can relate. I think my friend from Church, I'm so happy that I could talk to her. I was messaging her yesterday, and I got to thank her, which was awesome. She is one of those people I think she loves being helpful. I think that really does bring her a lot of joy. I think that brings most people joy, in fact. I think people forget that because the lower hanging fruit of being helpful makes me feel happy. I think people forget that because maybe being helpful does require giving a lot of yourself or some of yourself or a little of yourself.

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It doesn't have to be all or nothing. But then there's also the low hanging fruit of, Yeah, but I could feel good by focusing on myself and what I want in this moment. Maybe the fact that I've been struggling with that philosophy of trying to figure out humans as far as, Well, are we here for others or are we here for survival and how small do our survival circles get? I've been grappling with that. I've been philosophically questioning spirituality. When I got into a lot of mindfulness to deal with pain, to deal with a lot of other stuff over the years, to deal with ADHD, to deal with a mom who's not in the greatest physical or mental health. It was really hard for me to justify finding my own voice or actually hearing that voice of pain of, Hey, it's not just a bad period. This isn't just a little endo. This isn't just mental schmerz. This isn't just you

had two kids. Your uterus is a little worn out. But at the same time, I also had those thoughts of, Well, it's not just a surgery. It's not just a recovery. It's six weeks you have to plan for.

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I'm also very overwhelmed at the amount of work I've taken on. I don't want to say yet I've made the mistake of being a yes person. I'm actually enjoying this surge of energy I have because I'm telling myself it's the last period of you know what? Do your worst period. Go ahead because I'm also going to do my worst. Because for the last few years, I've been laying back giving you heating pads, trying to get you comfortable, making my life as minimal as possible so that I could just exist in pain without being a miserable burden on everybody else around me who I love. And all this cleaning I've been doing and actually taking more pain medication this period than I think I have. I'm taking the recommended amount of pain medication, by the way, not, hey, I'm going to take some Ibuprofen today. I'm going to lay off of it tomorrow, maybe take some Tylenol, switch it up. If I take aspirin, then I'll make my stomach feel awful. I don't want to take that. I would play these balancing games with all the stuff I was taking. Thank goodness I found CPD, to be perfectly honest with you.

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I don't know in what countries or states or regions this will get banned because I'm talking about it so openly. But it is the only thing that has helped me manage for the last few years, to be perfectly honest, to get me to the point where I've built an entire life around this uterus and this uterine condition. And maybe that's why I'm having such a hard time conceptualizing not having that not just physical burden on myself, but mental burden on myself. I was so worried about being a burden on other people. I didn't realize what a burden I've been on myself. Holy shit. These are these moments that my therapist tells me about, Damn it, I've been a burden on myself. That was one of my biggest fears. Crap. Well, add to the list of things I need to tell my therapist. I can't make myself a burden on myself so that I'm not a burden to other people so that I can help other people, the people I want to help, the people who I'm seeking to connect with. If I can't conceptualize anything else and my mind is running in these circles, okay.

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This is my last period, which we're going to have as our mindset. Yeah, let's hold on to that. Let's hold on to the fact that I may not be a burden on myself anymore. I may not be a burden on this beautiful mind that without all this pain and discomfort, maybe I could write my book that my publisher has asked me to write, that I'm cleared to write, that I've had to push the deadline back on. If I wasn't a burden on myself, I would be able to get out of the car right now without feeling this giant bowling ball of discomfort or thinking, Okay, I'll turn my heating pad off for just a little while, and then I'll come back to it. Those thoughts won't be there. I can't conceptualize it. I can't conceptualize that not being in my brain. But if we're living in this beautiful world as I'm watching the yellow, the gold, the maroon, the orange leaves come down around my car in this beautiful graveyard. I love graveyards, by the way. If I haven't mentioned it on this podcast yet, I love graveyards. They're one of my favorite places to visit.

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I can enjoy it without the pain, not despite. That's what it would feel like not being a burden on myself to not have this burden. It literally feels like a burden between my hips. I keep calling it a bowling ball. I like bowling. The idea of bowling feels like, well, that's excessive. I already have one between my hips. Can I just... I don't know if I do a big hip thrust, I feel like I could hurl myself down bowling alley, and get a strike with how wide I am at this point. That's another thing, is I'm wondering how heavy this uterus is at this point because I've been watching my weight tick up over the last few years. If you remember the last podcast I did, I lost a significant amount of weight. I had to go through a lot of mindset shifts, and I think coming out of it, I got to the mindset shift of body neutrality where it was like, Whoa, I did a lot of that weight loss for the wrong reasons, and I really needed to learn to love myself a lot more. I think that also brought me here.

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It brought me to this idea that you know what? I am worthy of, if not a pain-free existence, at least an existence with less pain, less burden. Maybe it's not pain and discomfort anymore. It's a literal burden. Is it literal? My fellow hyperlexiconians, come talk to me. Yeah, I know that word just made your mind scramble a bit. Come talk to me. Is it a burden? Is it a literal burden? Feels like a literal burden. It's heavy, that's for sure. It's weighing me down. Is that the definition of a burden? I'm going to call it. It is a literal burden and I will be taking the burden off myself. Oh, my goodness. Man. I don't know why I get so mad when my therapist is right about going into nature and having my aha, moments. It's like, Oh, she was right again. If I just listen to myself talk long enough, I stumble upon something. Forgive me, I'm all congested, I think, because the windows are open and I need an allergy pill. I can hear all the phlegm. I hope when I don't have this burden on myself, I don't use that excess energy for the perfectionist tendencies.

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I'm actually starting to worry a little bit about the cleaning if we're being honest. All the cleaning I'm doing because I know it's contributing to pain, but I feel like I need to do it in a lot of ways, but I can feel the compulsory. Just one more thing. Just one more thing. Oh, I see that. Oh, I see that. Let me get that. Then I lose track of time. When I lose track of time, I lose track of my energy levels. As some people with chronic illness talk about, I lose track of my spoons and how much I'm expending because my brain is so excited to be able to be making sense of the world, I guess. I think that's why I like being an editor so much. It's funny. One of the things about losing all that weight on that podcast was that it just kept being tiny little steps, tiny little changes that made the biggest difference. As I'm realizing how my adenomyosis has progressed and how much it's taken over my life, it wasn't noticeable. It was the same thing, only maybe in a more negative light because just every period was a little bit worse.

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Maybe one period would lighten up a bit, but then the next one would get worse. It was like, Oh, well, maybe this is just a bad one. Oh, I did it to myself. It's just a bad period. I gaslit myself it's just a bad period. But really, it's getting worse and worse. Where if this is, as I suspect, maybe a continuation of day one of my period and the biopsy just, I don't know, exacerbated. Just made my uterus mad and pissy is what it comes down to. I'm trying so hard to be clinical as much as I can. I don't know if clinical is the right word, but I'm trying to be accurate. But really, my uterus is just pissy. They had a biopsy done. If you don't know what that is, they opened it up with a speculum and got some tissue out. Not like a pap smear, a little bit more. There was some... I remember feeling the blood rush from my face and forgetting everything I was talking about. The only thing I could do was go, whoa. Yeah, uterus, you know what? In this case, I'm with you. That was something.

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I understand if you're going into an early period. You know what? This might be our last one. This is the point of the podcast where I'm talking directly to my uterus. This is our last one. Let's have our last hurrah. That's what we've been doing. I've been cleaning. That is a mistake on my part. You've been just doing you. I would love it if you could pass this gas bubble that we've been fighting with all morning. I can't with it anymore. Come on. One way or another. Let's get it out of our system. I've been doing all kinds of twists and yoga. I was doing it when I was at the appointment with my mom. It was when I was in full. Yes, I have ADHD mode, but if somebodys you were going to ask, I was going to tell them it's my uterus. If I don't move it around from now, it's my burden. Sorry, I'm just dealing with my burden here. Cysic if they get up. Sorry, I look like a hyperactive 40-year-old monkey in your waiting room here as I'm twisting in chairs and moving back and forth and getting up and stretching my legs while simultaneously trying to deal with my mom who does not know the extent of the pain because her mental health could not take it.

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That's another thing. It's not a burden on her. At one point, I think I was considering not telling her, and I'm glad I talked to my husband about it. Actually, no, I'm not because he said, no, that's a great idea. Then I was like, well, is it though she knows that this has been really painful for me? Despite all of her mental health issues, I think she would know that a hysterectomy is a good thing. You know what? My instincts were right. I saw her today. I let her know, Hey, the ultrasound is coming up. We'll know more then. I was trying to leave it very not omitting information, but less is more in this case, as far as we'll know more after the ultrasound, which is true. The ultrasound could change anything. That is something that I'm considering. I would love to live in this world of this is the last period. Let's celebrate it. But the ultrasound really is the determining factor. Maybe it's spread. That's also part of my fear is I really have let it become this burden that I just live with that I've let it get really bad. I can't even get the words out.

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That's how afraid I am a bit. There it is. I'm afraid that I let it go on for so long that it got so bad. I thought I was doing everything I could. Drink all the tea, I did all the yoga. I read all the books, I ate all the

cruciferous vegetables I could. I don't know yet. I'm already trying to make excuses for I let it get worse. I think that's going to be a level of guilt that I'm going to have to deal with maybe regardless. But who knows? We don't know yet, right? Let's leave it up to the universe. One day, my universe will not revolve around my uterus. There it is. One day, my universe will not revolve all around my uterus. One day, I will not be a burden on myself. That's what I'm clinging to. That's the hope I have right now. That's my new hope. All right. If I ever, ever need confirmation that my period really exacerbates my ADHD, I will have somebody listen to this train of thought, which is all over the place. Which you know what? To be honest, I only have a few little edit points where I messed up, but I'm going to leave most of it in.

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Who knows? Maybe I'll still have this creativity when I'm all out of the woods and out of the hysterectomy, and my hormones will still be intact. Hopefully, I'll get to keep my ovaries. I haven't told my husband that yet. I've actually been thinking, When do I tell my husband that I'm still going to have PMS? Maybe after. Maybe I'll tell him after. He'll find out either way. He's probably read about it. He probably has. Because I've said, again, this is another time where maybe I'm omitting information and less is more and I'm justifying it in my head. But I've been telling him, Well, if the ultrasound comes back and they do have to take my ovaries, that might put me into early menopause. And leaving it there, not knowing that the other side of it is, Hey, if I get to keep my ovaries, I don't go into early menopause, which means I still have PMS. Doesn't that sound great? It does not to him. So you know what? Less is more right now. We'll find out how that goes. Okay, take care, everybody. Thank you so much for sticking with me. I appreciate you.

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Have a great day. Take care.