That's Hysterical! Now Get Out!

SEASON 1 | EPISODE 8

Radically Accepting the Horror Stories and the Success Stories

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What the hell am I going to be thinking about? What is my ADHD going to be trying so hard not to focus on throughout the day if I don't have that pain? Am I going to be able to do my work? No, come on. Maybe. On this episode of That's hysterical. Now get out. Yesterday, I talked with my mom. I let her know about my hysterectomy. I was on the fence about telling her, to be honest. I know that sounds very cruel if you don't understand me and my mom in our complicated relationship. She's not well mentally and physically. Sometimes it's better not to tell her things until after they happen because something like that has a possibility of triggering her. But I told her, and I think she was well enough to understand that this is something that I've wanted and needed for a while now, and she was happy for me. I don't think I need to worry too much about triggering her. But I remembered why I hesitated to tell her because she is one of those people who has multiple stories about surgery has gone wrong. Of course, her hysterectomy was one of them.

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I forgot as soon as she opened her mouth and said, Well, my hysterectomy was terrible. I remembered, Oh, yeah, her hysterectomy was terrible. That's part of the reason why I was so scared is because she has this... Well, I guess she had a success story. She doesn't talk about the success of it. She just talks about the fact that they left a clamp in, apparently. But I had to remind myself I don't think that will happen with laparoscopic. Again, I'm still waiting for the ultrasound to determine if, in fact, I will be getting laparoscopic. I don't have to worry about the clamp. I don't have to worry about history repeating itself, which I think, I mean, this is a topic for another podcast. It is something I need to unravel from my head that not everything that happens to my mom happens to me. It's not a curse. It's not some curse that I think... I mean, there are some repeating patterns that I have not been happy with, but not everything that happens to my mom happens to me. If so, sorry to give somebody a horror story. By the way, I should mention my mom is not the most reliable narrator.

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Who knows how many words of that story are accurate? I have to tell myself this. However, I'm still going to focus on the success stories. My mom and my stepmom, actually, are those people who if something bad happened to them, if it's something medical related, they can't wait to tell you and they can't wait to tell you over and over and over again. I get it. It's trauma. It's how they express trauma. I don't know. I just don't need to hear it before I go into surgery. I don't need more what ifs. I don't need more this might happen, this might happen. This might happen. One would think going into the surgery that I'm excited about that I'm trying to get over the idea that, Oh, I hope this doesn't cause more pain. But people seem to love telling their medical horror stories, especially to somebody who's going for that exact medical

procedure. I just want people to have more self-awareness, social acuity sometimes. That's all. All that said, I ask for feedback on this show. I ask for your stories. I know that people do appreciate them. We understand that in life, there aren't always happy ending.

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I think that's why I'll be asking for stories after my procedure and not before. It's so hard to be that person who is very aware that they're all complications, and I am intentionally focusing on the positives to try to get me through to that day. It almost feels like going against everything. It feels like society has been learning in the past few years of don't stick your head in the sand. Don't go to that toxic positivity. But I think I'm also taking it with a lot of radical acceptance. I'm trying to at least. I'm trying to take these stories. I'm trying to take the success stories and hope for them. But I think also having the back of my head, it might not work out. I don't know. See, I heard that out loud, and I was like, Wait, should I have that in the back of my head? I don't know. I feel like realistic thinking comforts me more than using the energy to focus on the positive. But hey, we're holding out hope, okay? This is 17 days until surgery. Maybe I'll have another day of living in the best case scenario universe where my uterus is not my universe.

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I cannot imagine the day. I can't. I cannot imagine the day when my uterus is not my universe. I was driving today being like, What the hell am I going to be thinking about? What is my ADHD going to be trying so hard not to focus on throughout the day if I don't have that pain? Am I going to be able to do my work? No. Come on. Maybe. Am I going to have the energy at six o'clock at the end of the day? Because I'm not like, All right. I did so much shit earlier in the day, and now my uterus, and my hips, and my back, and my legs are all so sore and I have to live on the heating pad for the rest of the day. Is that going to be gone and I'm going to have to do something with myself? It's funny. This introvert is like, Oh, no. It sounds like I won't have an excuse to stay home. I mean, it's not an excuse. I literally love staying home. But you know what? The times I want to do something, man, is it really inconvenient when I'm sore or I have to plan around my period and I have to keep reminding myself of it.

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I'm not saying my diagnosis fits my lifestyle really well. In fact, that's this whole my uterus is not my universe thing is did I just create this cozy fucking lifestyle that I happen to love around my uterus and the idea of having the option to change that is a little overwhelming to deal with. But hey, okay, all right, let's be serious stopping myself right now because I'm going too far into the future now and I don't know what the future is going to bring. In fact, I need to get out of that future thinking because I have 17 days left until my surgery and I did the math and I have to do a project a day for all my clients to get to the point where I can do my surgery. They have all their work, or at least they have a good stopping point from me so they can shift to working with somebody else. I have to focus on that. I do. I can't go back on the surgery. I can't go back on it. It's happening. Radical acceptance, right? And also this. If you haven't listened to Tara Brock, her podcast, or read her book Radical Acceptance, sense.

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It's not tough love, but at the same time, it is like, hey, you can give yourself the biggest self hug because this is fucking tough. It's tough as hell. It's not fun. And also this, which means there's also other things happening at the same time that also deserve focus or can displace the focus even temporarily just to be able to get through this moment and give my heart and my brain what it needs, which is peace of mind. That was the first thing that popped into my head, so I went with it. It is peace of mind. It's always peace of mind. Why do I write out documents, like in case of death documents, for peace of mind? Why am I putting together assets and templates and documentation for my clients in case recovery doesn't go as well as I hope? Peace of mind. Why am I cleaning out my closets and getting rid of junk and thinking to myself, If I die, my husband's not going to know what to do with this. I might as well get rid of it now. Peace of mind. Why am I working through this period harder than I work through most periods?

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Because I know I'm going to be tired because I'm just running with that energy of trying to get that peace of mind. Why am I looking at the success stories and annoyed that I also have to take in the stories of it not going so well and having conversations with myself about and also those so I can have peace of mind. I want to go into that surgery knowing everybody I care about will be okay. That's it. That's my peace of mind. I'm afraid of anesthesia. I'm afraid of not having enough, actually, and the horror story, so I want that peace of mind. I want to fully experience that peace of mind. That's where I'm going to leave you because I'm going to go inside after my drive, I'm going to go inside, get my work done, answer my email, unsubscribe for a bunch of emails because, man, once I left social media, now I'm noticing all the notifications for my email. I'm like, Oh, I wish I could leave that too. I think there's going to be a lot of paring down. You know what? That's good. Once again, peace of mind. Let's go.

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One of my notifications that I got is from my app called IM, and it's an affirmation app, and it just popped up with the struggle is part of the story. It's true. Sometimes I hesitate to record, even though I know I've recorded some off-the-wall episodes before, but I always want to record during the struggle because this is the backstory, I guess. Not even the backstory. This is the tail end of the backstory of getting this hysterectomy. This is the struggle. This is the part of the story that hopefully the hysterectomy is the happy ending. Life doesn't always have happy ending, but that's where I'm going for now. Let's just go into this thinking maybe there's a happy ending or hoping for a happy ending. How about that? That's what I have. I have hope. And with that, I wish you a wonderful day, folks. Take care.