

Slow Motion

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I woke up this morning with a nasty headache, something I haven't had in a long time. I started getting migraines just a few months after Jamie was born, so I have had the immense displeasure of knowing headaches intimately for about 25 years. When I first started having them, they would hit me sometimes for five out of seven days and they were paralyzing. Once I had my hysterectomy they subsided for a few years only to reappear, seasonally, in 1989. I would get them when there were sudden changes in air pressure, mostly in the late spring and early summer when we were subjected to thunderstorms. Some years would be particularly bad and I would have them on and off for months, then other years I would only suffer with them on occasion. I have sought all the so-called cures and preventions and some are more effective than others but none are perfect. Twenty-five years ago, the only help was a shot of Demerol, which merely made me so dopey I didn't care about the pain. The latest "solution" (I use the term loosely) is a sumatriptan drug or Imitrex, a nasty pill with nasty side effects including a potential heart attack...certainly not worth the risk. I did use it a few times and though it succeeded in ridding me of my headache and accompanying nausea, I also had to take a relaxant to take away the tension in my chest... just way too many drugs. Now, I will take a couple of Advil Gel-caps and if they don't work, I just ride it out with an icepack, peace and quiet and some rest. Usually it will subside within a day or two and I pick up where I left off. I am not sure what triggered this one (it certainly wasn't the weather) and I am thankful that I am in a place where no one is inconvenienced by it. With some luck, I'll be back to being my old self tomorrow.

Here is a picture I took a while ago
of the lagoon
...one windy day at Weir's Beach.