

Yellow is the color of Ragweed

For the month of August, I thought I was going to get away with an easy allergy season. Usually my allergies start around mid-August. Right on time, I had the itchy eyes, but no other signs of my fall allergies. Yeah!!

All was good until the 10th of Sept. I woke up with the runny nose and heavy sneezing in the morning. That kept up all day to end with full sinus congestion. Ouch... My current medications don't seem to be doing any good. I realize that we just got some rain in the past few days, so I guess that is what really set the pollen and spores going.

Sinus headache is keeping me awake right now. I was sleeping, but someone sent me a text message and my phone kept beeping. Now with the sinus headache, I may be up for awhile..

I'm going to have to have the phone people turn off my text messaging, since I don't use it anyway, and I hate to pay for messages, I will never reply to.

On another note, only 4 more colors to go, and I have a box of Kindergarten crayons... I'll have to dig out the big box to see what colors there are now.

Flashback!

In the last few days, my recovery from the emergency c-section has not been going well. I awoke from a nap Thursday night feeling awful, but luckily my medication kicked in, and I was able to enjoy the midnight showing of The Dark Knight –

more on that later. Friday we met Grandma in South Bend Indiana which is halfway between Chicago where she lives and Ohio where we live to transfer my kids for a week's vacation with Grandma. I felt awful all day, and I started shivering in the restaurant. I knew there was something really wrong when I went outside into the 90° oven and actually *enjoyed* it – uh oh.

When I got back to Ohio, I had an appointment with my doctor for her to take out my staples (yes, they had to actually use *staples* to put me back together, yuck) and that actually went well. Hardly hurt at all, just a little pinch, and it didn't take long. I brought up my symptoms to my doctor and she said everything was normal, and I believed her because when I had my other babies, I would heal up right away, so I figured these were all just side effects from the cesarean. But I took another nap when I got home and when I woke up, I felt like I was dying – that's really the only way to describe it. We took my temperature and it was 102.7°, so of course I had chills, the sweats, headache, and pain. A quick look on the internet gave us the diagnosis: mastitis – a common infection often suffered by breast-feeding mothers. We called the doctor and they wouldn't prescribe any antibiotics over the phone, so we headed to the hospital for the 2nd time in a week...

The admissions people panicked when they saw us coming in with the baby, but we quickly explained it wasn't him, thank goodness. Anyway, after a quick look, the ER doctor confirmed our internet diagnosis and sent us home with a prescription. But since all the pharmacies were closed in our town, they gave me some medicine right then and there. "Name and birthdate", they always ask at the hospital before they give you your meds, and I was like, FLASHBACK! I thought I was done with this for awhile! But for spending a Friday night in the ER, it wasn't so bad; we were actually in and out in an hour. If this had happened in suburban Chicago where I used

to live, it would have taken 3-4 hours to wait our turn in the ER, and they would have wheeled a few body bags past us while we were waiting. So today, I feel much better comparatively, and since the girls are with grandma, I slept until 11:30, so I'm sure that also helped. The antibiotics seem to be working already, and it was nice to wake up and not feel like I was dying, something that hasn't happened for a few days. I also feel better that now I think my recovery from everything is headed in the right direction, whereas when I felt crappy and didn't know why, it was discouraging because I was thinking, will I ever feel better?

My husband is peeved at my OB-GYN for not checking me more thoroughly during my visit with her yesterday. I agree; I did mention my symptoms and she was too dismissive, but being a man (especially one who won't listen to doctor's orders – if the doctor tells him to do something or recommends some sort of exam or test and he doesn't want to do it, he just won't) I don't think he understands how important to me it is to have a woman OB-GYN, and she is the only one in town. Besides, I do like her, she is gentle and she has been through 3 c-sections herself, so she knew exactly what to tell me about what to expect. If we do have any more children, there will be some debate about which doctor we will use. Well, anyway... off to Walmart to get my *third* prescription this week!

Whoa!!! I use this stuff!

While scanning the news sites today I found [this](#).

I've taken that stuff through the years. The heaviest usage was during my most depressing time of life!! The allergy season of 2004 was extremely bad for me. I took *Singular* for

the entire Spring thru Fall (Last Frost to First Frost). I'm very glad (my girls are probably glad too) that I never had that side affect. Suicidal is something I've never been. Hell, I've been so depressed I couldn't find my own socks in the morning, and they were right in the sock drawer where they've always been. I've put things in 'safe places' never to find them again. I went through at least 1 year on pure instinct. I'm surprised the people I met then still talk to me... Then again, the depression medication I was on had the same warning about suicide. Scary to take a med to help depression, that could cause thoughts of suicide.

Guess I have to talk with my Dr. before the allergy season starts up again...