

# Livin' With Parkinson's Disease.

## Not Everyones Choice To Live Where I Do.

It was a pretty long battle health wise to finally be told that I had Parkinson's Disease, I had endured much as had my wife but now knowin' what was wrong with me I just had to accept it and get on with life, acceptin' that was the hardest part. Now I don't consider me self as bein' a vain person, sure like all males there were times years back when I'd go out in public or to special events that I'd tidy me self up for but PD changed all of that. I was now outwardly to others something that many had never seen before, I walked funny, my body tremored and I guess I was an oddity to many when in public. At times I felt ashamed when out with the wife when my body did different movements that attracted looks from others, sure the wife told me and I did years ago say it to others, **'Don't Worry Just Ignore Them'**! Yes easier said than done when you are like me and have no control over what your body does at times.

Livin' where the wife and I live has turned out to be the most perfect place, we live in a rural area on a 30 acre bush covered property with no immediate neighbours leanin' over the back fence wantin' to chat. It is here that I feel my most comfortable as I shuffle around among our wildlife and the trees knowin' that when things are not goin' well I'm not makin' a spectacle of me self in front of others. Yes I do go out in public once a fortnight when we do our shoppin' in the nearby city and I do hate bein' stared at, but it's among the trees at home that I feel at ease with my PD. It is here that I can hide away and curse and swear as loud as I like when I'm havin' a shit day and no one can hear me. With my beeper device attached to me upper left arm and me three hourly meds in me pocket container I'm as free as the breeze livin' among the gumtrees at home.

At times when the proverbial hits the fan and I'm in me grumpy old bastard mode my wife is there to steady the ship as she has always been, I think from 2010 up until my diagnosis in 2016 were the hardest times she had to endure. My body often did crazy things and much pain had me at times screamin' and as much as she wanted to help me there was nothin' really she could do. Every miserable step of the way she was there supportin' me through all the medical tests, hospital visits seein' that all was taken care of. Me battles out in me woodworkin' workshop and around our property when things went wrong she heard about it all and the bloody frustration that went with it all. Who and what I was gunna kill, what I was gunna sell and what parts of me body I was gunna cut off, my wife heard it all and plodded on keepin' all a float. When I think about it, it takes a special woman to deal with someone who has PD so I'm bloody lucky in that respect.

After diagnosis I went into this denial mode, sure I at times leadin' up to diagnosis had bouts of what I believe was depression as my mind was occupied with thoughts of what in the bloody hell was wrong with me body and what was I goin' to end up like. When diagnosed we were told that I was in the early stages of level three, around the world they have this level system for PD and believe me if I thought I had problems in the early stages of level three when I found out what levels four and five were all about, me head just went into melt down. Parkinson's is a progressive disease and no one can tell at what rate it will progress and what level it will eventually take a sufferer to. To combat me fears I went into this denial mode tellin' me Doctor, me friends and anyone who would listen that this PD crap they said I had was all a bloody big mistake and that I'd wake up one mornin' and it would be all gone and there would be some pretty red faces around for the stuff up that had been made.

It was during this denial phase that the wife had found a PD sufferers forum on the computer and suggested that I take a look at it, as it might help me understand PD better from other sufferers points of view. When I look back now I didn't have or knew of any PD suffer/sufferers that I could talk to, all I had was me local Doctor and me wife to talk to about it. Sure I heard of a local group of people in the nearby city who got together once a month so one day on a fortnightly trip to the city to do our shoppin' I took a wander past the hall where they were meeting. From what I saw of those goin' into the hall I came to the conclusion that this wasn't my scene as they were mostly all very elderly with one foot in and the other out of the grave. I had joined a workworkin' forum on the computer that was all about makin' wooden toys some years before I was diagnosed, that didn't last long as I battled with me ailment, I soon found me self up the proverbial creek when durin' one of me bouts of so called depression I said something that was taken the wrong way about another members toy and soon found me self bein' banned when the shit hit the fan. Well I eventually found another wooden toy makin' forum to join and when ever I was in one of those argumentive modes with me self I'd ban me self from goin' online until I had cleared me head.

After doin' a lot of reading on this PD forum the wife had told me about I decided to join and at first I was pretty darn careful on how I responded to others postings within the threads. Before long I had started up a word file on me computer with the names and aka's of people who I could sort of relate to, in time me little list of those who I had on it started seein' many deleted from it accept for this one man from Scotland who they all called **(The Lord Of The Highlands)**. He was different to most in the forum, he very really said much about his PD and when he did it was usually direct and to the point. He liked to joke around and in time I found that he and I had a fair bit in common, such as livin' in a rural area, interested in wildlife and makin' little videos of that which was around us. I went online into the forum one day when I saw a response in text from Ian to a comment I had made and who was now callin' me **(The Wizard Of Ozz)**. He had indicated that he wished there was some way we could communicate with one another one on one, so doin' something that was frowned upon in the forum (after makin' sure he was online at the time and could respond) he responded and before I could removed me email details one of the nice Admins did that for me. In time I became good friends with me little Scottish mate **(The Lord Of The Highlands)**. This friendship was just what I needed and in time we started to communicate with one another on a private face book page I had setup. In time Ian learned about Skype I think with help from his brother-in-law and after I got the required video camera in place we have never looked back. I now have the luxury of livin' in the bush away from pryin' eyes and stares and find me self most days on the computer in my evenin's in a video link with me little Scottish mate.

Yes we both have days when our PD drives us both up the bloody wall but we pick one another up because we know exactly what the other is goin' through. We don't always talk about our PD problems, we talk a lot of crap, share our little home made videos about one anothers wildlife, native birds and country side. The greatest thing I have learned from Ian is that while not everything we have to endure is funny, we can laugh at the way we are and the problems that we have to deal with. Neither of us knows what's around the corner and what our futures will be, but we both agree that being in contact almost daily is the best thing we both ever did. So there ya have it, I knew so very little about PD years ago, I never thought I'd be endurin' it one day. Years ago I got to like a song that **Tom Petty** wrote and sung **'I Won't Back Down'**, It's helped me over the years when I've had battles to face and it'll keep helpin' me as I fight with my Parkinson's Disease.

## I WON'T BACK DOWN!

**We Are In The battle Of Our Lives And We Gunna Win!**

Take Care, Stay Safe and Travel Safe.

Hooroo

Kev (The WIZARD of OZZ).

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