

Surrender

Category: Letting Go

written by Andrea Eisenberg | December 2, 2018

The jolt of pain shot up my back. Oh shit! I immediately stopped rowing. But then I recommenced my “high intensity” work out, with some modifications, not saying a peep to the instructor. Within a day, I had searing pain down my right thigh, like someone was tearing apart my quad with hot tongs. Every time I tried to stand, I turned ashen white and collapsed down. Me, the marathon runner; me, the active ob/gyn; me, the one who doesn’t know how to say no. Me, brought to my knees by overwhelming pain.

Immediately, I’m texting my partner. *Prescribe me some steroids please.* I’m thinking it has to be a herniated disc. My daughter drives me to the pharmacy, and I can’t make the walk to the back of CVS. I stop part way then, when I’m close, collapse into a chair. My daughter looks scared. “Just ask them for my prescription,” I tell her, trying to sound calm. I don’t know how I’m going to get back to the car.

The next few days are a blur of steroids, percocet, higher dose steroids, gabapentin, an MRI, an epidural. I have no appetite, and I barely can read, let alone watch Netflix. I have to tell my partners and get coverage for a call coming up: the first time in twenty-five years I’ve asked for someone to take a call for me.

The epidural helps some: I can finally walk and stand. I go back to the office to see patients, but it is so tiring to be constantly managing my pain. I just want to sit. No, I really want to lie down.

After two weeks of constant pain, albeit lower grade pain, it’s getting the best of me. I find myself crying in a parking lot after trying to grocery shop. I find myself cranky after a restless night of discomfort. I find myself discouraged after realizing this may take a long time to resolve.

I call a colleague. “I just need to talk this out and figure out a plan,” as the tears stream down my cheeks.

“No,” he says, “you need to stop fighting and surrender yourself to let this pain go.”

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