

2 This is my story

y logic at the time being, "When I get sick – you take care of me and when you get sick – I will take care of you." And we will live happily ever after. I just really wanted him to understand that I would never leave him, not now, not ever. At the time, that seemed like the best way to do it. And it worked. I just did not realize what I had done to myself. I never thought that he would die.

> He was scared that I would leave him. And I wanted to assure him that I would always be there. So that is when I decided to get infected so that we could go through it together.

My therapist helped me so much. He gave me an outlet to talk about what I had done to myself and how I expected everything to be okay when it was not. He helped me tell my friends and my grandmother; he helped me say it out loud the day Conan passed on. I thought my life was over. I turned over the hourglass and gave myself two years to finish my first book and die. That was June 25, 2002.

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he relationship started to get weird - the lashing out, the "I'm going to die any day now," watching every AIDS movie he wanted to see and then he'd get so depressed. I just said to him there is something you have to do, we both could do to make this better. Being down about it won't change anything. I know its easy for me to say because I'm not going through what you're going through, but right now you're not in the hospital, you can walk you can talk, you can go to a club, you can do all those things so why not take advantage of that now? I took him places to get his mind off things to let him know there is big world out there still.

This was the first time dating someone with HIV. That I know of.

I read anything about HIV or psychology. I like to read. I finally said to myself you need to make a support group for yourself.... maybe its just friends, my best friend from Florida, family member, people at work, so when things get hard, I'll be okay.



