

The One Where I was diagnosed with Type 1 diabetes

When I think back to the summer of 2019, it doesn't bring the best memories. Two weeks after school let out I was diagnosed with Type 1 Diabetes. I was in the hospital and was learning to accept this new disease. Type 1 diabetes is when your pancreas (an organ in your body) stops producing a hormone, insulin. Insulin is used to stabilize the amount of sugar in your blood so without insulin you can get too much sugar in your blood. That's exactly what happened to me.

Before I was diagnosed, I had many symptoms and my mom was the one who noticed it. Both of my parents are diabetics and they know the symptoms of diabetes. Because of that I was told by my doctors that we "caught it early" and what I mean by that was that I wasn't in DKA which is when your body gets too much sugar and it overloads and that's really bad. My sister took me to the doctors to get a blood test and the next day we got the call. My mom waited until my best friend left and she sat me down to explain what the doctors had said. We all cried for what felt like forever. I started crying then my mom started then my sister and then my dad. It was a domino affect. I went to bed that night with so much uncertainty and not knowing what would happen next terrified me.

The next morning my sister woke me up early. What I didn't know was that my mom had called her and told her we needed to go to the hospital and she told her to pack a bag since we didn't know how long we were going to be there for. My mom waited until she got home to tell me what was really going on. We had a suitcase and a duffle bag full of clothes, games and snacks. It looked like we were going on a vacation. We had lots of pillows and blankets because we knew how uncomfortable and cold hospitals can be.

The whole car ride to the hospital I was so nervous and anxious. I was shaking because I was afraid to get poked with a bunch of needles and I was so scared of what was going to happen next. How ironic. I was more scared to get the IV than to actually stay in the hospital. We ended up playing so many games while sitting in the ER because we were there most of the day. The doctors and nurses came in and out checking on me, asking questions and filling out paperwork. I remember when they asked me to sign something. I looked at my mom confused because I didn't know what to do, I'd never signed my name in cursive before. That was the day my mom ordered a cursive writing book because she said I needed to learn. After being admitted my cousins came to see me and it really helped me feel happy and forget everything that had happened and feel normal again. We ended up staying in the cafeteria and playing because we were hungry and we knew we'd be loud.

Something I remember vividly is when I got my first insulin shot. I was in the playroom, playing some game with my family and my parents left to go get something and my sister stayed with me. The nurse came in and brought us back to my room and I got my first shot in my arm. I remember saying "Did you do it?". The nurse told me she did it already and I said "wow that didn't hurt at all". This moment calmed me down a little and made me realize that I could handle this. While in the hospital we took many classes to become educated and learn how to control my diabetes. The classes even had "tests". It wasn't the kind of test where if you fail you can't go home, it was more of a, if you understand I'll move on. I got discharged that Sunday and I remember asking my parents if we could go to Applebees for lunch because I was really hungry and Applebees was my favorite restaurant. My parents and my nurse both laughed at me and later that day we went. Overall my hospital experience was a rollercoaster. I laughed and I cried and sometimes it was at the same time.