



Recovering

I have just been to see the physio. His name is Darrin and the company, Physioactive, is based in Ipswich. Darrin is a magician, I had not been back to him since last December but let's have a look at the history.

It was about ten weeks after the accident which had happened on 1st July 2006. I had busted every rib on the right side, most in more than one place. The ribs had pierced the lung but that had all healed up although I do remember it being a drama carrying 750 ml of blood around in the container draining from my chest when I was in hospital. My scapula was a badly broken with the bit where the shoulder fits on displaced about 15mm. The collar bone was broken but this was clean. My right elbow and forearm were numb from the nerve being squashed. To complicate things my middle ear was playing up from the bash on the head so that lying down and getting up was sometimes tricky. In other words I was feeling a wee bit delicate.

Darrin started me slowly on sets of exercises. I didn't do them as often as I should I guess but I also just tried to do things with my arm as normally as possible. So from not being able to put my hand on the steering wheel of the car I graduated to getting back on a motor bike and just before the six months was up I went for a very gentle surf on my surf ski.

After that the strength just got better and in January I did a 54km paddle down the Brisbane River.

It was interesting to think back to the comments by the orthopaedic surgeon, David Morgan. When he first saw the CAT scan he didn't have much to say. It looked like he said something like ffffffffffffff, but I can't be certain. After researching the problem though, three days later he was up to saying, "well Steve you have to realise this is a horrific injury". At the time I remember thinking that things were looking up but it is a distant memory now.

When he sent me to Darrin I was very apprehensive. I was still in a fair amount of pain, not able to sleep lying down properly (ribs seemed to be taking ages) and felt really weak. But in hindsight the timing was perfect. Darrin gave me goals and I think it all worked about as fast as it could have.

Now I dream of being able to lie on my right side and wash under my left arm with my right hand but if that never happens it is no big deal. The dizziness is tricky sometimes but now I know there is nothing wrong with my brain it is not a worry. The main point is that Darrin has taken a bloke who was rather pathetic really, to being able to embark on some pretty serious walking and paddling and for this I will be eternally grateful.