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Mending a broken heart

When my husband and I found out that we were to have a baby in the summer of 2007 we had no idea how much of a struggle for my health I would have to face. By the third month of my pregnancy I noticed bouts of shortness of breath and dizziness...nothing unusual for a pregnant woman...but then the bouts began to last longer. I noticed that the "little things" I did on a daily basis became harder and harder to accomplish. Even taking a shower proved to be difficult. By my fourth month check up it bothered me enough to tell my doctor. He explained it away as me not being used to pregnancy and that my body was just "adjusting", and although something inside me insisted that it was something more I agreed with the doctor and forced myself through things. By my sixth month I was miserable. The shortness of breath had gotten worse and chest pains consumed my day. The "bouts" quickly turned into "episodes" of lying on the floor, my hand on my chest, and the world around me spinning. Once again I contacted my doctor who once again told me it was all apart of being pregnant. In tears one night I looked at my husband and asked "what is going on with me!" Little did we know that things would only get worse.

One morning during my eighth month I kissed my husband good bye and he left for class. (He was in the last semester of his Bachelors). Like usual I walked to the bathroom and started the shower. As I walked to the sink it began. I felt terrible pain in my chest and my breathing became more and more difficult. I sat on the floor waiting for it to pass. Then suddenly I felt weak and the room around me started spinning. The next thing I knew my very shaken and concerned husband was standing over me calling my name. I had passed out on the floor for forty minutes. My husband never comes home during the day and that day he did. We once again called the doctor who told us that if I did it again to come in and see him. Frustrated with the obvious lack of concern from our doctor my husband ran out to get a blood pressure cuff that monitored my heart rate, and we waited. Soon enough another episode came and we put the cuff on. My sitting heart rate was upwards of 150 beats per minute and my blood pressure would plummet. A few days later I sat on the couch watching the morning news. I felt another episode coming and quickly put the blood pressure cuff on. While waiting I could feel myself slipping and it terrified me. The read came up and my blood pressure was a terrifying 63/36. I took a few steps toward the phone and stumbled. Here I am eight months pregnant stumbling to the ground. I remember thinking in that moment. "God please just give me the strength to make this phone call". I managed to reach for the phone and call the OBGYN on call who informed me that getting to the hospital was necessary. I had to laugh inside as I could barely form words much less make the hour and half drive to the hospital to see my OBGYN. With divine luck my sister in law came and picked me up. I couldn't even sit up in the car during the excruciating drive to the hospital. Once there I was directed to my OBGYN's office to wait. Yes, wait. After the thirty five minute wait the doctor came in. I explained what had happened and the numbers that where on the read and this is what he said and I quote "You're just having an anxiety attack". I had had it! I looked at him and said "Over what! Eating my oatmeal!?!". He then said that "if it would make me happy" he would admit me into the hospital for observation and a few test. Damn right it would make me happy. So off I went. After 48 hours in the hospital I was told that I would be sent home with a heart monitor. It was agreed that something was going on but what was was still to be determined. The heart monitor confirmed that I was experiencing an abnormal heart rate with a few palpitations, and I was put on a low dose of heart medication to help manage it. It seemed to work for the time being. I went in for a C-section to deliver my beautiful daughter on June 6, 2007. She was unbelievably healthy and strong and any fears about the medication harming her where quickly washed away. They took me off the medication and told me that they truly felt like the heart condition was due to the stress of pregnancy and in a few weeks I should be feeling much better.

By the time my daughter was three weeks old I was forced to stop breast feeding her due to the five to

ten episodes of chest pain, shortness of breath, dizziness and fatigue I was having a day. Still I was told that things would get better. I soon realized that this would become a daily struggle for me. That at 21 I would have to fight for a normal life on a daily basis.

By the end of October 2007 my body was exhausted. Instead of being able to enjoy the happiness of being a new mother I struggled to get out of bed and care for my baby. Five out of the seven days of the week I found myself not being able to get out of bed at all and being tormented with more and more episodes of chest pain. In November, fed up with waiting, I sought a second opinion. I was referred to a Cardiologist and set up for a routine of tests. The day after Christmas I went in for an echocardiogram. The tech looked around for some time and then stopped. I looked up and the fact that something was wrong was written all over her face. She excused herself and quickly returned with two nurses. She explained that they would be doing a "Bubble Test". They injected my I.V. with aggravated solution that had bubbles and waited. It seemed like forever before she said "Yep. Yep. Alright lets do it again", and then again "Yep." Not a word was said and I was released to the appointment that followed. An hour later (which seemed like so much longer) the Cardiologist explained that I had a congenital hole in the atria wall of my heart. Apparently I had been born with this hole. He was surprised that I had gone this long without being diagnosed. He explained that this had a great deal to do with the sickness I experienced as a child and the sickness I experienced during my pregnancy. The news came as both a relief and a worry. On one hand the things I had been experiencing for almost a year had a name and on the other hand... well...I had a hole in my heart.

Over the weeks to come things only got worse. We were grieving the loss of my husband's mother when in January a day before his birthday he was fired from his internship. The company decided that since he had accepted

a follow up internship that they no longer wanted him. When in actuality he hadn't been offered a follow up with the company and he was just insuring his financial future. The stress of having to pay for my condition mounted and by the end of January I felt hopeless. I remember lying in bed, crying, and telling my husband "I shouldn't be feeling like this. I'm so young. I just want to be able to take care of my daughter and enjoy life." I could no longer do the things that were important to me. I could not work, I could not care for our daughter, and I didn't feel like much of a wife either. A few days later, on a Monday, I decided to listen to the John Holland show on Hay House Radio. John had a guest that day named Joseph Carringer. Joseph played an instrument named the didgeridoo. This instrument naturally produced safe levels of ultra sound waves and was used in holistic healing. I remember thinking to myself that I wasn't going to listen and almost turned off the computer to lye back down in bed...but for some reason...I did not. Joseph suggested doing a Heart Chakra Meditation with the Didgeridoo. Being familiar with meditation I decided to go along with it. I put my head down on the desk and relaxed. As the sound of the didgeridoo resonated through my computer speakers I began to visualize the hole in my heart. It was like I was blood traveling through my heart. I came upon the hole



and went through it to the other side. I imagined healing light coming through the hole with me. The meditation ended and I retreated back to bed. Within the next few days I noticed a DRAMATIC difference in the way I was feeling. For the first time in a very long time I was getting out of bed and taking care of my daughter. Each day brought back the life I had ached for as a mother and a wife. Two weeks after the Heart Chakra Meditation I returned to the Cardiologist for a follow up test. This test consisted of them putting an ultra sound device down my throat to look at the back of my heart. After looking multiple times at different angles and redoing the "Bubble Test" the doctor stopped. He could not find the hole. I was healed. My husband sat down with him (as I was recovering from the procedure.) and he said he was certain that there was no longer a hole in my heart. Only weeks before we were told that the likely hood that the whole would close on its own was nearly impossible as most congenital holes close within the first eight years of life. My heart had miraculously healed itself. I no longer spend my days in and out of bed but rather doing the things that I love. Thanks to the waves of a didgeridoo, meditation, and the power of the human mind, I am now healthier than I ever have been. I have reclaimed my quality of life. I will forever be grateful for a day that seemed hopeless when I laid my head down and listened to an instrument that sounded all too much like home.

Thank you so much for what you do! With your help I'm now living the life I knew that I could. As always feel free to stay in touch or send promotions our way.

From the bottom of my heart (no pun intended),
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