



My Relations to Gastro

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Received: July 06, 2021

Published: July 13, 2021

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I am a patient individual and also medically a patient with a chronic illness who has endured for 5 decades since my diagnosis of type 1 diabetes. While I was a juvenile when diagnosed on April 14, 1972, my edible consumption has been a primary character in affecting my gastronomical selections and evolved into a primary impact of my life.

This is not a complaint, but simply a review of my physical life, so that the medical system and patients can hopefully learn from someone who's diabetic life has been impacted with gastro issues.

While body organisms have their own anatomical contributions for being healthy, which are often out of my control, it is (excuse my language), a pain in the butt.

I have been a patient dealing with the daily consequences of gastronomic issues for most of my life and I am not blind (fortunately--as I do not yet or may never ever have retinopathy), my physical health affects my emotional self image and somewhat I am jealous how ravenous people consume the most potent poisons (like sausages and other animal by-products) on a regular basis (Who me, jealous?).

I am currently 67 years old and well, let's just face it, what we stuff between our lips is for sure a definite component for making it through the day. I don't think my mind or stomach (with the ramifications of gastro pain or starvation) can ignore the reality of consuming carbohydrates. There are the positive yums and the ignorant dumbs (such as consuming sweets, which are of course a quick remedy for hypoglycemia).

You have to eat to survive, but what I choose to consume on a daily basis has overwhelmingly affected my decision-making. I

do not have a medical background, but what goes in, is either absorbed in a miraculous way or just follows the path that humans have been subconsciously implementing or making choices that are either short-term or an emotional/physical reaction (despite the gastro reactions) to hunger or providing me a reward for something that made me feel I am going to reward myself with a treat.

I think (with all of the interconnected body parts) the stomach has a tremendous impact on the human vessel. I believe it is a response to enzymes or natural attraction for edibles.

I recently had a successful colonoscopy (the prep is a pain) because of issues in my rectum. I am also scheduled (ah, the realities of aging) for a BPH procedure for the opposite side of my mid-level portion of my body. I am following the directions of my host of physicians (I think I could build a clinic).

I have more physicians and other medical professionals who have drawn more blood to fill a room full of humans, alongside dozens of x-rays and other images of my organs, including gallons of pee(ps) from my urinary system as well as psychologicalists trying to analyze what is going inside my mind.

There must be a reason for the stomach to be in the middle of the body, as it is a highway exchange from my head to my toes.

Bottom line (and I mean the one I sit on as well), is a dumpster for all the interactions flowing through my body. Yes, I flush.

When I was diagnosed with diabetes (for my college physical), my family doc gave me a brochure and left the room that read (as I

sat in the examination room, being a patient for the nurse to teach me with an orange how to inject insulin) Marcia wherever you are, thank you for your courage and smile as you grimaced when I practiced my injection method.

While the stomach is a massive highway intertwined alongside dirt roads, it's been an interesting journey --and on April 14, 2022, I will celebrate my 50th anniversary since diagnosis.

Maybe I should have a party in Flushing, New York?

Volume 4 Issue 8 August 2021

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