

“Nothing would ever be the same again... but life must go on”

I can't believe it myself when I woke up one morning in July 2000 that my life was about to change completely. That morning, I was in the medical center with my fiancée waiting desperately for our test results. My fiancée had earlier admitted due to multiple sickness that is severely harming him till he can no longer speak and move without assistance.

Sad to say, both of us were confirmed HIV positive and he was also diagnosed with pneumocystis pneumonia, one of the opportunistic infection associated with the deadly AIDS virus. Upon knowing his fate, I was so sad, angry and emotionally terrified because I have to face his terminally ill condition, I have to face the bleak future ahead and I have to face the same deadly virus myself.

At that moment, I was asking myself why god is being so unfair! I am young, graduated with a bright career and have a wonderful fiancée who loves me dearly that have planned to marry me the following month. Why should I be treated in such a cruel manner and why all those fine things got to be taken away instantly? Why can't I have a normal happy life just like others?

I met my fiancée, two years before he was diagnosed with the deadly virus. He was a nice, kind-hearted guy who loves me so deeply and faithfully. Should I blame him or should I forgive him? How about my family and friends and will they ever accept me if I tell them the truth? Why am I the one who have to face these problems?

I kept asking myself again and again and again... all those questions keep circling in my mind at that time. No doubts, I am miserable but I have never ever blamed God for all those ill-fated things. I do not have the heart to blame nor to show any anger towards him. In fact, now I believe there must be a reason behind every of his action.

During that time, I started to pray and hope my fiancée would cope up and be discharged so that we both can start a brand new life together. But, unfortunately God took him away that year itself for a special reason. He didn't even have a chance to go on HAART therapy. He was so ill in which he finally gave up his last breath.

On the day before he was taken away, he cried and told me how regretted he was and he wished that he could look after me for the rest of my life. But, he just couldn't, he then asked me to be strong and I must go on with my life. I guess that's life.

Now, four years have just passed and no doubt I can't change the fact that I am still having the same HIV inside me but at least I can change my miserable life by accepting it and move on with my life. Fortunately, I have very supportive sisters who were there for me all the time and I am consistently on the therapy program and feeling great and well all these time.

I know deep down, without religion, sisters, friends and all those involved directly and indirectly in the therapy program; I don't think I can make it until today. I cannot imagine my life without them.

That is the story of my life. And I believe, by being brave enough to face any diseases you can overcome overwhelming odds and you will be fine and well. Don't forget God is with you and still loves you. He is still there, holding on to us.