

FAI: One year later

A year ago today I was off work so I could go in for hip surgery. My hip was resurfaced (which is a really weird term for me when applied to something inside my body; not a comfortable image), I spent a while on crutches, months in physical therapy, and there were times when I despaired of ever being able to run again.

Today I ran. I've been running for a few months now. I only ran 1.67 miles because I had to take some time off due to irritating my hip by moving lots and lots of boxes. It feels good to be running again. I still have moments of frustration that my distance is so limited now when I used to be able to run much farther, but I'm getting better at accepting that it will just take a while to work back up to that level.

There are days that my hip is still a problem. If I'm very tired, it gets achy. Sometimes pressure changes can make it hurt; the first time I was on an airplane after the surgery, which was about five months later, my hip was extremely uncomfortable. I flew a couple of weeks ago, though, and only got a little bit of an ache on the last of four flights. I can overuse it, as evidenced by the fact that moving boxes was not my best idea ever. Necessity sometimes dictates my choices, though, and we needed to get Xander and Katja moved. I have a few weeks before I have to make another trip, my move to our new home, and my hip is already almost recovered from the move last weekend.

I'm glad I got surgery for FAI. I was in a lot of pain before the surgery and it was getting worse, not better. The recovery has been slow, but not as slow as it could have been. It has definitely been frustrating. I can run without pain now, though, and running is my stress relief and relaxation. I decided I wanted to run a half marathon and, somewhere in the training cycle, I ended up loving it. I am very glad that

modern medicine can allow a doctor to make three small incisions, slide in a camera and some tools, and take off a nasty little bit of bone. It's better now. It's not completely healed, but I can move freely, enjoy life, and go running. That's a huge difference and it means my life is better than it would have been if I'd decided not to go through with the surgery.