

STORY OF MY TRANSPLANT

by GUILLERMO TROTTA



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Guillermo Salvador Trotta

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Contents

Foreword.....	1
Introduction.....	3

First Part

Sickness

Chapter One. A beginning.....	7
Chapter Two. The emergency room.....	11
Chapter Three. You can't complain!.....	15
Chapter Four. Dialogue between José and "CS".....	19
Chapter Five. The 'Great Professor' and the 'Nobody'.....	25
Chapter Six. Doctor Esteban.....	29
Capítulo Seven. Seven years of life.....	31

Second Part

Hemodialysis

Chapter One. Hemodialysis and a surprise (told by "CS").....	37
Chapter Two. The fistula.....	41
Chapter Three. The club.....	45
Chapter Four. The marriage "X" (told by José).....	49
Chapter Five. The lost resolution.....	51
Chapter Six. The sinful word.....	55
Chapter. Seven Maze without exit.....	57
Chapter Eight. We got away.....	61

Third Part
Transplant

Chapter One. The Important and a stab in the soul.....	67
Chapter Two. He woke up and freaked out (told by “CS”).....	71
Chapter Three. The first “rejection”.....	73
Chapter Four. The scares continue.....	77
Chapter Five. Another.....	83
Chapter Six. One more.....	85
Chapter Seven. Midnight Inspiration.....	87
Chapter Eight. I looked through the window (told by José)...	89
Chapter Nine. The nightmare ends.....	93
Chapter Ten. To you.....	95
Acknowledgments.....	99

Foreword

This book was written by my father, Guillermo Salvador Trotta, in 1989, 9 years after his kidney transplant. It is important for you to know that his was one of the first's kidney transplants in Argentina; it is highly likely that the current procedures have changed.

My father was a musician, an excellent pianist and a passionate teacher. At the time he decided to write this book, his life was way different than what it was before the transplant. I was starting my first year at primary school, my mom was a housewife and my dad was no longer working for the Central Bank because he had already founded his own conservatory of music, 'Musarun'. In the front part of our house he received children of all ages who came to learn to play the piano and the electronic organ, among other stuff. That's the father I remember, the artist.

My father was unbelievably happy making others happy and it was that positive attitude and good predisposition to help others what made him transcend. Unfortunately for everyone who knew him, he died of cancer in 1995.

The original book is written on a typewriter, an Olivetti that I still own. I do not know the exact reason why he decided not to publish it while he was alive, due to his tale is, in my opinion, inspiring.

2012 was a rough year for me, because being an only child; I had to go through the loss of my mother. Nevertheless, during her last months, the conversations I held with my mother were beautiful and we came out with the idea of publishing this book, which was neatly stored in a box. One night at the hospital, while I was taking care of her, I read it and got moved by it. That night I realized that book could be a great help for many people and that I should publish it.

It is my desire to reach people who are going through something like this, to their loved ones and medicine professionals who decide to dedicate their lives to help us.

I invite you to get inside this story, written in a simple yet exciting way and amusing in many occasions.

Alejandro César Trotta

Introduction

This is a real story. The names of the characters and places have been changed to protect the privacy of the people involved.

Even though I know the story perfectly, because it is my story, I am not sure I managed to translate it correctly into the written form, because I am not a professional writer and I do not pursue any literary purpose. These pages had their origin on the suggestion of Dr. Maschi, who based her suggestion on how “useful” it would be for others to read about what had happened to me. This would be later supported by other people, among them my wife and the writer M. E. D., to whom I thank her good interest and help.

I must add that I did not describe any event the way I now remember it, I described how I lived and felt in that moment. Some parts are filled with anger, others with gloom; feelings I had experienced under that circumstance but as time passed by have been modified, leaving behind, just a tiny grief.

Dear reader, for two persons to understand each other it is necessary in the first place to speak the same language. That’s why, in order to establish communication between us within these lines, it is essential that you try to put yourself in my place at every moment of the story.

I have divided the story in three parts: first, “sickness”, second, “hemodialysis” and lastly “transplant”.

Without further ado, I invite you to step into the first page of the story.

Thanks for your attention
The author

