

- [Print This](#)
- [Email This](#)

My hormones have abandoned me once again

- **April 5th, 2010**
 - (6) comments
- By Kathy Hedberg of the Tribune



Up Front/Commentary

It's 2 a.m. and do you know where your middle-aged post-menopausal woman is?

Let me give you a clue. She's lying in bed, eyes wide open, with a look of horror on her face. It's a look that says she knows she has stepped over the threshold into the Twilight Zone and likely will not be able to get back to sleep for another four hours and then will slog through the rest of the day in that state of sleep deprivation she has come to know so well.

Why this happens to people our age, particularly women, I do not know. Back in the day when I was raising my three children I used to tell them that if they couldn't sleep at night it was because they had a guilty conscience. Nowadays it's my guilty conscience, along with every other neurotic issue I have that torments me and keeps me awake.

One thing I think about when I wake up in the middle of the night is all the wrongs people have committed against me. Did anybody ever tell you, for example, that you would reach a point when your body would turn against you and hormones would fluctuate wildly and make it impossible to get your rest? I have never understood what, exactly, hormones are, but I can tell you for sure they haven't done me a whole lot of good. Hormones have caused my body to go through weird growth stages and driven me to behave in ways that would make my mother blush. Now, at this stage of my life, they have abandoned me and left me in this sorry, sleepless state I am in tonight. Hormones I could do without, also bad advice.

I say to myself: I cannot, I must not think about these things. I must relax my mind so I can get back to sleep. I start humming a meditation mantra: OmmmmmOmmmmm.Ommmmm.OmmmyGod! Did I forget to write that check down that I wrote yesterday? And what was the amount? I'm pretty sure I have money to cover it, but maybe not and I remember how expensive it was the last time I bounced a check and what about my credit card account? Is that out of control or what?

Am I out of control or what?

I wonder if I have some kind of disease that is making me wake up in the middle of the night and if I do, why didn't my doctor tell me about it the last time I saw him? Maybe it's not a physical disease, maybe it's early dementia, or possibly advanced dementia because I keep forgetting to do things, like writing checks down in my register and then getting an overdraft.

I wonder what my kids will do with me once they figure out I have lost my mind?

Only one thing can shake me out of this agitated state of wakefulness and worry - the alarm going off. Nothing makes me sleepier than the sound of that bell ringing, telling me it's time to start another day. And if somebody said to me right now: "Good morning, sunshine," I'd punch him in the guts.

Hedberg may be contacted at khedberg@camasnet.com or (208) 983-2326.