

## **Transcript for *Kelly: Loss of Phe Control***

I actually vividly remember my first bite of a mozzarella stick in eighth grade. I think that was a little bit life changing. I knew what I was doing was wrong and for some reason kept doing it.

My mom and dad are my best friends. I'm an only child and I'm so grateful for them. My mother managed my PKU very well growing up but as I got older, as all teenagers do, I started having more independence. It was difficult being out with my friends and seeing that they were eating and that was when I would really slip up the most.

I was not transparent with my parents at all. I had felt a sense of shame almost because they had worked so hard their whole life and then, here I was an independent—or so I thought—teenager letting them down. I thought I was fine, but in hindsight know that I was not.

It caught up to me in the later years of college. It was really beginning to affect my performance academically, as well as my moods with interpersonal relationships.

I knew that in order to manage my PKU well, I needed to get to clinic. My clinic was very welcoming and just so happy to see me.

Having a plan to manage my PKU definitely made a difference. It made me feel like there was a light at the end of the tunnel. It made me feel that it wasn't impossible.

Now that my Phe levels are under control, it made it possible to focus at work and outside of work. It grew my relationships with others because I wasn't irritable. I was less moody. And I've finally been able to pursue my dream of becoming a group fitness instructor and it's been a dream come true.

My parents, they're so proud of me. Having a plan to manage my PKU was life changing. It didn't feel impossible anymore. I felt that I had the support from my doctor and my team.

Make an appointment with your clinic today.