

The event that has made the person I am is contracting Covid 19 pneumonia in January of 2021. I was hospitalized for 99 days, intubated for 55 days, in a coma for 33 days. In physical therapy two years, three days a week for my paralyzed legs. Now, out of a wheelchair and off oxygen, with damaged lungs, I still do and receive therapy to regain full use of my right arm and wrist. Part of my legs have nerve damage (numbness) as well in my arm. When visiting, all 12 of my medical doctors, I was told numerous times, by each, that I should not be here, meaning, I should not have survived.

But . . . I am so thankful for this experience, recognizing the many miracles involved, and so grateful for what I can do. Maybe I felt sorry for myself for 1 hour when I could not feel my legs and my swollen arm and hand were so painful. Maybe, when I first did physical therapy in the hospital trying to sit up, I did get upset with the therapist. But after I apologized to her, I realized that I will have to do my own recovery. No one else cannot do it for me. They may help and show me, but it was my responsibility.

The change was that I did not feel sorry for myself. I did not blame God for what had happened and wonder why He did not love me. I was and am so lucky and thankful to be alive. I can sit up, stand, walk and have some use of my right arm. I am positive and happy, which up until now, has alluded me for most of my life. College studies in parallel with recovery has kept me focused rather than stew in post trauma depression.

Being on disability, when talking to a friend of mine, I was inspired to get a 4-year bachelor's degree so that I could be an emergency substitute teacher. I have started and stopped many times during my children's growing up years. Now, I am determined to finally get my degree that I have always wanted. I will have my associates degree the end of this year, bachelors at the end of 2024.

Life is good!