

I was admitted into the hospital on 11/14/2020 after passing out in the bathroom from a lack of oxygen. I had been previously diagnosed with first a sinus infection on 11/5/2020 , then seen in the ER and was told I had a touch of pneumonia on 11/10/2020. After passing out in my bathroom , my wife took me to the ER and she was told that I had double pneumonia and COVID and that it was a good possibility that I was going to die. I was taken to ICU on 11/15/2020 and they started me on c-pap and bi-pap machines along with a lot of drugs including Remdesivir. After two weeks in ICU and having no visitors at all (except seeing my wife twice through the glass because she was also a covid patient in the hospital) they insisted I needed to go on the ventilator. On 11/28/2020 I was placed on the ventilator where I remained unconscious until 12/1/2020. I continued to be on the ventilator where I was in and out of consciousness, but could feel things happening to me, such as being flipped in my bed and my arms being pulled and bent and the pain that came along with that. On 12/5/2020 they called my wife to say they would be extubating me on 12/6/2020 but they thought her voice would soothe me. She insisted on a Facetime call so I could see her. Turns out that this was meant to be our goodbye call because after the call they shut all my machines off and walked out of my room and stood just on the other side of the glass window laughing and having conversations. I was strapped to my bed with my hands restricted to the bedrail and there were NO call buttons on my bedrails. I felt my light dimming and darkness setting in because I could no longer breathe since they shut off the ventilator. I tried kicking my legs up and down to get their attention only to be ignored. I looked at hands that were strapped to the bedrail and looked at the ventilator hose and thought that if I could swing the hose and catch it in my hand I could pull the hose out. I started shaking my head back and forth to swing the hose and I missed it the first time and tried again and I caught it. I knew this was only chance of saving MY own life. I grabbed it tight and jerked my head to the side and felt the ventilator balloon come up into my mouth. I spit it out and took the deepest breath I could take in. NO alarms went off. Nothing. I can't remember if I yelled at the staff to get their attention but they were not pleased when they seen what I had done. They told my wife that I was in critical condition because if my throat swelled throughout the night that they couldn't intubate me again and that I would die. I pulled through that night and within three days I was moved to a regular room and was awaiting to be approved admission to a nursing home. Return to home date was 12/31/2020. Return to work date was 5/3/2021. Exactly 6 months from initial onset of symptoms.