

My name is Keila Weary. My family and I live in York, Pennsylvania which is in south central PA. I am grateful to be part of this opportunity and to share my dad's story and who he was. It took several days for me to get the courage to go back and relive the most horrible weeks of my life. My dad, Michael Anthony Addlesberger was a healthy 57-year-old who had retired from owning his roofing business of 30 years just 2 weeks prior to getting sick. My dad was never sick, he didn't take any medications, and he had no pre-existing conditions. He was the strongest person I had ever known. He was funny, the life of the party, always there for his family. He would have done anything for any of us and always made sure we had what we needed. Our nightmare began in July 2021. My husband and I both had covid. I was terrified for our baby who was just 3 months old. We were nearing the end of our symptoms when mom told me she was having symptoms. Once again, I became afraid. I remember telling my husband, "You just don't know how it's going to affect you". Mom seemed to be doing ok and recovered, that's when dad started showing symptoms. The fear once again returned but I thought dad will get through it like the rest of us and we will move on from this". I hadn't seen my parents in weeks because of quarantines. I had been keeping in touch with dad every day. He had a fever, chills, and cough. He had to sleep downstairs on the couch because it was too much effort for him to go upstairs. Mom stayed upstairs and listened for him if he needed any assistance. I called him on Friday, and he said I needed to text him because he couldn't talk. I knew this wasn't right and told him he needed to call his doctor or go to the hospital. He received an antibiotic from his doctor and would manage at home. The next evening things got worse. I later found out he couldn't breathe in the middle of the night and had he not had his inhaler he didn't think he would be here. The next day he walked into the hospital. His oxygen was 89%. He was admitted and given supplemental O2. He was improving. The next day mom called and said dad wanted all of us kids to call him because he didn't think he was going to make it. I thought my dad was just thinking the worst, but deep down I was wondering if this was really happening? He told me he was woken up in the middle of the night when a bunch of nurses came into his room and put him on his stomach because his oxygen had suddenly decreased. (This was after his first dose of remdesivir) That day the pediatrician had given me the ok to give my baby her first real food. I had looked forward to this day for weeks and now I couldn't even enjoy it. I sent videos of her eating to my dad trying to take his mind off things and maybe he would even smile. I felt so bad for him. He spent all day and night laying on his stomach facing the wall. He couldn't lift his head without his oxygen level dropping. All he could do was lay there, thinking about everything that was happening, no distractions, only 1 visitor allowed. My mom was at the hospital everyday with him and had to help him with meals. He would lift his head, take a bite, and lay his head back down to chew in order to maintain his oxygen. My brother suggested we send him pictures of us to remind him what he was fighting for. I put together a collage for him. Mom took it to him, and he couldn't even look at it. He was so upset that he might not be here for us; he didn't want to leave his family. Dad kept needing more and more oxygen. I knew this wasn't right. He should be needing less and less. I kept my knowledge to myself. I didn't want anyone else to know what I knew. Dad eventually stopped taking phone and facetime calls. He couldn't

talk due to his low oxygen levels, and he didn't want us to see him in this condition or to see how upset he was. He was always thinking of everyone else first. I could barely sleep at night and would text him as soon as I thought he would be awake in the morning. I anxiously waited to see that he had read my text or even better receive a text back to know that he had made it through another night. I was exhausted but I had to keep praying, after all how exhausted was he? I couldn't believe this was happening.