

Dear Keysor Families,

I would like to invite you to help support a fellow Keysor family. Christian Morgan, an assistant coach of mine for the Keysor coed soccer team and a Keysor dad has been battling the H1N1 virus for over a year. His health is improving; however, he has a long road of recovery ahead of him. For his survival story see the attachment. I'm hosting an open house fundraiser to help support him and his family during their time of need.

Please join us at the Jefferson Grill in Down Town Kirkwood to help celebrate Christian's life and support his family. We will be having light appetizers, a cash bar, and a silent auction. All proceeds go to Christian Morgan's family.

# *Jefferson*

G R I L L

(314) 966-2001  
127 W Jefferson Ave  
Kirkwood, MO 63122

**Christian Morgan Fundraiser**

Date: March 4<sup>th</sup>, 2012

Open House: Noon – 4:00 pm

If possible please RSVP to Greg Phillips, e-mail address [gregphillips04@gmail.com](mailto:gregphillips04@gmail.com)

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We are also looking for silent auction items. If you would like to help organize a silent auction basket or donate any items, please contact me, Greg Phillips at [gregphillips04@gmail.com](mailto:gregphillips04@gmail.com) or call me at 314- 488- 4018 as soon as possible.

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## Christian Morgan's Story

At the age of 37 I was a healthy guy who loved to coach my daughter and her classmates on the soccer field, or play with my kids in the park, and even trying to keep up with them at "spiders" night at Keysor. I had caught a chest cold in October of 2009, but due to my asthma the cough stayed with me until December. The coughing episodes were getting worse, I was even on my hands and knees gasping for air in between coughs. Finally my boss after witnessing such an episode sent me home on December 14th. I went to see a pulmonary specialist, we tried to determine the cause through several tests as well as treat the cough with high doses of steroids. Sadly, we were unable to determine the cause. I spent two brief stays at the hospital on high doses of steroids, antibiotics, and was getting breathing treatments. We did find out I had bronchial pneumonia and due to my violent coughing I had actually cracked a rib. However none of the treatments seemed to clear things up.

On January 11th after reviewing my latest x-ray the doctors found a blood clot in my lungs. An immediate CAT scan of my lungs was ordered, and they also found out I had a viral flu, H1N1 (commonly known as the swine flu) and was immediately transferred to ICU. Since arriving in ICU I had developed two more blood clots, one in each leg. They started to give me blood thinners to try and treat the clots. Since being admitted to ICU I had been 100% oxygen but the doctors were having trouble keeping my O2 levels up so my body could have a chance to fight off the H1N1 infection. Because I was having so much trouble getting oxygen to my lungs the doctors had to keep stepping up to the next O2 systems to force more air into my lungs. There was also a concern that I may aspirating my food into my lungs creating an even greater coughing problem. That would possibly lead to putting in a feeding tube in.

As of January 16th, I was holding my own, but if my O2 blood gas levels drop much farther the doctors, as a last resort would have to put me into a self induced coma and put me on a ventilator. This would allow my body to not worry and stress itself with trying to breathe and concentrate on healing itself. The next day was rough for me I was having some trouble breathing, and my O2 blood gas levels were down, my chest x-ray was worse than the day before. The doctors then put me on a bypass oxygen mask. Over the next day or so I was making minimal improvements, I was changed to an optiflow oxygen mask, and try and give me some liquids to see if I could tolerate them, up until then all my nourishment was coming from my IV's.

Fast forward to January 21st my breathing got more difficult and my heart started racing. As of 7am, I was put into a medical induced coma and put on a ventilator. They also medically paralyzed me so that no unnecessary energy and oxygen is used to keep my body moving. It can all go to try and fight off the infection. Over the next few days the doctors noticed some air was seeping into my chest and my neck, so as not to make it worse they lowered the pressure. My O2 levels continued to be an issue even at 100% oxygen. The doctors are now considering putting me into a Roto-Prone bed to be able to rotate my body to the optimum position to help my stats. I was also being given a drug called Flolan in addition to the paralytic to help oxygenate my body. The doctors found fluid in my left lung and once they plan on draining it after they take me off the blood thinners for a day.

The next day the doctors inserted a chest tube to drain the fluid and release the air in my chest, which also allowed to my left lung to re-inflate. The doctors think the lower part of my left lung had collapsed but can't verify it because to do the test, they would have to take me off the ventilator and I would die. I also had a bleeding ulcer but it seemed to have resolved itself. I was also given an experimental drug in phase three of trials to help treat the H1N1 called Relenca. My oxygen had been reduced to 65% and I seemed to be coping.

On January 28th things got worse, my heart rate was way up and my blood pressure dropped. My oxygen levels had also dropped dangerously low. Due to these and other complications prompted the doctors to move to a last ditch effort, I was finally put in the Roto-Prone bed. Though the doctors were concerned I might

not make the switch to this new bed, but they had no other choice. Fortunately I survived the transfer, and because of this bed my O2 levels are holding, but my heart rate is still up and blood pressure is still down. Over the time that I had been in ICU my kidneys had been failing and were now down to 50%. The doctors can continue to work on me with my kidneys on dialysis, but if I am not stable they wouldn't be able to and I could die.

The next morning my good (right) lung had collapsed and another chest tube needed to be inserted. It did re-inflate my lung, but I was just barely hanging on. The doctors now believe I might have a new infection, but the biggest problem is my lungs are not working well and my heart is working so hard to help me breathe that I could arrest at any minute. The doctors are now sure I will make it through the next 24-48 hours.

The next morning my kidneys started to fail, and permission was given to put me on kidney dialysis. The dialysis went well but I would have to remain on dialysis every day until my lungs heal, and the kidneys should recover themselves. Through the process my blood pressure went up on its own and my heart rate returned to normal, so they were able to reduce my oxygen levels to 80%. My heart has become the biggest issue, due to the stress of trying to keep my lungs working and keep me alive, so an echocardiogram was ordered. We learned that the left ventricle of my heart is good, and the right ventricle is moderately damaged. Though the doctors don't think this will be permanent. For the moment there were no more complications, and dialysis was going well.

On February 1st one of my doctors wanted to change out my chest tube but my platelets were too low. They gave me a bag and my platelets count went from 20-57, still not high enough. Another bag was ordered and the number went to 75, they even ran out of platelets and had to get more from the Red Cross. Finally they could give me a new chest tube, to replace one that had rolled over on. Well the procedure went well so the doctor had me rolled over on my side so they could clean me up, and I did great no drop in stats.

February 2nd is my first son Jackson's birthday, I would not be there to see it and Laurie was determined not to celebrate it without me. My pulmonologist ordered me back on antibiotics when a broader blood work with more infection, and I was put back on steroids. The next day the x-ray of my left lung looked better, how I didn't have my dialysis, which caused them to have to raise my oxygen levels again.

On the 4th, my x-ray looked worse and I had a new blood clot in my left leg. The doctors think that my lack of dialysis was the cause. I was down to 55% O2 before they raised it, but they did take me off of the blood pressure medicine. There was talk about putting a filter in me to stop any further blood clots from getting to my lungs, though they decided that I wasn't stable enough for it, as I was back up to 100% oxygen. At this point they were not adding any medications and keeping me on dialysis, but they couldn't understand why my stats would drop at night and do well in the morning.

Superbowl Sunday was my first good day and night in a while. The next day they decided to insert the filter, and I responded well to the procedure. However my pulmonologist was getting upset at my lack of improvement and decided to take a more aggressive approach. He brought in an immunologist and ordered another bronchoscopy to see if I have anything new. During the bronchoscopy we discovered hemorrhage in the right lung, lots of mucus in both sides but more in the left. They consulted with a hematologist to boost my platelet count. They started a slow infusion of an anti-fungal called Micafungin.

Over the next few days I had some minor improvements with the x-rays, and dialysis, my oxygen was back down to 60%. It had been decided that I will definitely need a tracheotomy in the future.

By now I was completely off the paralytics, but the Fentinol made it hard for my chest to ventilate, I was over breathing the ventilator and as of February 11th was the first time I took my own breath!

The next day the doctors took me off Flo-Lan, dialysis as usual, but that night things got worse, I was over breathing the ventilator again and my chest was bouncing up and down. They put me back on Flo-Lan in the morning and it seemed to help a lot. A 4th chest tube was put in, since a third of my right lung collapsed, my lung re-inflated and it's functioning fine, so I now two chest tubes in on each side. Basically the ventilator is keeping me alive, and it's also hurting me.

On the 14th we got back the most recent bronchoscopy results. My lungs are still hemorrhaging into my chest cavity, but not large amounts. Unfortunately there is a new invasive infection called Aspergillus, it is a fungal infection with a high mortality rate and can even infect my brain. The infectious disease doctor started me on Vancomycin an anti-fungal medicine. Continuing Dialysis and adding platelets twice a day and blood, trying to keep my levels over 50. The doctors want to do the tracheotomy but cannot without my platelets being higher. After a few days of no or minimal change, my heart stopped for about 10 seconds on the 17th though I recovered quickly.

On the 18th I registered a fever of 100.9, they staff changed out all my lines and catheters, started IV drip for heart rate and blood pressure, and then stats dropped. They started me on D-5 sodium diuretics since I was not producing as much as was being put in.

On February 20th I was getting diuretics twice a day, my sodium was up, but there was not enough water in my system. My platelets count was up to 90 and I got a bath, no dialysis today. Later that day my stats started to fall again, my x-ray looked worse, then the real trouble began. The doctors called to get consent for a 5th chest tube. The doctors hadn't even finished the procedure when my stats dropped into the 70's. The placement was wrong, and as they tried again I fully arrested! After 3 minutes they were able to bring me back, my stats started to pick up and I was OK. They checked the placement of the 5th chest tube and it was still in the wrong place, then I arrested again! This time for 7 minutes, my stats fell because I wasn't sedated and was over breathing the ventilator, but with some Diprovan I was doing better. On the 22nd my oxygen stats were great and was down to 80%, but still on Diprovan. They continued to turn down the oxygen making the family nervous. The family had lots of questions still to be answered, but a tracheotomy was finally scheduled for the 24th. One of our favorite doctors stayed past his AM shift until 10pm to adjust my oxygen levels and ventilator pressure so as not to have a repeat performance of several nights ago. The surgery proceeded as scheduled, and was a success. The feeding tube was still in, but I looked better. The next day they stopped the sedation.

By the 26th my white blood cell count had grown a little over the past few days, oxygen down to 50%, they took out my central line and my pic line for direct IVs. They were worried about infection.

My heart rate and blood pressure were up but not alarmingly so, the medicine took care of the infection and on the 28th they put a feeding tube directly into my stomach. The feeding tube was kept in my mouth just in case this didn't work out. The reason for the feeding tube in my stomach is to get the stomach muscles actually working again. The feeding tube in my mouth bypasses the stomach and goes straight to the small intestine which is better for me while in a coma, because it but not so good if you are waking up and hoping to get off the ventilator. They finally removed the feeding tube from my mouth, so I will be more comfortable as I wake up.

March 1st thirty-nine days into this ordeal I was starting to wake up! Prior to sedation for removal of and relocation of another chest tube I opened my eyes and was apparently responding to voices. The procedure went well, my white blood cell count was up, but I needed some blood as my level was low and I was now down to 4 chest tubes.

March 3rd I was able to communicate by blinking or opening and closing my eyes, I could also make faces. I am currently suffering from high blood sugar and was put on insulin. This could be a good thing in that my liver actually thinks I've been injured and is producing the extra sugar. This could possibly mean my liver is actually working again. My oxygen rate is now down to 40%, another good step to getting off the ventilator. This means my lungs are getting better, my kidneys are working and producing urine again, not to mention the improvement in my liver functions.

March 9th I am becoming more alert everyday, I can now move my fingers and toes, and grip lightly with my hands, as we as make minor movements with my arms. I am now able to mouth words although I lack the muscle control to make it easy to read my lips. The big problems are now still the lungs, heart, and infections. The CAT Scan yesterday unfortunately looked terrible, the left one is damaged but not near as bad as the right. I still have infections attacking my lungs and the rest of my body. The doctors can't seem to find the source but they are getting fewer and less severe. Another chest tube was removed, so I am down to three, and they expect them to be removed over the next week. An echo cardiogram is scheduled for tomorrow to determine the damage to my heart in hopes that it has improved from the one several weeks ago.

March 18th it has been a tremendous week, one more chest tube was removed with the possibility of having the last one removed over the weekend. I've gained limited movement in my arms and wrists, not much in the legs though that should come with time. All week I have been on reduced oxygen (40%) and was taken off pressure support from the ventilator. Today, I was taken off of the ventilator and was able to breathe on my own. Though I still require oxygen, I no longer need a machine to breathe! On top of that I was able to say my first words in 9 weeks to my wife and parents...."I love you!"

On March 24th my tracheotomy was removed, and a few days later I passed my swallow test and was allowed to eat and drink on my own. Shortly thereafter I was transferred to St. Luke's rehabilitation hospital. I remained there until the week before Memorial Day weekend. It was there that I very slowly learned to eat, bathe and dress myself, and ultimately learn to stand and walk again with the aid of a walker. When released I began home physical therapy sessions five days a week.

Around the 4th of July came another great feat that we weren't sure would ever come....I was taken off of oxygen all together! Thanks in no small part to everyone's prayers, my stubbornness, attitude and willpower. My lungs will never be normal again, but physically the doctors and therapists say I can make a full recovery over time.

Just before the start of the 2011-2012 school year I had a fever spike to 104 I was rushed back to the ICU, I had developed yet another infection in my gall bladder, it was leaking and becoming toxic. The doctors had to remove my gall bladder orthoscopically. Three days later I was back home and doing physical therapy again. Amazingly I was determined that I was again going to be the assistant coach for my daughter's soccer team with Greg.

That was until Thursday September 22nd, when out of the blue I had developed uncontrollable tremors in my arms and legs. Yet again I was rushed to St. Luke's Hospital and put in ICU. Since then a number of tests have been conducted, and the early suspect of Parkinson's had been ruled out. During the testing they had found nine lesions on my brain. The lesions were bleeding and causing minor swelling of the brain. Theses lesions were suspected of causing my tremors, and I had to be restrained, otherwise I wouldn't be able to control my movements and could tear out my IVs. Friday afternoon they did a spinal tap. Saturday we got the results, and they were negative for infections. This is both good and bad news. Good because whatever infection I had hadn't spread throughout my system, bad because it doesn't help doctors figure out which infection is causing the problem. Right now there were two theories, one was a cancerous tumor affecting my brain and

nervous system. The other, more likely, is the the fungus Aspergillus had in fact spread to my brain. With antibiotics and anti-fungal medicine it had been kept at bay.

Saturday afternoon I was put back into a medically induced coma so that I would be completely still for an MRI where radiology placed probes around my head. This enabled the neurosurgeon to decide where to go for a brain biopsy. I remained in the coma until after the biopsy Sunday morning. The surgeon cut open the left side of my head behind my ear, took out a small piece of bone and biopsied one of the lesions. They said we would know the results within 3-5 days, and they also did fungicide stains and we should get those results later that day. The results came back, I had Aspergillosis of the brain, a very aggressive infection. However my infectious disease doctor is confident that between heavy doses of anti-fungal medication through IV home infusions the lesions will be kept in check. One day after being released from the hospital I was back on the soccer field coaching again. We just have to wait for MRI results to see how well the drugs are working. There can be one of three results from an MRI scan, either the lesions are getting bigger, smaller, or no change. Originally we were hoping for smaller, but now we think that the lesions will never actually shrink, but now think will just calcify and have no change in size.

So that is what we hope to hear back as a result from all future MRI scans, and that is exactly what my most recent scan on December 27th told us.