

One Day at a Time,  
with Guillain-Barré Syndrome, and CIDP

By  
Michael J. Kiser

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One Day at a Time With Guillain-Barré Syndrome & CIDP  
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## Preface

All of our life, we take our body and our immune system for granted. We think it will keep us all healthy, as long as we take care of our body and our health. But, no matter how well we take care of these, it is impossible to know if, or when, our immune system might break down, even if one is completely healthy.

My immune system reversed from healing my body to attacking the very core of my body's function, nervous system, and muscles. Without normal function, our body totally shuts down, and it may even cause death.

The name of this illness is called "Guillain Barre Syndrome / Acute Relapsing Chronic Inflammatory Demyelinating Polyneuropathy". By telling my own story, I hope this will help people understand what someone goes through during this immune system syndrome. This book is also for those who might unfortunately end up experiencing this type of syndrome, since there is little known about why it comes about.

I had talked to people that had this syndrome years ago, who said that after the immune system fully recovers from the attack on the body, it will return to the way it was before this attack occurred, or at least very near to the way it was before the attack occurred. That is about 90%-95%, and it also depends on each person. Since we are all different, there is always a possibility that our bodies might not reach 100% normal. You might have some weak muscles in the feet, legs, and arms, which will remain for some time, after the body has almost or totally recovered from Guillain Barre Syndrome. If the treatment works on reversing your immune system, you will begin to notice almost immediately. But the healing of the nerves will take months to years, depending on how much damage is done. This is a time of not knowing personally how much damage has been done to the nerves themselves, and how long it will take them to heal. From what I have learned from my neurologist, it takes a healthy nerve a month

to heal one inch depending on the damage. From my personal experience, I can say that while it may be hard, it is very important to keep track of the healing process of your nerves and not to worry too much about your muscles. Your nerves are very important. It is up to the individual person, who is experiencing this syndrome, to monitor what you are feeling in your nerves since there is no way for the doctors to know or feel what you are sensing. Only you know how the nerves are healing. Keep in mind this is not a fast healing process. It is the slowest healing that you might ever come to experience in your life. One day all of your nerves that were damaged from this syndrome will heal completely. When that time will come is all unknown, but it will come.

Chapter

1

A Healthy Life

I am Michael J. Kiser and this is my true life-changing story. I was born in Elmira, New York in 1966. I was healthy and active my whole life. At the age of thirteen, I was active in sports at Ernie Davis Junior High School, and I was involved in soccer for two years. I was in an archery league in Pine City, New York, for two years. After entering into high school, at Elmira Free Academy (EFA) from 1981-1985, I was involved in bowling, very active in running, and distant bike cycling with a few of my friends.

After high school in 1985, I had a chance to go to film school in New York City. This was my goal all the way through high school. I majored in art, photography, ceramics, sculpturing figures, TV broadcasting, and script writing. Therefore, my parents paid for the film home school class during the summer of 1985, so that I could start the fall film classes in October of 1985. After a month, I decided to change my direction and stopped the summer home course. As I look back today, I wish that I had completed the course.

As the fall of 1985 arrived, I started working with Manpower (a job finder). I worked several short-term jobs, and two jobs in factories. One job was at Elmira Heat Treating, where they treated metal parts of all sorts, for many manufacturers. I worked there until the end of 1987. Next, I worked at Toshiba-Westinghouse in the high voltage /aging department until the summer of 1989, where Cathode Ray Tubes (CRT's) are made, which are the TV tubes for television and computer screens.

In the summer of 1987, I began writing a book about my understanding of the spiritual growth of evolution. I sent it to a few publishers in 1988 and 1989. Only one was interested in the book. The interested publisher would have published my book, if I paid them \$9,000. At that time I did not have the money.

In the summer of 1988, my ex-fiancé introduced me to Cindy Green, who was one of her girlfriends. They both went to Elmira Southside High School and started college together. At that time, I had been working for two years at Toshiba Westinghouse Manufacturing. Since I was there for some time, I was able to have two weeks of vacation. Just before the start of my vacation, I finally met Cindy. Then after knowing her for only a week, I asked Cindy if she would like to take a vacation with me, she decided to join me. We went to the Black Canyon of Gunnison in Western Colorado, spending a week camping and hiking in the canyon.

I was still working at Toshiba-Westinghouse in the spring of 1989. I became sick from working in the High Voltage / Aging department for the CRT's, so I had to quit and take a couple of months to get better.

At this time, Cindy and I began work at Long John Silver's restaurant in Horseheads, New York. It was new, and we worked from the opening until the summer of May 1990, when we decided to get married and leave Painted Post, New York.

Cindy and I moved to Denver, Colorado, after we were married. After we were settled into an apartment, we both found retail jobs in different locations in the Denver and Aurora area. After being in Colorado for a couple of months, we became involved in cliff climbing, mountain hiking, and mountain camping. We enjoyed driving up to the mountains of the Continental Divide. We went every spare moment we had to go together or by ourselves to explore the uniqueness the mountains had to offer.

In September of 1990, we heard about a group of people that met with common interests of the UFO phenomenon. I was very interested in UFO's, and wanted to see what they knew and had to offer as far as information. So, Cindy and I made plans to go to one of their meetings. We were impressed, and joined the group, becoming board members.

At this time, Cindy and I decided it was time for us to start our project. Therefore, in December of 1990, we created our own magazine called "In Search of the Universal Truth". Within the magazine, we delved into the spiritual questions of

life. We asked others these questions to see if they might have any answers or insight to the many questions that we all ponder, including all of the seen and unseen worlds that are all around us. Regardless of our beliefs and those from our families, partners and friends, our magazine questioned other beliefs. Off-world beings, have been visiting different human civilizations, since the beginning of time, if not before time itself. This led us to believe that the information that we received could be the next step in the evolution of man. It also included the coming Mayan Calendar apocalypse of December 21, 2012, as well as other ideas.

On July 2, 1993, after living in Colorado for 3 years, Cindy passed away, and I had her flown back to Elmira, New York. After her funeral, I stayed there for two weeks visiting our families and friends, and then I returned to Denver to continue my life. I continued with the projects that Cindy and I had been doing together, before her passing.

After Cindy's death, I spent a few days by myself as I remembered the love we shared and the experiences that Cindy and I had during our five years together. I will never forget her. Just as I will never forget all the people that were a part of my life, and the ladies that I would come to be married to during my life here on Earth.

It was at this time, I began another relationship with a friend of ours named Judy. We had known each other since late October of 1990.

Judy and I began our relationship, during the second week of July, soon after Cindy had passed away. In the second week of August 1993, Judy told me that she was pregnant, and we were both happy to be having a child.

However, in late September of 1993 Judy changed. She wanted me out of her home and her life by the end of October 1993. As the time came for me to leave, Judy did not apologize for either her actions or word.

Time passed, and I left messages for Judy, but she did not return them. Even though I went to her home, she still did not open her door to speak to me. February 1994 arrived, and Judy finally called me at work to ask if we could get together to talk about us as a family. We met, and spoke about

becoming a family, which led to the two of us moving in together, again, but she decided there could not be a relationship between us.

On May 4, 1994 our son, Jonathan, was born. Judy only wanted me to be there for Jonathan. No matter what happened, I was always going to be around for my son. But, Judy just didn't want a family. At the end of May 1997, Judy repeated her actions in October of 1993, and threatened to call the police. Therefore, I gathered up some clothes, and Judy's brother, Glenn Volmer, who had shown up, took me to a hotel.

When Jonathan was five years old, Judy, Jonathan and I began camping and hiking together in the mountains. She still didn't want to be in a relationship, but we continued to do things together until 2002.

I worked for K Mart from 1994 through 2001, and then, a security company in the fall of 2001, two months before K Mart filed for chapter 13. I had been there for a long time, and had just received a promotion to management. Since I was the last one to be promoted into the management position, I was the first to let go. At the same time, I was also working the graveyard shift as a security officer from the late summer of 2001.

The years passed and by late 2002, Judy no longer joined us, and our Father and Son outings only included Jonathan and me. Between 2001 through 2005, I worked for four Security Companies, and on my days off, Jonathan and I "did our own thing" as father and son. We did many things such as hiking and camping in the mountains.

The spring of 2005 found me being asked to work a lot of overtime. I had saved up some money, and I saw my chance to publish my writings, that I been writing, since 1987. Eventually, I started my own book publishing company in April of 2005.

By the fall of 2005, I was still working for a security company, and Judy wanted more money in addition to what I had been paying to her for child support. I could not really

afford to pay her more, but I did. At the same time I was telling Judy that if I kept giving her the additional money, I would not be able to afford to pay my bills or rent. Judy did not care as long as she received more money. So, I paid her even more money. I eventually was evicted from my home, and even though she did not like the idea of me living in her home, Judy let me stay with her, since the reason for my being evicted was because of her demands.

From the fall of 2005 until February 2006, I lived with Judy and our son Jonathan. I was working through Labor Ready Services, which is a day labor service. In February of 2006, Judy decided she did not want me staying at her home. I moved out to live in a motel, until the summer of 2006, when I found a place to stay as a roommate.

Chapter

2

Warning Signs

I had been a healthy and active man for 40 years.

We all think that since we are healthy and active, we will remain that way, if we do everything required in maintaining our body's health. We all think, "if I treat my body well and keep healthy, my body will return the same to me". However, our bodies are very complex, and we just do not know what might happen, especially when we take our bodies for granted.

On May 1, 2006, I had worked as a groundskeeper for a housing complex in Parker, Colorado for just over a month. One day, I stepped on a sprinkler box lid cover. Part of the lid corner was broken, and the lid teeter tottered, causing me to lose my balance. My left foot was on the cover and fell into a one-foot deep hole, where the sprinkler controls are. I was not thinking about this happening. However, I continued working throughout that day and afterward, for several days.

Then on May 14, 2006, as the workday ended, something started to affect my body. It started with both feet and hands at the same time, becoming numb and tingled. The sensation did not stop. The tingling continued in both hands and feet, so I made sure to drink lots of water, because the day was in the high 90's. I thought if I drank plenty of water, this feeling would end. When the day ended, I went home and rested, but the feeling continued for the rest of the night. I thought it might have been just from the hot day and the hot air, and I continued to drink plenty of water all night.

When I awoke the next day to dress for work, I noticed that the feelings were still present in both my feet and hands. Because we are taught to believe that our bodies are equipped to heal us, I continued being positive. So, I just let my body deal with what it was going through and believe that it would heal on its own.

A week later, it had not changed, but suddenly, it was different. Trying to describe it is a bit hard. But, it is the feeling one gets, when you hit your funny bone, and it almost takes away your breath from the shock..

During this time, I continued doing things with Jonathan. We played ball and ran around chasing each other, just like the things that a father and their 12-year-old child do.

It had been two weeks at the end of May, this feeling was still with me. The numbness and tingling had moved up my legs to both knees and into my hands. It climbed upward, progressing into both of my forearms. So, I started to do some more stretching for my neck, spine, and shoulder, along with my waist just in case I had a vertebra pinching a nerve that might be causing the feelings that had continued for the previous three weeks.

After dealing with these feelings day-in and day-out for a month, the numbness and the tingling had worked its way up my legs and arms.

I was living in a hotel room for about 3 months, at this point. One of the ladies that I worked with on that property, mentioned that her friend lived across the street from her. He had a two-bedroom home, and he was interested in having a roommate. I made plans to meet with this young man. After we met, I resided there from the end of May through June 28, 2006.

Judy knew about my problems, and suggested that I start drinking a tea called Hawthorn, that is purported to heal the nerves from nerve damage. Jonathan and I also started using a form of healing that is called Reiki Healing. Judy and I had been Reiki Healers, since 1993, and Jonathan has been a Reiki healer since 1995.

Jonathan began working on the bottom of my feet, and I worked on the healing at my waist in an attempt to keep this from evolving any further than it already had and to help the healing process.

Chapter

3

Reiki Healing

Reiki Healing is a 2,500-year-old Chinese technique of natural healing. Energy from the universe enters into the body through the top of our head, the energy is expelled out through the palms of our hands. The practice is quite easy. Place your hands on the other person where healing is needed. Both will feel the heat (energy), flowing from the person performing the healing, into the area where the hands have contact on the one who is ill. The purpose of this type of healing is to help realign the energies in the body where the area's normal energy patterns have been disrupted.

I refused to let these feelings keep me from enjoying the time with my son, Jonathan.

As the second week of June 2006 arrived, Jonathan and I headed to the mountains to hopefully divert my attention. At that time, I had no idea what was going on with my body, or how long it would go on.

Despite what I was experiencing, I was not going to let it interfere with spending time or doing things with our son. That included walking in the mountains, even though it was very difficult to be active.

We had not been to the mountains in a while, so we decided to head to Devils Head in Colorado to spend some time together. This was Jonathan's first time to Devils Head, and my fourth. I knew that walking to the mountain's peak would be involved.

I had a feeling that this time with Jonathan would be the last time for us to spend a weekend together, so I wanted to enjoy it. When we arrived at our destination, I grabbed my pack with our drinks and food, and we made our way to the trail for the hour-long walk to the peak of Devils Head. I found that I needed to take several short rests, during the walk to the top, because of the numbness, tingling, and the weakening in both of my feet and legs. I had done this walk three times over the past three years and each time I had done

it non-stop. I had walked this same trail in about thirty-five minutes prior to this. Nevertheless, Jonathan and I made it to the base of the peak, where we found a spot for a late afternoon lunch, and to make sure we re-hydrated with juice and water, before we continued to the peak. After we finished with our lunch and rested for a little bit longer, we continued to the peak of Devils Head to the forest service fire watchtower.

As Jonathan and I start walking up the eighty plus steps to the top to the watchtower, I had to take several breaks, walking was bothering my legs. I was not going to quit so we rested a bit, before we continued to the peak. After about fifteen minutes, we arrived, and the view was magnificent. The weather was nice and the sky was clear for about a couple hundred miles in all directions. We stayed at the watchtower for about a half hour, gazing out at the plains to the east and the mountain ranges that run north and south. We turned our eyes to the west upon the width of the mountain ranges. After about a half hour, we descended to the base of the peak.

As we walked around to the south side, Jonathan found a trail that wound to the south side.

Jonathan asked, “Dad have you walked this trail that goes this way?”

“No I always have taken the north trail, which is the one that we walked up here on... Do you want to take that trail?” I replied to Jonathan.

“Only if you are up to it dad.”

“We can take that trail... You can lead the way.” Jonathan said.

“Okay then... I say we take this trail.” I replied. “I am right behind you Jonathan.”

The trail began to disappear after about fifteen minutes.

“Dad the trail stops here.”

“Well... Let me take a look...”

I made my way stepping over fallen trees and around the shrubs to where Jonathan was standing at the end of the trail.

“Well, I guess the trail stops here, I think. What do you think Jonathan? Do you want to go back and retrace our steps walking to the peak?”

Jonathan said, “No. I still want to go this way. We have to find the trail.”

“Okay then we will continue. Where do you think the trail is? Which way do you think we should go?” I pointed in a direction. “What about this way. We might find the trail over there.” Jonathan agreed.

“Yeah. Let’s go that way, and see if we can find the trail again.”

A few minutes later, we came to a trail.

“Dad, I think I found the trail again.”

“That’s great, Jonathan.”

But, the trail ended once again.

Jonathan yelled at me.

“Dad... You will not believe what happened.”

I yelled back.

“What happened?”

“The trail ended again!”

“Okay. Let’s take a break, and I will be there in a minute.”

“Okay. I’ll wait for you on a fallen tree that’s by me.”

I caught up to him, and we sat looking around. There were some rocks that were stacked on top of each other scattered all over the place.

“What do you think about those rocks, Jonathan?”

“I think that we should follow them. Maybe they make up several trails.” He waved his hand. “See? Some of them go this way, and those over there go in the other direction.”

Jonathan continued to lead the way around the east side Devils Head Peak, and there, the trail was covered with rocks and downed trees, making it very difficult for me to walk, but I managed to make it with the help of Jonathan.

Forty minutes later, we finally arrived at the connection to the north side of the trail that led to the base of Devils Head. At the junction of these two trails, Jonathan and I sat on a bench, and rested. We pulled out some snacks and

bottles of water to drink, before continuing down the mountain trail to where we had parked the car.

In June of 2006, I was finding it harder to work, walk, sit, and even to hold onto things. I had been enjoying my life and my son. Jonathan was still see-sawing back and forth between Judy and me. I was becoming harder for Jonathan, as he watched me become unable to do the things that we both had enjoyed doing together.

I did not associate the feeling that I was experiencing to the hole that I had tripped into a month earlier. But, I began to wonder if it could have been related in one form or another. Maybe it had caused a nerve to become pinched. I was still stretching my waist, spine, neck, and shoulders for this whole month and it wasn't helping.

I continued to work, but I was still continuing to experience the weakness, numbness, and tingling in both my feet and hands. It was now moving further up my legs and arms, and becoming difficult for me to work. Walking became more difficult, now, because it was moving toward my waist. It was affecting my vision as well. I was experiencing sporadic side-by-side double vision.

I went to a chiropractor who dealt with spine realignment. Hoping that he might be able to help. He took two x-rays of my neck, spine, and waist. After he adjusted my neck, and the double vision was gone. However, everything else was still present and I was not getting any better, but I was getting much worse.

By the end of June, I was losing my balance, and had begun falling down. Jonathan supplied his shoulder for balance, as all the muscles in both legs became too weak. If I turned just right, or if my feet did not lift up to take the next step I would fall down.

I became worse as each day passed. My feet began to swell to a point. My ankles lost the strength to hold my feet still as I tried to put on my shoes. The strength in my hands and wrists was also gone. It was so hard to hold onto things like a glass or even the silverware when I ate. I finally started to worry, and knew that this was also hard on Jonathan. Just

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seeing his dad having a hard time doing ordinary things with him and not being able to play or have fun together hurt.