It was Christmas Eve, and I spent the night gasping for air with the pulse ox reading in the low 60s. I was terrified to wake my husband and tell him just how bad off I was. I remember him waking up and being on oxygen from the COVID-19 virus at around 9 AM. Christmas Eve morning, for some reason, our children had all thankfully slept in. When my husband woke and saw my condition, he took my pulse ox. He immediately took the oxygen off of himself and rushed me off to Johns Hopkins. Within an hour of arriving there, I was intubated. I remained on ventilation for 12 very long days. During that time, I caught sepsis, and my bloodstream became septic as well as I caught bacterial pneumonia. I remained in Hopkins for over two months, my husband remained on oxygen for close to four months, and both of us had about 6 to 7 months of recovery. , both of us had a recovery of about 6 to 7 months. I just wanted to tell you a little something about us.

For the last 13 years, my husband and I have worked very hard to build a little business, but needless to say, 6 to 7 months of recovery financially destroyed us. Fast-forward to last year, our middle child, Asher, was able to get into a very specialized program for his severe dyslexia. It is called the De Paul program of Mount St. Joseph High School. It was an answer to prayers.

Asher, who helped clean the house and cared for his little brothers as well as ensured they were bathed and put to bed. This is also the same son who helped take care of his oldest brother, who has autism and his Ganny, who lives with us and has Alzheimer’s. He did his best to reheat what people had dropped off.

Our story took a turn for the worse: During that time, we were not able to pay for our home, and last year, time and grace ran out. We spent a year and a half battling with our county for federal funds for people affected by Covid to help. We were four times because we are small business owners, and they would not look at the income that my husband and I brought home at the end of the day. They kept basing their decision on the gross income of what our little business made.

Last year, it came down to either paying tuition or getting our house caught up. I approached Asher’s high school, who understood the situation and gave us until this spring and summer to catch up. We never expected another terrible blow.

I have been diagnosed with stage four colon cancer that is metastatic as it has passed to my liver. We have paid and fundraised almost all of the overdue tuition. We are so close to paying it off but still about $3500 short. The school will not allow him to start until it’s paid in full. Any amount that you can contribute would mean the world to us. As a mother, I want to keep their routines and their school steady and without disruption, considering what they’re facing alongside me with this cancer diagnosis.