

My Covid-19 Story
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First, I'll answer the question I get most often: "How do you think you contracted Covid-19?" My COVID-19 Story begins with a lot more travel than usual for me in 2020: A Residency in Kauai, a visit with friends in Honolulu, a Residency at Syracuse University's *Lake Effect Editions* and the experience of helping to jury *Iron Print* in Boston the end of February. In that time frame I was in seven airports and seven planes, two hotels and many many many restaurants - many more than when I am home where we almost never "eat out".

When I started feeling sick (it evolved...headache, general aches, rhinitis, earache, developing dry cough, malaise, "covid-toes", acute sense of smell, no sense of taste, low grade fever) in March 2020, I made an appointment with my doctor. That could have been a virtual appointment or in-person. My doctor suggested in person. Although I felt very sick, my fever was just under 100°F and he would not test me.

My doctor is a real medical doctor and has alternative, integrative medically accepted therapies within his practice. I specifically picked this doctor's practice, because of his IV therapies and general view of health and disease. It most closely matched my retired MD who helped get me through Chronic Fatigue Syndrome 20 years ago. Safe to say I'm no stranger to nutritional IVs and have had 100s of IVs of Vitamin C in the past. So, last March 2020, upon my doctor's suggestion, I received a hydrogen peroxide IV. I still don't know if that was a good idea for what was wrong with me – but I'd had them before so thought he might know best.

While getting this hydrogen peroxide IV, I listened to some stories going on around me. Of interest was the man who sat across from me, younger and sicker who hoped he'd contracted COVID-19 so he could get on with it - back then the myth of immunity was still the rage. I sure hope he is ok.

There was also a story of my doctor's PA-C (Physician's Assistant with Certification) who had been running the practice for several weeks prior. He had a break from seeing patients and described his upcoming golfing adventure in the Bahamas and how he would be going on a private jet. Another myth shattered or crumpled; I don't know which. But I felt like one of the "have-nots". I'd spent the week mourning the far-away places I'd probably now never see, imagining the world of cramped airless flights would come to an end.

And one more story - of my doctor himself. I learned as he talked to other patients and greeting them with "Namaste", that he had just the week before returning from a river boat cruise in India. He told them that perhaps he should have self-quarantined for 14 days, but his business could just not afford it, so he spent a week away and then returned. I remember getting itchy around my ears as he said "Well, at least we're not in a hotspot". I heard myself say out loud "Wait a week!" to everyone in the room.

I think it was at that very moment I lost all remaining blind faith in the medical profession. In my naivete, I thought he had been at a conference learning from a crack team how to survive this novel virus. I've been meditating every day twice a day for 43 years and I can "Namaste" with the best of them...but all my body was telling me that it had met something it was not at all prepared for and help was not on the way. Not from this sector.

Getting sicker by the day, I started reading. My fever was not high enough to warrant the precious few COVID-19 tests my state had on hand. Most of what I read was not helpful. Again, a novel virus, something the whole world had never seen. It felt like the wild west of treatment possibilities with no assured science or outcomes. I fell back on what I knew worked for me in the past – Vitamin (sodium ascorbate) IVs. I was still under the assumption that this was an immune system problem (hint: it's not) and was looking for answers where I had found them in the past.

On the third IV something extraordinary happened that I believe changed and will continue to change the course of my life. At 66 years old, I think that's saying something. I'd been all over social media and the web looking for answers.

Enter: Doris Loh, an independent medical researcher. As far as I can tell, this woman saved my life, plain and simple. In late March she posted on Facebook that the difference between two forms of Vitamin C (sodium ascorbate and ascorbic acid) made all the difference in the world with Covid-19. I've taken high dose Vitamin C for many years but had switched in November of 2019 from ascorbic acid to sodium ascorbate. I was not taking the right Vitamin C! The reasoning is outlined in this paper: Basically, ascorbic acid is what is called a Redox molecule and recycles itself into all sorts of useful ways in the body. Sodium ascorbate can't do that. There is no point in my mangling great science, so instead please read her paper. I switched immediately. And I started to feel better, too.

That's a pretty good story but it doesn't end there. What good angel sat with me that Doris Loh messaged me a question about my physical state and offered her opinion? More ascorbic acid (AA) and add melatonin (MEL).

It's been three and a half months and if you haven't been down the road of the SARS-Cov-2 infection called Covid-19, it's hard to comprehend some things. There is very little assurance of "being on the mend". It just doesn't leave you alone like that. But I can say that I am doing much much better. I don't think I'll be headed back to my "old self" to consider myself cured. But in fact, this journey on more than one level, health-wise and spiritually (if there is a difference), has led me past my "old self". I am hoping now there will be a better new self and it's in the making even as I type. I still have one symptom – a prickly/itchy/hive rash akin to rolling in fiberglass, that its estimated about 10% of Covid-19 infected get. The sun exacerbates it, so presently I have time to sit and type out my story. And there's the shop. No need for sun there. I do hope I can get outside this summer, though.

Any lessons here? Yes. The old models failed me. But new ones did not. I am aware everyone's journey is unique. And, not. I thank heaven that I did not land in a hospital. The people in those places are desperately trying to save lives. I know that. And we all should be grateful for their unflagging dedication. And pray that science catches up and their protocols become enlightened.

Thank you for taking a listen. I'll leave you with a list of resources I found helpful.

And while you're at it, become your best self. You have it in you. Yes, this world right now, personally and globally, on the eve of the summer solstice of 2020 seems a scary place. But who are we to know what the universe has in store for us – what new alliances begun; what old miseries gone? What new hearts opened; what others pass by?

I close with the signature question of Doris Loh: Have you had your AA and melatonin today? I believe it is the most important question we can ask ourselves right now. You must be here to affect change, so take our ancient allies, AA and MEL. Go do that now.