

# Miracle Larry

A True Story

by Lawrence Kelly & Steven McGraw

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**Larry Kelly entered Mount Sinai Hospital with the coronavirus. He crashed and was ventilated. Two weeks later an MRI revealed his brain was riddled with dark spots. His doctors found no mentation. His family was called in to say their goodbyes. His only hope, a miracle.**

Larry Kelly, 64, and his daughter, Jackie, 28, are feeling rotten, but Larry's symptoms — cough, chills, fever, labored breathing — are far worse. On **March 12<sup>th</sup>** they go to an Urgent care to get tested for the coronavirus. On **March 17<sup>th</sup>**, Saint Patrick's Day, before the results came back, Larry, barely able to walk, calls for an ambulance. He's taken to Mount Sinai, Morningside. His admitting nurse is **Jessica Montanaro**, 40. As he struggles to breathe he mumbles lines from his favorite poem, "Invictus". *Out of the night that covers me, Black as the pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable soul.* Jessica asks if it was a prayer. A prayer and a poem he replies. That evening he crashed. Before he was put on a ventilator, he texts **Dawn**, his wife, "**I promise I'll never stop fighting.**"

Word quickly spreads. The **Muddahs**, friends since highschool, remain close as brothers. They are bound by triumph and tragedy. Triumph by the many championships they won, tragedy by the death of Willie, a fellow Muddah, in a fiery crash senior year. Larry always thought he had three guardian angels, Willie, his Uncle Lawrence, who died in a kamikaze attack in World War Two and his younger sister Lauren who died of congenital heart disease. Moments before he was put in a drug induced coma he prayed to them, asking for their protection. **Doctor Cush**, aka Barney, a Muddah, becomes the liaison between Dawn, Jackie, **Danny**, his brother, and the doctors at Mount Sinai. The news is not good. Larry has cranial edema, prolonged seizures, multiple infections, continuous fever, double pneumonia, massive cerebral hemorrhages and an MRI revealed his brain is covered with black holes. The doctors' prognosis, no mentation. On **March 28<sup>th</sup>** Dawn, Jackie and Danny are asked to come in to say goodbye. They can't even get to his bedside. They record messages on their cellphone and Nurse Jessica, in full PPE, enters a glass isolation room, places the phone close to his ear and presses play. Larry is in a dark place, slipping deeper into a black abyss.

Danny texts Larry's situation, ending with "Miracle Larry" - Larry's only hope now. A tsunami of prayers and healing wishes flood the cosmos. The Muddahs, many who hadn't prayed in years, meet on a Zoom that ends with them all reciting the Hail Mary.

On **April 12<sup>th</sup> Easter Sunday**, 573 people die of Covid in NYC, Larry opens his eyes.

**July 22<sup>nd</sup>** - After 128 days in the hospital, Larry is released. He is wheeled to the front of his favorite hangout, The Dive Bar. He's greeted by friends, fans, the Muddahs and paparazzi. Larry takes it all in, looks up at the heavens, and mumbles his prayer, the last line of his poem. *I am the master of my fate: I am the captain of my soul.*