



Nómé Padré

The Guardian

Divinely inspired by Carmine



NOMÈ PADRÈ, THE GUARDIAN

About the Author

Dedication to First Responders and Doctors

Introduction

Chapter 1: Beginning of the Nightmare

Chapter 2: Business and My Guardian

Chapter 3: Nomé Padré, Guardian Spirit

Chapter 4: In Erie and Nome Padré

Chapter 5: Transfers and Rehab

Chapter 6: Into the Night, one man's recovery

Chapter 7: My Nightmare of the Dark

Chapter 8: A Miracle in the Making

Chapter 9: Poison of Hate

Addendum

Drawings by Carmine and Dr. Shakoor

Acknowledgements

Upcoming Attractions:

Preview of *The Lord, the Mafia, and the Government*

Preview of *I Am the Book of Life*

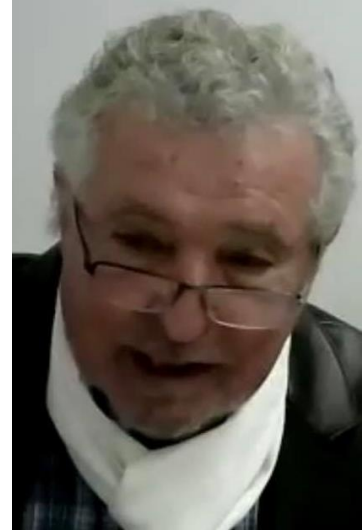
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About the Author

My name is Carmine, a man with a lifetime of experiences. Throughout my life and all the past issues, I have endured. I seem to always land on my feet and whatever I touch, turns to gold. People in the past would look at me and think... a good looking young Italian man, and immediately think I was part of the Mafia. That part of my history can be read in my first book, *The Lord, the Mafia, and the Government*. Some of that stigma has carried over into my senior years of today. Although I was never part of the Mafia clans, I have had past associations with them.



Currently, I live with my wife on a wooded forty-acre homestead in western Pennsylvania, along with my horses and dogs. Our children are married and living successful lives throughout the United States. I am satisfied with my quieter life, working at my church, writing recollections of my past involvements, and returning to my paintings. You can view many of my paintings [ArtbyCarmine](#) on Facebook.



My experience with Covid-19 led me down a path that I never believed I would follow. I was rushed into the local hospital on August 1, 2020, and transferred to UPMC Hamot hospital in Erie, Pennsylvania, due to the severity of the virus. At that point, I was not expected to survive. I will not go into all the details of my health condition, but I remember one night in the Erie hospital that the doctor and nurses thought I would not survive the night. The doctor told me that I would have to fight if I wanted to survive! That night the messenger from God came into my room and sat on the window ledge, never leaving me alone. The picture on the cover of this book is the messenger as I viewed him, and he never left my room until I was transported home!

I left the Hillside Rehabilitation center on October 5, 2020, returning home to finish recovering. Today I am a walking miracle!

Carmine

This is my third book, Nómé Padré “The Guardian”, which is dedicated to the First Responders, doctors and nurses who have become my friends, saviors, and buddies at all the hospitals where I was sent to recover from Covid-19. Those hospitals include but are not limited to Hamot UPMC Hospital in Erie, PA; Vibra Hospital in Boardman, OH; and Hillside Rehabilitation Center in Warren, OH.

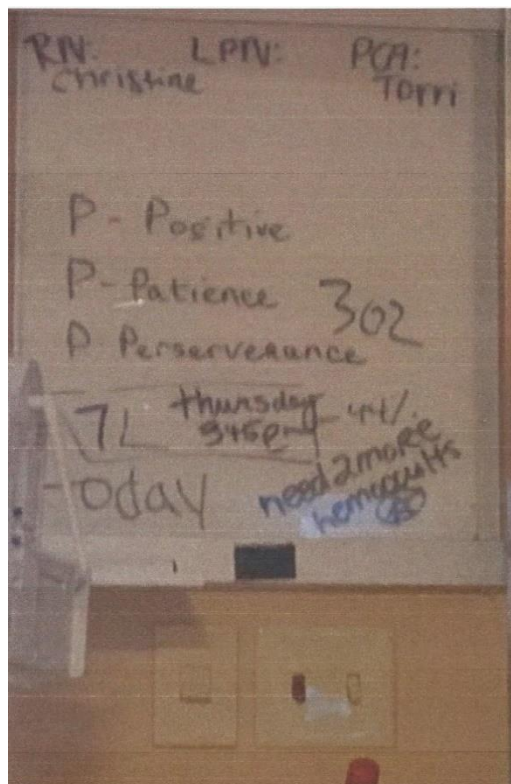
I appreciate all my buddies, nurses, and doctors at Hamot Hospital who ministered to me in masks and coveralls in Erie, PA. They never gave up hope on me regaining my health and returning home. I have included several pictures of the immediate staff on the Covid ward along with signed notes from nurses.

As I have said before, the doctor had a motto that the staff lived by on the Covid ward with all their patients. They called them their Four P’s:

1. Positive thinking always
2. Patience
3. Perseverance
4. Prayer

I believe these are four traits that all people could remember and live by. If everyone lived by these traits, we would have a safer, happier, and healthier world.

Carminé



Chapter 1: Beginning of the Nightmare

My story begins on a beautiful sunny day in summer of 2020. My wife and I attended a memorial service for a good lady friend of ours at our church. I remember the service was on a Saturday afternoon in mid-July. The church was filled with friends and family members who had come to remember their special lady. The young lady had beat breast cancer the year before and had been in remission for over a year, but when the disease reared its devious head again it ravaged her body and spread to other organs. She died from the cancer in a Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, hospital surrounded by her immediate family. She was a beautiful person, a cornerstone for our church. She was a beautiful lady, a mother and wife to her family and a good friend to many of us.

This service is the only place I can conceive of contracting the deadly Covid-19 virus, although I could have been exposed to it anywhere. Approximately 90 people gathered at the church for the memorial service with a luncheon afterwards. Many church members, along with her family, had gathered to pay tribute to this wonderful Christian woman. Some weeks later the Federal mandate was imposed, and our church had to close its doors for services. It was during that time that rumors spread about many church members being tested positive for the Covid virus and were either at home under doctor's orders or in the hospital. Since so many of our friends were tested positive, my wife and I decided to go to the medical center to be tested. We received a phone call two days later confirming our positive test results. At that time, we were told to quarantine for ten days by the state Health Agency.

At the end of our ten-day quarantine, I decided to work in the yard in front of our house on August 2, 2020, trimming some bushes outside. It was a beautiful day with the sun shining

and birds chirping. We live on a 40-acre wooded homestead in western Pennsylvania. There always seems to be landscaping and pruning to be done, no matter what the season. This morning, I was feeling well and had decided to trim some red bushes by our patios around the house. The beautiful red bushes were known as burning bushes. Supposedly they had toxics in them and were poisonous to people. Some people could be allergic to them, unbeknownst to us, but since we have many friends and family that visit, we thought it to be prudent to trim all the bushes back to a smaller size. After what seemed to be only a couple of hours of trimming, I went back into the house. My wife, Cassandra, looked at me, and said, “O my God, you’re in trouble.” She checked my oxygen and the oxygen level had dropped to about 54. Cassandra called the hospital and they advised her to bring me in as soon as she could. She turned to me and said, “Come on, we’re going to the hospital.” I remember I did walk out of the house to the car. I opened the door and entered from the passenger side of the car. When we arrived at the hospital, I stepped out of the car and walked into the hospital where I was put on the gurney. This would be the last time I would walk for several months.



Orderlies wheeled me into this little curtained off room about the size of my birdcage and left me lying there for what seemed like hours and hours and hours, but I am sure was not. Most of my vital signs were good. After examining me, though, the nurses fitted me with an oxygen mask and administered some pure oxygen. When my oxygen level was up a little, orderlies escorted me out to a waiting helicopter. I was life flighted to Hamot hospital in Erie, Pennsylvania. I had never been in a helicopter before, and I hope it is my last trip by that mode of transportation! Upon arriving at the hospital, orderlies carried me out, and I remember the

gurney ride down to emergency room. I can still picture that emergency room. They once again connected me to oxygen with a mask. The doctors seemed concerned and wanted to put me on a ventilator, but we said no way.



To make a long story short, they transported me through the hospital to a Covid unit and administered another 90 liters of pure oxygen. I was settled in a stripped down, dark room, with only a bed in it. The room number was 565 and it contained many beeping machines to monitor my

conditions which were connected to the nurse's station. All the nurses and doctors were in quarantine garb and walked around like ghosts. This was the beginning of my nightmare!

I remember being transported to this Erie, Pennsylvania, hospital and thinking, "this is it; now I am going to die here." I was wearing the oxygen mask through which 90 percent pure oxygen flowed into my lungs constantly. The doctors and nurses assured me that I was getting better. I thought to myself that I was feeling fairly good, not sick like they thought I was!

Nurses were constantly in and out of my room every 20 minutes checking my vital signs which seemed to be good. My temperature was normal; blood pressure normal. They would be drawing blood and sending it down to the lab. Starting at 5 AM the nurses would wake me up by calling my name, Carmine, and ask "what can I get for you?" They told me I had a bad night even though I felt fine. So, I told them I would start my day with a little ice cream. Ice cream would cool my belly off. To me, it seemed that my belly was always hot, but I did not think that made me sick enough to be in the hospital.

Next, early in the morning, I would be given my regular medications for my broken neck. I would meet the chief nurse for my unit. She was one of the queens, I was told. She explained the ropes about not getting out of bed and learning how to prone in my bed. Proning is lying on your stomach to keep the fluids from collecting inside of you. I was supposed to be turned three or four times daily. It would take four nurses, two on each side, to roll me over to my stomach or my back position. Then they had to adjust my lying position because of my broken neck. I can barely turn my head from one side to the other so to be comfortable, the nurses had to move me up in the bed to allow my head to hang over the top of the hospital bed. Nice position, huh? Because this was extremely uncomfortable for me, the nurses put a pad under my chin so it would not lay on the metal frame of the bed.

Patients were supposed to lie in this position on their stomach for several hours with their heads off the bed. This was extremely painful for me to do since my neck had been broken in a car accident several years ago. If you have read my other books, you may remember that I had an accident a few years back over a fourth of July weekend. My car rolled over three times and hit a tree and then rolled two times sideways. I crawled out the driver's side and got to the top of the embankment holding my head. An ambulance was called to transport me to a local hospital where they were going to release me, but I was screaming in pain. The doctor suggested that I have more x-rays and looking at these results, they decided to life flight me to Pittsburgh in the early morning hours of July 4. Since my accident had happened on the weekend, there were no doctors to give a diagnosis or treatment plan. The best the staff could do for me was to keep me in bed, lying flat, and give me pain medications.

On Monday I was told I had broken vertebrae; one through four vertebrae were broken in my back. I was told that my second vertebra was broken into seven pieces and doctors glued it

back together with Krazy glue. I also have two pins and seven screws in my neck. The doctors claim that with these injuries, I should have been dead. If not dead, then I should have been paralyzed from the neck down, but I surprised them all. Within a week I was walking! I had to do physical therapy and to be released I would need to prove that I could walk backwards across the room. Many of the nurses nicknamed me ‘miracle man.’

Back to the Hamot hospital, each day, every day, every 20 minutes a nurse would enter my room to check my vital signs. They were required to be completely covered in PPE¹ gear before entering my room. I was required to have medication three times a day. Because of my limited mobility, I had to use a bedpan and urinal to eliminate wastes from my body. This invasion of privacy was very embarrassing for me to endure. I still did not feel like I was sick although the nurses would keep encouraging me that I was getting better. I was getting bored of being in this environment and I wanted to go home. Can you imagine being in the hospital when you do not feel any need to be there?

After a few days, I was informed by the nurses that the doctor was going to come in and see me and I am thinking to myself, “well he is going let me go home, whether he knows it or not. I am just going to get ready to get out of here.” I did everything the nurses told me, plus cooperated to prove that I can be released. Everyone was positive. I felt I am getting better, but no one talked to me about being released. In my mind I am thinking ‘what is this picture?’ When you hear results of the full body scan, you will not believe the results I was given. No one on the staff was permitted to tell me that I was actually dying. At this point, my major organs had

¹ PPE is personal protective equipment. This refers to face coverings, gloves, coveralls, and shoe coverings to protect people from exposure to Covid 19.

started to shut down. I am ready to go home, and they keep telling me ‘NO,’ that I was not ready to go home. I am on my deathbed, and no one is telling me!

I was driving the doctor and the nurses crazy by telling them every day that I wanted to go home. I was bored, feeling no symptoms, and was ready to leave. Hospitals are good for sick people, but not me! If you have ever been in a similar situation, I know you understand how anxious I felt. I have a very persuasive personality and I am used to getting my own way. So, I kept working on my caretakers. I kept believing if I bothered them enough, they would sign the release papers to get me out of their lives. Of course, it did not work.

On the announcement board in my room were three traits that everyone seemed to live by at the hospital. They called them the three P’s: Patience, positive, perseverance. These were stressed to me and others every day. Because I am a positive person, I could not wait to see what was going to happen next.

Before I go into my transfer to another hospital, I want to tell you about myself and how I have gotten to this point in my life. If you have read my book, “The Lord, the Mafia, and the Government,” you already know about my personal journey through life. For those of you that have not read my previous book, I have not always known about my Guardian or have I led a charmed life. Miracles and protection have always followed me throughout my life. I always believed that I was just a lucky man or that I was so smart that every business venture I entered would be successful—which it was! Everything I touched turned to gold.

Chapter 2: Business and My Guardian

The world seemed to be falling apart at the time of my arrests and trials. Previous marriages had failed; businesses running into problems. The shiny lights of success did not shine as bright as they once had.

I had the studios in Florida and a big packaging plant in Michigan. I lived in Florida where the studios were—one in Lake Helen named Nautilus Studio with \$100 million dollars invested in equipment. The studio was designed to be the equivalent to Paramount studios in California. The other studio was located in Orlando with sound and video equipment which was bought by a Christian Sound studio today.

The studio I used the most had the rights for us to use for nights and weekends in Tampa, Florida, working with the Vice President of Helene Cosmetics. John Barry was a sound expert who had worked in all the top studios in California and was my sound professional.

Ben Chapman was a top producer in the world, nicknamed Old Ironsides during World War II when he photographed all the scenes for the war movies. Bridge Over the River Qui, Shogan, and Karate Kid are just a few of the movies he produced. Mr. Chapman never produced a losing movie. Every one of his movies went straight to the top in sales and viewing. I recruited nine producers from the Star Trek movie team to work for me in Florida.

The government gathered data to prove that I was conducting illegal businesses because the first year in the business I grossed \$28 million! I created a business scheme where I produced infomercials for the television industry, requiring half payment in cash and half in trade. The television industry needed material to fill time slots and due to the big named stars I had employed, we had no trouble getting sales.

That is the time of my life where the government decided to investigate my businesses. The FBI agents busted into one of my business locations, confiscating \$900 thousand dollars in cash and \$14 million in trade contracts. I was devastated to learn of this action! I flew to Grand Rapids, Michigan, to the packaging plant for my last week of sanity and freedom. I visited many churches but was impressed to enter St. Jude's Church.

I went to the church on an afternoon about 1 p.m. or maybe close to 2 p.m. and found the church doors locked. I walked around the church, checking all the doors, and found one leading to the basement that was open. I went in and climbed the stairs to the first floor where I found the sanctuary to be located. I sat down on a pew near the front of the church and prayed for guidance for a couple of hours. Then I left the church the same way I had entered, back through the basement and out the side door. As I was walking to my car, a loud voice stopped me and said, "Do not worry. Do as you will be directed, and all will be fine." OK, now that was strange for me!

While in a prison in Florida, I had a dream one night of being transported through space and it seemed like I was sitting on the Lord's knee somewhere in heaven. I was told that a deck of regular playing cards would speak to me. The source of those cards and meanings would only be available to me. Believe me—for the seven years I was in prison and for the last thirty years, the cards have helped me help hundreds if not thousands of people. I am still waiting for miracles to continue! The voices have never stopped talking to me.

The second time I heard a voice was when I was housed on a Navy base in Pensacola, Florida. I had been sentenced to prison on the base and at the time was driving to the dentist office. I parked the truck and walking to the building. A very loud voice stopped me in my

tracks. “Throw those cigarettes away! You do not need them; you are quitting.” Well, that was not for me; here I was in prison, smoking calmed my nerves and now someone, or something, was telling me that I was quitting! I did not think so! I argued with this indivisible being. If anyone else had seen me, or heard me, they would have said I was definitely crazy. I told this voice that if I was quitting, then I did not want to be sick with withdrawal symptoms or cravings. I was told one more time to throw the cigarettes away so I pitched them in the trash can before going into the dentist office. I had no side effects from throwing them away. Six months later I decided to try to smoke and see if I could without any symptoms—I got deathly ill and have not picked up a cigarette to this day!

I remember another time when I was using the playing cards to help another prisoner with some questions he had when I heard an audible voice warning me. We were outside at a picnic table with the cards; nothing wrong with that except it was at a time that we should have been inside. A clear loud voice told me to stop with the cards and move. I picked up the cards, went inside, and a guard walked by on parole.

As a prisoner, I often lost ‘things or materials from my room. I was helping other prisoners with research for their cases and using the cards as a way of communication. When items came up missing, a voice would lead me to the exact location of the things I needed.

I have helped many people, using the cards, but I remember a lady’s friend that had been diagnosed with cancer. She was scared and her friend was scared to death of losing her. Dealing out the cards, I felt that I had her life in my hands. I was responsible for her living—or dying! After the reading, however, I was assured that she would be cancer free soon. Her friend relayed the message a few weeks later that her friend was indeed cancer free. Hallelujah!

Jumping to more recent times, I have been saved many times by a spirit and or a voice of warning. In my book, you can read about six times in my life that I believe I either should have died, or I did die but came back to life. My guardian saved me from a horrific car accident in 2017. He sat on the window ledge until I was discharged. Again, in July 2020 when I contracted Covid-19 and nearly died from the virus, he was sitting on the window ledge in the hospitals. He told me I would live, and he would guide me through the nightmare. And most recently, in June 2021 when I had to have a cancerous melanoma removed. I had two incisions six- and one-half inches long to remove all the cancerous tissue. I am now cancer free!

His name is Nómé Padré, the Guardian is by my side always. Believe me I am comforted by knowing He is by my side, now and forever!

Chapter 3: Nómé Padré, Guardian Spirit

“My life is still being written”

The Spirit in Spiritual Visual Form

Trying to remember when I had first made contact with Nómé Padré was in 1992 at a Navy base in Pensacola, Florida. I used to do card readings for many people working with the with their personal problems.

At that time, one a particular eye doctor was from Genie Africa. He owned a newspaper in Daytona Beach, Florida. He had two wives and expected to be president of his country in a few years. We would get together just about every night for about six months. During the sessions I was given verbal responses from the “Guardian” that I related to the doctor. He had an extremely complicated life. Having one wife is sufficient but working with two, not for me!

Many of his questions related to their communications. They were all aware of the circumstances, so at least there were not any relationships hidden between the three adults. But when you bring in the children to your business, the problems with employees start. Whether a doctor or not, time to change the game plan. The doctor finally smoothed family relationships out and work site employees were pacified.

A lady friend had a girlfriend in Atlanta, Georgia, who was to have an operation for breast cancer. I had her give me a picture of the woman and an address for general location. After studying the problem for a couple of weeks, I did a reading and ask my Spirit, Nómé Padré, whom I found out later I was getting answers from and what actions to follow. He, Nómé Padré, said “no operation.” This message was a difficult thing for me to tell a person who could

die of cancer. Doing what I was told, and if you ‘believe you shall receive’ (Mark 11:24) you shall receive. Long story short, she listened to me. No operation. About six months later, she was cancer free! Hallelujah! I was scared to death. Having this person’s life, which I did not even know, in my hands.

Over the years, I really, really became a believer. Remember, if you read my first book, ‘The Lord, the Mafia and the Government, in the Lord section, you would understand. God told me to “Stop what I was doing and listen to him” with a SHOUT. I would never forget. When the Lord speaks, you listen!

I have helped more people than you can believe with the guidance of my Spirit, Nómé Padré. No way he could lead me wrong. I have even tested and challenged him to no avail. He proved his loyalty, helping many people through me. I am only the sounding board.

Jumping ahead to my more recent past, personally helping me is exciting. I was in



unbelievably bad car wreck several years back. Going home one dark night, a truck ran me off the road. My car rolled over head over head and then sideways about five times. I climbed out holding my head and walked to the ambulance. I had been taken a local hospital and then to Pittsburgh by another ambulance ride for the night. It was storming so they could

not fly the helicopter in that kind of the weather. I still remember the terrible ride; roads under construction seemed to take forever, but it was only two hours. It was a Fourth of July weekend

so no doctors available to treat my injuries. My neck was detached but my vital signs were so good, so they immobilized my head in a bed for the weekend. Monday morning came and so did the orthopedic doctors. This Pittsburgh hospital is known for the best doctors to fix neck injuries



due to all the football players treated. They performed the operation the same day, repairing the vertebrae. Injuries included one of four vertebrae crushed, second one broken in seven pieces which they glued together, and along with two pins and seven screws--man-made neck. They could not believe I still alive. Guess who showed. Nómé Padré, my spirit visually sitting on the windowsill. I inserted this picture of him from what I drew from what I remember of Him.

From this point on He was at my side--“always” a great comfort finally seeing him, even in the spirit. He sat on the windowsill all the time I was in the hospital. A comfort knowing the Lord is with me. Knowing your guardian spirit is always through the hard times when you do not know if you will live or die--He is very comforting. I worked hard, drawing him as I have seen Him, and all the credit goes to Him for my life.

There were three times He was around in emergencies that I did not see Him. One was my accident where I was not hurt. I dropped out of the car 100 feet in the air. Secondly, the hernia operation where I died and was brought back to life. And third, when I had an infected tooth that grew sideways towards my brain. A special doctor was flown in from California. They peeled the skin off my face above my lip to the bottom of my eye. Then they drilled a hole in the cheekbone, broke the tooth up, and pulled it out in pieces.

The longest time He sat with me was when I was diagnosed with the Covid 19 virus. He sat on the windowsill all the time I was in the hospital. He did not show His presence until the fourth or fifth day. I told the doctor about His appearance that He was watching over me and the doctor, so I was going to live!

Not that He is not around but the last visual appearance I had was with an operation recently in Pittsburgh where I was scheduled for minor outpatient surgery. The doctors removed about 5 pounds of cancerous tumors off my back and both shoulders. A friend asked me what veterinarian I had to do the operation because it looked sore and so many stitches. Cancer caught in time. Hallelujah!



My life goes on not knowing what to expect next. But I know my guardian spirit is always around. I feel safe and I know He uses me to keep helping others. I have had several prophecies. One of the most important to me was from my Pastor's Pastor's wife. She said that I would know what was happening in the church before the Pastor would know what was happening. The future awaits!

The 'Miracle Man,' a nickname given by nurses and doctors at the Pittsburgh hospital carried on by the nurses and doctors in the UPMC hospital system.

Neglect not the Gift that is in thee. "When you become aware of the nature of this gift, when you discover the channel through which your particular message is to be delivered to the world, lend all your energies to make the gift perfect and to keep the channel free of obstructions. Through this gift and this message, salvation will come to you as well as to others. You can have all the power in all ways, that you need; and you will have as much as you desire and seek for, if you live--not after the flesh, but after the spirit, looking to THE THINGS THAT

ARE ABOVE, Aim for perfection. Perfection is God. Remember, too, that this work which has been delegated to you to do, can be done by none other. Therefore, be faithful and trust.

I Timothy 4:14

Chapter 4: In Erie and Nómé Padré

I believe I inherited one of the greatest doctors you could ever meet at Hamot Hospital in Erie, PA. His name is Dr. Shakoor. He came to see me every day and would read poetry to me from his latest book, "Let There be Light in the Darkness."² Each day he would read me a different verse from his book and encouraged me to buy myself a copy of the book and read it. The doctor would stay with me, and we would talk about artwork. Unbeknownst to me, he enjoyed working with drawings. This kind doctor brought me drawing paper and pencils to keep my mind occupied and my hands busy. In my opinion, Dr. Shakoor is a great man as well as all the nurses from the floor. I knew I would soon be better.

I was not always blessed with Dr. Shakoor's attention. For a few days, I had a different doctor assigned to me; she was very unfriendly and did not seem to know how to treat me. I believe she may have been scared to death that she would catch the deadly virus from me. I seemed to get on her nerves every day. I just wanted to be released and, in my eyes, she was standing in my way.

The following week Dr. Shakoor was back on my floor. I believe he is the one responsible for keeping me alive. The nurses would call him several times a night and on weekends when I was not doing well. I remember one night that they tried to put me back into the ICU ward and put me on a ventilator. The doctor said no. My oxygen had dropped to 50 again. He prescribed a heart medication. Then the nurses worked with me with breathing exercises and put me back on my oxygen. The tubing had fallen out of my nose because I was

² Sandro Book club website (sandrollc.com)

lying on my stomach and the tube had landed on the floor where I could not reach it. The nurses worked with me until my oxygen level reached 90 percent.

As I mentioned previously, an announcement board was in every room. Each board would contain the names of the doctors, nurses and aides to be working with each patient. The doctor had the three P's written on each board and later added a fourth—prayer. He really believed that they almost lost me and these four P's kept me encouraged as well as other patients. We all needed the will to live!

I drew a picture every day for nine days in Hamot hospital. The doctor brought me a picture a day in return for one of mine. He also gave me his first book he had published; the one he kept reading to me. He worked many long hours between being a doctor and looking after his patients to being my friend and keeping me alive. Later I learned that he had presented a report on an Erie TV channel about keeping a patient alive with art and poetry. He is very good at what he does. After work, he called my wife every day I was in the hospital giving her an update on my condition since there were no visiting hours. Outsiders were not allowed in the hospital for the first two weeks.

As you know, I was very anxious to get home even if I could have my wife just come to visit, it would help my attitude. Finally, I received permission from the hospital and the doctors that my wife could visit. The nurses called my wife and gave her the good news. She had to wear coveralls, a face covering, gloves, and even her shoes had to be covered. It was a 90-minute drive for her to come to Erie, but she was permitted to stay for 2 ½ hours. Her visits helped me recover. She brought a few clothes with her for me along with some personal items. It was a

pleasurable and uplifting visit. I really needed to see her and talk to her. Afterwards, I was permitted to use the phone to make calls morning and night.

The nursing staff would treat me well. They were always smiling, no matter how they felt. I felt like they had become my family. Never once did they tell me I was dying, no bad news allowed! They would bring me extra ice cream, ice pops and late-night snacks. There was one night nurse that always brought me milk and extra ice cream before she would leave for the night.

Of course, being in a hospital is not like sleeping in your own bed at home. Nurses had to take vitals every 20 minutes, nighttime as well as daytime. Then they had to turn me over from my back to my stomach and vice versa. Although I felt like a burden, they never said a cross word or remark to me. I really felt comfortable with them taking care of me. I know I was not easy to keep alive.

I finally talked them into letting me sit in a chair daily before meals. I tried resting in the hospital adjustable chair and attempted to prone on my belly by myself. However, no luck. My nose started bleeding and I had to quit that because when my nose bled the oxygen tube dropped out and then I had to get it back in and it took a while for the oxygen levels to come back up. Then I started cheating putting the oxygen mask on to get my percentage up quicker, not knowing that all the readings went directly to the nurses station because my monitors were connected to their computers. They knew what my vital signs were and what my percentage of oxygen was always outside the room, and they brought it back to my attention. I had to stop fussing with the oxygen mask. Of course, I argued with them because it sounded easier to use the oxygen mask than to use the tubing to raise my levels and quicker with less effort.

Chapter 5: Transfers and Rehab

After several weeks of me begging to go home. I was told my oxygen levels had to stop dropping to 50 percent when they removed the tubing. The level had to be 90 percent and at that point then I could go to rehab. I thought I was going to rehab for a week and then home. Bad news delivered at end of August. I was told I was getting transferred to Vibra Hospital in Boardman, Ohio, which was closer to home so my wife could come and visit more often. Unbeknownst to us, it was not a rehab but another hospital. Looking back over the time, I think they moved me because they did not want me to die. The catheter was taken out before I was transferred, and arrangements were made for the move. I was informed by my wife. I was packed up on August 28 for the six-hour ambulance drive and transferred to Vibra Hospital and no oxygen was used.

Four nurses crowded into the room, examining me upon arrival at Vibra Hospital. No one ever checked me for Covid-19 nor was I checked when I left Hamot hospital. I thought this was very



strange since I was being treated for the deadly virus. I was put in a room on the outside wing of the floor, far away from the nurses' station. This meant I was not getting the attention that I thought was necessary for me to be released. I had to use the call bell several times to get a nurse to come to my room. I was told I was coming along, and they had to get my oxygen level down to a level to be released. It took approximately 52 days to get my need for oxygen from level 90 percent to 55 percent. Another five weeks to get to a level one.

I had the nurses put the 4P's on my board and the level of oxygen I was using per day. I could not get a response, so I kept complaining to the nurses who eventually moved me to room 302 right across from the nurses' station. I thought this location would be better, but it wound up being a bad move. The response time was worse. I had to call in my menu for food service. The phone in my room did not work. Well, I had to eat; that was part of my daily treatment. Food was okay in the beginning and then the options for meal plans offered only chicken as the main meat three or four times a week. Breakfast was good. Lots of bacon by request. When I was able to get permission for my wife to visit, I had her bring me some humbugs. I could use them to flush the hospital food down.

The head nurse in charge of my care came every morning about 6:30 AM. First thing I ask her was can you lower my oxygen level, and did you bring me release papers? That was a hindrance on them. I told them, as I had done in Erie, that I was about to lose several million dollars in business deals. I was selling two Picassos for several million dollars. However, I had not been in touch with the man interested in buying them since being admitted to the hospital in Erie. I was also refinancing my hotel and restaurant and I had to close on the deal by the end of September or I would lose the deal. They thought I was playing a game on them just to get released. I was not playing a game! I lost 2 ½ million dollars partnership project for the hotel and someone else found out about the paintings and bought them without informing me.

Again, no visitors were allowed in the unit. After first week there, I persuaded them into permitting my wife to come. This place was the worse place I had been since prison. I did start drawing again to keep my mind busy. Meds were given every day, every four or five hours. Vital signs were taken every two hours, even through the nighttime again. They had started to give me large doses of insulin even though I did not require the shots nor was I diabetic. Their insulin