

This morning, I woke up.

I never truly understood the novelty of that statement until now. THIS morning, I WOKE UP. I had been the bill of health. I was out everyday, playing rough with my kids, never having to worry about minor injuries like cuts, scrapes, hitting my head, or taking a fall. To my kids I was Superman, my job revolves around my ability to be tougher than everyone else. All that changed Monday, October 3rd, just 7 days before my 36th birthday.

You see, I work in the entertainment business. I do stunts for movies and television. My job revolves around me being able to hit the ground at any moment. It requires me to be in top shape at all moments. As a result, I can't remember the last time I got the flu or anything that knocked me on my butt for more than a day. I've never got a flu vaccine, I didn't need it. I can't remember the last time I got the flu. When our industry got shut down during the Covid pandemic, a lot of things changed. During the pandemic we were required to work in a bubble. While on a show during the pandemic I once received 5 tests a week for 3.5 months straight while quarantined away from my family without physical contact with them. It was hard on my family but we made that sacrifice to eat and we're grateful for the opportunity.

Near the beginning of the Delta surge in the middle of July I flew to Oklahoma for a job. I was poorly rested and finally caught COVID. My date with the devil was long overdue. I had been exposed to the original wave numerous times but never caught it before.

Upon experiencing my first symptoms and a positive test from production, I sat in my hotel room figuring out my options. I then received a call from my wife, Renate. Our elderly dog Jewelzie had a heart attack in our neighbor's arms on the way to the vet. Jewelzie was my wife's first dog, I had given her as a gift during our second year of dating. I tried figured out how I was going to get home. I couldn't fly on a plane due to a positive test and being symptomatic. I waited overnight to see if my symptoms improved, they got worse. The next day I received another call. Renate's grandma, who was pivotal in raising her in Latvia, had passed away as well. I quickly gathered my things, the care package of snacks and Gatorade, the thermometer, and an O2 sensor. I made the 16 hour drive back to

Newnan to be with my family, even though I would only be there in proximity; as I would be quarantined in the bedroom. Over the next two weeks I would battle a nagging fever. At the end, Renate caught Covid as well. For the 5 weeks of our combined Covid experience, we took turns being single parents and caretakers. While I was still quarantined, I received another phone call. My dad died. I was devastated. Dad had been near the end for the past few months and although I was fortunate to see him a few weeks before, I couldn't visit him while Contagious. Even worse is that I couldn't go and comfort my mom for the same reason. Mom had been vaccinated at my request early due to her high risk category. This was around the time that we were finding out the vaccines didn't prevent transmission and the data was being highly debated as to it's effectiveness against the delta strain (which I had). I called her as much as I could. We had to put off the funeral until Renate, my sister's family, and I all recovered from Delta. At the end, we all made a full recovery. We had our date with the Devil, we had won. 2 weeks later. My dog Leo, a 12 year old border collie, was unable to walk or go to the bathroom. I made the journey with our neighbors (who were his and Jewelzie's late age day caretakers) to the vet and held him as he passed on. I felt like we lost everything in a short time. I hit a depression.

After two weeks, I finally pulled myself out of my depression. Put my nose to the grindstone and got back to training. It's where I felt like myself. The nightmare was over.

Over the next few weeks I watched the mainstream media continue to whip the public into a frenzy over Covid. But this one was different. The message from the administration and the media was strange. The message was GET VACCINATED, when asked about natural immunity of those that had been previously infected they were undecided at best dismissive at worst.

Our union (SAG-Aftra) soon followed in lock step with our government and left leaning media outlets. Allowing for productions to mandate vaccinations and COMPLETELY ignoring natural immunity. Allowing productions to be the arbiters of any "exemptions" religious, medical, or otherwise. The hush hush on the street was that it was Vax or no Vax, natural immunity wasn't discussed, and there would be no

religious exemptions. The only medical exemption even possible for consideration was an immediate allergic reaction to previous vaccines.

I experienced this first hand as I was reached out to multiple productions from Marvel, Netflix, and CW for invitations to work; All Vax mandates shows. Upon asking a few of these productions (I did not ask CW as I was already at a loss about the others) if they would allow me to provide an antibody test and proof of recent recovery from Covid.... I was completely ghosted. The message was clear. GET THE DAMN SHOT.

I lost sleep the next few weeks as I watched countless other stunt people in the same boat as me the same experience. Some productions weren't Vax mandate, and some were lucky to be on those. After much debating, praying, and asking doctors; I had a decision to make: Keep losing money and be labeled as a quack that didn't believe in "the science"? After all the vaccines kept being touted by everyone as "safe and necessary." And anyone expressing doubt was labeled anti Vax . Even mentioning natural immunity got you labeled a kook.

In the end, in a moment of depression and guilt, I scheduled the vaccine. I was doing it for my family. I got the Johnson and Johnson due to the quick turn around time. My Dr recommended in a previous visit that I should wait 6 months post infection to get a vaccine, but after informing that to multiple productions, I was ghosted. I went and got the vaccine on Monday October 3rd at noon at my local Costco. Immediately after getting the vaccine, I had pretty intense pain at in my left deltoid. I told the the pharmacist "wow that was a pretty intense feeling compared to the other shots I had before!" She made a joke about me being a wimp and I brushed it off.

I went home after the 15 min waiting period. I decided to take it easy and just play a video game and walk around the house every hour or so. I feel weird but not bad... fever symptoms started around 7pm. Fever was normal...until around 10pm.

After 10pm my night turned into absolute hell. I felt like I had worms in my veins. I had a terrible fever. Every joint was on fire, but yet I was freezing. Freezing so much by midnight that I started shaking uncontrollably. It was more intense than Covid had ever been for me.

I had to go sit (I could barely stand I was in so much pain) in the shower under piping hot water for 30-40 mins to stop my shaking. I had to do this twice in the night when the shaking would become uncontrollable. I didn't sleep all night. Not only because I was in so much pain, but because I was hyper vigilant and terrified. As a person that has brushed with death dozens of times, this had me doubting my ability to survive this.

I posted on Facebook. Not because I wanted attention. I was scared for my life and wanted to document what was happening, something wasn't normal. Maybe someone with medical experience could quell my fears and provide me piece of mind. I had all types of responses, many encouraging and some dismissive and some downright terrible that I deleted. It became my distraction for the night. Document my symptoms in case I didn't make it. I'm not being dramatic. It was that bad. In retrospect, I should have went to the emergency room. I was simply unable to make an intelligent decision in that state. My brain didn't work. I was exhausted. Everything I looked up online was censored and filtered by Google to tell me not to worry that fevers and my symptoms were normal and that blood clots only were reported as an issue in women. I didn't sleep all night . Ibuprofen and Tylenol didn't touch this stuff.

Tuesday (day 2) was similar. The shaking was less. The fever was able to be affected by Tylenol... maybe I overreacted... maybe I was just being dramatic. Once my fever was controlled though I started feeling something weird in my left arm. I would get tingles every now and then in my left inner bicep and my left thumb and forefinger. The left side of my neck was having the same pain/shooting as well. My injection site was swollen and warm. I was having similar symptoms in my legs and right arm though not as bad. I thought for sure I couldn't be having blood clots EVERYWHERE. Besides the Johnson and Johnson had been re-approved and blood clots were only reported as a problem in women. I thought it was probably because I was tired and and freaked out after last night. Besides all this means "it's working."

Tuesday night I slept. Well that's one word for it. I had nightmares the entire night that were layered inside of each other and in every dream I was powerless against some looming threat. It was inception meets

Freddie Kruger.

Wednesday was the same. I tried to shake the feelings I was having in my body. I tried to do normal things. I still couldn't even walk briskly without getting gassed out. I couldn't stay in a still position without my extremities tingling. I decided to give it another day, but I made a Dr appointment just in case.

After another night of nightmares and the tingling getting weirder. I made it to the Dr. who heard my case, guessed anxiety and a possible infection from the injection site, but made an ultrasound appointment for the next day as a precaution on my left arm and neck.

After get another night of nightmares I went to my ultrasound at 1 pm. The ultrasound the next day revealed to everyone's surprise that I had 4 clots confirmed in my left arm. Including a deep vein thrombosis in my brachial vein, and a clot in my jugular vein. No more tests were done and I was sent straight to my Doctor across the street to receive anticoagulants. I was instructed that I will be in them for three months and could not do any activity that would cause trauma to my body. I could die from not being able to clot. Not cuts, no falls, NO head trauma. Meaning I can't effectively do my job. The doctor said that I could have died without immediate treatment. That when I got back to my exercise and Ju jitsu that I could have died when one of the many clots displaced. My whole life flashed before my eyes and I was suddenly humbled before my creator never before had I pleaded with God for multiple nights in a row. I was begging him to spare me for my family's sake.

I write this because I want people to think long and hard about the effect of public pressure and to remember that the government nor your employer have your best interest in mind. They want to make money. If you rock the boat or get in the way, your are thrown away like trash. No one cares about my history of harsh reactions to vaccines. No one cared about my recently having Covid. It was up to ME to take a stand and I failed and paid the consequences. NEVER AGAIN. The mandates are literally killing people. I would be dead if we wouldn't have caught it. Just imagine if someone didn't have the time, money, or insurance to go see a dr over "flu like symptoms." For me it was -\$300 and I still doubted myself.

SAG-Aftra did not follow science, they followed the science that allowed productions to avoid liability, to be driven by profit only, and ultimately put their Union members at the risk of death. Play semantic games all you want, the result is I almost died and left my wife and two kids alone so that some Hollywood millionaire could avoid liability and make more money.

I said what I said. Now what are we going to do about it? I am sick and tired or being sick and tired. I will never again give into public/ employer pressure and I will trust my intuition rather than being gaslighted into thinking I'm crazy, stubborn, or a bad person. No one knows my body better than me and my last lapse in judgement almost cost my kids their dad.

To end of a high note. Today, on the eve of my 36th birthday, I WOKE UP. In more ways than one.

[#covid](#) [#vaccinemandate](#) [#bloodclots](#) [#personalfreedom](#)
[#mybodymychoice](#)

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