





Battling  
Guillain Barre Syndrome  
/Acute Relapsing CIDP

By  
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Edited by  
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**Battling Guillain Barre Syndrome /  
Acute Relapsing CIDP**  
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By Michael J. Kiser

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## Preface

All of our life we take for granted our body and our immune system. We think it will keep us all healthy, as long as we take care of our body and our health.

My reason for writing this book is to show that no matter how well we take care of our body and our health, there is no telling what our bodies main defense, our immune system, will do to us, even for healthy people.

This book is about my personal experience with my immune system reversing from healing my body, to attacking the very core of my body's function, my nervous system and my muscles. Without any of this function our body totally shuts down, and it may even bring death.

This is my story about my experience with, 'Guillain Barre Syndrome / Acute Relapsing Chronic Inflammatory Demyelinating Polyneuropathy'. In telling my story I hope this will help people understand what someone goes through during this immune system syndrome. This book is also for those who might unfortunately end up experiencing this type of syndrome, since there is little known about why it comes about.

I had talked to people that had this syndrome years ago. They mentioned to me that after the immune system fully recovers from this attack on the body, it will return to the way it was before this attack occurred, or at least very near to the way it was before the attack occurred. When I say very near, I mean about 90-95%. This also depends on each person since we are all different and our bodies might not reach the 100% back to normal. What I mean by this is that you might have some weak muscles in the feet, legs and in the arms, which will remain around for some time after the body has almost or totally recovered from this syndrome. If the treatment works on reversing your immune system, you will begin to notice almost immediately. But the healing of the nerves will take months to years, depending on how much damage is done to the nerves. This is a time of not knowing personally how much damage has been done to the nerves themselves and how long it will take them to heal. From what I have learned from my neurologist, it takes a healthy nerve a month to heal one inch. Again it all depends on how much damage has been done. From my personal experience, I can say that while it may be hard it is very important to keep track of the healing process of your nerves and not to worry too much about your muscles. Your nerves are very important. It is up to the individual person who is experiencing this syndrome to monitor what you are feeling in your nerves since there is no way for the doctors to know or feel what you are sensing. Only you know how the nerves are healing. Keep in mind this is not a fast healing process. It is the slowest healing that you might ever come to experience in your

life, since the nerves will take a month or longer to heal 1 inch. One day all of your nerves that were damaged from this syndrome will heal completely. When that time will come is all unknown, but it will come.

## Chapter

### 1

## Enjoying A Healthy Life

I am Michael J. Kiser and this is a true life-changing story about myself. I was born in Elmira, New York in 1966. I was healthy and active my whole life. At the age of thirteen I was active in sports at Ernie Davis Junior High School, and I was involved in soccer for two years. I was in an archery league in Pine City, New York for two years. After entering into high school, at Elmira Free Academy (EFA) from 1981-1985, I was involved in bowling and very active in running and distant bike cycling with a few of my friends.

After high school in 1985, I had a chance to go to film school in New York City. This is what I had wanted to do all through high school. In high school I majored in art, photography, ceramics, sculpturing figures, TV broadcasting, and script writing. Therefore, my parents paid for the film home school class during the summer of 1985, so that I could start the fall film classes in October of 1985. After a month I changed my thoughts somewhat and stopped the summer home course. As I

look back today, I wish that I had gone through with completing the course. However, that was then and I moved on.

As the fall of 1985 arrived, I started working with Manpower (a job finder). I worked several short-term jobs, and two jobs in factories. One job was at Elmira Heat Treating, where they treated metal part of all sorts, for many manufactures. I worked there until the end of 1987. Then I ended up working at Toshiba-Westinghouse, where Cathode Ray Tubes (CRT's) are made. Those are the TV tubes for television and computer screens. I worked in the high voltage /aging department until the summer of 1989.

In the summer of 1988 my ex-fiancé introduced me to one of her girl friends Cindy Green. They both went to Elmira Southside High School and started college together. At that time I had been working for two years at Toshiba Westinghouse Manufacturing. Since I was there for some time, I was able to have two weeks of vacation. Just before the start of my vacation, I finally met Cindy. Then after knowing her for only a week I asked Cindy if she would like to take a vacation with me. She answered that she would love to join me on my vacation. We went to the Black Canyon of Gunnison in Western Colorado. We spent a week there camping and hiking in the canyon.

Towards the end of the spring in 1989 I was still working at Toshiba-Westinghouse. I started to become sick from working in the High Voltage / Aging department for the CRT's, so I had to quit and take a couple of months to get better.

At this time Cindy and I started working at a restaurant called Long John Silver's in Horseheads, New York. This was a new restaurant so we worked there from the opening until the summer of May 1990 when we decided to get married and leave Painted Post, New York.

After our marriage in May of 1990, my wife Cindy and I move to Denver, Colorado. After we settled down in our apartment we started to find jobs. We both found jobs in different locations in Denver and Aurora but we both worked in retail. After being in Colorado for a couple of months we became involved in cliff climbing, mountain hiking, and mountain camping. We enjoyed driving up to the mountains of the Continental Divide. We went every time we had the chance to go up there together or by ourselves to explore the uniqueness the mountains had to offer.

In September of 1990 we heard about a group of people that meet with the common interest of the UFO phenomenon. I was very interested in UFO's and wanted to see what they knew and had to offer as far as information. So Cindy and I made our plans to go to one of their meetings. We were impressed so we joined them and became board members.

At this time Cindy and I decided it was time for us to start our project. Therefore, we created our own magazine called "In Search of the Universal Truth", in December of 1990. Within these magazines we delved into the spiritual questions of life. We asked the same questions to others to see if they might have any answers or insight to the many questions that we all think about from time to time, including all of the seen and unseen

worlds that are all around us. We all have these questions regardless of our beliefs and of those beliefs that come into our lives from our families, partners and friends. Within our magazines we also brought forth those other beliefs, which are of the off world beings that have been visiting human civilizations since the beginning of time and before time began as we know of it. We brought forth information about our next step of our evolution. We also talked about December 21, 2012 and the Mayan calendar and other knowledge based on other sorts.

On July 2, 1993, after living in Colorado for 3 years Cindy passed away and I had her flown back to Elmira, New York. After her funeral, I stayed there for two weeks visiting our families and friends and then I returned to Denver to continue my life in Denver. I continued with the projects that Cindy and I had been doing together before her passing.

After Cindy's death I spent a few days by myself as I remembered the love we shared and the experiences that Cindy and I had during our five years together. I will never forget her. Just as I will never forget all the people that were a part of my life and the ladies that I would come to be married to during my life here on Earth.

Ever since late October of 1981, I knew that I would have a few wives during my lifetime. It was at this time I started into another relationship with Judy. She was a friend of ours, here in Denver. We have known each other since late October of 1990.

Judy and I started into our relationship during the second week of July, soon after Cindy had passed away. In the second week of August 1993, Judy mentioned that

she was pregnant and we were both happy to be having a child.

Then during late September of 1993 Judy changed. She wanted me out of her home and her life by the end of October 1993. As the time came for me to leave Judy did not apologize for her actions towards me and her remarks. She still wanted me out of her home and out of her life.

As time went by I left messages for Judy, she did not care to return them. When I went over to her home she refused to open her door for us to talk. As the beginning of February 1994 arrived, Judy finally decided to call me at work to ask to get together to talk about us as a family. At that time we talked about us being a family and we started living together again. After I moved in with Judy she still decided there could not be a relationship.

On May 4, 1994 our son was born, his name is Jonathan. Judy only wanted myself there for Jonathan. I was going to be there as my part, being Jonathan's father, regardless. Judy still did not want anything to do with us in a relationship. At the end of May 1997 Judy did what she did back in October of 1993. She told me that I needed to leave or she would call the police to have me removed from her home. I did not do anything to deserve all that she had done to me. Therefore, I gathered up some clothes. At the time Judy's brother Glenn Volmer was there and he took me to a hotel.

When Jonathan was five years old, Judy, Jonathan and I all started going camping together and hiking in the mountains. Judy still did not want anything to do

with me as far as being in a relationship. But we continued to do things together until 2002.

I worked for K Mart from 1994 through 2001. I started working for a security company in the fall of 2001, just two months before K Mart filed for chapter 13. Since I had been there all those years I had just gotten a promotion into management. I was let go since I was the last one to be promoted into the management position. At least I had the other job. I was working the graveyard shift as a security officer from the late summer of 2001.

The years passed and by late 2002 Judy still did not want to have anything to do with me. The things that Judy, our son Jonathan and myself had usually done together, became only Jonathan and I doing things as father and son.

From 2001 through 2005 I worked for four Security Companies. On my days off from work Jonathan and I had been doing our own thing as father and son, like going up to the mountains hiking around and camping.

In the summer of 1987 I started writing a book about my understanding of the spiritual growth of evolution. I had sent it off to a few publishers in 1988 and 1989. Only one was interested in the book. The publisher who that interested would have published my book if I paid them \$9,000 to publish it. At that time I did not have the money.

As the spring of 2005 arrived I had been asked to work a lot of overtime. I had been saving up some money. This was my chance to do what I wanted to do, which was to publish my writings that I been doing since

1987. So I started my own book publishing company in April of 2005.

By the fall of 2005 I was still working for a security company and I started having trouble with Judy. She wanted more money on top of what I been paying her for child support which had been the same since 1997, but Judy wanted more. Well I could not really afford to pay her more, but I did anyway. At the same time I was telling Judy that if I kept doing that I would not be able to afford to pay my bills or rent. Judy did not care as long as she received more money. Therefore, I paid her more money. I eventually was evicted from my home, and then Judy had to let me stay with her since the reason for my being evicted was that Judy wanted more money. However, she did not like the idea of me having to live in her home. Well I had warned Judy what would happen if I kept paying her more money than I was supposed to.

From the fall of 2005 until February 2006 I lived with Judy and our son Jonathan. I was working through Labor Ready Services, which is a day labor service. In February of 2006, Judy decided she did not want me staying at her home, so I had to go and live in a motel until the summer of 2006, when I found a place to stay as a roommate.

## Chapter

### 2

## **A Change in my Body**

I had been healthy and active for all my life for 40 years.

We all think that since we are healthy and active we will remain that way as long as we do what is required in maintaining that healthiness for our body. We always think, “if I treat my body well and be healthy my body will return the same to me”. However our body is a very complex being and we just do not know what might happen, as we take our body for granted.

Back on May 1, 2006, I had been working as a groundskeeper for a housing complex in Parker, Colorado for little over a month. During this one day, I stepped on a sprinkler box lid cover. Part of the lid corner was broken off and the lid teeter tottered and I lost my balance and my left foot was on that cover and fell through into a one-foot deep hole where the sprinkler controls are. I was not thinking about it, as we all trip into holes from time to time. I continued working throughout the day and the days after.

Then on May 14, 2006, as the workday ended something started to affect my body. It started with both feet and hands at the same time being affected with numbness and tingling, which was not stopping. I kept feeling this tingling in both hands and feet, so I continued to drink lots of water since the day was in the high 90's. I thought if I drank plenty of water this feeling would end. As the day ended I went home and rested, but this feeling stayed for the rest of the night. I thought it might have been just from the hot day and the hot air and I continued to drink plenty of water all night.

As I awoke the next day and got dressed to head to work I noticed that the feelings that I had the day before were still present in both my feet and hands. Since we all think that our bodies are equipped to heal us no matter what we go through I continued being positive. We are all healers to our own body in more ways than one. Therefore, as we all do, I just let my body deal with what it was going through, to let it heal on its own.

A week later this feeling in my hands and feet was still present, but it was changing as it began to bring on a numbing feeling as well. This whole feeling, feels like when you hit your funny bone, this is the only way to describe what this feeling feels like.

During all of this, I continued doing things with our son Jonathan. We played ball and ran around chasing each other, the things that a father and their 12-year-old child will do.

At the end of May this feeling had been going on for two weeks. The feeling of numbness and tingling had moved up my legs to both knees, and in my hands, the

feeling had now progressed up to both of my forearms. So I started to do some more stretching for my neck, spine, and shoulder along with my waist just in case I had a vertebra pinching a nerve that might be causing the feelings that had been going on now for about three weeks.

Now after dealing with these feelings day-in and day-out for a month the numbness and the tingling had worked its way up the legs and arms.

I had been staying in a hotel room for about 3 months. One of the ladies that I worked with on that property mentioned that her friend lived across the street from her. He had a two-bedroom home and he was interested in having a roommate. So I made plans to meet with this young guy to see about being a roommate. It worked out, and I was there from the end of May through June 28, 2006.

Judy, my son's mother suggested that I start drinking a tea called Hawthorn that helps to heal the nerves from nerve damage. Jonathan and myself also started using a form of healing that is called Reiki Healing. My son Jonathan began working on the bottom of my feet, and I worked on the healing at my waist in an attempt to keep this from evolving any further than it already had and to help the healing process. Judy and I have been Reiki Healers since 1993 and Jonathan has been a Reiki healer since 1995. However, it was only Jonathan and I that were doing the Reiki Healing on me.

## **What is Reiki Healing you ask?**

Reiki Healing is a 2,500-year-old Chinese technique of natural healing. As the energy from the universe comes into all of us through the top of our head, the energy expels out through the palms of our hands. To do this type of healing all one needs to do is place your hands on the other person where the healing is needed. When one does this healing on the person receiving the healing you both can feel the heat (energy) flowing from the person performing the healing into the area where the person has their hands placed on the other person. The purpose of this type of healing is to help realign the energies in the body in the area that has been interrupted of its normal energy patterns.

Whatever this thing was that I was experiencing I was not going to let it keep me from enjoying the time with my son Jonathan and doing whatever he wanted to do.

As the second week of June 2006 arrived, Jonathan and myself headed up to the mountains to try to get my mind off what my body was going through, and try to enjoy the time we had together. I had no idea what was going on with my body, or how long it would go on.

Despite what I was experiencing with this event, I was not going to let it interfere with spending time or doing things with our son. That included walking up in the mountains, even though this change that my body was experiencing made it very difficult to do much of anything like walking.

Jonathan and I had both not been up to the mountains in a while, so we decided to head up to the mountains to Devils Head in Colorado, to spend some time together. This was Jonathan's first time up to Devils Head, and my fourth time going to Devils Head. I knew all that walking that would be involved as we walked up to the mountain peak.

I had a feeling that this time with Jonathan would be the last time for us to spend a weekend together, so I wanted to spend all the time that I could and enjoy that time together. Therefore, Jonathan and I drove up to Devils Head. When we arrived I grabbed my pack that had our drinks and food in it. We made our way to the trail to begin an hour-long walk to the peak of Devils Head. I found that I needed to stop to take several short rests during the walk to the top, because of the numbness, tingling and the weakening in both of my feet and legs. I had done this walk three times over the past three years and each time I had done it non-stop. I had walked this same trail in about thirty-five minutes every time, except for this one. Nevertheless, Jonathan and I made it to the base of the peak where we found a spot to stop to have a late afternoon lunch and to return fluids into our bodies with juice and water before we continued to the peak. After we finished with our lunch and rested for a little bit longer we continued to the peak of Devils Head to the forest service fire watchtower.

As Jonathan and I start walking up the eighty plus steps to the top to the forest service fire watchtower, I had to take several breaks since all this walking started to bother my legs more. However I was not going to quit so we rested a bit before we continued to the peak. After

about fifteen minutes we arrived to the peak and the view was magnificent. The weather was nice and the sky was clear for as far we could see, which was about a couple hundred miles in all directions. We stayed at the watchtower for about a half hour gazing out at the plains to the east and the mountain ranges that run north and south. We also gazed to the west upon the width of the mountain ranges. After about a half hour we made our way down the steps to the base of the peak.

As we walked around to the south side of the base of the peak, Jonathan found a trail that goes around the south side of the peak. Jonathan asked, “Dad have you walked this trail that goes this way?” “No I always have taken the north trail, which is the one that we walked up here on... Do you want to take that trail?” I replied to Jonathan. “Only if you are up to it dad.” “We can take that trail... You can lead the way.” Jonathan said, “Okay then... I say we take this trail.” I replied, “I am right behind you Jonathan.” After walking on the south side trail for fifteen minutes the trail was no longer visible. Jonathan mentioned, “Dad the trail stops here.” I walked up to where Jonathan was, “Well... Let me take a look...”

As I made my way stepping over fallen trees and walking around the shrubs, up to where Jonathan was standing at the end of the trail, I mentioned, “Well I guess the trail does stop here... I think... What do you think Jonathan? Do you want to go back and go the way we walked up to the peak.” Jonathan said, “No... I still want to go this way... We have to find the trail...” I mentioned, “Okay then we will continue... Where do you think the trail is? Which way do you think we should

go? What about this way... We might find the trail over there.” Jonathan said, “Yeah... lets walk that way and see if we can find the trail again.” After walking for a few minutes, we came to a trail. “Dad I think I found the trail again.” I mentioned, “That is great Jonathan.”

As Jonathan and I continued walking on the trail that he had found it ended once again. Jonathan yelled back, “Dad... You will not believe what happened.” I yelled back up to Jonathan, “What happened?” Jonathan said, “The trail ended again.” “Okay take a break, I will be there in a minute.” Jonathan replied, “Okay... I will sit on a fallen tree and wait for you.”

After we rested for a bit we looked around and we found rocks that were stacked on top of each other all over the place. I asked, “What do you think about those rocks?” Jonathan, “I think that we should follow them, I think they make up several trails, see some go this way and those over there go that way.”

As Jonathan continued to lead the way around the east side of the peak of Devils Head, the trail became all rocks and downed trees making it very difficult for me to walk, but with the help of Jonathan, we did it regardless.

After a forty-minute walk around the east side base of Devils Head, we finally arrived at the connection to the north side of the trail that led to the base of Devils Head. At the junction of these two trails, Jonathan and I sat on a bench and rested for a while. We pulled out some snacks and bottles of water to drink before continuing down the mountain trail to where we had parked the car.

As the middle of June 2006 came it was becoming harder to work, walk, sit and even to hold onto things. I

had been enjoying my life and enjoying every time I got to be with my son Jonathan. Jonathan was still going back and forth between his mother and myself. This became hard on myself and on Jonathan as he watched me become unable to do the things that we both had enjoyed doing together.

I did not associate the feeling that I was experiencing to the hole that I had tripped into a month earlier. But I began to wonder if it could have been related in one form or another. Maybe it had caused a nerve to become pinched when I teetered into that hole. I had continued doing some stretching of the waist, spine, neck, and my shoulders for this whole month and it wasn't helping.

As the second week of June ended I continued to try to work. I was still continuing to experience the weakness, numbness, and tingling in both my feet and hands. It had continued to move up my legs and arms. It was becoming more and more difficult to work since I was having a hard time holding onto things and walking. It had begun to effect my walking, as it moved up towards my waist. I also began to experience side-by-side double vision, which kept happening off and on for a week.

At this point, I started to see a chiropractor that deals more with spine realignment to see what he might be able to do to help. He took two x-rays of my neck, spine and waist. After he had worked on my neck, I felt a difference in my eyes, as the double vision was gone.

Nevertheless, everything else was still present and not getting any better, it was just becoming worse.

At the end of June 2006 I was at a point of loosing my balance more and more and falling down. I had to use my son's shoulder for balance as all the muscles in both legs became too weak. If I turned just right or if my feet did not lift up to take the next step I would end up falling down, (like trying to stand a rubber band up).

The event became worse as each day passed. My feet started to become swollen to a point that I was having a hard time putting on my shoes. My ankles lost the strength to hold my feet as I tried to put on my shoes. The strength in my hands and wrists was also gone. I was having a hard time holding onto things like a glass and silverware as I ate. As time went on I started to worry about this. At the same time I knew that this was also hard on Jonathan seeing his dad having a hard time doing things with him and not being able to play and do the things that we had done together.

## Chapter

### 3

## **Becoming Hospitalized**

On June 28 I finally decided it is time to seek out medical assistance. I headed to Rose Medical Center in Denver, Colorado. I was in the emergency room for four hours. The emergency room physician contacted a special neurological doctor. They did some testing and they both decided that I needed to be admitted to figure out what was truly happening with my body and what they could do to stop it and see if there was a way to reverse what was transpiring.

I went ahead and signed the papers to be admitted to have all the testing done to determine what my body was doing. I had a lot of hope that it could be treated.

As I arrived in my room the nurse mentioned that when I needed to use the bathroom I must have a CNA assist me since I had only about ten percent use of my leg muscles. Also I with not able to feel my feet and had no balance. After the CNA left the room I called Judy,

my son's mother to let her and Jonathan know what was going on and that I had been admitted into the hospital. I had no idea how long I would be there.

During my first night in the hospital the doctors scheduled a lot of tests. They wanted to do a MRI to see if there might be a tumor or if I had, had a stroke without knowing it. There would be a spinal tap to check on the cerebrospinal fluid that bathes the spinal cord and to check my brain and my protein. I also had a lot of blood work tests as well as what is called a Nerve Conduction Velocity (NCV). In all there would be about a dozen tests.

## **The Next Day June 29, 2006**

As the morning started I ordered my breakfast and after I had finished eating it a male CNA came into my room. He helped me into a wheelchair and then wheeled me to a room for the NCV test. This test was to see how long it took for my nerves to contract my muscles. After the test was done I was taken back to my room to wait for the doctors to review the test. I laid there and waited for the doctor to come in with information. About an hour later, the neurological specialist arrived in my room to talk to me about the diagnosis. The neurologist pulled a chair over next to my bed. He sat down and told me what my body was creating. He told me that I had Guillain-Barre Syndrome. I asked what is this Guillain-Barre Syndrome. He explained to me that this syndrome attacks the muscles and eats away the myelin sheath (the coating around the nerves) and eventually if not stopped it eats into the nerves. It interrupts the communication

from point A to point Z in a way of speaking. This is why a person cannot move and feel the sensations in their feet, legs, and hands. If this syndrome is not dealt with quickly it will effect and shut down all of your organs and you might not survive. As I lay there in bed I tried to hold back on what I was being told about this syndrome. I asked the neurologist to print out some information about this syndrome so that I could read about it and so that I could give this information to Judy so she could send it to my parents back in Elmira, NY.