

# BRYCE'S BATTLE WITH RSV

My son Bryce was born on November twenty-first, 2000. He completed our family, which consisted of, Alexis 7, Tyler 6, and Emily fifteen mos. His older siblings were in 1st grade and 2nd grade, so any germs they came in contact with, they brought home to the two younger children. Luckily, at that point, I was a stay at home mom. I thought we were in the clear regarding RSV, figuring, that the older children wouldn't pick up the virus. I was extremely wrong.

My son Tyler was the one who brought the RSV virus home in February. Shortly after his symptoms began, my daughter Emily started to sound congested and began wheezing. I immediately brought both of them to our family doctor. He took a sample of their mucous discharge from their nostrils and tested it for RSV. The test was positive. Tyler was fine within ten days, Emily needed to be on the nebulizer for a very brief period. Bryce at this point was only three months old. He wouldn't be as lucky as the other children.

I was concerned, yet I felt that he wasn't at high risk considering I had experienced no complications during my pregnancy, he was full-term, and eight pounds when he was born. Bryce's symptoms began as a cold. When I brought him to the doctor, he immediately admitted him into the hospital. His oxygen levels were reading at about 85 percent. His doctor put him on an IV drip to keep him hydrated and then placed him in an oxygen tent. The respiratory therapist was administering albuterol through a nebulizer every two hours. This went on for three days. At this point he seemed to be responding well, he was beginning to take his bottle again, and his oxygen levels were back up in the high nineties. We were then discharged from the hospital. He was to continue on the nebulizer



every two hours and come back to see his doctor in five days. When we arrived home, it felt like he started to deteriorate as soon as we walked in the door. I stayed up all night listening to his breathing becoming more labored as the night progressed. I finally woke my husband and insisted we bring him back to the hospital. At the hospital my doctor and a pediatrician, both felt that he needed to be seen by a larger hospital, and sent us by ambulance to Geisinger Medical Center in Danville. Prior to our departure our doctor had

conferred with a pediatrician at Danville who requested that Bryce be given a large dose of a steroid to help open up his bronchial tubes. This seemed to work magically, on our way to Danville, Bryce's breathing became much less labored and instead of just laying listlessly he began to squirm around. What a great sign, I finally felt like I could breathe again.



When we arrived at Danville, he was examined and put on a low dose steroid, they continued with the albuterol every two hours, and they suctioned the mucous out of his throat and nostrils every couple of hours. He spent four days there. When we were discharged this time, he was much better. The doctors told me that it would take approximately three years for his bronchial tubes to rebuild themselves. They were absolutely right. Bryce is now four years old and has only in last year not needed to be on the nebulizer every time he gets a cold. Prior to this year, every time he had cold

symptoms he would need to be put on albuterol and pediaped to get his bronchial tubes open. In this past year Bryce has only needed to use his nebulizer twice. We can finally see the light at the end of the tunnel.