

Kellai Rodriguez - walker

My name is Kellai Rodriguez. I live in Tacoma, WA. At the beginning of the year, I enjoyed snowboarding and working out. If I wasn't shredding the slopes in my free-time, I was working out, typically 1-2 hours, 4 times a week. I worked in a handful of animal shelters as a rehabilitation trainer. As part of this work, I would go for hikes for up to 10 hours per day as a part of the treatment program. Our goal was to help animals work through mental and emotional traumas and to find them forever homes. I also ran a dog daycare and boarding facility for three years in Reno, NV, before ultimately making the move to WA state in 2017. Since then, I have become a stay-at-home mom who loves to sing, dance, workout, snowboard and take my kids for random road trips to find adventures and make memories.

On June 29th, 2021, my happy, predictable daily life came to a screeching halt. Since that day, I have become unable to walk without a walker. I can no longer cook, clean, or even pick up and hold my baby for too long before my body begins to tremor or is thrown into excruciating amounts of pain.

I have been to the ER more times than I can count. I have seen countless ER doctors as well as two neurologists, who have given me no diagnoses, no further testing besides what they call "protocol testing." Regular bloodwork, CT scans, EEG's, EKG's, and an MRI. All of which the doctors have told me have come back normal. I am now seeing a Functional Medicine Doctor and a chiropractor who seem to be the only two able to help me find out what's happening to my body.

Up until now, my insurance has been approving most of my ER visits and some tests those doctors ordered. But with the lack of diagnoses in the medical field, I have been forced to find alternative methods of treatment and my insurance has made it clear that they will not be approving these treatments moving forward.

My quiet life has suddenly become very public and with that has come so much ugliness and bitterness from people who know just the surface of what's happened to me after this vaccine. It has become the loneliest and most isolating experience I've had in my 35 years of life. I have struggled to feel that I matter to those in western medicine. I feel as though I am nothing more than an annoyance and waste of time.

I deserve to be heard and treated with compassion. No one should be called a liar or a fake as they are seeking medical care. As a mentally healthy person, I was subjected in the ER to having a social worker called in to evaluate me evaluate me for committal to Western State Mental Health Hospital. This should not be a standard for those who are experiencing these vaccine related issues.

My life has been turned upside down, but I will continue to push forward and fight for the same medical rights and treatment as those who are not in my current position. It's time to make sure that all in medical profession are aware that this is something that is possible, so they can help and treat others like me using the insurance plans that they have paid for in case something like this happens.

This is my story, and I will not stop sharing until myself and those like me have a diagnoses and treatment plan in place. Our lives matter too. I am sharing my story to give others going through what I'm going through a voice and to show them that they don't have to be afraid.