FROM FIRE TO FREEDOM

Website Excerpt

I had spent fifteen years training my hands to save others' lives. I never imagined I would wake up one morning missing part of my own. The night I was diagnosed with necrotizing fasciitis, the infection moved fast. Within hours, I was no longer the physician giving orders but the patient fighting for survival.

The intravenous pump machine beeped as my antibiotics finished, and the emergency nurse walked in and stopped the pump immediately. I was lying in the emergency room, suffering from insomnia, when I learned I had sepsis and that an orthopedic surgeon had been called.

The surgeon entered with a somber expression and told me my right leg was not salvageable. He recommended an amputation. I was stunned. Fear settled like bricks in my stomach, yet I knew I had a decision to make.

I consented because I wanted to live—for myself and for my ten-year-old daughter, Bianca. Waking after surgery, I stared at the empty space where my leg had been and wondered how I could possibly rebuild my life.

As I processed the doctor's words about resilience, I realized my life had always been a series of 'sliding doors'—moments where one decision or one unexpected event changed everything. To understand the woman in that hospital bed, I had to go back to where the fire first began.

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