

# Patient Stories: Michael, COPD

In my commute down to either DC or Vienna, Virginia a lot of times you've got to hustle to catch the bus or the Metro or whatever and I noticed that I would be, you know, huffing. Not really bad, but that's when I first noticed either I'm getting older or I'm coming down with something.

If I were to walk from here to the front door nonstop without oxygen or an inhaler, I would be out of breath.

I'm very, very vain, so initially I didn't want to be seen taking oxygen whether it be in the house or in church or just going on vacation or whatever. But, it comes to a point where you realize that it's compensating your heart, you know, with your breathing and all.

And I said, "Well, there's nothing more important than my life" and I started doing it and it's a gradual adjustment, it really is.

At night I will sleep with an oxygen concentrator on for the whole night. And I sleep a good nine hours every single night.

I enjoy life. I'm always hopeful and always prayerful that it can and will get better.