

TESTIFY

My name is Ann Diamond. I worked at the Medical College of Wisconsin for 45 years when I retired early in February of 2020 to be with my husband, Robert (Rob), who had recently retired as a real estate agent/broker. We celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary in August of 2020. We had so many plans to travel and finally enjoy a nonworking life. We even purchased a cemetery plot and headstone during this time so we didn't have to worry about things later. Who knew what was to come and I thank God that we did this because it was hard enough dealing with everything at that time (still is).

My husband was admitted to Froedtert Memorial Hospital in Milwaukee, WI after being seen in urgent care on October 20, 2020. His oxygen levels were in the 60s and he could barely make it in the door. I had to have an attendant get a wheelchair. He was diagnosed with COVID. I was told because they were sure he had COVID that I should get tested. Two days later I was told I tested positive and was told to quarantine for 10 days. Because I could not see him, I was in contact with either a doctor or a nurse on a daily basis so I knew what was going on with him. I was told he was on paralytics, Remdesivir, Fentanyl, steroids, a ventilator, and other meds. They needed to strap him in his bed so he didn't move around and kept him on his stomach. I didn't find out he was on a high dose of fentanyl until after I read the medical records. I would have never agreed to this although I am not a medical professional so had to leave it up to them to do what was best to keep him alive.

I never once got to see him, comfort him, or hold him while he was in the hospital. He did manage to call me the day before he passed telling me he wanted to come home. He didn't sound right to me but I assured him I would talk to his doctor about it but I knew he wasn't coming home anytime soon. We at least got to tell each other we loved each other. A day later, on October 31st, I got the dreaded call around 4 am that I should come to the hospital that it didn't look good. He died by the time we got there. When we arrived at the hospital we had no idea that he passed. We garbed up and went into his room. He looked so peaceful. I then asked a nurse if we could talk to him and she said, "Yes, but he's already passed." I almost fell on the floor. That's how I found out he died. He was in the hospital 12 days before he passed. He died alone without me or other family members beside him. This is something I will NEVER forgive or forget about. I should have fought to see him while he was alive as it was okay for us to see him when he passed. That didn't make sense to me and I replay this all the time in my mind. So many millions of people lost family members during this nightmare and we should not be forgotten. EVER.