

This is the story of William Todd Morris, my husband of 23 years. Todd passed away on May 8, 2021, at the age of 61. He left behind me and our two sons, at 15 and 17, high school students and student athletes. Todd was a strapping, healthy 6'1" man. He was not overweight, had no prior COVID-19 infection, and worked for the same company for 35 years. He was an avid outdoorsman who loved fishing and hunting, went to every one of our sons' sporting events, cooked dinner for his family nightly, and was well respected. Todd arranged for both of us to be vaccinated to safely attend our son's activities. I received my first dose on March 30, 2021 and began feeling bad within hours. Todd received his first dose on Thursday, April 1, 2021, at around 3:00 PM. Within two hours he felt ill. By Friday, April 2, he was sleeping heavily had no appetite. On Saturday, April 3, he was lethargic, still talking, and in the evening, I took him to urgent care. Urgent care said his oxygen level was dangerously low, directed us to the emergency room. Todd was admitted to the COVID unit at a hospital in Katy, Texas. He was given remdesivir and other medications to help his breathing. He remained alert and mobile. By Easter Sunday, April 4, he reported feeling better, and we expected discharge. Instead, his condition worsened by Monday night, April 5, he could still walk and talk. The attending physician told us he would not authorize further treatment or a transfer to the ICU unless we signed an intubation order. We refused to sign. On Thursday, April 6, we were told to bring our sons to see their father as he was declining. Nursing staff, the assistant physician, and the respiratory therapist urged us to consent to intubation, so Todd could be moved to the ICU. On Friday, April 6, we signed, and Todd was moved to the ICU and placed on a machine to support his breathing. Over the week, Todd could talk, eat, drink, and move, with periods of improvement and decline. Throughout this time, his throat was never cleared by medical staff. On Friday, April 15, he reported a sensation of something stuck in his throat, lost his ability to speak, and his breathing worsened. Doctors noted his lungs were not clearing but never change his treatment. I repeatedly requested that Todd be considered for alternate treatment; the attending physician refused. His condition continued to decline, his breathing got weaker, the solution increase the airflow into his throat, he became so weak, doctors had to intubate, his lungs were not inflating properly or clearing out. On April 22, doctors attempted the intubation. They found his airway almost completely blocked; the mucus and drainage in his throat had hardened to the consistency of cement. To place the tube, they had to break the hardened debris apart, and during this process Todd's heart stopped twice. Doctors informed me they had never encountered this level of blockage before; they had only seen it once and i was minor. Todd's airway was 100% blocked. They said the prolonged lack of airflow had caused significant damage to his lungs and possibly his brain, and that if he survived, he would require around-the-clock care. Over the next two weeks, Todd and I fought, I continued to seek a transfer, begged for a lung transplant. Doctors refused saying he was not a candidate and denied any request. On May 8, 2021, I got the call I was dreading from the hospital, Todd will not make it through the night. I arrived, the medical team told me they were making him comfortable and there was nothing more they could do and the team was instructed to stand down. The doctors never came, and a few hours later Todd passed away.