

My name is Brooke McGowan, and Jimmy Don Davis was my dad.

He was a Vietnam veteran, a retired Oklahoma City firefighter, a husband, grandfather, and man of deep faith.

This is the story of what happened when I tried to help save my father—and what I discovered after we couldn't.

On December 28, 2021, I was on the East Coast when Mom called. Dad's oxygen was crashing at 56.

I told her to call 911.

Dad heard us and said, **“Don't call 911, Debby. If they take me to the hospital they will kill me.”**

Hours later, my father was on a ventilator and restrained in COVID ICU, isolated from his family.

I flew to Oklahoma and got to work.

I kept pages of notes detailing his condition and care. I called the patient advocate repeatedly. No return call. I contacted legislators, doctors and attorneys. We researched treatments, questioned decisions, and begged physicians to consider other approaches.

We weren't demanding a miracle.

We were asking them to fight for my dad.

My dad spent 25 years as an Oklahoma City firefighter.

When Dad arrived at a burning house, he didn't ask whether the person trapped inside had started the fire. At a wreck, he didn't ask whether the driver had made a bad decision.

He didn't decide whether they deserved saving. He tried to save them.

Instead, when Dad became the patient, we were told he had done this to himself. We were told he was going to die. Dad was unvaccinated. We questioned his care, asked that Remdesivir be avoided, yet our questions and requests were repeatedly discounted and dismissed.

I cannot tell you what was in anyone's heart.

I can tell you what it felt like:

Judgment had entered a room where compassion belonged.

We weren't their enemies. We were his family.

On Dad's final day, his condition was deteriorating. I called the charge nurse and asked for Mom to have a compassionate visit.

They said no.

Hours later, we were told Dad was **“actively dying.”**

Mom and her three children rushed to him in the middle of the night. We were told only three of the four of us could remain—unless Mom agreed to withdraw life support. Then all four could stay.

We were not given a medical explanation for that distinction.

Even while our father was dying, **we were fighting a policy instead of simply being allowed to be his family.**

Eventually, Mom made that agonizing decision.

Dad's heart stopped.

But the ventilator continued forcing his chest to rise and fall.

My brother and I had to turn it off ourselves.

After Dad died, we kept searching for answers.

Dr. Stephen Guffanti reviewed his medical records. He wrote that Dad's objective clinical findings **“were either not followed or ignored.”**

Then he wrote:

“It's as if the actual plan was to kill him and the labs were just a cover.”

And he concluded:

“What is clear is that there was a departure from standard Medical care.”

Those are not my words. They are the conclusions of a physician who reviewed my father's medical record.

I cannot tell you whether anyone intended my father's death. I am not asking you to presume that they did.

But when a physician reaches a conclusion that grave, **how can we possibly not investigate it?**

Eighteen days after Dad died, I gave a speech and concluded:

“I will never shut up.”

Four years later, I am here because I meant it.

Senator Johnson, thank you for listening when so few others have. Please follow evidence wherever it leads.

Don't let what happened to our families disappear into history.

Jimmy Don Davis was a husband, grandfather, Vietnam veteran, firefighter and godly man.

But before I understood any of those things, **he was my first hero.**

He was my dad. And I am still fighting for him.

Respectfully submitted,

Brooke McGowan