

My name is Caleb Crockett. I am 39 years old, own a small business and live in Illinois with my wife Susan and our 2 children. I am writing on behalf of my father, Jim Crockett, who died on January 18th, 2022, as a result of the hospital protocols.

My dad was a strong and loving provider for his family, and he was well respected and loved in his community. Throughout my life, he was rarely sick, never needed any surgeries, was never admitted to a hospital, and overall lead a healthy, active life. That is, until COVID 19.

About a week before Christmas 2021, he got a cold. As the days went on, that cold turned into a flu. On Christmas Day December 25th, he tested positive for COVID 19.

My father's condition continued to worsen little by little, and on December 29th, my younger sister Hayley, drove my dad to Parkview Hospital in Ft Wayne IN, where he was given monoclonal antibodies.

Just two days later, on New Year's Eve 2021, my mother Kay called the ambulance to the house. My dad walked to it with a little help, and was taken to IU Ball Memorial Hospital in Muncie IN.

He was admitted with an oxygen level between 91-93%.

On my birthday, January 3rd 2022 at 2:20pm, he was given a dose of Remdesivir.

The next day, Jan 4th, my mother Kay was also admitted to the hospital, having been diagnosed with COVID 19 herself. I still remember the sinking feeling, being in the hospital with both of them sick at the same time. They misdiagnosed her with heart failure just after she arrived at the ER, which is patently false, she doesn't have a heart condition. Her nurse asked if she was vaccinated, my mom said no. The nurse shamed her. My mother Kay would go on to make a full recovery and went home that week.

Later that day at 10:03pm, my father Jim was given another dose of Remdesivir. I remember hearing one of the workers the next day saying that they weren't giving him any more because he wasn't responding well. He would later die of multiple organ failure just 14 days later.

One thing about his stay at the hospital, was that a lot of the medication they gave to him were given without our consent, we only found out afterward.

We were lucky that the hospital allowed me and my sister Hayley to alternate staying overnight with my father in his room, to help in any way we could. I believe my father's condition would have worsened even sooner had we not been there.

I would ask the nurses to reposition him until his oxygen was at an acceptable level, I helped alert the nurses when things were going wrong, such as January 8th when his oxygen mask hose flew off a total of 5 times throughout the night, before they properly fixed it.

On Monday January 10th, after a rough night, the doctor told us that my dad needed to go on a ventilator and that it was essentially the only option. My dad, still lucid, agreed to it and he was taken away shortly after. One of the nurses remarked that he ended up fighting them when they were putting him on the ventilator, but said "it's okay, they'll just give him more medication."

He would live just 8 more days while on the ventilator, suffering a heart attack from the stress on Jan 16th, and then finally slipping away the morning of January 18th.