

On August 5th, 2021, Myself, my husband and our only son were all sick with Covid 19. We all three went to urgent care on Wed. Aug 4th, 2021, were all given meds after receiving verification of said illness and sent home. Our sickness only progressed and got worse. Thursday Aug 5th, I called 911 for my husband as he could not breathe and they rushed him to the hospital. He was admitted to ICU right away. Later that same day at 5:00 pm, my son asked me to take him to the hospital as he couldn't breathe. I was extremely sick and weak myself, but I took him regardless. After approximately 3 hours or so, we were taken back to the ER to be seen. They determined my son also needed to be admitted to ICU, but they did not have a room available, so we stayed in the ER exam room until 4:30 the next morning. At 4:30 my son was admitted to a regular hospital room. I was sick myself, very weak, tired and had not eaten in 12 hours. I told them I would be back in a couple of hours as I had to eat. They called me shortly after I was home and told me my son was not acting right behavior wise. I asked them if they would give him something to calm him down and that I would be back in a couple of hours. The hospital called me a couple of hours later and told me not to come, that they had admitted my son to the ICU! From that point on, I was not able to see my son or husband due to "Hospital Protocols". My disabled 26-year-old son who needed me, I could not go see. They said he was sedated anyway, and it wouldn't matter, he wouldn't know I was there anyway. I was devastated and almost collapsed on my living room floor from being so sick and now the devastation of not being able to see either my husband or my son. From that moment on, I spoke to the nurses in ICU for both boys, twice a day like clockwork. Each day the boys got worse. Kidneys shut down, liver shutting down etc.... Finally, they called me to tell me my son was brain dead, and there was no reason to keep him alive and that I would need to "Pull the plug". My son died that Sunday August 8th, after I had to end his life via face time with the nurses in his room who pulled the plug while I watched, until my son stopped breathing and was pronounced dead at 6:55 PM. My husband who was down the hall from our son did not even know our son had died. We wanted to keep it from him for as long as we could just because he too was so sick and we didn't want to make him any worse. My husband was getting worse every day. Some of the medications they were both on were making them very sick and not getting any better. One of the medications they were putting my husband on was Remdesivir. I knew enough about that drug and asked the doctor not to give it to him and the doctor said, "I'm sorry, it's hospital protocol". I begged him not to, but he said he had to. My husband's liver and kidneys started shutting down, he got pneumonia, he went septic then complete system failure was the term they used. He went into cardiac arrest and died on Sunday August 15th at 6:50 pm. One week to the day and almost minute after our son. I pray this testimony helps because it has changed my life forever!