

My beloved husband Larry Wayne Gunnels was admitted into Cookeville Regional Hospital on September 7, 2021.

On September 8, 2021, he was refusing the vent. I didn't want him to give up so soon. They didn't put him on a vent. On September 9, I got to FaceTime him. He looked really good. On September 10, he FaceTime me, he was going on the vent.

I begged them to give him other medication but they refused to do so. I told them I would come and give it to him. They would not let me. They were only telling me a few medication's he was on and when I pulled his records, he was on a ver 25, more than he ever took.

I called twice a day to check on him. I was told they did not have time to answer my calls, that my husband did not want to talk to me (I know better than that).

When I talked to him before he went on the vent, he had been trying to use his phone. He told me about it. I told him I would bring another charger down there, and the kindle. Come to find out they turned his phone off where he could not communicate with me. I told them that if they couldn't get his phone on, I would go get him a new one. In about 10 minutes he messaged me.

Everything I asked them to do they would refuse. I begged and begged to see him telling them I could clam him down. Those 12 days were the longest we had been apart.

When he called me on September 10, they didn't even know that he had called and wanted to know how I found out. I told them he called me.

He FaceTime me again, begging me to come and see him that we needed to talk. I told him I had tried the whole time he had been in there and they would not let me. The look on his face I will never forget. The last words he ever said to me was, "I love you too baby." He never spoke to me again.

When they put him on the vent, I would call twice a day to check on him. He was up and down. On Thursday, his tube came loose. They replaced it, but didn't tell me at the time, that they did it twice. They puncture his lungs twice.

The air was gathering on his chest cavity and I gave them permission on Friday to put a chest tube in. They didn't do it. On Saturday they called wanting my permission to put it in, saying if they were going to continue to care for my beloved Bossy (that is what I called him). That they had to put the chest tube in.

I told them I had gave them permission before and why was it not in. I FaceTime him for 20 minutes on the 18th. He just laid there, broke my heart and I tried to be strong. Didn't want him to hear me cry. After I got off the phone I threw up.

The doctor I talked to said he was too old to save. I went on September 19, 2021. To turn off the vent. He was so swelled, stuff coming out of his eyes and mouth. I gave him a bath, combed his hair, loved and kissed on him. Around 3:00 pm my beloved husband passed away.

When I got his medical records he had a staff infection that I did not know about. Bed sores, and they were giving him potassium when his potassium was already high. He was supposed to get ivermectin but they didn't give it to him.

I am now left with what if?