

My husband Jim Raker was admitted to MV Hospital on May 21, 2021 diagnosed with Covid. Put on a Ventilator May 27. I was told by a C.C. Doc that he needed to be put on a ventilator for 3-4 days for rest and Oxygen. Day-15 Jim is still on a Vent, and respiratory had been working to weaning him off. Progress! On June 10th Jim was gurgling, so I asked the nurse on duty if she could suction Jim. I sat on the sofa to get out of the way. I watch the suction tube disappear further than I had ever seen. The nurse gagged Jim, and he vomited all over. Yes, he aspirated!

Then the nurse actually placed her right knee on the side of Jim's bed, and began to pull out his feeding tube. I was shocked to see what she was doing. I controlled my emotions as I asked her "Excuse me, what are you doing?" she replied that Jim was choking on his feeding tube. I replied "I'm sorry, I believe he's choking on the vomit that is rolling down this throat." So, now the feeding tube has been pulled out, and she tells me that Jim needed to have another feeding tube put in. (I so wish I had ask for a Doctor!) The nurse tells me that she is going to get a different nurse to put it back in...he's better than I am about doing it.

This is nothing short of a horror story! I went to walk out of the room to give them space, and as I approach the threshold, I heard a still small voice say, "Go back in and stay with him, and hold his hand." I'm like..."Well of course!"

Jim was only semi sedated due to the weaning process. The male nurse had done at least 5-6 attempts (nose and throat) and by this time, they have sat Jim further up in bed. I cannot even explain the look of despair in Jim's eyes. I then ask, " Why in the world don't you have Jim more sedated for doing this. So they did, and waited a bit before trying again. Then I heard the male nurse say to Jim's nurse: "You know what, I think I remember them saying something about putting the tubing in ice water to make it more stiff, so it won't curl-up. They then get an ice bucket, and emersed the tubing in ice water. 11-12 attempts in all, and blood is everywhere!

After all this ordeal, never having a temperature prior, my husband is now carrying a 103 -104 temperature, HR up to 200 beats per minute. eating profusely, I cannot keep him sponged off. A technician comes in to do an EKG, and doesn't know how she's going to get the electrodes to stick long enough to get a proper reading. I told her that I would sit an be praying her through. She did!

On June 11th I would find out that his lungs were now carrying a secondary infection, full of blood clots (from swallowing the blood caused from the feeding tube fiasco, along with his brain swelling. They called the nurse telling her to administer three new medications. Jim had a Picc Line, so that arm couldn't be used, and these medications wouldn't be added to the other I.V.

Jim was going from very bad to worse rapidly.

I made the hardest decision...the biggest act of love I could give considering the circumstances, to take Jim off the ventilator, and cease his agony.

I spoke with the Critical Care Team, but never gave a thought to telling them exactly what happened. I ASSUMED the nurse was making notes in the computer. I doubt anything at all was written in either Nurses report. How sinful!

They killed my husband!