

My dates may be off a little regarding admission into the hospital but I lost my mom on 08/07/2021 COD “renal failure” Covid was secondary. She went to the ER around 08/01/21 unable to breathe and they told her she had Covid but offered no treatment and sent her home. 2 days later she was worse and went back to the ER. At this point her oxygen was dangerously low and they admitted her and she went directly to the Covid ICU unit.

My stepdad was also admitted testing positive for Covid but he was not placed in ICU. I was left to advocate for both of them.

A doctor called me on approx 08/04/21 and said he needed my authorization to ventilate my mom and I initially declined. I did not want her ventilated. I had heard of the damage they were doing. He said if I didn’t agree she would end up in a nursing home on a trachea for the remainder of her days. They called me the next day (08/05/21) and told me she was taking a turn for the worse so he wanted to give my mom a new right to try medication (never disclosed the name) and if I didn’t she would die. He was that “matter-of-fact” about it. Out of fear and lack of knowledge, I agreed to allow them to administer what I now know was Remdesivir. Along with this, she was given midazolam, fentanyl and morphine. She was in an induced coma.

The next call was on 08/07/21 from my step dad. He told me the hospital was going to allow me to see her because she wasn’t going to survive and there were going to take her off of the machine. They wouldn’t allow my stepdad to see her because he was still in the hospital with Covid. I went up to her room, suited up and went in to sit with her. I was in complete shock. I was saying goodbye to my best friend, the person who loved me more than anyone in the world ever had or ever will. When I was ready to leave, they sent me out the back way, no protocol, no quarantine, just “go out this back way....sorry about your mom.” They called around 9 that evening to let me know she was gone.

About 2 weeks later, I was watching a podcast about “it wasn’t Covid, it was the protocol” and everything clicked. I have to live with the knowledge that I made choices that cost my mom her life because I was uninformed. I would have fought like Hell if it happened just two weeks later. I would have never let her go to the hospital. I’ve not really grieved because I’m so angry.

Since I learned what I now know, I’ve waited for a moment like this. A time when I can tell my story where it’s taken seriously and I have kept the faith that justice will be served for what they did not only to my mom but to the tens of thousands if not millions of other families. There will be justice and accountability whether on this earth or hereafter.

I can obtain records, my stepdad has them. I just wanted to get this information on the record by the deadline. Thank you for taking action and at least giving me a platform where I feel heard.