

Before I tell you about my husband Bill's death, I need to tell you about his life. He was the light that filled my world—sounds corny, but it is true.

Bill joined the Air Force out of high school and served in Turkey during the Vietnam War. After almost ten years, he was honorably discharged. I later met him in Southern California, and we were happily married for almost 30 years.

Bill was my best friend—kind, honest, supportive, funny, and a man of tremendous integrity. He helped anyone who needed it, adored his grandchildren, and loved boating, fishing, golf, soccer, and playing guitar. After his death, I learned of many generous things he had quietly done for others.

Bill encouraged me to retire early so we could spend more time together and have lunch every day. And we did.

On December 3, 2021, we learned that we were both COVID-positive. Bill's oxygen level continued to decrease. No one told us we could obtain oxygen at home. On a doctor's recommendation, I called an ambulance, and Bill chose Clovis Community Hospital. Because I was also sick, I could not accompany him.

A nurse kept me updated and sent me a photograph. Bill looked relatively well, wearing his own clothes and receiving oxygen. The next day, I was told he was moving upstairs to a more comfortable room. I later discovered that on December 10, Bill received two doses of Remdesivir and two doses of Baricitinib. He received two more doses of Baricitinib on December 11.

Early one morning, the hospital called and said Bill would not make it. I rushed there. In the elevator, a doctor told me, **"We are going to lose everyone on this floor anyway."**

Bill was frightened. I asked whether he had been turned over. The nurse rolled her eyes and said, **"That takes two people."** I offered to help. We turned him, and his oxygen level rose into the high 80s.

A doctor later called from Bill's room, yelling that he needed immediate intubation because he would not survive and I would not reach the hospital in time. I told her to leave his room and meet me in five minutes. When I arrived, the doctor's frightening call had intensified Bill's PTSD. He believed he needed immediate intubation. I calmed him, and he agreed to wait until morning.

Bill was adamant about receiving ivermectin. I had requested it every day since his admission. After he was intubated, I entered the ICU and pleaded with his nurse, **"Please, please give him ivermectin."** With her back to the glass, she quietly whispered, **"Diane, I cannot get ivermectin or I will be fired."**

I knew Bill would make it. What I did not know was what medications he had already been given. Bill passed away on Friday, December 17, 2021. Days later, while I was still in shock, someone asked what I wanted on his death certificate. I replied, "Pneumonia, I guess." When asked whether COVID counted as pneumonia, I said, "I guess so."

Bill's death has affected so many lives. He is profoundly missed as a husband, father, grandfather, uncle, and friend. **I have learned that no amount of time spent loving someone is ever enough.**