

My name is Genny Rodriguez, and I am writing to respectfully ask that my mother's story, the story of Sylvia Rodriguez, be entered into the official record as part of your investigation into the COVID-19 hospital policies and protocols that affected patients and families across America. I am also willing to testify publicly, if called upon, about what happened to my mother and what our family witnessed firsthand.

My mother's story is especially devastating because she died inside the very hospital where she had faithfully worked before retiring. She knew that institution. She trusted the people who worked there, and our family trusted it as well. A place where she had spent part of her life serving others ultimately became the place where our family watched her life slip away.

My mother entered the hospital seeking medical help. What our family experienced, however, was a system that felt increasingly rigid and protocol-driven, with little room for individualized care or meaningful family involvement. As her condition worsened, we felt that our concerns and requests were repeatedly dismissed. We struggled to obtain information, struggled to communicate with her, and felt increasingly powerless as decisions concerning her care were made without consent.

Our experience reflected many of the concerns later raised by families across the country: the isolation of hospitalized patients from their loved ones, restrictions on family advocacy, disagreements over early or alternative treatments, and the inability of families to fully understand or participate in decisions affecting their loved ones. We specifically asked about treatments, including ivermectin, but felt that our requests were not meaningfully considered.

As my mother deteriorated, our family was forced to watch helplessly while decisions were made that we believe contributed to her death. Families should not have to live with unanswered questions about whether different decisions might have saved their loved ones.

Our loss was made even more painful by the fact that my mother left behind a disabled adult daughter who depended on her deeply. While I was fighting to understand what was happening to my mother, I was simultaneously fighting to protect my sister. My sister was also hospitalized in the same facility. Her primary care physician was able to obtain a prescription that a pharmacy filled for ivermectin, and I was able to bring the medication into the hospital and administer it to her as prescribed. She survived. That experience has remained with me ever since. It raised painful questions about why one member of my family was able to receive a treatment, while another remained where our ability to advocate for her felt severely limited.

My mother was not a statistic. Sylvia Rodriguez was a mother, a caregiver, a working woman, and a former healthcare employee who had devoted part of her life to serving others. She deserved dignity, informed consent, compassionate treatment, and the ability to have her family meaningfully involved in her care.

Instead, our family experienced what we believe was a profound institutional betrayal.

The American people deserve a full accounting of what happened to patients and families during the COVID-19 pandemic. Families deserve answers. Patients who died deserve to be remembered as

individuals rather than reduced to statistics. Most importantly, the policies and decisions that shaped their care should be examined honestly, including whether institutional protocols prevented doctors and families from considering potentially beneficial treatments.

Senator Johnson, I respectfully ask that you enter my mother's story into the official Congressional record and continue your efforts to investigate what happened to families like mine. I am willing to provide additional documentation, answer questions, and testify publicly if given the opportunity.

My mother cannot speak for herself anymore. I can.

Thank you for your leadership and for giving victims, families, and survivors an opportunity to be heard when so many of us felt that no one was listening.

Sincerely,

Genny Rodriguez