

August 13, 2026

Senator Ron Johnson,

My name is Geraldine Scholz, and my husband, Bernard J. Scholz, was killed by the hospital COVID protocols.

On Dec. 2, 2021, Bernie went into the ER. He received oxygen and seemed to be improving. On Dec. 3, he was transferred to the COVID ICU. His oxygen saturation was better, and his breathing had improved. That evening, at 10:28, he was given morphine. On Dec. 5, the nurse practitioner stated in his medical records that he was not struggling to breathe, had slept well, and that this was an improvement.

According to his medical records, Bernie never received an Arterial Blood Gas (ABG) to determine what was happening with his lungs. After he was moved from the ER to the ICU, he never received an IV. He received very little food or water and lost approximately 24 pounds within six days. Our family requested that Bernie be transferred to another hospital in Madison, but we were told no ambulance was available. We requested Ivermectin many times and were told it was against hospital protocols.

Throughout this time, they kept telling Bernie and us that he was going to die.

Bernie's medical records showed he was given morphine, a respiratory suppressant. He was having a respiratory problem, and we felt he had no chance once they decided to give him morphine. He was doing well in the ER, and after he was given morphine, he went downhill. He was isolated, and I feel he received neglected care. He was found with feces- and urine-soaked bed linens that had been there long enough to become crusted.

The last recorded oxygen saturation was 88%. He was still taking sips of water from us. A nurse came in and gave him two doses of lorazepam and morphine. The respiratory therapist then removed the BiPAP, and within five minutes, Bernie passed away.

We asked if he would suffer when they stopped his oxygen. We were told it would be peaceful. Instead, we watched the love of my life die a painful death right in front of us. That moment has never left me. It absolutely devastated our family, and we still have not recovered.

Bernie was 79, but he was strong and healthy. He had been a logger all his life and worked right up until he went into the hospital, usually putting in 10-hour days. We had been married almost 56 years and were looking forward to many more.

Bernie was and is the love of my life. He was kind, selfless, and always put himself last. He worked so hard for our family and loved our two sons and four grandchildren with all his heart. He never missed their school events or sporting events, even when they were in college.

Our two grandsons are ROTC Air Force and now full-time Air Force, being trained to become fighter pilots. One granddaughter graduated with her master's degree in Speech Therapy, and our

other granddaughter is pursuing her master's degree in Psychology. Bernie is missing all of this. How proud he would have been.

We never wanted to take Bernie to the ER. We were afraid. We had heard that people were going into hospitals and not coming back out. But the physician told us that the hospital would take good care of him and that everything would be fine. We trusted that assurance. We believed we were doing what was best for the man we loved. In the end, it was not fine. Bernie never came home.

Sincerely,

Geraldine Scholz