

Thank you for allowing me to speak today.

My name is Joyce Wilson-Windsor and I am a widow and a witness to what happened to my husband during the Covid hospital protocols.

My husband Nelson Windsor was a healthy 78 year old. We had spent the month of July 2021 in Maine, walking 3 miles a day, boating, fishing and camping with friends. Nelson also golfed a number of times during this vacation. There was no slowing down for my husband.

We returned home in August and Nelson began having digestive issues tied to his diverticulitis diagnosis. After a bad bout, he was dehydrated and our PCP referred him to our local hospital ER for fluids. We went to the ER on August 17, 2021 where he was checked in and given fluids. He was saturating on room air at 98%. He was not having any respiratory issues at all. I did not know until after his death that he had been given a COVID test early in the evening and it was negative. When the ER nurse came in and stated that she wanted to give him a COVID test, I declined. She told me that Nelson would go to the COVID ward if I didn't let them test him. I relented and they did indeed return a positive test. If I had known about the earlier test and the negative result, I would have taken him out of the ER at that moment and taken him home. As I kissed him goodnight, I had no idea that would be the last time I would see my beloved alive.

August 18, I talked to him on the phone and he seemed a bit confused. The nurses told me he had been put on oxygen and that he was quickly moved to high-flow. To me, this seemed highly unusual for a man that was on room air SPOX98 12 hours earlier. After a review of his medical records post mortem, a medical expert told me his oxygen needs escalated due to his anxiety of being separated from me. Not COVID.

For the next 9 days, he became unable to talk to me due to a BIPAP mask and multiple doses of medications designed to keep him quiet. He was restrained. He received no fluids or nutrition.

Saturday morning August 28, 2021 I received a call from the hospital telling me that he was intubated via a tracheostomy. They had tried to intubate him with an airway, however a blood clot in his throat that was never cleared precluded that. What I wasn't told was that he was more than likely brain dead at that time. The hospital continued to treat him until the morning of August 31, 2021 when I was called to the hospital. When I arrived, they told me there was nothing else they could do. I was told I could watch my husband die through the cafeteria window in his ICU room. I was not allowed to be with him, to kiss him goodbye and hold his hand. A total stranger was with him – a nurse.

I refused to watch him pass away this way so I sat in the lobby with friends and my pastor. The nurse came out and told me he had passed as soon as they turned off the ventilator.

I end this with the facts: Every request I had made for treatment was turned down. I requested IV Vitamin C, ivermectin, hydroxychloroquine, antibiotics and steroids. All requests were denied stating it wasn't protocol. The protocols killed my husband along with the 48 other

medicines he was taking. Many of these medications had black box warnings that they shouldn't be used with other medications he was being given.

This is how the protocols made me a widow at 62.