

Statement Regarding My Mother, Jeanette Y. Nystrom

My name is Julie Roode. My mother, Jeanette Y. Nystrom, entered St. Mary's Medical Center in August 2021 with COVID-19. She never came home.

My mom had a warmth and Midwest charm that she never lost, despite living in the Northeast for 45 years. She made friends everywhere she went. Children were naturally drawn to her like a magnet. She was the glue and the rock of our family.

My mom did not deserve the death she tragically suffered. She had more fight in her than anyone I have ever known.

As her condition worsened, she was placed on high-flow oxygen. This caused her lips to become severely chapped and her nasal passages to become extremely dry. She was unable to eat or drink because an alarm would sound whenever she tried. She became bedridden, and we repeatedly advocated for her to at least be allowed to get out of bed to use the bathroom or a bedside commode.

We repeatedly asked for the opportunity to try ivermectin and were refused. She was given remdesivir, and afterward she developed diabetes and required insulin. As she became weaker, she relied on texting to communicate because speaking was too exhausting.

She was eventually placed on a ventilator.

My dad and I called the hospital three or four times a day, hanging on every word and every update we could get from the nurses. Before COVID-19, my mother had been told that she had the heart health of a 30-year-old. Yet during her hospitalization, she was now requiring heart medication.

On September 16, 2021, we had a family meeting with the doctors. We were told that the best-case scenario would be for my mother to remain on a ventilator, potentially through a tracheostomy, and eventually be transferred to a nursing home.

On September 17, 2021, we made the heartbreaking decision to take her off the machines.

My mother spent her final days tied to her bed, with nasal packing in her nose, unable to freely eat, drink, or use the bathroom, and separated from the people who loved her most. She was frightened, suffering, and alone.

She was not a statistic.

She was my mother.

She was a wife, a friend, a mother, and a person who had spent her life bringing warmth and kindness to everyone around her. She deserved dignity, compassion, and the opportunity to fight for her life.

I will never forget what happened to her.

My mom is not a statistic, and she never will be forgotten.