

FOR THE RECORD

Thank you for the opportunity to submit the story of my husband, Jerry Pflugrad, for the record. My name is Kim Pflugrad. Jerry was my husband of thirty-five years. He was 67 years old, a truck driver, a man who owned semis, worked hard, loved his family, and helped raise my children as his own. He loved hunting, fishing, boating, road trips, animals, and life.

Jerry was admitted to Mosaic Hospital in Buchanan County, Missouri, on December 29, 2021. Before going to the hospital, he had been having episodes of passing out and symptoms that made me believe something was wrong with his heart. He had also fallen at work and hurt his upper back. When he began having serious trouble breathing, I took him to the emergency room.

I told hospital staff I believed Jerry's problems were not only COVID-related, but I felt they focused on COVID immediately. I remember being told that even if he did not take the COVID test, they would put him down as COVID anyway. Jerry tested positive and was admitted.

After admission, Jerry was isolated. At first, he called me, but he quickly became confused. He told me he could not figure out how to order food. Then nurses stopped answering the phone, and Jerry stopped answering too. When I finally got into his room, his phone had been shut off and placed across the room where he could not reach it.

When I went to the hospital to find out what was happening, police met me at the COVID floor. I told them my husband was inside, no one was answering, and I was not leaving until I knew he was okay. When I finally got into his room, Jerry was in the same jogging pants he had worn when he arrived days earlier. He was wet from his chest down, red, raw, and unable to care for himself. His oxygen device was blowing very hard, and he kept trying to remove it. I had to demand supplies and clean him myself.

I later learned from his records that Jerry had suffered a major heart attack and a stroke while hospitalized. I was not told when it happened.

Jerry was given remdesivir. He called me and said they were going to start him on "the protocol" and that he wanted to live. I asked that he be given ivermectin and hydroxychloroquine, but those requests were refused. Two doctors became upset with me and left after I continued asking. One doctor told me ivermectin was for horses and animals, not for humans.

Jerry was later placed on a ventilator after staff told me it was the only way to save him. He was on the ventilator for fourteen days. During that time, he developed mold in his lungs and a catheter-related infection.

After Jerry was removed from the ventilator, he woke up, smiled, laughed, and tried to talk with family, though the tube had damaged his throat. Soon after, he was moved out of ICU. I heard a doctor say they needed the room. In the next unit, people came in telling me Jerry was not going to make it and asking what I wanted to do. I told them he was going to make it.

Jerry then received what I was told was a saline shot, after previously reacting badly to a similar injection. A nurse later told me he had reacted to it. After that, he lost consciousness and never came back. Staff told me there was nothing more they could do. I wanted to take him home, but I was frightened by warnings that he could die on the way. I agreed to palliative care. Jerry died at the hospital on January 28, 2022.

I requested medical records and initially received only a small portion. After being advised to ask for all records, I obtained more records on CDs. I contacted six lawyers but was unable to find help.

Jerry was my husband, my protector, and my whole life. I am submitting this statement so his story is documented and so the facts of what happened to him are part of the record.