

I am the widow of Vance Schoeneman. We were married 26 years.

Vance was 52 years old with no underlying medical conditions, other than being overweight.

He had been ill for several days, before being diagnosed with Covid-19 on August 13, 2021.

Saturday, August 14, I began monitoring his oxygen levels at home and when they fell to 86-89%, his primary care physician suggested I take him to an ER. I drove Vance to the ER and dropped him there as they were not allowing anyone to accompany a patient. Later that evening, he called me to tell me they were admitting him and he would call me when he knew his room number.

Sunday, August 15. He called to tell me he was settled in his room and that he was eating and doing okay.

Monday, August 16, I was not able to talk to Vance, as I had to travel out of state to check on my mother and stepfather who were also sick with Covid. However, through his medical records, I found they had started the following medications, Tylenol, Olumiant, Zyrtec, Lovenox, Methylprednisolone, Narcan, Zofran, Phenergan, Tramadol, Vitamin C, Zithromax, Pepcid, Zinc and Remdesivir.

Tuesday, August 17, I called to speak with him, but the call was intercepted by an attending physician, that told me Vance was not able to speak as his oxygen levels had fallen to what they deemed critical levels, and they had to intubate and ventilate. I asked why I was not contacted for consent, and they stated it was deemed a medical emergency. From that day on, he remained heavily sedated and I was often told he was "fighting the ventilator."

Vance had started out in the "state of the art" Walter Tower of the Methodist Hospital in the Medical Center of Houston, TX.

After approximately a week on the ventilator, they contacted me to let me know they were moving him to a "Covid ward" to make room for other patients in the Walter tower.

Saturday, September 4, I received a call from a nurse telling me that Vance's lung collapsed but they were able to insert a chest tube and it reinflated, and nothing to worry about. Approximately 4 hours later, I received a call stating that Vance had taken a turn for the worse and asked how soon could I get there? My daughter and I arrived at the hospital, and they directed us to a waiting room on the floor of his covid ward. I was advised that Vance was now being kept alive by the equipment. It was then that they opened a whole waiting room for his family to gather. At least 10 of us gathered, none of us wearing masks. We then had to wait for our youngest daughter to make the 6 hour drive from college. Once she arrived, a nurse set up an iPad at his bedside and connected it to my iPhone. We then took turns telling Vance our goodbyes. After everyone took turns speaking to him and saying their goodbyes, the call was ended. A nurse then approached me to ask if I wanted to let the inevitable happen on its own or sign to have him extubated. I signed to have him extubated and the vent removed. And we waited. A nurse appeared once more that night to let us know he had been pronounced at 1:45am and we were free to go.

I last saw Vance on August 14, 2021, when I dropped him off at the ER, gave him a kiss and said "I love you and get better".

The next time I would see him, would be September 12, 2021, in a casket.