

My father Harold Nasson was 88 years old when he was sent to Mass General Hospital in Boston to have his blood pressure checked. He walked in the door with his jacket, his keys and a wallet. He never came home. This was during Covid, and the staff was so concerned with the Covid protocols that his care was minimal. They gave him a dirty IV which caused an infection and he was hospitalized with a IV antibiotic which needed 8 weeks to cure. They made him stay in bed, they did not let him get up and walk around, because they were too afraid of Covid spread. (He never got Covid, by the way.).

After a couple of weeks of inactivity, his legs atrophied. Eventually, he was unable to walk. They put a catheter in him because they couldn't get him up to go to the bathroom. They were so overly concerned about Covid, that they basically just let him rot.

Four months later he died at a rehab facility. closer to family in NY - bed-ridden and unable to walk. And he died alone, because nobody could come visit him. I live in Northern Virginia, and it was impossible for me to go interstate without a valid Covid test to go see him before he died. I couldn't get a Covid test for two weeks and a CVS or similar because everybody was so paranoid about getting Covid. I should've just gone and lied about it. I regret that I didn't and I am so sad angry and disgusted that my dad had to die like that. He had just turned 89 and was otherwise healthy and independent.

My brother wanted to sue the hospital but I was so exhausted from the whole ordeal I didn't want to deal with any more emotional and physical exhaustion from it. My dad had good insurance so we didn't suffer any monetary damages, but I am still so angry that I couldn't say goodbye to him and he was alone.