

Chairman, Senator Johnson, and distinguished members of the committee,

Thank you for allowing me to speak today.

My name is Laurie Madigan. For more than four years, I have waited for someone in Washington to ask me what happened to my husband.

My husband, Coach Jim “Maddog” Madigan, was 53 years old when he died. He was a husband, father, brother, drummer, mentor, and beloved Michigan high school football coach for 27 years. He shaped the lives of hundreds of young men, teaching them integrity, discipline, perseverance, and character.

When Jim was hospitalized, more than 300 members of our community gathered outside the hospital to pray for him. Former and current players, parents, clergy, and neighbors gathered because that is the kind of man Jim was. He spent his life serving others.

On December 22, 2021, Jim walked into Ascension Providence Hospital in Rochester, Michigan with a cough. He walked in on his own.

He never walked back out.

But once the hospital learned he was unvaccinated, everything changed.

Before he was even properly examined, I was told to **"kiss him goodbye."**

At the time, I didn't understand they meant it literally.

When Jim was moved to the ICU, I personally saw the word **"UNVACCINATED"** written across the glass outside Room 828. Later, after four formal requests, I finally received fragmented and incomplete medical records. As I reviewed them, I found repeated references identifying Jim as **"unvaccinated"** or **"not vaccinated."** I was left searching for answers about the care my husband received.

Jim was isolated from me, and my ability to advocate for him was severely limited. We asked about treatments such as Ivermectin, Hydroxychloroquine, and Vitamin C, but those requests were denied. My request is documented in Jim's medical record. Meanwhile, Jim was administered Remdesivir, Baricitinib, Fentanyl, Vancomycin, and numerous additional medications.

The morning after receiving one of those IV treatments, Jim called me. **I will never forget the fear in his voice.**

He said, **"They put something in my IV in the night and I feel worse."**

A short time later, he sent me a text message that I still have today.

"I don't want to die here."

There was nothing I could do.

I couldn't sit beside him.

I couldn't hold his hand.

I couldn't ask his doctors questions.

I couldn't advocate for the man I loved.

As Jim's condition declined, he was placed on a ventilator.

On January 5, 2022, Jim died.

When the end came, our blended family—our six children—were given only **ten minutes** to say goodbye to their father.

Ten minutes.

Ten minutes to hold his hand.

Ten minutes to tell him they loved him.

Ten minutes before our family would never be the same.

After Jim died, I began connecting with families across America. **What shocked me was discovering that family after family described the same patterns we experienced with Jim.** Families shared experiences of being separated from loved ones, being blocked from advocating for their care, being denied requested treatment options, encountering obstacles when seeking transfers to other facilities, and being left with lasting questions about what happened during those final days.

I cannot change what happened to my husband.

I cannot give our children their father back.

But I ask this committee to examine the hospital policies and practices used during the pandemic, to ensure transparency, protect informed consent, preserve the role of family and patient advocacy, and learn every lesson possible so that no American family endures what ours did.

Jim was not a statistic.

He was my husband.

His life mattered.

And so did every patient whose family is still searching for the truth.

I am here not only as Jim's widow, but for every family still searching for answers.

Thank you.

Respectfully submitted,

Laurie Madigan

Widow of Coach Jim "Maddog" Madigan

Oakland Township, Michigan