

On July 17, 2021, my husband, Jim Freed, a retired Navy petty officer, was driven to the hospital by me, his wife Marie, to be admitted to the ER. We had both been sick with Covid for about two weeks and he was not getting better. He could barely walk across the floor because his oxygen level too low. The nurse immediately told me that I could not stay with him in the ER even after I explained to them that I had Covid. This was about 8 o'clock in the morning. Jim and I had spoken a couple times that day as they were still working on him in the ER. The doctor finally arrived that evening around 7:30 and told him that he needed to either be sitting up or lying on his belly to take the pressure off his lungs. He was admitted that evening to the hospital at Liberty hospital. By Monday, Jim was already bleeding when he urinated. He had called me very panicked because it scared him of course. I was already on the schedule of being allowed to only call at 10 o'clock in the morning and 10 o'clock at night. So I had to wait till 10 o'clock that night when I talked to the nurse and asked why he was bleeding when he urinated. The nurse said that they had given him the wrong medication but that he was fine now. Of course, now I know differently. On Wednesday, July 21, Jim had called me pretty early that morning to tell me that the nurse was wanting to put him on the ventilator. Jim did not want to go on the ventilator. He heard too many scary stories. At that time, we were still very trusting of the doctors and nurses and thought that they were there to take care of the patients. So, I encouraged him to go ahead and be intubated and that it would be just a short time and. He would be back off and be back home.

We know now being on a ventilator that it made his lungs worse along with all his organs shutting down from the remesvidir.

Upon admission to the hospital, Jim Weighed about 240 pounds. When he died on July 28th, he was sticks and bones and weighed about 170.