

On December 25, 2020, on doctor's advice, my husband (56 years old) and I both went to the emergency room for treatment for Covid. We had flu symptoms tested positive for Covid. My husband's O2 level dipped somewhat upon exertion, and they decided to admit him. They sent me home with instructions to take OTC flu medication. I have his complete medical records (1,669 pages) for the entire time he was in the hospital.

They put him in a neutral pressure room, and although we asked about hydroxychloroquine, zinc, and azithromycin as that was getting some exposure as a helpful treatment, they totally refused to even try it. They immediately put him on remdesivir for 5 days and an oxygen nasal cannula. After 5 days, his condition worsened and they moved him to a Covid ICU room. They didn't allow any visitation, and even though I had recovered and was feeling better, they wouldn't let me see him at all. He did have his phone and we were able to facetime. He wasn't happy at all with his treatment and felt he was essentially being ignored. The nasal cannula was causing sores and he asked for vaseline or something to help with the pain and was refused. They would turn him on his stomach and leave his back/bottom exposed and he called for help and called to be covered and they took forever to get to him.

After 5 days of this, in the Covid ICU, they said his O2 was dropping to a dangerous level and they wanted to intubate him and put him on a ventilator. They made it sound like an emergency, and he figured they knew what was best, so he consented. I was not informed at all, except for a panicky voicemail from him telling me what they were about to do while I was outside with our dogs.

They paralyzed him with strong drugs, saying it was necessary so he wouldn't dislodge the tubing, and they put him in a medically induced coma. They had to up the drugs every few days because he kept trying to breathe on his own, called "fighting the vent". I called every shift to talk to the nurse caring for him to try to get information and some of them would let me speak to him on speakerphone, in the hopes he could hear my voice, or so they said they were doing. I called to speak to the doctor in charge daily, after rounds, for an update. On most occasions the doctor called me back eventually. The hospital was completely shut down for visitors for covid patients and I was not even allowed to enter the hospital. They had a screening table set up outside the doors. When I was there in person the doctor refused to come down to speak with me. This went on for 30 days. I kept begging to be able to see him and said I would sign a waiver not holding them responsible if I were to get Covid again from visiting and they wouldn't consider it. On his 40th day in the hospital, his 30th day on a ventilator, they called me and said he wouldn't last the night and I could finally come and see him.

I was able to spend the last two hours of his life, holding his hand, kissing his cheek, and speaking to him, which I am grateful for. But I was convinced, and remain so, that the hospital protocol killed him. He was covid negative when he died.