

I'm Meagan Perales, widow of Michael "Patrick" Perales, who died following COVID hospital protocols. We were married 16 years and have two children. Patrick was a healthy, active 49-year-old—a devoted husband, father, and remarkable man.

On December 26, 2021, Patrick became ill at home. We initially tried to manage his symptoms ourselves, but his oxygen dropped to 55 and he became incoherent, so I called 911.

Paramedics transported Patrick to the hospital. When he was able to text me, he told me the paramedics had said he was going to die.

Hospital records later documented that, upon arrival, Patrick was placed on CPAP, was conscious, and had oxygen saturation in the high 90s. His breathing had improved, and a physician documented that he was stable on BiPAP and stated, "I do not believe that he requires intubation."

I repeatedly informed hospital staff that Patrick was not to be given Remdesivir or placed on a ventilator, based on his wishes and our concerns. Despite this, I later discovered he was receiving Remdesivir.

A nurse called me about his unvaccinated status and said, "You should know better. It's been two years!" before ending the call.

The following day, Patrick texted me that he was hungry and thirsty. When I asked what treatments were being used to help him, I was told they were following their "protocols." I requested vitamin C, vitamin D, and zinc, but these were not implemented.

I spent six hours in the hospital parking lot advocating for Patrick. Later, I was allowed into his room. I told Patrick I was taking him home and had arranged oxygen and nursing care. However, four nurses prevented me from speaking privately with him and told me he would not survive the parking lot. I reviewed his chart with his permission and saw that he was receiving Remdesivir despite our objections. I was ultimately asked to leave. It was the last time I spoke to Patrick in person before his transfer.

I had arranged oxygen and a nurse for home care because I believed he could recover at home. I was determined to honor his wishes and bring him home to our boys. Instead, I was separated from him and left with no ability to participate in his care.

On January 4, 2022, Patrick was placed on a ventilator. Before intubation, he told me he "just wanted to come home to our boys." Staff told him ventilation was his only option and described it as a short-term procedure to give his lungs a rest.

Because of ongoing conflict regarding his care, I involved a lawyer to help secure his transfer after the original hospital refused my requests. I was unable to see Patrick for another 20 days.

When I was finally allowed to see him, I witnessed him heavily medicated, undergoing repeated procedures. His tongue was severely swollen, protruding from his mouth and black in color. He developed a severe bedsore that progressed to the bone.

Throughout his hospitalization, Patrick would sometimes stabilize during the day and decline at night. A nurse friend helped me review his charts and was shocked by the number and strength of medications he was receiving.

At times, Patrick moved his hand or squeezed mine. I believed he was trying to communicate, but his movements were dismissed as involuntary. He was also given a medication he was allergic to, developed a rash, and continued receiving the medication afterward.

There are many other events I witnessed that I cannot describe. What remains with me is the lack of care, communication, and dignity I witnessed.

Patrick was not simply a patient. He was my husband, our children's father, and a man who trusted the medical system with his life. I continue to share his story because I believe patients and families deserve transparency, informed consent, respect, and the ability to have their voices heard.