

My name is Megan (Montieth) Poulos. I was happily married to my late husband Greg Montieth for 19 years and we had 3 adopted children together who are now 22, 19 & 16 years old. Our oldest daughter has special needs and I will care for her alone for the rest of my life. Greg was 47 years old and while he had a history of childhood non Hodgkins lymphoma that caused a susceptibility to pneumonia- he was still in overall good health. He understood his body very well & took excellent care of himself. He had a pulmonologist that he saw annually & we had oxygen at home for those times that he did get sick—which was not very often. Greg worked from home as CPA full time & ran a craft beer distribution business that he founded as well. He was a brilliant & hardworking man. Everyone always came to Greg for advice & to solve their problems. Greg meant EVERYTHING to my children and I! He was my anchor and the center of our universe.

I reluctantly took him to the emergency room at Roper St Francis Mt. Pleasant Hospital on October 30, 2021 because Greg was having trouble breathing & he was out of his oxygen at home. It was the weekend and unfortunately could not get a delivery of new tanks. We were immediately separated by the staff at the ER because we had both tested positive for Covid. They refused to let me say goodbye to him when they discharged me. We were not vaccinated and they rudely let it be known that was a problem for them. The rest of the day Greg was texting me & telling me about the rude treatment & comments that he was receiving from the staff. They were refusing him both water and food. Regardless, he was still working on his laptop & texting people. Greg told me that he was feeling better because he had oxygen. We texted about him possibly leaving...if only I had known what lay ahead next. I'll never forgive myself for not going back to save him. About 7:00 PM Greg's texts abruptly stopped. The next thing that I knew a nurse called sometime before midnight and in a threatening tone told me that if I didn't consent to a ventilator that my husband would die. Greg's health deteriorated quickly after being intubated with oxygen set at the highest setting for 6 days. There was as little to no communication from the hospital and I was not allowed to see Greg. I was constantly calling begging for updates and sent our pastor in to check on him & pray. I begged for an iPad to FaceTime Greg. At first they refused, finally they allowed it. That is how I said good bye to the love of my life. That's how my children said goodbye to their Dad. Greg died at 4:02 AM on November 6, 2021. Even then I was not allowed to see his body before cremation. I miss Greg everyday and the grief never goes away. Emotionally & financially this has been devastating for us. I pray every day for justice that never comes.